

CO6693

LAYS
OF
THE DEER FOREST.

VOL. I.



L A Y S
OF
THE DEER-FOREST.

WITH
SKETCHES OF OLDEN AND MODERN DEER-HUNTING :
TRAITS OF NATURAL HISTORY IN THE FOREST :
TRADITIONS OF THE CLANS ;
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

BY
JOHN SOBIESKI
AND
CHARLES EDWARD
STUART.

VOL. I.

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TO

LOUISA SOBIESKA STUART

BY

HER FATHER AND UNCLE.

A NIGHEAN GHAOLACH,

ANNS a' chùimhneachan so, labraidh sinn riut leis an teangaidh sin 'bu cheud chàinnt duit, càinnt a's cumhachdaiche fo 'n ghréin, gu làithean agus àitean gràdhach do leanabanaid ath-ghairm a dh'-ionnsuidh d'inntinn,—làithean 'us àitean a ta air am measgachadh maille ris na mìribh a gheibhear sgrìobhta 'san leabhar so. Is iad sin smuaintean luasgach a dh'-èirich gu-trie, ann ar anamannaibh air tìreach an fhéidh, ann am bothan na frìth, air càrnaibh glasa nam mòr bhèann uallach, àrd; 'us ann am fasach nan cìar choill ud; o'n dòimhneachd thàll is tric a chual' thu fàrum na seilg a' bualadh seachad, 'us fuaim an stuic a' tighinn a-nàll air na bruachaibh grìanach, far an robh do shaoghal beag 'ga d'fhonadh le toil-inntinn am-measg bhliath, 'us sheilean, 'us dhearbhadan-dé, a' fàs 's a'scèinn gu-li-àghmhor air gach taobh.

Ged gheibhteadh na h-brain so gun taitneas do mhùinntoir cìle, gidheadh ath-ghairmidh iad gu d'inntinn-sa iomadh smuain luchdaichte le cùimhne air aoibhneas an t-sàmhraidh 'us air uamhas a' gheamhraidh; 'nuair a ruith thu air iomall nan cas-chreag uamhasach, neo-sgàthach, mar an t-eun ag itealaich air faobhar nan càrn; agus na tàirneanaich a' rèubadh nan spéur le an neart, agus tuiltean 'us stòirnean nam bèann a' taomadh a-nuas;—rinn thusa faire 'san oidhche, dh-éisdeachd fuaim ar cas, a' pilloadh o'n t-seilg, air àm nach b'urrainn crèutair beò faotuinn thairis air an tuil bhéanaich. An-sin, chuir thu suas d' ùrnigh chìùin, a' guidhe sìth 'us fois dhuinn ann am bothan tiamhaidh na frìth.

Chàidh na làithean ud seachad mar aieling,—cha treòraich ar làmhnan thu nì's mò air na creagaibh ud,—cha chlisg do chridhe nì's mò, 'nuair bhuailear a-nuas, neart buaireasach nan stoirm dù-glòrm agus a bhéucas an sruth gàireach gu-li-àrd. Ach is iomadh cas-chreag, na's caise, 'us na's cumnartaiche 'tha romhad, air sligh aomachdail na beatha.—Agus tha sruth cìle na's duirche 's na's doimhne romhad—o'n t-sruth so, cha bhi dòchas agad ri sinne 'philltinn a-chaidh. Ach làmh uile-chumhachdach an Tì a's àirde 'ga do thrèorachadh-sa—gún robh a mhaitheas agus a thrècair 'ga d' sheòladh-sa,—gu'n robh gàirdéan sìorruidh Buachaill Israeil 'ga do chuartachadh-sa 'nuair a bhitheas sinne ìosal anns an ùir.

IAIN,
TEARLACH.

A NIGHEAN GHAOLACH,

With this memorial we speak to you in that native tongue which was your first language; for no other can so recall the days and the scenes associated in these fragments: They were the wandering thoughts at the passes of the deer, or in the forest hut—on the cairns of the mountains, and in the wilderness of those dark woods, from the depths of which you have heard the sound of the chase come over the sunny banks, whose flowers, and bees, and butterflies, were then your little world.

If these pages have no interest for others, to you they will recall many recollections filled with the joy of summer, the awe of winter, when fearless as the birds which fluttered on the brink, you ran by the dizzy precipices, or when the thunder of the mountain stream came down, watched the night for the sound of our return, and when none living might cross the roaring tempest, sent up a silent prayer for rest and safety in the forest hut.

Those days are now gone like a dream,—our hand will never again lead you upon those crags, nor your heart beat for us when the anger of that flood descends;—but there are other and deeper precipices in the downward path of life, and there is another and a darker stream, from which you shall never look for our return. —May HE, in His goodness, then lead you by His most blessed hand, when ours is feeble in the dust.

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L A Y S
OF
THE DEER FOREST.¹

The Templar's Tomb.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

HAMLET.

THE sun was low on Rona's bower,
THE bell had ceased in Altyre's tower,
AND in the hospitaller's cell
THE friar knelt his beads to tell.
ALL on the hushed and silent hill
THE breathless even slumbered still ;
NO wing came o'er the river's pool,
NO warble waked the greenwood cool,

Save where the merle her carol tried,
Or when the passing cadence died,
The rock responded from the tide.

But sudden in the deep wood's bound,
There came the challenge of a hound,
And faint and far a bugle's sound ;
Uncertain through the forest grey
Rung the stern mote and heavy bay,
Now silent as the listening trees,
Now swelling in the passing breeze,
Like brachet on a feut¹ a-stray,
And hunter who, in homeward way,
Blew summons to the idle bay.

Awhile they ceased, and all was still,
Save the hawk answered on the hill—
When faintly to the mossy mead
There came the trample of a steed,
And down the river's babbling brink,
Mixed with the rilling plash, the clink
Of jingling brand and harness link.
Nearer and nearer rung the sound,
Till from the bushes swept the hound,
And forth, beneath the hawthorn tree,
Followed the hunter to the lea.

His paltock was of Lincoln green,
His mantle white as lilies' sheen,
And at his broidered baldrick wide
A gilded horn he wore so side ;¹
Well might a brief observer see
Of hunter craft right skill had he.

But not of simple state forsooth,
A lowly squire, or forest youth ;
For gilded spurs on heel he wore,
And of his baldrick every bore,
And every buckle that jingled bright,
Was worked and wrought with golden light,
And tokened that of true degree,
At least a belted knight was he.
Perchance, you might have marvel known
How one so gallant rode alone ;
Or what his name and state might be,
Who went so brave by forest tree.
But sooth, through Moray far and nigh
Was scarce the child a shaftmote high
But knew the Baron of St Clare,
And from the weed, his wonted wear,
For sobriquet known far and well,
Men called him ever—"Blanche-Mantél."

He was the noblest of his hand,
And starkest hunter in Moray-land;
And could have cloven at six score pace
The arrow² that stood in the target's face,
And better could train a hawk or hound
Than any since Trystram's³ day renowned;
And that brave brachet that followed there
Was surer than Trystram's sleuth-dog⁴ rare,
Which silent he taught by hill and holt
To run the deer for the "Beale-Ysolt."
He came of good St Hubert's breed,
As white as ever a flower on mead;
But grimly stained his stalwart head,
And dew-laps deep with blood were red;
And though he kept his master nigh,
Back to the wood oft glanced his eye,
As if full loath to leave behind
The printed grass and tainted wind,
At that still hour when scant of heed
The wavering bucks come forth to feed.
Full well his will the master knew,
For ever a watchful heed he threw,
And when the brache aside would steal,
Bad him full sharply to his heel

By bush and bent so passed they on
Through the fair meadow of St John,
Where fair the setting sunbeams fell,
O'er the lone hospitaller's cell,
The tall grey cross and friar's well.
Already at the wicket gate,
As one who wearied tryst to wait,
Humming a lay with absent heed,
A little foot-page scanned the mead;
And glittering like the golden eve,
By the red lion on his sleeve,
The crimson jupe and yellow hose,
And in his cap the stainless rose,⁵
Well might you know by tower and tree
Fair Scotland's royal livery.

When-as the knight the bridle drew,
Lowly he doffed his bonnet blue,
And sped to hold the silken rein;
But ere his hand the horse might gain,
Light on the turf the rider sprung,
And to his care the bridle flung.
Through the deep portal's massy bound,
Where every footfall echoed round,
Rung his long stride and jingling spurs,
And backward slunk the warder curs

Before the bloodhound's sullen cheer,
As with sunk eye and drooping ear
Displeasantly he followed near.
The sun was setting on the brow
When passed they through the cloister now,
And the still court and turrets grey
In the cool shade of evening lay,
Save where the loops and casements high
Caught the bright glimmer of the sky.
Within the chapel's deep twilight
The tapers on the shrine were bright,
And mingled through the fretted spire
The organ peal, and holy choir ;
And to the outward evening dim,
Through the pale lancets tall and slim
Stole the faint gleam and vesper hymn.
To that lone light and chanted lay
Hasty the hunter turned his way,
And entered in the transept still,
And knelt upon the altar's sill.
Within the dim and shadowy choir
Was gathered every warrior friar ;⁶
And their black gowns and crosses white,
And sable cowls and tapers bright,
Showed their dark crowd and pallid light,

As through the chancel dusk and dim,
Like choristers of Elfland grim,
With light in hand, and cope on brow,
Their even-song they chanted now ;
And as the shadowy hoods within
The tapers showed their features thin,
On many a dark and sunburnt face
You might discern the warrior trace
Of those as often used, perfai,
To belted mail and battle fray,
As girded gown and cloister grey.

Throughout the vespers long and lone
The hunter knelt upon the stone,
And in his hands his features pale
Bowed down upon the altar rail.
At length the even-song was done,
The choir was hushed, the lights were gone,
And through the cloister one by one
The shadowy monks passed slowly out,
And in the hush which reigned about,
Upon the vacant pavement stone
But one grey friar knelt alone,
Before the lamp for ever bright
At the High Altar's shrine of might.

The lonely flame had ceased to swing,
And hung impassive from the ring,
Before his beads the father told,
And rose to leave that chancel cold.
With heavy foot, and downcast eye,
Slowly he paced the cloister high ;
But as he passed St Hubert's aisle,
Before him stood the hunter pale.
An instant in the twilight dim
The friar paused, and looked on him,
But sudden as his voice he heard
He stretched his hand with welcome word.
Strongly his grasp the knight returned,
And in his cheek the warm blood burned,
And but for that grey twilight's wane,
Pale had you seen him blanch again ;
And as the friar questioned kind,
Seemed a deep struggle in his mind.
At length, with effort stern and high,
And faltering voice, and downward eye,
" Father ! " he said, " in fortune fell
I have a fearful chance to tell ! " —————
Still on his staff the grey monk leant,
And on his face his dim eyes bent,
And when he paused, as deeply wrought,
" My son, I pray thou hast done nought

“ To shame thy knighthood and degree,
“ And bring thee into jeopardy ?”
The light came sudden to his eye—
“ No, father ! by His grace on high !
“ But yet not lesser dread therefore,
“ Full evil chance for evermore
“ Shall send me forth from Scotland’s shore.”
Gently his hand the friar laid
Upon the pommel of his blade,
“ My son, I’ve known thee like thy brand,
“ As true as ever steel to hand,
“ Then say thy cause of grief to me
“ As to thy own true father free.”
Upon his sword the hunter leant,
The stalwart blade beneath him bent,
And his dim features grew more keen :
At length,——“ Fair father, thou hast seen
“ Earl Siward’s daughter, who men call
“ The peerless flower of Rosenthall.”
The monk’s glad cheer came back——“ Perfai,
“ I deemed thy mood must have a May——
“ But no, my son, I saw her ne’er :
“ And is she sooth so wondrous fair ?”
The hunter shook his auburn hair——
“ I’ve seen full many a maiden rare
“ Who wait by Gallia’s liliated chair

“ And Scotland's throne of pall,
“ But one so lovely and so bright,
“ So peerless in the throng of light,
“ Ne'er stepped in royal hall :
“ Good father, by all bright and fair,
“ I make avow the proudest there
“ Were only meet her train to bear,
“ Or lace her sandal small.”

The friar smiled, “ My son, good cheer,
“ I trust there is small sorrow here.”

Answered the knight, “ For this be sure,
“ Full many have sought her heart to lure,
“ And of all those she e'er said nay.
“ Thou knowest Sir Reginald le Grey
“ For a stark traitor to maiden leal
“ As ever wore gilded spurs on heel :
“ When-as his suit she might not hear,
“ To deadly malice turned his cheer ;
“ And his lewd tongue——thou knowest his way,
“ With a fool's jape⁷ and ribald lay——
“ Of that bright maiden, mild and meek,
“ Great villany full oft would speak,
“ As it were shame with tongue and ear
“ For belted knight to say or hear.
“ This morn, within the forest deep,
“ It chanced we met on Leiden's steep,⁸

“ And when at noon the chase was done,
“ We only saw the stag’s death run,
“ And blew the mort at Gillion’s-loan,
“ And rested by the hunter’s stone,⁹
“ To leash the hounds and break the deer,
“ And share our horn and hunter cheer.”

As thus the friar heard the while,
Changed on his face the recent smile,
And his grey brow with gaze intent
Upon the hunter’s face was bent,
As yet with cheek like marble cold,
And faltering voice, his tale he told :
“ Ill fared it if our fortune then
“ We met within that lonely den,
“ For as we idly sat at dine,
“ And carped¹⁰ and quaffed the Rochelle wine,
“ On fair May Marrienne—as his use,
“ He turned his ribald, base abuse—
“ I know not how full long I heard
“ His evil speech without a word,
“ But sudden overcome at last,
“ The bugle¹¹ from my hand I cast,
“ And gave him in his throat the lie,
“ And as in fire flashed his eye,

“ Answered again with wrath tenfold,——
“ Ay, traitor, foul as ere was told
“ By a false villain base and bold ;”
Light to his feet he sudden sprung,
And from the sword the scabbard flung,
And at the instant from the lea
Upward I leaped as stern as he——

The knight drew breath and wiped his brow,
And clenched his hand in silence now,
And in that pause of stillness brief
You might have heard the falling leaf;
Gazed on his face the father grey,
And when he spoke not,——“ Son, I pray,
“ Whate’er befel thee soothly say.”
No word the hunter gave again,
But on his bosom shook the chain,
And still and mute and fixed he stood,
Like the carved Rood-loft’s shapes of wood,
Till as the friar urged and sighed——
“ Father, I struck him, and he died !”——
The monk stood still as rooted there,
His dim eyes fixed upon the air,
And his thin hands clasped hard and fast,
But with low earnest voice at last,

“ And was there any near to see ? ”——

Answered the hunter,——“ None but He

“ From whose dread face may no man flee ! ”

A space they stood, nor either spoke ;

At length the pause the friar broke ;

“ My son, the sin was his, and thou

“ Hast but fulfilled thy knightly vow,

“ All maids and orphans to defend ;

“ But what and they should find his end ! ”——

Answered the hunter, “ In that wood

“ Are twenty miles of forest good,

“ And on the green sward where he fell,

“ The stag was brittled, and shall tell

“ The hair and hallow¹² left I there,

“ What lay upon the bloody lair.”

“ And where is he ? ” the friar said.——

“ Beneath Dun-airn I made his bed ;

“ Above his face the flower shall blow,

“ And over his breast the moss shall grow,

“ And none on earth his place shall know

“ But the hawk that channered on the tree,

“ And the bloodhound brache that wrought with me.”

The aged friar crossed his breast,

And his thin hand his forehead pressed——

“ And what wilt thou do, my son, I pray ? ”——

The youthful hunter turned away,

And held his hand full hard and strong,
And the breath he drew was thick and long——
“ I'll deal my lands to thee and thine,
“ And take the cross for Palestine.”

The grey monk shook his hoary head,
And pressed his hand, but no word said ;
And the twilight was pale on the hunter's cheek,
And faltered his voice ere his tongue could speak.
—“ Last of my race, on earth is none
“ Now left to care when I am gone,
“ In Clara shall dwell another heir,
“ And Clara's name none living shall bear,
“ And strangers shall lie by St Clara's shrine,
“ When I shall sleep far in Palestine.
“ Three days more, at the morning tide,
“ And William the Lion forth shall ride,
“ And from Tarnaway's tower with mail and spear
“ The gathering of Moray far and near :
“ Knight of his court,¹³ this year and more
“ Thou knowest the royal badge I bore,
“ And in his fellowship oft whilere
“ My master wrought that I would fare ;
“ But I was loath the cross to wear,
“ And heaven forgive my humour free,
“ Who loved too well the greenwood tree,

“ And better to look on a maiden rare,
“ Than in His high battle the brand to bear.”
Silent the grey monk held his hand,
And the hunter leaned upon his brand,
And the tear swelled heavy in his eye,
While his stalwart heart heaved stern and high.
At last upon his iron breast
The broidered kirtle lay at rest,
And the good friar’s kindly grasp .
He gave again with earnest clasp——
“ Father, when I am gone, I pray
“ Be kind to *her*, if ere thou may,
“ And sometimes wend to Siward’s tower,
“ And bless the lonely lily flower.”
The tears came down the friar’s cheek,
And he pressed his hand, and might not speak.
But brave knight Clara’s pallid brow
Came calm and sternly settled now,
And with his wonted constancy—
“ Father, who sin their doom must dree ;
“ But ere from this blest roof I go,
“ I pray thee shrive the deed of woe.”

Gently the friar bowed his head,
And through the church the hunter led

*To the high chancel's iron rail,
Where the saints stood round, and the lamp shone
pale.*

*They knelt before the altar bright,
And the monk put on his stole of white,
And drew his cowl, and bent his ear,
Full meek and mild the shrift to hear.
With many a pause, and many a sigh,
The warrior quelled his spirit high,
And told each fault, as if that night
He shrived him for the morrow's fight.
But when the penance task was read,
Slowly the friar raised his head,
The "miscreatur" lowly said,
And blessed him with the holy sign
Of Him who died in Palestine.
The knight rose up, full meek of cheer,
But in his eye the light was clear,
And when from that dim shrine they past,
His mantle o'er his form he cast,
And once more trod as firm and free
As ever he stept on greenwood lea.*

*The moon was high upon the hill,
When through the convent portal still,*

Rang clash of brand, and tramp of steed,
And forth upon the glistening mead
Rode out Blanche Mantle in the light,
And followed in the moonshine bright
The slender page and brachet white.
Fast held they o'er the dewy bent,
And up Craig-Liath's steep ascent,
And through the scroggs, and down the Driem,
To the broad river's silent stream,
Where o'er the smooth and grassy link
Came forth the Wainroad to the brink,
And the deep sand and trampled wrack
Lost in the ford the mingled track.
Calm in the midnight, grey and cool,
Slept the still moonlight on the pool.
And in the liquid mirror clear—
Save where the wild-duck chance might steer—
The shadowy bank and hanging wood,
And each grey rock and trunk that stood,
In deep repose reflected lay
Another world as fair as they.

No check the lonely riders made,
As strangers loath the flood to wade,
But spurred amidst the silver tide,
As well they knew its bosom wide,

And fast behind the brachet brave
Set his white shoulder to the wave ;
And though upon the water grey
The floating leaf unmoving lay,
Against the stream his breast he bore,
As well he wist the course of yore.
Fast through the pool plashed horse and hound,
And o'er the water far around
The circling ripples on its breast
Disturbed the mimic shapes at rest,
And spread in mingling gloom and light
The floating vision's broken sight.
But soon the riders won the bank,
Through colts-foot broad and iris dank,
And scaled the strait and steep ascent,
Where to the wood the deer-path went.
Awhile beneath the shelter still,
In the lea lull they climbed the hill,
But when they reached the summit knowe,
From the black river's gorge below,
Through the grey steam and vapour hoar
Came up the torrent's distant roar,
And o'er the pine-trees tall and high
Swept the lone night-wind's heavy sigh ;
And you might think, that in the blast
At times wild clamouring voices past,

And mixed amid the forest's moan
A murmuring dole¹⁴ and hollow groan :
But if it was the screech-owl's cry,
And wind and stream that mingled high,
I know not, sooth——But since that day,
Weird things of that deep wood they say.

No marvel then, at that drear hour,
When dead men walk and elves have power,
Rode Clara and the page amain,
Nor stinted spur, nor straitened rein,
And frequent through the chequered gloom
Glanced through the wood the slender groom ;¹⁵
But sooth to say—with less of fear
Than scrutiny of eye and ear,
As if the while by bush and tree
He sought for some who there might be.
But chance you had not deemed amiss
Had trembled stouter frames than his,
As through the black and shadowy wood,
Like giants grim the tall pines stood,
And glancing mid the sable shade,
White weirdly shapes the moonlight made,
And showed strange limbs, and heads, and horns,
The doddered oaks and blasted thorns.

Now had they ridden their journey half,
When seemed there came a distant laugh,
Which through the wood rung hoarse and high
As the wild dog's yell, or the red stag's cry,
And ere the eldrich echo died,
They issued from the covert's side,
To the broad chase and starlight wide.
When, lo ! amid the moonshine bright
There stood a form of giant height.
Sudden Blanche Mantle's steed made stand,
Regardless of the spur and hand,
And forward bent his quivering ear,
With glaring eye, and snort of fear,
And slunk the bloodhound to his heel,
Like ban-dog at the flash of steel :
With beating heart, but steady eye,
Gazed Clara on the phantom high ;
It seemed amid the dubious light
The stature of a giant knight,
Clothed in a shadowy surcoat pale,
With glance of plate, and blink of mail,
And on his head a mighty helm,
And plumes that nodded like an elm,
As on the margin of the wood
Ghastly, and white, and still it stood,
And stretched a long and withered arm,
As if to threaten deadly harm.

Knight Clara loosed his heavy brand,
And urged the steed with spur and hand,
And forward o'er the open mead
Pressed the shy courser's restive speed ;
While to his flank the sweat drops came,
And trembled like a leaf his frame ;
And oft behind, in strange amaze,
The cowering bloodhound stood at gaze.
But as they crossed the dewy bent,
And nearer now, and nearer went,
Lo ! in the moonlight, still and fair
Melted the phantom to the air !
And nought there stood upon the lea
But the pale aspen's blasted tree,
Whose giant trunk, all scathed and white,
And spangled with the frost of night,
Shone weird and naked in the light,
Slow shivering in the moonshine dim
Its doddered head and withered limb.
Sternly Blanche Mantle drew his breath,
And struck the wynard in its sheath ;
But as they left the open glade,
And won the thicket's scattered shade,
Back to the chase he glanced his eye,
And the fair page who followed nigh :—
—“ And saw you that ?” he briefly said ;
But careless Ariel shook his head,

And answered light with cheer as free
As he had but ridden the noontide lea.
Blanche Mantle spurred the gallant steed,
Till now they reached the Granger's mead,
And down the moonlight alley grey
Rode fast and free for Tarnaway.

* * * * *

The cold blue light of dawning day
Gleamed on the mighty fortress grey ;
And still and wide a steaming sea
Lay the white mist upon the lea,
While from its veil, like giant grim,
Rose the grey walls and turrets dim.
Pale from the sapphire eye of day
Brighter and brighter glanced the ray,
And as it towered in upper air,
Kissed the tall donjon's forehead bare,
Till on its mighty shadow dun
Glittered like gold the rising sun ;
And as the ray stole down the tower,
Smiled in the beam the lone wallflower.
And to the morning's growing light
Slowly came forth each turret bright,

And on the rampart wall below
The shadowy guard who paced it slow,
And as he turned him to and fro,
Gave back against the sunshine clear
The flash of mail and blink of spear.
Beneath within the ballium yard
Rung clash of steed and tramp of guard,
And fall of chain and clank of bar,
And heavy postern's creek and jar,
As at each court and barrier ward
The men-at-arms the gates unbarred :
While as the sun looked o'er the wall
Wound the shrill bugle's morning call,
And on the donjon's towering height
Rose to the staff the banner bright,
And in the wind that stirred the trees
Unrolled its colours to the breeze,
And spread upon the morning gale
Its floating sheet and blazon pale.

Within those walls the livelong day
Was tramp of horse and bloodhound's bay,
And clash of arms and clarion mote,
And jingling spurs and clanking coat ;
While ever through the mingled clang
With ceaseless clink the anvil rang,

And the deep portal's hollow jar,
And rumble of the heavy car
From noon till eve resounded far.
At length upon the donjon grey
Faded the sunset's yellow ray,
And through the shadowy wards below
Stilled was the stir of bill and bow,
The steed was foddered in the stall,
The trooper sat within the hall,
Ceased was the muster's mingled hum,
The trumpet's blast, the rolling drum,
And all in silence died away
The murmur of the busy day.

But still upon the turret stone
The knight of Clara leaned alone,
And watched the twilight's fading gleam
On Forres tower and Findhorn stream,
And one lone light, which faint and far
Shone like a red and twinkling star.
When-as amid his muse of care,
A hasty step came up the stair,
And lightly as the elves' foot-fall,
Page Ariel stepped upon the wall.
The yester even in the dim,
You might not mark his look and limb ;

But now before the beacon's light
Well might you scan his presence bright.
He was a child so wondrous fair
As you had deemed none mortal bare,
But rather a sylph that dwelt in air;
And thus the grooms and maidens all
Named him "Page Ariel" in the hall.

His master found him—as men say—
Within the lonely forest grey,
Asleep beneath a doddered thorn,
And whether he were speechless born,
Or in that deep wood wild had run,
Nor e'er with man communion won,
He had no word his name to tell,
Nor how his fortune there befell.
But wondrous apt, in lore and speech
He learned more free than clerks could teach,
And more than child of mortal kind,
Soon grew to wondrous wit and mind;
And oft to hear his converse sage
Shook his grey head the man of age,
And said he was too wise and good
Ever to live for fair manhood.

When-as he marked Knight Clara's eye,
And folded arms, and musing high—

“ O waly, waly ! my master dear,

“ Why look you sad and wan ?

“ And wherefore lonely watch you here,

“ When every palladin and peer

“ To the high hall is gone ?”

The knight looked up and pointed far—

“ Know you that red and feeble star ?

“ There are twelve hours within the night,

“ And gallant Bayard's foot is wight,

“ And I would cross to Siward's tower,

“ Though but to see the lonely bower.”

The page looked through the twilight wide—

“ The Findhorn water's ill to ride,

“ And dark the night and deep the moss,

“ And ere thou win the Friar's Cross,

“ Thou'd give the good steed's siller shoon¹⁶

“ For ae blink o' the bonnie moon.”

The knight smiled lightly—“ Silly boy,

“ I've tracked a darker moss than Moy,

“ And swam through deeper pools than Fail,

“ With barbed horse and double mail ;

“ And if that I might say

“ Of her who sits by yon lone light,

“ One thought, one heart-beat wished my sight,
“ Page Ariel, by my fay,
“ I'd track the moss and ride the tide,
“ Though flood and storm were rolling wide.”
The page looked o'er the rampart grey—
“ A wilful man must have his way :
“ But if thou wilt, swith mount and ride ;
“ For ere thou cross the Elrich side,
“ In Kinloss choir the midnight bell
“ Shall call the white monk from his cell.”

Knight Clara shook his bonnet plume—
“ Alas, thou simple page !
“ How small the thought thy heart may gloom
“ Of all the dark and wayward doom
“ May cross thy manhood's age.”
Glee checked within Page Ariel's eye,
And still he scanned the warrior high—
“ Thou art full tall and good at need,
“ And she like flower on lily mead,
“ And thou hast land and she has store,
“ And what would knight and maiden more ?”
Blanche Mantle sighed—“ Full dear, perfai,¹⁷
“ The riddle thou shalt read one day :
“ Thou thinkest sooth a maiden's love
“ All low and earth-born thought above,

“ And to look on her I could deem
“ The gentle voice, the blue eye’s gleam ;
“ And all the fair and heavenly mould
“ Was never made for avarice cold——
“ Alas ! then, if ’tis so,
“ And that high hall’s retainance bright,
“ Broad lands, red gold, and pageant light,
“ Set not a bound between their heart
“ And his, who bears but little part
“ In wealth, and lordship, land and fee,
“ How lofty that his name may be,
“ Whate’er his worth or woe,
“ Then am I——but it matters not,
“ ’Twill soon be parted and forgot ;
“ Yet still I had been fain to know
“ One reckless venture ere I go.”
Page Ariel raised his deep blue eye—
“ Gramercy for thy mood,
“ And has no look, no secret sigh,
“ Told of one thought subdued ?”
Says—“ Months and years have rolled away,
“ And we have met full many a day,
“ In lonely hour in banquet gay,
“ But never once the while,
“ Never to bid my love advance

“ Came look, or word, or stolen glance,
“ Or one kind favouring smile ;
“ And now, or e'er these towers upon
“ The winter's snows have come and gone,
“ Far distant lands our fates shall sever,
“ And we shall meet no more for ever !”

“ Nay,” said the page, “ but you should eke
“ A maiden's bashfulness, and seek——”
The knight frowned sternly—“ No, perfai,
“ I've seen who sought in summer's day,
“ And won like flowers in merry May,
“ And after in the winter hour
“ Have changed like sunshine in the shower ;
“ I would the voluntary part
“ Comes from the fulness of the heart,
“ And if that hers might glow
“ With one poor pittance of the love
“ That mine has cherished—by my glove !
“ She would not, for a look or word,
“ By other were unseen, unheard,
“ Spare a true knight to show
“ It were not unforgiven sin
“ To strive a maiden's heart to win.”

Page Ariel bit his silken glove—

“ And thinkest thou she may other love ? ”—

“ I know not ; but full well may be,

“ Are many could buy my simple fee,

“ As, lo you now, Earl Torkill's knight ”——

The page's eye glanced up like light—

“ What he ! the black bull-fronted churl ? ”—

“ Yes, but one day—a *belted Earl*,

“ And of ten manors lord and heir ;

“ And never in Moray was maiden fair,

“ But, on her face if turned his eyes,

“ Bright to her cheek the blood should rise ;

“ And you might mark, before her glance

“ Earl Torkill's coronet would dance :

“ Full well is known, for many a day

“ He swore that Marrienne should be his May,

“ And sooth he loves her——in his way—

“ Beyond all living in mortal bound,

“ Save a Norraway hawk and a Hubert hound.”

Page Ariel sighed—“ And has *she* ought

“ Deigned for such Orson in her thought ? ”—

“ Not that I know—But who is she

“ Should scorn Earl Torkill's son for me ? ”—

Page Ariel smiled like seraph fair,

And lightly shook his golden hair—

"Thou hast a woeful mood forsooth,
 "And little grace for maiden's truth,
 "But seems—a simple child—to me,
 "It should be right other if I were thee"—
 "And what should thou do, Sir Page, perfai?"
 The boy glanced up like the goshawk grey—
 "Thou art a knight, and I a child,
 "And thou may think full light and wild;
 "But if I had thy license free,
 "Or ere the morrow's noon should be
 "Glad tidings I would make for thee."
 Blanche Mantle smiled a bitter smile—
 "E'en do thy will—I give thee while;
 "And if thou hast the spell of power
 "To win a maiden in an hour,
 "The proudest page thou, sooth, shalt be
 "That ever won shoon in Albanie."¹⁸

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May Marrienne is gone to St Michael's wood,
 To the ruined chapel and holy-rood,
 To pull the midsummer's¹⁹ elfin tree,
 And know who her own true love should be.

Within the bright and sunny glade,
Where the ivied belfry cast its shade,
She turned ²⁰ her round, and said the spell,
And gathered the bush by St Michael's well,
And idly mused on the mystic weed
The fate of her secret love should read,
When through the wood came wondrous wild
A voice like an unearthly child,
And melody which sooth might seem
The music of a fairy dream.
Nearer and nearer drew the lay,
Like magic chant of woodland fay ;
But as the maiden watched the shade
The sweet sounds died upon the glade.
An instant all was hushed and still,
When o'er the chapel's bushy sill,
A small hand parted the ivy tree,
And Ariel pceped upon the lea.

When-as he saw the maiden bright,
Forth from the boughs he bounded light,
And to his footstep, as he came,
The flowers might seem to bend with shame.
He was as bright as sunshine fair,
And his light step as free as air ;
And in the sun his golden hair

Seemed to shake off a radiance bright,
As if it waved with amber light :
His brow was like the lily flower,
His eye the sun-drop in the shower,
And all his form so fragile fair,
Like a bright angel of the air. .
The sun was on the chancel wall,
But you might see no shadow fall,
And dew was bright upon the grass,
But seemed no print where he might pass.

When-as she marked the scarlet red,
The maiden's colour came and fled ;
And on the grass the flower she threw,
And to her stately presence drew ;
But lightly o'er the sunny lea
Page Ariel came, and bent his knee
To the bright dew that gemmed her feet,
And kissed the hand she stretched to greet—
As wit you well : his bravest Lymme²¹
His master had given to do like him—
With gentle smile, and greeting free,
The lady raised him from the lea,
And for a space, with merry cheer,
Like gentle dame and minion dear,

They laughed, and conversed in the sun,
As if they recked not how he run.
But turned at last young Ariel's mood
To commune grave, and voice subdued ;
And to his earnest speech the while
Changed on the maiden's face the smile ;
And as he spoke, a glowing flush
Rose to her cheek with damask blush,
And from the page she turned away,
And bit her silken mitten grey,
And with her fingers fair and small
Unwitting pulled the foxglove tall.
While-as with earnest voice and eye
Seemed it the page made instance high,
And pleaded deep with eager mood,
Till still and motionless she stood,
Her blue eye fixed upon the ground,
Her ear in deep attention bound,
As if his voice had magic spell,
And in her secret heart might dwell
The impulse of some hidden thought,
To work the purpose which he wrought ;
But what he said, or what he told,
Was never heard by mortal mold.
But as he spoke, emotion high
Varied her cheek as the pale sky,
When o'er the moon the fleeces fly,

And in her eyes the bright tears filled,
And in her throat her full heart swelled.
Till sudden on the ivy wall
She bent her head in her robe of pall,
And gushed the tears through her fingers small.

Awhile upon her gracile mould
Shook the broad mantle's velvet fold,
And deep below the quivering sigh
Told of the inward struggle high.
But ceased at length the sobbing breath,
And the dark robe lay still as death,
And from the broidered hem below
Stretched to the page her hand of snow.
And as he clasped it on his knee—
" Say that he must not mourn for me."
The fair child kissed the fingers small—
" And wilt thou—once more—now 'tis all—
" Once see him ere the parting call?"
The maiden lifted not her head,
Nor pressed his hand—nor answer said.
Bright Ariel pointed to the sky—
" Lady, the sun rides fair and high ;
" But ere it sets upon the sea,
" The morrow's eve—he far shall be,

“ And, haply, never—never more
“ Shall see it rise on Moray’s shore”——
The maiden pressed his hand : “ *I will—*
“ *At Vespers, on the Elrich hill !*”
Light flashed in Ariel’s bright blue eye,
And flushed his check with crimson high,
And lightly to his foot he sprung,
And kissed the hand that passive hung :
May Marrienne raised her forehead pale,
And o’er her features dropped the veil,
And one sad smile, one kind adieu,
And o’er the grass, yet wet with dew,
Turned her slow footsteps from his view.

The page looked after as she went,
And watched her o’er the sunny bent,
Till ’mid the forest’s bowering shade
She vanished like a Dryad maid.
Then to the path he turned his way
By the broad chase and hawthorns grey.
Awhile, upon the roebuck’s run,
He walked slow musing in the sun ;
But as he paced the mossy lea
No shade nor footstep you might see.
When first he crossed the chapel wall
You might have thought ’twas fancy all ;

But now upon that meadow free
No chance delusion there might be,
And ever as he slowly past
No shadow on the ground he cast,
Nor hairbell bent, nor moss depressed,
Print of a lethal foot confessed.
With lingering steps, and dallying heed,
A space he wandered on the mead;
And now would stop by bush and bower,
And pluck the leaf, and pull the flower;
And now beneath the ivied tree
Lean to the stock and watch the lea,
The sunny wood, and distant sea,
And listen to the cushat lone,
And the bee that wound about the stone,
As one who drank with ear and eye
Sweet Nature's joy and melody.

While thus at margin of the wood,
Hid by a bowering rose he stood,
Lo! from the fringing myrtle's shade,
A fox looked out upon the glade.
Moveless awhile, with eye and ear,
He searched the naked sunshine clear,
But when none living he might see
Cautious he ventured to the lea.

With piercing glance, and stealthy pace,
Slowly he stole across the chase ;
But as he came the chapel nigh
Sudden he dropped his single²² high,
And where the wind blew through the aisle,
With trembling nostril searched the gale,
And looked towards the ruined wall,
While his red fur rose bristling all :
A moment to the chancel grey,
He snuffed, and gazed, and slunk away,
And backward tracked his dewy trail,
And stole into the greenwood's veil.

With idle eye in absence bent
The young page marked him as he went,
And for a while, when he was gone,
Still mused and gazed his path upon ;
Till 'mid the murmur of the trees
A bell tolled faintly in the breeze,
And sudden glancing to the sun
He bounded to the dun-deer's run.
Across the still and dewy mead
He tracked the beaten path with speed,
But as he passed the blasted birch,
Where the fox checked, and shunned the church,

Sudden he stopped with eirie start,
As some strange tremor touched his heart,
And his flesh crept with shudder chill,
And a weird conscious inward thrill,
As, sooth, they say, c'en warriors brave,
When dead men's feet walk o'er their grave.
An instant, as in some spell thrall,
He gazed, and listened to the wall,
Then quick as thought, o'er bush and spray,
Fleet bounded to the chancel grey.
With hand and foot, like martin slim,
He climbed the loop, and leaped within,
And there, with pace you might have spanned,
Were tiny footsteps in the sand ;
And here, where they had rested still
While some small hand had pulled the dill,
And there where they had pattered round,
Like conies munching on the ground ;
And 'neath the rose-bush by the wall,
Where through the loop the sunbeams fall,
In the deep moss, yet moulded warm,
The impress of a lethal form,
As some small child, like crouching hare,
And bigger scarce, had rested there.
The page looked round to tower and tree,
But there was none his eye might see

But the bee that hummed on the sunny flower,
And the raven that croaked on the old church tower.
Bright Ariel shook his golden hair—
“ I doubt for no good lay you there ;”
And for a space he mused and frowned,
And tracked the tiny footsteps round,
And where the ruined arch they passed,
Forth to the greenwood followed fast.

The setting sun was red and low
On Nevis top and ocean's flow,
And on the mighty mirror pale
Showed in white flecks each snowy sail ;
While its last smile in parting play,
A golden sheet on Findhorn lay.
Within the forest dim and deep,
The closing flowers shut to sleep,
And on the old oak's ivy bough
The grey owl peeped and muttered now ;
And 'mid that deep and sunless shade
Thought that 'twas twilight on the glade.
Far at the hunter's trysting thorn
The woodman blew the gathering horn ;

And in the Rannoch lone and still
The red buck belled upon the hill.
All else was hushed by wood and vale,
Save haply the inconstant gale,
Which shook the dew-drops from the rose,
And lulled the even's fair repose.
That breeze which stirred the woodland flower
Waved the pale flag on Moray's tower,
And the dark plume of one who there
Walked by the lonely terrace stair.
With folded arms and measure slow
He paced the smooth stone to and fro,
And mused and listed to the hum
Which mingled with the evening drum,
And oft towards the mountains dun
Gazed anxious to the sinking sun——
He turned, and to the golden light
Showed the dark face of Clara's knight.

Deep on his pale and shadowed brow
Sat stern abstracted musing now,
And in his breast, with fancy wrought,
Passed many a train of wandering thought ;
And backward trace of days gone by
From manhood's noon to infancy ;

Visions long parted on the stream
Which rolls life's current through its dream.
The first dim shades of childhood's day—
His little mates of earliest play—
His father's hall—his mother's bower—
His brother dear—his sister flower—
Gone ! and all vanished like the fly
Which now danced upward in the sky ;
And to his strong and backward scan,
Chill through his spirit's vision ran ;
What once around him lived—what now
Had fallen and withered, bough by bough,
And left him of his tree the last,
Stripped by the thunder's bolt and blast ;
The shattered trunk 'midst all o'erthrown,
To stand, decay, and fall alone !
Awhile, as rooted with that mood,
Transfixed upon the bank he stood,
His dark eye bent upon the sky,
And his soul wrapt in musing high ;
Till sudden, like a stormy cloud,
Glanced on his mind his rival proud,
And question if when far away,
'Mid doubts and trials or dismay,
Through years of distance long and dim,
Bright Marrienne would be true to him.

Then as that thought his spirit stung,
Sternly his saddened heart it strung,
And starting from the vision's trace,
He eyed the red orb's sinking face,
And quick resumed his measured pace.
The sunset died on tree and tower,
The clear dew filled the lily flower,
Round hill and holt in silent steam
The mist rose up from mead and stream,
And slow and still the twilight pale
Drew o'er the world its silvery veil,
And o'er the gleaming fog and flood
The broad moon rose, a shield of blood ;
But yet beneath the rampart grim
The knight still paced the terrace dim,
And watched her brightening features rise
Through the dun veil and clearer skies,
Till slowly on each hoary height
Stole o'er the world her silver light.

That night, within St Magnus' hall,
With wax, and wine, and cloth of pall,
Earl Torkill sat in banquet high
With all proud Moray's chivalry ;

And round the board, full brave and bright,
Was many an earl and belted knight,
And many a squire who never more
Should meet again on Moray's shore.
Among them all, the gayest there,
Fared the proud knight Earl Torkill's heir ;
Deepest the golden cup he quaffed,
And loudest of the loud he laughed.
You might not think to mark his glee,
'Twas the last night he there should see ;
That never through that casement tall
The light which faded in the hall
Through the dim panes and blazoned stain,
Should fade upon his eye again ;
Nor ere his hand upon that floor
Should clasp his grey-haired father more.
But oft amid the wassail high
Glanced to his son the old man's eye,
And oft amid the revel free
Checked on his furrowed face the glee ;
And when amid the old Norse lays
The minstrel struck " Knight Sigbert's praise,"
Sudden he raised the mazer bright
To hide the tears which dimmed his sight ;
For though to others stern and grim,
He was an only son to him.

While thus the revel in the hall,
Within a doorway dim and small
A pageling stood, and bent his gaze
Up the long, broad, and glittering daiz ;
And whether that the scanty light
Delusive showed his stature slight,
Or whether, sooth, in look and limb
There was some uncouth sight in him ;
But a strange dwarfie shape he seemed,
Like phantasy in nightmare dreamed,
And in the dusk his eye-balls bright
Gleamed like the wood-cats in the night.
And all his gestures, quaint and wild,
Showed like a wayward changeling child,
As to each sound he perked his ear,
And moped and peeped with elvish leer,
And quick at times, with bitter smile,
Low jibbered to himself the while.

As thus he seemed apart to lurk,
Knight Sigbert marked him in the mirk ;
And when the urchin caught his eye
He raised his finger stealthily.
Hasty the knight set down the cup,
And sudden from the board rose up,

But when the turret door he won
'Twas dark and still—the boy was gone.
An instant to the dubious gloom
He gazed, and muttered wrath and doom,
When, shrill as cricket in the wall,
There came a whistle low and small,
And as in haste he forward bore
A light foot pattered fast before,
And up the turret's narrow stair,
And forth upon the rampart bare,
In the grey twilight cool and fair.

Beneath the clear and starry sky,
And the broad moon's ascending eye,
Better you now might read the trace
Of that slight urchin's limb and face ;
And, sooth, in mortal mould, I ween,
That never with eye such imp²³ was seen.
He was as swart, and shrewd, and tine,
As ever a dwarf²⁴ that dwelt in mine ;
And though scarce higher than thy knee,
Nimble as squirrel in the tree.
But though a child in lith and span,
He had an eldritch look of man ;
And yet, forsooth, though strange and wild,
He was a fair well-favoured child.

But if his glistening lip and eye
Was like the rose and morning sky,
Seemed there was malice in his smile,
And mischief in his glance the while.
When now upon the wall he stood,
No word he said—but set his hood,
And bit his wand, and eyed the knight
With a keen leer of wanton spite.
The thunder lowered on Sigbert's brow—
“ Speak out, Sir Knave !—what would you now ? ”
Blenched not the boy before his eye,
But answered to his look as high—
“ Nought good, perfai,—and wit you well,
“ You might be fain I ne'er should tell.”—
“ No force, say on,” the master cried.
The wayward varlet smiled aside,
And like a satyr perked his ear—
“ I warn thee it shall mar thy cheer ! ”
Wrath darkened on stern Sigbert's brow—
“ Now, by St Magnus' soul, I vow,
“ Or if thou speak not quick, and all,
“ I pitch thee headlong o'er the wall ! ”
The urchin's eye with malice glanced,
And on his lip a flicker danced :
“ Have then thy will—Ye know, perchance,
“ Yon greenwood marring brache of France,

“ And old Earl Torkill’s daughter fair—
“ Rose Marrienne, and the Knight of Clare ?”
Dark Sigbert’s brow came stern and white—
“ Suppose I do ?—What then, false sprite ?”—
“ This morning, at the early day,
“ As in St Michael’s kirk I lay,
“ It chanced I heard them two between
“ A tryst to meet on Elrich green.”—
“ And when ?”—“ At vesper hour this e’en.”

The knight glanced sudden to the light—
“ And now, false knave, ’tis fall of night !
“ Heaven weird²⁵ thee to the fiend, therefore,
“ Why told ye not this news before ?”
The urchin bit his lip—“ Mordieu !
“ Ill news, they say, flies fast enew,
“ But wist I not ’twas ought to you !”—
Fierce Sigbert clenched his hand for ire,
And flashed his gloomy eye like fire—
“ And where through all the livelong day—
“ On what fiend’s errand dared thou stray ?”
The eldritch varlet turned his head
With look demure, nor answer said,
But shaded on his nether face,
Passed a quaint leer, and sharp grimace—

“ Speak !” cried the knight,—with patience meek
The wicked urchin stroked his cheek—
“ So please your knighthood, by my fay !
“ I hasted back that reed to say ;
“ But o’er the downans as I went,
“ I found fair bees’ bykes in the bent,——
“ And after, linties in a thorn,
“ And chased them all the livelong morn.——
“ And then—I would thou saw his play—
“ Fleet as the wind !—such gallant grey !—
“ I rode him all this hinder day
“ Till mot I speed—he ran so fell,
“ He plunged, and drowned in Sybell’s well !”——

Knight Sigbert aimed a buffet sore,
That had it dealt the will it bore
He ne’er had ridden a palfrey more.—
But from the terrace to the wall
The urchin bounded like a ball,
And with the stroke the wrathful knight
Peeled on the stone his hand of might,
And wrung his fist, and swore for ire
With gnashing teeth, and glance of fire.
But on the cope beyond his blow,
Hugging his feet with mint and moc,

Like channering ape the urchin clung,
And tossed his arms, and heedless swung,
Though from the kernell to the ground
Full twenty fathoms plunged profound.
At length his mood the master quelled,
And to the page his hand outheld,
And calmly said—"Thou, sooth, should rue,
" But now is other work to do ;
" And haste, and fear not,—wend with me."—
The boy leaped lightly to his knee
As drops the linnet from the tree,
And followed fast along the wall,
While stern and quick, in silence all,
Before him strode the warrior tall.

Now come they to the donjon keep,
And up the turn-stair strait and steep
To the arm-chamber's iron door,
Plated and cramped, and studded o'er ;
For lock nor bar, nought made they stand,
But to the urchin's slender hand
Harsh grating, in the portal low
The heavy barrier opened slow,
And 'neath the brander's iron grin
Through the deep gloom they passed within.

Amid that silent chamber's sleep,
In the grey shadows still and deep,
Faint glimmering on the umbered wall,
To the wan light which yet might fall
From the dim shot-holes strait and small—
The grated helms, and sparkling mail,
And the long surcoats white as hail,
Shimmered and grinned like phantoms pale,
And all around, in twinkle still,
The gleaming steel blinked sharp and chill,
Like ice upon the frozen hill.
But sudden to the shadowy wall
The boy held up his finger small,
And from the tip, like taper bright,
There rose a flame of sapphire light,
And through the chamber high and dim,
O'er the bright arms and armour grim,
Shed from his hand a blaze more fair
Than twenty torches had given there.
Bright to the steel, as past they came,
The urchin waved the dazzling flame,
And round the room, as clear it played,
Knight Sigbert scanned each glittering blade ;
But when unheeded to the last
Hauberk and haketon he passed ;

The boy looked sudden in his face——

“ I warn you well, take *coat* and *mace* ! ”——

The knight glanced back with scornful scan——

“ What !——but for *one* !——an unarmed man ! ’——

“ Do as thou list,” the varlet said ;

“ And if thy hand may keep thy head²⁶——

“ But wit you well, with Milan scale

“ He wears a jezeraunt of mail.”——

The warrior's cheek grew sharp and fell——

“ And how, Sir Page, know *you* so well ? ”——

“ No matter,” said the boy——“ I know——

“ And thou shalt prove it to thy woe,

“ If naked and unarmed thou go.”——

No answering word Knight Sigbert made

But silent waled a heavier blade,

And lifted from the wall the mail,

And the linked gorget's iron veil.

With busy hand, and eager speed,

As if he loved the battle weed,

The urchin laced the jingling hood,

And braced the broadsword great and good,

And loosened from the warrior's heel

The useless spurs of gilded steel ;

Then with an exult wild and free

Clapped his small hands with joyful glee, ■

And tossed the fire-drake to the air,
And hasty marshalled to the stair.

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The last red lingering northern²⁷ streak
Waned on Shihallion's distant peak,
And dyed the twilight's misty gleam
On the deep Ramflit's whirling stream.
All by the dark and woody rill
Bower and bank slept damp and still,
Save chance a low and sullen gale
At times came down the lonely vale,
And to the sad and fitful breeze
Shook their tall tops the shivering trees,
And each slim birch and linden grey
Swept in the tide its limber spray,
And broke the gleam where still and cool
The moon looked in upon the pool.
Amid that vale's uncertain light
There passed no form of living wight,
But on each knowe and hillock green
Small flitting people you had seen,
And heard beneath the distant thorn
The winding of a feeble horn.

And turned the knight the stream to wade,
But sudden stand the urchin made ;
To cross the brook it liked him ill,
And the tall baron spoke he still :
“ Sir Master, an it please thee so,
“ Thou may not need my guidance mo ;
“ Lo, yonder on the lonely hill
“ The trysting tree shows white and still,
“ And nigh a mortal eye may tell
“ Who stand beneath.—So fare thee well.”—

Lord Sigbert smiled a bitter smile,
But little recked the page the while ;
And part in scorn, and part in jest,
Muttered the knight, as on he pressed,—
“ Wend thou thy way : both foot and brow
“ Of mine were christened long ere now.”
Fast through the dim and bickering tide
Waded the warrior from the side ;
But as he went, with sudden heed,
A backward glance he cast the mead,
Haply, for say he chance bethought,
It needed him the page he ought :
But though he scarce had turned his look,
Since now he left him by the brook,

None stood beside the ford's grey stone,
And the dim bank was still and lone——
Where went the page, or how he mot,
I may not say,—I saw him not!
But when the knight stepped in the rill
Upon the damp and bushy hill,
Far as a falcon's flight may swoop
There came a shrill and distant whoop.
Perchance 'twas but an idle child,
But sooth, 'twas wondrous weird and wild.
The knight cast round a doubtful look,
And dipped his finger in the brook,
And signed his brow of mail.
And as he turned him through the tide,
His sun-burnt cheek, and lip of pride,
Might seem an instant pale.——
Haply, 'twas but the moonlight wan
That glanced his swarthy face upon.
Now has he gained the river's bank,
And through the reeds and sedges dank,
Climbed forth upon the lea.
And now has crossed the meadow still,
And scaled the lone and silent hill,
And with light step, and breath suppressed,
As seeks the fox the heathcock's nest,
Draws nigh the trysting-tree.

The moon had waned into a cloud,
And the dun night her misty shroud
Wrapt on the quiet hill.
You might have heard the scar-leaf fall,
And the far plover's whistle small
Upon the morass still.
But scarce the silent ear of night
Might catch Lord Sigbert's footfall light
Upon the brackens sear,
And stealing close by bush and bough,
With blade in hand, and hood on brow,
The tree he now came near.
When sudden, like the leven white,
The moonshine burst upon the height,
And broad and bright in silent gleam
Showed bank and bower, mead and stream,
And by the tree stood in the light
A lady fair, and belted knight.
Nor onset, shout, nor question staid,
Nor cross, nor prayer, stern Sigbert made ;
As stoops the falcon at the hern,
Or at the heathcock swoops the erne,
With sudden bound and stroke of might,
So at St Clara sprung the knight.
A piercing shriek the lady gave,
A hasty word the warrior brave,

But as the quarry shoots aside,
Back from the blow he vaulted wide,
And instant rallied blade in hand,
Closed with his foeman brand to brand.
With silence stern, and eager breath,
And grapple fierce, and stroke of death,
And foin, and thrust, and falchion sway,
Upon the lea they waged the fray.
While-as, the lady knelt and prayed,
And wept, and vowed, and shrieked for aid ;
But as the conflict maddened fell
She sprung to part the deadly mell—
When as she rushed, a hand unseen,
With grasp of iron came between,
And sudden held her on the lea,
Still as the grey and blasted tree,
All motionless, tongue, limb, and eye,
Fast bound in spell of gramarye,
Though on the fight, with maniac glare,
Yet fixed her wild dilated stare.
But o'er the sky the sailing cloud
Shifted its light and flitting shroud,
And sudden died the moonshine still
From stream, and meadow, copse, and hill,
And on the bent, like elfin small,
Warrior and weapon vanished all.

But ever in the shapeless mirk
There rang the sound of deadly work :
Upon the fail, with hollow tread,
Thick stouring feet were beating dread,
And you might hear the broadsword swing,
And the hacked hauberk clink and ring.—
But in the meddle derf²⁸
A sharper clash and deadlier dint
Struck living fire, like spark from flint,
And a deep groan, and heavy fall,
Like turret loosened from the wall,
Rang hollow on the turf,
And ceased at once the showering blows,
The grappling rush, and sudden close,
And all the mingled din of fear
Had rung upon the lady's ear.
An instant on the lonely hill
The gloomy shade was deadly still ;
As those who late did battle there
Had vanished in the empty air,
And nought of earth stood on the lea
Save the damp fern and whispering tree.
But through the wood, like distant waves,
A passing whirlwind stirred the leaves,
And sudden on the lily bent
A light and flitting bound there went—

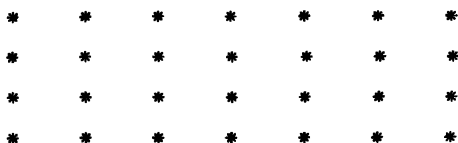
Shook hairbell blue, and cowslip cup,
A whirl of thin blue mist went up,
A widdering wind the branches tossed,
And a shrill voice cried—"Lost! lost! lost!"²⁹—
The cry *was* gone on height and hill,
But the weird echo murmured still,
And yet the unearthly sound might seem
To ring afar on rock and stream.
But the calm silence settled soon,
The flitting cloud racked off the moon,
And once again on tower and tide
The broad still light looked fair and wide,
And pale, and calm, and quiet shone
The deadly battle's field upon.

Dark on his broad and bending sword
Leaned in the midst St Clara's lord,
And wiped the blood-drops from her sight,
And gazed around the hillock bright;
But nought amid the moonshine wide,
Foeman, nor lady, stood beside,
And tall and still like earth-fast stone
He stood upon the bent alone.

A moment's pause the warrior made,
And signed his brow, and wiped his blade,

And silent looked to lift and lea,
As 'scaped from mortal jeopardie.
Then to the grass with vision keen
Gazed where the deadly fray had been.
Upon the smooth and level bent
Hairbell and rush were tramped and rent,
And here and there the cowslip's stem
Sprinkled with blood like ruby gem ;
And as the moon looked on the dew,
The crimson beads blinked bright to view,
Like morning rain drops on the rose
When in their bells the sunbeam glows.

But where was he who lately there
Did battle on the bloody lair ?
And where that lady fair and bright
For whom they waged the mortal fight ?
But now, the silver moonbeam shone
The warrior's brand and mail upon ;
And on the maiden's silken veil
Shimmered like snow-flake cold and pale ;
While-as, the ray but showed to view
A slender foot-print on the dew,
And on the soft fog's pall of gold
The impress of a lethal mould.————



He found her by the fountain's brink,
As if she there had knelt to drink,
But cold, and pale, and still as death,
Upon her lips no stirring breath,
And quick with wild and eager speed,
And trembling hand, he loosed her weed,
And bathed her pallid forehead chill,
And passive bosom cold and still.
He deemed she had but swooned with fear,
While-as she sought the water clear ;
And when unconscious as the dead
Heavy and moveless lay her head,
He raised her on his breast of mail,
And gently kissed her forehead pale.
Still, and half closed in dimness wan,
In her blue eyes the cold moon shone,
And as upon his bosom bright
Lay her fair features in the light,
But for that hue so fearful white,
And that mysterious quiet deep,
You might have thought she did but sleep ;-

But 'twas not that her lips were chill,
Her cheek was pale, her breast was still,
But, strange—as none might speak who saw——
In earthless rest and nameless awe,
The cold eye glistened, the pale lips smiled,
As never might living maiden mild.

With eager horror's sudden start,
He laid his hand upon her heart,
And with a trembling, breathless pause,
Stronger and stronger pressed the gauze,
But to his rigid fingers then
No vital motion beat again ;
And when at last the truth confessed,
He looked upon her breathless rest,
And knew, that from that slumber sore
She never should awaken more.——
Through his strung frame and rigid hair
Shot the sharp shiver of despair ;
And deathly horror, wild and chill,
Which froze his blood with icy thrill ;
His hands dropped passive in the dew,
And fixed his eyes with sightless view,
And all so still and dead he sat,
Flew round his head the flickering bat,

While in the moonshine still and lone
He seemed but shape of cold grey stone.

Through that long, dreary, dreadful night,
He sat upon the silent height,
And clasped her form, as if that still
His breast could warm her bosom chill,
And as the bright moon went and came
O'er his damp arms and stiffened frame,
His icy helm and hauberk fold
Might seem but sculpture fixed and cold.
And oft as from the thicket still
The browsing roebuck crossed the hill,
And in the moonshine clear and bright
Marked the dim moveless shadow white,
He stretched his head and searched the gale,-
But the faint breeze blew down the vale,
And calm again he cropped the lea,
And but at times glanced up to see,
Uncertain what that form might be.

At length the cold grey dawning broke,
The robin whistled in the oak,
And at the sound with sudden start
He waked as if it pierced his heart,

And swept the dark hair from his face,
And with a wild bewildered trace
Gazed slowly round to earth and light,
As if he doubted of their sight ;
Then with a burst of maddening woe
O'er her still face he bent him low,
And folded to his breast of mail
Her stiffened form as cold and pale.

He rose and wiped his chill damp brow—
'Twas deadly white, but settled now—
And kissed her lips so fixed and pale,
And laid her on the dewy fail,
And drew a long and painful breath,
Like the last parting gasp of death,
And covered her with his mantle wide,
And the bloodhound couched him down beside.
He turned him to the greenwood nigh,
But as he went, the black dog's eye
Full wistful to his parting gazed,
And keen to follow, half upraised ;
But the master lifted the couple chain,³⁰
And the dog couched down on the cloak again,

THE TEMPLAR'S TOMB.

And only cast up his gloomy eye,
And drew his breath like a heavy sigh.

Within the thicket's umbrage wide
The hunter pressed the boughs aside,
Till came he to a narrow glade,
Where flowers bloomed thick beneath the shade,
And bending to the lily³¹ lea
Grew the red rose and hawthorn tree,
Whereon with deep entwining bower
The clustering woodbine hung its flower ;
But o'er them, towering in the sky,
Like a grim warder stern and high,
The ancient monarch of the wood,
An old and mighty pine there stood,
Whose writhing limbs and foliage form,
Silvered and scared by time and storm,
Through ages long and tempest dread,
Still left like giant 'mid the dead,
Full oft had seen by hill and hall
Race after race around him fall.

Beneath that grey and mighty tree,
Under the hawthorn on the lea,
He laid his bugle to the glade,
And trenched the earth with his falchion blade,

And dug her grave with grief and toil,
And tears that dewed the softened soil ;
When-as that lonely bed was made,
He bore the maiden to the shade,
And laid her on the lily fail,
'Mid the white flowers as fair and pale.
He dried on his sleeve the deadly blade,
And cut from her head a golden braid,
And signed her brow with the heavenly dew,
And over her face the thin veil drew.—
He loosed from his neck the chaplet band,
And laid the cross in her cold white hand,
And folded her in her green mantél,
And laid her within the narrow cell.
He sprinkled her breast with the pure bright dew,
And over her form the wood flowers threw,
Till the lilies were bright on her moveless breast,
As if for her bridal banquet dressed.
The beam of the rising sun looked in,
And touched her veil with its lambience thin,
As if on her last and lonely bed,
The glory of heaven shone round her head ;
And the wakening world to the golden rays,
With the choir of the forest sent up its praise,
And all around from the earth and sky
His choristers sung her requiem high.

Low on the turf the warrior prayed,
 And his mighty brow in the cold dew laid,
 And clenched his hands till the blood nigh sprung
 From the rigid clasp his fingers wrung ;
 He rose from her pillow still and lone——
 His cheek was like the marble stone——
 And over her now the earth he cast,
 Till all but her face was hidden at last ;
 But when on her features, pale and cold,
 He stooped to lay the dark damp mold,
 He shook like the linden's shivering spray,
 And turned his tearful eyes away
 While-as he dropped the crumbling clay ;
 But when on the lair he looked again,
 There was only the earth and silver rain,
 Where the heavy dew, and the hawthorn flower,
 Had shed on her breast the balmy shower,
 And over that form, so fair before,
 The mold was covered for evermore !——

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The pale grey dawn broke dim and cool
 Upon the Findhorn's quiet nook.

And the blue vapour, thin and still,
Which hung upon the water chill,
The meadow damp, and lone green hill :
At times within the forest deep
The stag's hoarse bray came up the steep,
And from the hunter's trysting thorn
The bay of dogs, and mote of horn.
The while amid the couching fee
Tinkled the weathers on the lea,
And in the light gale's fitful swell
Chimed faint and far the matin bell.

Within that lone sequestered dell,
Where birches shade the fairy's well,
And knotted hawthorns, writhed and old,
Twine their grey roots above the mold,
The forest hind, as passed he by,
Heard feeble laugh, and gamen high.
Marvelled he much who there made glee
On that dim hour, and lonely lea,
And the tall hazels parting slow
Looked in upon the dell below,
And saw three urchins, strange and small,
Who tird the kayles, and tossed the ball.

With beating heart, and eye of doubt;
Hinde Henricke marked them bound and shout,
And whether they were children all,
Who aped some masquing of the hall,
Or dwarfy woodmen, wondrous small,
Forsooth he might not tell.
For though their mold was short and slim,
Eld was their face, and shaped their limb,
And each dwarf feature, swart and set,
With curling hair, and barbe of jet.
A strange and eirie look they bore,
And one there was looked wan and hoar,
As ever monk in cell.
Upon their garb and fashion sad,
Full marvel great Hinde Henricke had.
The least was graithed in russet brown,
The grey wore cowl and girded gown,
And at his belt a lantern small,
And he the wightest of them all,
Bore kirtle green and tiny hood,
Like a slim ranger of the wood.——
Hinde Henricke crossed his breast and brow,
And doubted sore that saw he now
Hoodkin, and Puck, and Friar Rush,
Who dwell by bent and bracken bush.

Fain had the Hinde then sat by hearth,
But sudden on the woodland path
A light small whirlwind raised the dust,
Shook the blue hairbell in its gust,
And swift came down the lonely glade,
Till on the dewy knowl it stayed——
The stour sweeps upward from the bent,
And Sigbert's page stood where it went.

Sudden the urchins shouted high,
And tossed the wind-ball to the sky,
And with a light and flying bound
Sprang to their fellow on the mound.
With uncouth sign, and wayward moc,
Y-throng they stood, and muttered low
In strange mysterious tongue, wot I
Was never learned in Christendie.
Lightly the pageling answered each,
Then questioned in good Scottish speech—
“ Whence come ye, kimmers?—by your glee
“ Ye should have mischief furth and free,
“ And met we not sith on the brae
“ We rid to death the Abbot's grey.”

Answered the friar—“ At yester eve
“ Clerk Michael went a wife to shrive :

“ The night came dark, the way unsure,
“ And as he crossed Pluscartye moor
“ I lit my lanthorn on the brae,
“ And led him through the quags astray
“ O’er broken hag, and quaking moss,
“ And scrog-bush thick, and prickly goss:
“ His hat he tined in Lossie ford,
“ Lost staff and sandal at Kilbord ;
“ You might him track, at light of morn,
“ By the frayed tags on twig and thorn ;
“ But ere he won Craig-ruadh’s steep,
“ He foundered in the morass deep :
“ Then in the mire the light I tossed,
“ And laughed and fled, and cried, ‘ Lost ! lost ! ’ ”

The varlet flickered at the spell,
But Hoodekin’s swart brow grew fell.
Says—“ Him and his commend I all
“ To the foul fiend that wons in thrall——
“ Whilere in fellowship I grew
“ With a rich hind by Knockandubh,
“ And did him aid in stall and byre
“ To wage had coft him mickle hire.
“ At Yule tide, when the snow was deep,
“ I kept the lerewolf from the sheep,

“ Oft swept the mildew from the corn ;
“ At Har’st set light in the moon’s horn,
“ And sheared him bear rigs in a night,
“ Had ta’en a week six yeomen wight.
“ But mot I speed—ill-fared me then,
“ That ever I melled with mortal men.
“ It chanced he journeyed to Kintore,
“ And whiles—the fiend him sink therefore—
“ Left me in charge his wife to keep——
“ Trow me that month I might not sleep.
“ Ane leman in the Spey I sunk,
“ Misleared another with a spunk,
“ And other one was worst of all,
“ Smooored in the midden by the stall.
“ But aye like cat to kind they came,
“ And sore I doubt the wily dame,
“ For all my toil, had come good speed ;
“ But Goodman Stott came home at need :
“ ‘ Gude friend’—I said—‘ Take back thy wife,
“ E’en as thou left her limb and life,
“ And what thou wilt—ought freely ask—
“ But set me never more such task,
“ For I had liefer, by my fay,
“ Herd all the hinds in Tarnaway.’”

The small page laughed till the tears they ran,³²

But questioned then the short brown man :

“ What worth thee mate ? I judge amiss,

“ An thou hadst better sport than this.”

Says—“ Yester eve when stars were up,

“ I lay within a cowslip cup,

“ And listed while the owls did cry

“ To the bright moonlight merrily ;

“ When-as along the lonely bent

“ A homeward hunter whistling went ;

“ And while the moon came o’er him sheen,

“ I marked he wore the Lincoln green.

“ To see our wear so done amiss

“ I might not dree—Yet sooth for this

“ I had but broke his shins percase,

“ Or marred his kirtle in a race ;

“ But at his back a set he bore,

“ With a fat buck and birds full store,

“ An forest-craft so thrive at spring

“ They shall not leave a merle to sing,

“ Nor spotted fawn to run the lea——

“ But now, yon woodman ’scaped not free.

“ As down the ferry craig he went

“ A bramble for his foot I bent ;

“ Then in the broom bush shouted high,

“ And as he turned him suddenly

“ Upon the tangled snare he tripped,
“ An instant by a hazel gripped,
“ But from the stem the bough I slipped,
“ And like a whinstone from the steep
“ He plunged amid the river deep——
“ Five fathom down now lie his bones
“ In the Clerk's pool, beneath the stones ;
“ His pearly eyes the kelpie stole,
“ I wot the foul fiend nimmed his soul.”

The urchin ceased and frowned for rage,
But questioned Hoodkin of the page,
“ Wild Robin Goodfellow, I trow
“ Thou has not idle been as now.”
The varlet smiled——“ At yester night
“ I did some three a fell despite.
“ An evil neighbour wit ye well,
“ Sir John St Clare, called Blanche-Mantel.
“ From boy to man, since he has been,
“ Was never rest in forest green.
“ He marred the owls I loved to hear,
“ And ginned the hares, and killed the deer.
“ By each lone walk and secret spring
“ Where oft I list the lint-white sing,
“ He and his knaves made fray and stour,
“ And felled the trees and broke the bower,

“ Aye pitching stakes and setting toil,
“ Filling the greenwood with turmoil ;
“ And not a breeze the chase came by,
“ But heard the widdering arrows fly,
“ And bird-bolts whistling in the sky.

“ 'Neath hawthorn tree, by down and mead,
“ Our rings are marred by slot of steed.
“ At midsummer night the fairy queen
“ Might scarce a moon-dance on the green.
“ Whilere in every lily-bell
“ The dew stood clear like a tiny well ;
“ And when athirst, at even still
“ From flower to flower I drank my fill :
“ But now within each honey-cup
“ The hot curs lick the nectar up,
“ Or dash it on the foggy lea,
“ Is never a drop for the humble bee.

“ The livelong day, at eve and morn,
“ Is toll of dogs and blast of horn ;
“ The caller grass and flowery heath
“ Bears taint of lethal foot and breath.
“ In mushroom cup or cowslip bell,
“ Scarce might I couch at matin-knell,

“ But clamouring mot and challenge deep
“ Startled my rest and broke my sleep ;
“ And questing hound, or ere I saw,
“ Sat on my limbs his hairy paw :
“ Or if perchance where moles do dwell
“ I lurked within the wild bee’s cell,
“ A cur thrust in his nose to smell,
“ And tossed me upward on the dell.

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“ But ever illfare the mortal fey³³
“ That broke the fairies’ greenwood lay :
“ And wot ye well yon knight may rue
“ That e’er in brake a bow he drew.
“ Full well I wist by many a line
“ With which he marred each Linden’s rhind ;
“ For old Earl Torkill’s daughter fair,
“ Long time unmeasured love he bear.
(“ While-as my knight as wild might be,
“ But lacked the skill to spoil a tree ;
“ Though had he thought the man might live,
“ To whom she should more favour give,
“ He sooth had carved her name on him
“ Deeper than e’er his rival grim
“ On the smooth beech or holly trim)-----
“ It chanced that in the forest green,
“ I heard a tryst them two between,

THE TEMPLAR'S TOMB.

“ And when yestreen unwitting ill
“ They met upon the Elrich still,
“ I brought Knight Sigbert to the hill.

“ Lo ! then beneath the hawthorn tree
“ Was done such battle on the lea
“ As never whilere I saw with e’e !
“ But foul betide the warden’s might,
“ Full well his manhood marred my sleight ;
“ And with Lord Sigbert ill befell
“ That ever I brought him in the mell ;
“ But when I saw how went the strife,
“ I broke St Clara’s dagger knife,
“ And as he aimed a bladeless blow
“ I felled him o’er his prostrate foe.”

“ And died he there ? ”—small Hoodman said—
The slender urchin shook his head——
“ My master had not might therefore,
“ And I might not for the cross he wore.”——
“ Alas for that ! ” said Hoodman grey.
The dwarf smiled grimly——“ No, perfaï !—
“ The mold to rest, the soul to heaven,
“ Forsooth had little vengeance given—
“ Better me likes in mortal strife
“ That he may live and curse his life,

“ And far in pilgrimage and toil
“ Wear out his days in war and broil ;——
“ But when beneath him Sigbert fell,
“ I veiled the moon and raised a spell ;
“ And snatched him from the mortal fray
“ Five hundred leagues o’er to Noroway.”——

Gibbered the elves with mint and moc——
“ Gramercy ! and how win therefro ?”——
Elf Robin laughed——“ Sooth nought know I !
“ E’en as he may—On bat’s back fly !——
“ I might no more—’Twas Tarneap’s³⁴ aid
“ And the black dwarfs that rescue made,
“ And chance they ne’er bethought them then
“ He was not one of their own Northmen——
“ But he may bless his soul therefore,
“ Who else had lain in St Michael’s choir !”

Listed the dwarfs with eldrich grin,
“ And what of thy ladie in all that sin ?”——
“ While fought the foemen on the green
“ She would have rushed the swords between,
“ But round her limbs a spell I cast,
“ And from the combat held her fast——
“ And as in deadly swoon she fell,
“ I laid her by the woodland well.——

“ And what when the deadly strife was o’er ?”——
“ From that dead trance she rose no more,
“ But when upon the fountain’s lip
“ She heard the tinkling water drip,
“ And strove her feeble hand to dip,
“ Or ere it reached the sparkling spray
“ Her fainting spirit died away,
“ And on the bank she laid her head,
“ And one long sigh to the night wind fled.”——

Elf Robin shook his glossy hair,
“ Alas for her !—sweet blossom fair !—
“ She never wrought our greenwood wrong,
“ Nor tined us of a linnet’s song—
“ But dressed full oft our lonely bower,
“ And loved each little woodland flower ;
“ Nor ever as she walked the dew
“ E’er wilful trod the hairbell blue ;
“ Oft while the world was cold and white
“ She fed the robin morn and night,
“ And when full low the shrew-mouse’ store
“ Laid nuts beside his mossy door.
“ And often in her gentle breast
“ Made for the frozen bird a nest,
“ And warmed its bosom with her breath,
“ And brought its little life from death,

“ And kept it till its wing could stir——

“ Alas ! wild brother, why harmed you her ?”

“ ’Twas not my deed,” the pageling said ;

“ One hair of hers I had not shed,

“ But for the dread of that fell fray

“ Her fluttering spirit passed away.”——

The urchins stood in silence meek,

And Brownie brushed his hairy cheek,

And from elf Robin’s eye a tear

Fell on the grass like dew-drop clear.

The friar alone stood heedless all,

And idly trimmed his lanthorn small,

And dressed the cowl upon his brow,

And careless asked,—“ What worth she now ?”——

“ He buried her under the great pine tree,

“ With the thorn at her breast and the rose at her
knee,

“ And all the morn since the dawn was red,

“ The dew ne’er dried on her grassy bed,”³⁵

“ Though ever, as if the sun stood still,

“ The bright beam shone on her pillow chill,

“ And sweetly through the listening air

“ Unearthly strains stole round her lair,

“ Till the linnet and thrush were silent there.”

Elf Robin raised his downcast face——

“ And what when the ‘ hot-trod’ seeks her place ? ”——

“ They never shall seek her by tree or tower,

“ Nor miss her within her own bright bower——

“ That night before the grey cock crew

“ A shape I moulded in the dew

“ Of the white clay——nine fathoms deep

“ Ne’er saw before the moonlight peep——

“ With dust of roses and lilies bright

“ Mingled and wrought with spell of might——

“ A fair delusion——her mother there

“ Had never known from the child she bare——

“ At morning on the pillow still

“ They found her sleeping pale and chill,

“ Calm as an infant’s slumber fair——

“ But never more to waken there——

“ And through all Moray the news shall ride,

“ That night in calm death-bed she died.”——

The urchins gazed——“ What might thou
mean

Elf Robin waved his fingers lean,

And bit his lip and turned his face

With a weird smile and quaint grimace,

While in his wild and wicked eye

Lurked a strange wanton mysterie ;

But nought he answered, and again
When questioned more the dwarfy men——
“No matter”—said the wayward fay——
“But sooth this morn at dawn of day
“The tidings came to Tarnaway,
“And when at sun-rise through the gate
“Rode out the Lion’s court of state,
“With haggard eye, and brow as pale
“As she who died upon the fail——
“There Clara rode amid the train
“Like a dead warrior raised again”——
Muttered the weirdly urchins grey.
But reckless Robin turned away,
And snatched the wind-ball where it lay,
And tossed it to the sunny sky,
O’er the top tree ten fathoms high ;
Then, as if none were there but he,
Full busy turned him to the lea,
And pitched the kayles, and trolled the bowl,
As in the nine-pins lived his soul.

Awhile upon the grassy knowe
Hoodkin and Brownie muttered low,
When sudden in the silent sky
There came a call full shrill and high,
Like the wild eagle’s piercing cry.

The elves looked upward from the brae,
And the page tossed the bowl away ;
When-as from out the sun's bright ball
There seemed a shooting star to fall,
And streaming down through the heaven blue,
Fell in the sunshine on the dew,
And seemed the radiance where it shone
To brighten, and brighten the grass upon
Till the rays took shape like a form of flame,
And out of the light bright Ariel came !——
But from his glistening features now
A radiant gleam played round his brow,
And at his back with dazzling hue
Bright wings which showed the sunshine through,
And in his hand with flaming light
Glistened and flashed a falchion bright,
And as he waved it o'er his head
Quivered and glanced like lightning red.
Before his fair and shining face
The urchins fell upon the chase,
And knelt and trembled at his knee
Like children found in mischief glee.
He stood before them calm and still,
And waved the lightning to the hill——
“ What do ye here ? and what so bold,
“ The evil deeds but now ye told ? ”

Silent the urchins drooped their head,
Nor raised the eye, nor answer said—
The fair child bent his brow of light—
“ It needs ye not—I know the right——
“ But now low earth-born elves give ear,
“ I weird³⁶ ye to a task of fear——
“ For thou who vaunted, and ye agreed
“ In malice to laud that evil deed——
“ I give ye through the livelong year
“ By day and night, with care and fear,
“ To keep that lady's slumber drear ;
“ To guard her low and lonely lair
“ From searching wolf and prowling bear, ³⁷
“ And round her spread the potent spell
“ Shall keep her dark and silent cell
“ From channering worm and reptile fell.
“ But over that couch by night and day
“ Let the moon shine bright and the sunbeam play
“ And ever upon her grassy pall
“ The sweet flowers bloom and the clear rain fall.
“ And when again at turn of spring
“ The deer shall bell and the birds shall sing,
“ And in the moss upon her breast
“ The robin and wren shall build their nest,
“ And the timid doe her kid shall hide
“ Among the lilies at her side——

“ Watch throughout the livelong day
“ The raven and the fox to fray,
“ That all around her slumber blest
“ Be free from harm, in peace and rest.

“ Whoe’er in this shall fail, be sure
“ Immortal vengeance shall endure,
“ And deathless as he is, prolong
“ The spell of penance dread and strong——
“ Plunged in deep Hecla’s burning throat
“ For ages in molten gneiss to float,
“ Or doomed five thousand years alone
“ Lie prisoned in a marble stone,
“ Till quarried from the living rock,
“ Hammers and blasts his spell unlock——
“ And thou who lov’st the lanthorn bright
“ From earth to heaven shall bear thy light,
“ And onward, and onward, and onward sail
“ Till planets and stars behind thee fail,
“ And driven beyond the magnet laws
“ Where matter to matter attractive draws,
“ Through black eternity’s empty ball
“ For ever! and ever! and ever fall!”——

Bright Ariel ceased—with moan and moe
The trembling urchins cowered low,

And kissed the bright and sunny dew
Which glistened round his sandals blue—
When sudden on the Falcon's hill
Came clear and high a summons shrill,
And glanced the woodman to the sky,—
But when again he turned his eye,
Though but an instant ere it went,
The shapes had vanished on the bent !—
A trembling sign Hind Henrick made—
But all was quiet in the glade,
Save shook the thistle on the lea,
The sear leaves rustled on the tree,
And far within the forest deep
A whoop and holleu scared the sheep—
Perchance 'twas but the falcon's cry,
Or shrieked the heron on Craigoi.

But little trust Hind Henrick made,
'Twas ought that mortal walks the shade ;
Still moveless, when the elves were gone
He gazed the lonely dell upon,
Unconscious bent—and his wild stare
Fixed on the knoll where late they were.
At last he drew a heavy gasp,
And loosed the hazels from his grasp,

But as the parting branches swung,
 Gripped to his knife, and backward sprung
 With bristling hair, and teeth set fast,
 And foot and hand for battle cast.

Thereafter through the livelong day
 Little he wrought in forest grey,
 But sat beside the ingle stone,
 And twined his beard and muttered lone,
 And from that time like one dement
 A strange and altered man he went.
 Seldom he spoke, and answer'd ne'er,
 Nor trimmed his barbe, nor combed his hair,
 And day by day grew waste and wan,
 As whom the elf has looked upon.³⁸
 But in the broom on Logie's brae
 Oft would he sit at twilight grey,
 And when the hooting owls might cry,
 Listened, and laughed, and answered high—
 How came his mood was none might tell,
 And if thou ask the village spell³⁹——
 How sooth I know not—but men say
 He lived not o'er St Michael's day.

* * * * *

Years late and long had told their tale
In Clara's tower, and Logie's vale,
The young had worn from youth to grey,
The old in girth and cloister lay,
Earl Siward's helm and falchion tall
Hung on Pluscardine's chancel wall :
Within May Marrienne's lonely bower
Now dwelt another maiden flower ;
Yet of the days that round her shone
Lived many a trace though she was gone.
At winter when the frost was chill,
Still on her casement's snowy sill,
With ruffled plumes and piercing eye
The robin watched the lattice high,
And pattered on the frozen pane,
And twittered for his dole in vain,
But no white hand the latchet drew,
Nor the sweet crumbs responsive threw.

But in each scene which owned her care
All now were changed from what they were ;
Within the Pleasance once so fair
Dead were the flowers which blossomed there ;
The ivy on the turret wall
Had choked her own shot-window small,

And with the rose and lily bright
Grew the rank grass and foxglove white.
In the green-wood the lonely bower
Run wild and waste the livelong hour,
Unheeded in the terrace fail
Blossomed and died the cowslip pale,
And her red rose in storm and shower
Neglected shed the ungathered flower.
Upon the woodland grass at dawn
No slender footstep prints the lawn,
Or if small pattering feet are found,
'Tis but the martin questing round,
Or tiny tracks that wander there ;
I wot not for the shape they bear,
If midnight elf, or feeding hare.

On Elrich hill the trysting tree
Had fallen and mouldered on the lea,
But in the wood in deep Cildmire
Unshaken towered the mighty pine,
And sweet upon the lily lea
Blossomed the rose and hawthorn tree,
And nought might tell the green sward fair
That ever the turf was broken there.
But at the foot of the giant tree
A little space the eye might see

Where greener and deeper the velvet grew,
And thicker and brighter the lilies blew,
And ever at even and dawn of day
Longer and clearer the dew-drops lay,
And loaded the bending blossoms white
Like the lonely wood-maid's tears of light.
Over that fair and lonely bed
The woodbine clustered its fragrant head,
And there full heavy the red rose hung,
And sweetly the merle at evening sung ;
And when the moon looked on the lea,
The grey owl crooned upon the tree,
As if she muttered some weird unknown,
Which she in that wood had seen alone.
And oft when he passed the old pine tree
The woodman turned aside to see
The velvet glade and blossoms rare,
And wondered how they grew so fair.

But never in that forest green
Since day he went was Clara seen,
Nor e'er the pilgrim at the gate
Brought rumour of his name or fate,
But some who for the holy shrine
Still bore the cross in Palestine,

Told that in Joppa's deadly mell
Borne down amidst the rout he fell,
And as the cloud of Arab steeds
Swept like a tempest through the reeds,
Trampled amidst five thousand slain,
Was never seen alive again.
But others were, who soothly said,
He ne'er was found among the dead,
And that, were men from hills of Jhâr,
Had seen him in the mountains far;
And riding in the desert grey,
On Jordan's plain at close of day——
But if a wandering shape, perfai—
Or man alive, they might not say;
But sooth—whate'er his fate might be,
Long after minstrels in their glee
Told of a man they deemed was he.
A dark, and stern, and unknown knight,
Of giant frame and wondrous might,
Scaree two of all the Christian host
Had dared their strength with his to boast.
'Twas he who when the dread mine burst
At Acre, in the breach was first;
When sunk the cross on Ramla's field,
Turned the lost battle as it reeled;

At Ascalon, when Richard fell,
Brought horse and rescue in the mell;
And when H'erusalem was won,
Pitched the white standard in the sun.

Cried they amid the battle's strife,
“ 'Tis Clara ! by the cross of life ! ”——
But swarter cheek, and eye more sad,
And sterner, deeper look he had,
And ever 'neath the coif of mail
His brow was bent, his cheek was pale.
Little he spoke, and dark of cheer,
And vigil kept and fast severe,
And like poor monk and pilgrim frere,
Wore cross and bead, and shirt of hair,
And some beneath his gown have felt
The girding of an iron belt.

Alone amid the desert grey
Oft would he muse the livelong day,
And when the weary bellman slept,
By the wan moon his watch he kept;
And oft the wandering Arab pale
Has tracked the glimmer of his mail,
And seen him on the desert sand
Pitch by a rock his mighty brand,

And kneel before its cross and pray
From vesper hour till dawn of day,
And the fell paynim turned his tread,
Nor dared to break his vigil dread.

But what his country, name, or race,
Never he spoke, nor tokened trace ;
But erst, men said, upon the night
When first he came—ere Jibel's fight,
Upon his surcoat worn full sore
A sable cross ingrailed he bore,
And on his manche and helmet fair⁴⁰
A saltier white—a braid of hair
Clasped with rich gem and golden stud,
And crimson dyed as dipped in blood.

At times in tempest and in leaven
Amid the fearful laugh of heaven,
Dark would he lean upon his brand
And sing the measure of his land ;
But 'twas in tongue so strange and rare
Of all the gathered nations there,
Nor Frank, nor Spaniard, nor Alþaigne,
Might know the language or the strain,
And if thou asked, he checked the lay,
And shook his head and turned away.

But saving these, nought trace might yield,
And for his use in camp and field,
That ever rode with visage bare
The Croisards called him—"Fronte-de-fer."

There is a tomb in grey Kinloss
By the high altar's lamp and cross,
And sculptured fair in marble white
Lies on the lich⁴¹ a belted knight
With jesseraunt and coif of mail,
And helm on head and spurs on heel,
And legs y-cross and hilt in hand,
As he had fought in Holy Land.
About his neck with gem and boss
Is hung a small and broken cross ;
And though with time all dimmed and worn,
And scathed by chance, and haply scorn,
Though light observer's heed it 'scape,
Still may you trace the Patriarch's shape,
And if thou brush the dust away,
Discern upon the marble grey
Stain of the crimson hue it bore
Like those of erst the Templars wore.

But of his name who slumbers there
Legends or lays no record bear.
By weather's scathe and wear of time,
And, ruder far, fanatic crime,
The rich device and sculpture rare,
And tracery and foliage fair,
Is all defaced and worn away,
Like memory of the founder's day.
But round the tomb's dust-mantled sill
Some half-worn letters linger still,
And some have thought—when light was fair—
Yet might they read the fragments there,
“HIC IACET DOMINVS DE CLAR.”——
And near below, if the sun shines free,
“SANCTA MARIA ORA PRO ME.”——
But if thou skill in antique lore
Haply thine eye may gather more;
Upon the 'scutcheons sharp and small,
And corbels slim, and turrets tall,
Where yet the sculpture hath not failed,
A lymphad, and a cross ingrailed;
And in the worn and broken shield,
Beneath the dust on charge and field,
Dim sable stain, and here and there,
Like sparks of light, faint silvering fair——

For these a minstrel may not say
What knight or baron those may lay,
But heralds deem those traces bear
The ensigns of the last de Clare.

FOREST-HUT OF TARNAWAY,
November 30, 1832.

The Hunter's Lament.

"Is lag gualainn gun bhráthair
 'Nàin do na fir teachd a láthair."

"Doleo super te frater mi decore nimis,
 Et amibilis super amorem mulierum."

STAR of the North, whose lonely beam
 Shed brightness on life's troubled stream,
 Thy light has set upon my way,
 Thy hills and snows behind me lay,
 And the wan southern cloud has stole
 Its twilight o'er my lonely soul.
 My brother sad, for thee I sigh,
 Thou wert the lodestar to mine eye,
 Pleasant and ever true to me,
 Passing all maiden's constancy.
 Thou hast been woven in my heart
 Through every fibre's vital part,
 For on life's weary steep till now
 That we look downward from its brow,

We shared in every care and glee
From childhood to maturity.
I shaped thy toys in infant day,
And skilled thy hand in mimic fray ;
Within my cloak at winter hour
Oft fenced thee from the wind and shower,
And oft the weary summer's day,
When hot the sun, and long the way,
I held thy hand, and checked the stride
Thy little footstep paced beside.
Full often when the ford was deep
I bore thee through the torrent's sweep ;
And oft to win the eagle's nest,
Held fast the rope which bound thy breast,
And when thy eager arm and grasp
Too short the cushat's tree to clasp,
Have lent my shoulder to thy foot,
And borne thee upward from the root ;
Often I kept the orchard gap,
Or shook the fruit into thy lap ;
And often at the twilight grey
Held the fierce shepherd's dog at bay,
While thou with willow brand and shield
Routed the flock upon the field.

The days of youth have come and gone
Like shadows on the dial stone ;

And manhood's sterner hour has brought
Realities—for visioned thought.
We've proved each toil and peril task
Which childhood apes in idle mask,
And seen each joy it mimics too,
And manhood hope it thinks as true,
Fade like its own short days away
The phantoms of an infant play.—
Thou'st fought beside me in the mell,
Warded the brand in conflict fell,
And when the dreadful day was lost,
And I was 'numbed with wounds and frost,
Thou bore me from the carnage fleet
Through fire and smoke and battle sleet—
Thou'st seen the joys, the hopes of youth,
Wane from my heart like maiden's truth ;
Through days of grief and nights of care
Watched by my couch, and kept my chair.
In sickness, sorrow, and despair,
And when my sad soul ebb'd away,
Struck the sweet harp and waked the lay,
And stilled the trembling mortal strife,
And called my spirit back to life.

Alas ! that I should live to see
The day that we should severed be,

Should look upon the earth and air,
The springing flower, the sunshine fair,
Should have a joy, a pride, a care,
And thou not near to soothe and share.-
Together on our own broad stream
We saw the sun at rising gleam,
But other set his parting beam——
The yester morning in the ray
Two shades on rock and river lay——
To-day upon the cold grey stone
One dark still shadow falls alone !

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

We knelt upon the water's brink,
And drank the bitter parting drink,
And looked to rock, and stream, and shore,
As things that we should see no more.
I stood where he had stood, and drew
The sweet wood air as he should do,
And trod his footsteps in the sand,
And grasped the tree where leant his hand,
And till mine eye could see no more,
Gazed on the boat, the stream, the shore,
The water he should ferry o'er,

The lonely rock and clatach grey,
Where he should land full many a day,
When I was long and far away.
I looked to heaven, and sun, and sky,
The grey goshawk that hovered high,
The lonely wren that flitted by,
The linnet on the hazel spray,
The dewy flower, the birken brae,
And turned with broken heart away,
That they could not—bird, flower, and tree,
Look back and speak farewell to me——
But they *do* speak, and make their mourn,
The wren flits restless through the thorn,
The linnet sits in greenwood still,
The owl is silent on her hill,
The grey hawk perches on the rock,
Nor heeds below the cuckoo mock,
And the buck bends his velvet ear,
And wonders why he does not hear
My wandering step and holleu clear.

But I shall turn in happier hour
To rock and stream, and tree and flower ;
The boughs shall bud, and the bloom shall spring,
And the little bird in greenwood sing,

And the owl shall cry upon the tree,
The dun-deer bell upon the lea,
And the grey hawk shriek to welcome me,
And the sun shall shine on tree and tower,
On bank and stream, on rock and flower,
And all whereon I loved to see
His blessed light shine merrily ;
And I shall sit thy board beside,
And look upon thy arms of pride,
And see thy trophies won the while,
The antlers and the furry spoil ;
And sit beneath, and hear thee tell,
Of how they run, and where they fell.
Oft shall we trace the feat again,
By wood and stream, by hill and plain ;
And often in thy shallop light,
Ferry the stream at morn and night.
Oft couch upon the heather-bed,
On the same mantle lay our head ;
And when the even light grows pale,
Oft spread our meal upon the fail,
Beneath the rock, beside the stream,
And tell of this day as a dream.

So shall the dark years pass away—
And when at last our steps decay,

Upon the staff ere day is done,
Still shall we totter to the sun ;
And when we may not tread them more,
Look to the hill, and wood, and shore,
And gaze around on tree and flower,
Like travellers at parting hour.
And when shall come life's closing day,
And we from earth must pass away,
Near all that we have loved so deep,
Amid the heather we shall sleep,
Beneath the moss and lichen hoar
Where often we have slept before.
Under our arm the fawn shall lie,
And over our head the owl shall cry,
And in the soft moss on our breast,
The wren and robin build their nest ;
The hawk shall channer on the heath,
The wandering buck shall bell beneath ;
And every year at turn of spring,
Where the grey oaks their branches swing,
The cuckoo o'er our bed shall sing.
There shall the wild rose shed her flower,
And the bat fly at evening hour ;
And there the wood-dove make her moan,
And the bee wind about the stone,
And drink the dew and suck the bell,
And there the lonely breeze shall tell

Full oft at noon upon the mound,
The hunter shall unleash the hound,
And sit him down from out the sun,
And spread his meal as we have done.
And when the young are turned to grey,
And those we loved are past away,
Their children, with half-chastened glee,
Shall come the lonely heap to see ;
And pluck a flower, and tell the spell,
Of whom they heard their fathers tell.
And when the stranger shall come by,
And ask about the stone on high,
The aged shepherd's furrowed face
Shall sadden when he shows the place
Where rest the last of the exiled race.

Dear, noble brother, fare thee well——
Joy on thy mighty spirit dwell :
May His light shine upon thy breast,
And bless thee—and thou shalt be blest !
In blessings of the heaven above,
The earth beneath—the spirits love,
Who walk in sun, and moon, and air,
Smooth the sick couch, and waft the prayer :
Blessings the rain and dew may weep,
And blessings of the hidden deep !

Cain.

DAY on the white Himâla rose,
And tinged with red the dazzling snows,
Touching her forehead with a flush,
Like a pale virgin's fleeting blush.
Below upon the distant world
The grey and silent clouds were furled ;
But from the parting mist of night,
Peak after peak, came out to sight,
Till the vast mountain ridges blue
Reared up their shattered heads to view,
Cloudless and towering in their might,
'Midst everlasting snow and light.

Upon the topmost pile which now
Shone o'er them all the world's dread brow ;

A blue stiff frozen corse there lay,
Naked and cold, and white as they.
Stretched on the snowy pall, his head
Hung o'er the vast abyss of dread :
Like icicles, each frozen lock
Clung crisp and whitened to the rock ;
For in that thin and upper air
Lived not a breeze to wave the hair :
The frozen eyes, half-open still,
Shone like dim ice-drops wan and chill,
And the straight limbs that glistened bright,
So cold, so stiff, so fleshless white,
Might seem beneath the morning glow,
A strange shape moulded in the snow.
Who might he be ?—And who might bear
With earthless power such burthen there ?
Upon the earth's dread summit given
To glisten in the sun of heaven,
As if that rock were altar stone,
And he the sacrifice alone,
Crime unrepented to atone—
Such was his doom who rested there,
Such was his crime and his despair ;
For that cold frozen corse bore stain
Of Abel's murderer——Heaven-marked Cain.

Ask not who laid him there—nor how
He lay by death unchanged till now.
Doomed by the fearful curse of Heaven
To live for ages unforgiven.
The sinful soul, and mortal birth
Were bound to wander on the earth,
Till with the world which he had cursed,
His race and crime should sink immersed.
Deathless and dread a fearful mark
Was signed upon his forehead dark :
From Abel's wound the mortal blow
Sprinkled a blood drop on his brow,
And as the word of doom was said,
Where still unwiped the stain was red,
Instant the sanguine spot grew bright,
And kindled with immortal light.
In living stream, in ocean spray
He strove to wash the stain away,
But ever from the water chill
The pale red star burned lambient still.
Struck by the mark where'er he came,
Man turned with horror from the flame ;
The kinsman shunned his hand to wring,
For dread to touch the " Cursed thing."
In battle and in deadly strife,
The foeman dropped the lifted knife,

And shuddered at the threatened pain,
“Cursed be the man gives death to Cain.”

Severed from kindness and from rage,
From clime to clime, from age to age,
He lived and wandered—sought for death
’Midst hunger, thirst, contagion’s breath—
By day and night, by sea and land,
By storm, by poison, and by brand.
But the wide ocean gave him up,
Exhaled the venom from his cup ;
The burning blast and pested air
Fanned his hot cheek like zephyr fair ;
The blood-stained weapon turned aside,
He felt the serpent harmless glide,
And still ’mid woe, and death, and strife,
Wandered immortal, cursed with life !

The world was ended, the wide flood
Washed from her face the righteous blood,
And with his race, amid the tide
His doom was finished, and he died :
Upon the boundless waters face
He floated on the world of space,
Till as the deluge ebbed away
It left him on that mountain grey :
Lifted ’twixt man and heaven to lay

CAIN.

Upon the earth's high altar spread
Oblation for the unburied dead
Whose life he first taught man to shed.
Though age to age had rolled away,
Upon the snow unchanged he lay ;
The lofty grace and mighty mould
Man knew before the world grew old,
Still unimpaired, and firm and fair,
As when the salt wave left him there ;
And yet unquenched by frost and flood,
The fearful deathless mark of blood,
Like a pale star in lambience still
Burned dimly on his forehead chill.

Like the white snow upon his lair
Unchanging shall he slumber there,
Till 'mid the last dread thunder's levin
The trumpet calls the dead from heaven.
For on that mountain's awful brow
Ages shall pass unmarked as now ;
All on its deathless summit bright
Embalmed in glistening ice and light :
No subtle fire, nor humid air,
Nor beast, nor bird, nor fly is there,
To taint the corse, the prey to tear ;

No cloud to shade the solar glow,
No wind to drift the velvet snow ;
No sound to reach the mountain's head,
And break the stillness of the dead.

While yet the sun scarce tinged the snow,
An eagle from the world below,
Still wheeling upward to the light
Pitched on the mountain's summit bright,
The first and last, who won alone
That cloudless peak, the sun's dread throne.
Awhile the boundless flood of light
Dazzled the mountain monarch's sight,
Till sudden his dilated eye
Glanced on the corse which glistened nigh,
And his plumes rousing to the fray,
He stooped and struck the passive prey :
But on the stiff and rigid breast
No dint the iron singles prest,
And clashed upon the frozen mould,
Like slippery ice, or marble cold :
An instant o'er the dead he stood,
Hovering and channering for the food,

But sudden on the forehead white
He saw the dread mysterious light,
And from the breathless bosom cold
His eager clutch released the hold :
An instant with his wings outspread,
Fearful he shrieked above the dead,
Then with a death-scream wild and hoarse,
Rose up from the forbidden corse,
And one wide wheel above the snow,
Stooped sudden from the mountain's brow,
Down the blue vast abyss below.

Beneath the sun's unclouded sight
He shot like storm-bolt through the light,
Till his broad pinions o'er the snow
Like a grey merlin skimmed below,
Fading and fading to the view,
Till but a speck in distance blue,
Where hung the world its vapour shroud,
He vanished in the fleecy cloud——
So held he on——Again was given
The bird to earth, the corse to heaven :
Again the mighty mountains sleep
Returned in stillness lone and deep.
Still as on nature's funeral pyre,
Like victim waiting for the fire,

That pallid corse to ages given,
Shall slumber in the light of heaven :
Till the red sun's dilating rays
Brighter and brighter still shall blaze,
And light above and fire below,
Dissolve like mist, the ice and snow,
And earth and rock in liquid sheet
Melt and resolve with fervid heat,
And the rent mountains, mingling, hurled,
Roll down amidst the crumbling world.

COR-UISG, *August 6, 1839.*

The Dream.

THE night was dark, the wind was still,
The pale moon rose upon the hill.
Beneath the cross, his host¹ and bield,
The warrior rested on his shield.
Around his head the harebell blue,
And the grey witch-grass shed their dew ;
And from the azure pall of night
The glimmering stars shone o'er him bright,
And blinked like pearls and sapphires pale
In the clear dew which gemmed his mail.
The distant drum had ceased to beat,
The horn had stilled its far rescheat,
The moon waned quiet o'er the slain,
And hushed along the battle plain,
The breathless silence deep and dread,
Slept o'er the dying and the dead.

But in the distant water grey
The yellow moonshine died away,
The light grew dim in Melrith tower,
The watchfire vanished on Dunlour ;
The spark went out upon the moss,
And o'er the hill and tall white cross
Came a dark cloud like sackcloth shirt—
The moon looked dimly through its skirt,
And 'mid the rack that shifted pale,
Fluttered a mantle and a veil,
And three half shapeless shadows white,
Dim brightened in the dusk of night,
And slow sailed through the waning light.

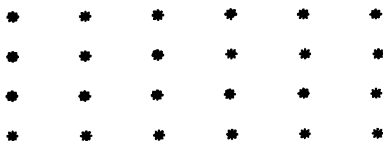
They floated downward to the stone,
Where the dark warrior lay alone,
Their form was like the snow flake cold,
The stars looked through their mantle fold ;
And the light breeze that waved their hair,
Shook its thin lambience on the air ;
And all so like, so fair, so bright,
They hung upon each other light,
As sister spirits of the night.
Faint as they came, upon the fail,
Glistened the warrior's cold damp mail,

And round his head the dew-drops light,
And each pale flower shone dimly bright.
They stood above him in the air,
Like the pale moon which late was there,
And raised their arms, and seemed to sigh—
Or 'twas the wind came heavy by,—
And oft a thin and silvery trace
Stole down the moonlight of their face,
And fell upon the grassy lair
Like the clear dew that glistened there.
Upon the warrior's lips the while
Brightened a faint and mournful smile,
His dark and iron brow unbent,
And the swart colour came and went,
As if upon his sunburnt cheek
The working of his dream might speak.

Long o'er his slumbers deep and dread
The maidens watched his danger bed,
And silent with their mantle blue
Veiled from his head the noxious dew ;
The while the fitful breeze was still,
The red moon set upon the hill,
The wolf slunk backward in the shade,
At fault the baffled bloodhound bayed,

And the near foemen on the track
Listed, and stopped, and turned them back.

But on the bank was Rodrick's bed,
Its balmy scent the night-flower shed,
The silver birch and aspen grey
Shook not the dew-drop from its spray ;
The fox stole silent through the brake,
The white swan rested on the lake,
The owl upon the Linden high,
Listened, and peeped, and ceased to cry,
While ever on the dewy lea
A small shrill pipe made melody.
*Across the warrior's changeful face
Quick shifting shadows left their trace,
As joy and grief, a troubled stream,
Were busy in his various dream.*
Oft might it seem he strove to speak,
And once a tear stole down his cheek,
And once he sudden grasped the brand,
And on the dagger clenched his hand :
But soon his fingers loosed the grasp,
And seemed the empty air to clasp,
The broken accents died away,
And hushed, and calm, and still he lay.



The dawning broke, and faint and far
Crowed the lone heathcock to the star,
And while his fellow answered shrill,
The cloud rose upward on the hill,
The thin forms melted in the air,
And the stars shone where late they were.

But as they floated to the sky
The warrior stretched his arms on high,
The blue mail heaved upon his breast,
And sudden starting from his rest,
He looked around upon the lea,
As if for some who there should be.
Awhile upon his arm upraised
Upon the cold grey dawn he gazed,
And glanced to flood, and flower, and field,
Till a tear dropped upon his shield :
Then to the cross he turned his face,
And knelt him in his resting place,
And raised his dark and stedfast eye
To the red star looked o'er him high.

Long in the cold damp turf he knelt,
And told the chaplet at his belt,
And crossed his breast, and signed his brow,
With many an inward sigh and vow,
As if from beadsman far and lone
He shrived him to that cross of stone.
Nor yet his lonely matins ceas'd
When the day brightened in the east,
Though the drum beat upon the hill,
And the far bugle sounded shrill.
But as the sun shone o'er him still
He dipped his finger in the dew,
And signed his helm and hauberk blue,
And looked to tower, and tree, and fell,
As if he bid them long farewell.
Then sudden to his foot he sprung,
His dark mandilion round him flung,
One look upon the plain below,
Glanced to the dim and dubious foe,
And loosed his falchion in the sheath,
And turned him to the lonely heath.

The Boy¹ of Leipzig.

' Often comes the memory of former times
Like the evening sun on my soul."

CONLUTH AND CUTHORIA.

THE sun was veiled on Leipzig's field,
And lurid from his cloudy shield,
O'er trampled turf and blood-red stain,
Looked on the dying and the slain,
Where fair he saw at morning hour
Untrodden grass and lone white flower.
Dim through the dusk and umbered ray
The cloud of battle rolled away,
And faint and far in sudden light
Flashed through the haze the bayonets bright,
And peal on peal the rolling gun
Sent its white smoke-cloud to the sun.
Through the far battle's mingled hum
Unceasing beat the warning

And the stern bugle's shrill rescheat
Fainter and fainter blew retreat.
Still on the slow receding line
With every *Peer and Paladine*,
Hulan and Pandour rushed in vain ;
Charged Russ, Swede, Prussian, and *Almaine*,
Bohemia with *St Wenzel's* cry,
And *Saxe* thy traytor chivalry ;
While brave in flight and scattered fray
With flying speed and wild hurra,
The Cossacks, like a hornet swarm,
Dark hovered o'er the flying storm.
But as the serried lines retire,
Like lightning bright the running fire,
Flash after flash in thunder loud
Glanced rapid from the battle cloud.

Cumbered with dead and red with blood
Rolled the dark *Pleiss* her sullen flood,
And through the smoke which veiled her side,
Plunge after plunge dashed back the tide.
But sudden through the mimic night
Burst a wide blast of lurid light,
And from the bridge blown up in air
Shot flaming beams and corse bare.

From the black ruin and burning piles
Horse, foot, and guns in mingled files
Back on the following squadrons broke,
And black and deep the dense pitch smoke,
Streaked with red fire like thunder-cloud
Rolled o'er the battle's eddying crowd,
Now lost, now seen, 'mid smoke and levin,
Like sea-birds 'mid the wrack of heaven,
Plumes, helms, and blades, and horsemen bright,
Now quick flashed out, now sunk from sight :
But still like storm lights o'er the host
Pennons and banners lightly toss'd,
And when amid the darkness lost,
The glancing fire and clashing din
Told of the deadly work within.
Along the river's narrow way
Ungoverned rushed the fierce mêlée,
The heavy gun, and rumbling wain,
Crushing through wounded and through slain,
Unmastered steed with flying rein,
And scattered troop and tumbrel train,
And column, 'mid the carnage throng,
Dragging like wounded snake along,
While pouring to the river's side,
In dread confusion far and wide,

'Mid fire and smoke, and foam and spray,
Plunged the mixed rout and disarray,
Like Egypt in the deluged way—
When sudden 'mid the flying train,
With fiery spur and loosened rein,
From the dark thunder-cloud of war
Shot through the smoke a young hussar.
With dazzling garb and Arab white,
And flashing blade, as lightning bright,
He came like vision through the flight,—
His youthful cheek and maiden brow
Red with the battle's fervid glow,
And on the wind his yellow hair
Streaming like golden sunbeams fair :
A standard in his hand he bare,
The battle-rainbow, whose dread light
So long had led to conquest bright,
Now wet and red with bloody stain,
And pierced with battle's deadly rain.
Through fire and smoke, and cleaving ranks,
He bore the Eagle to the banks,
And sudden in the sun
Shone 'mid the conflict's sable night
As if the beam broke out to light
His noble form and banner bright—
But ere the stream he won,

A Hulan on a jet-black steed,
Pressed on his flight at fiery speed,
And to the charge ungoverned half,
Seized on the banner's slender staff.
Like lion roused upon his prey,
Fiercely the rider turned to bay,
And with stern wrench and sabre stroke
Each struggled to the bending oak :
But sudden the loud "Vive!" cry
And fluttering bugles sounded nigh——
The gallant Hulan, as they rung,
His strength for one stern effort strung;
Hard in his hand he grasped the wood,
Fast in the stirrup stiffly stood,
And dashed the rowels in the steed,
And as he sprung with goaded speed,
Stabbed at his foe, and lent full sway
To rend the fluttering flag away :
Crash to the spring, like hazel wand,
The tough ash splintered in his hand,
But to the shock, as mountain cat
Swings on the tree, the rider sat,
Free to the wind the banner flung,
And as the trooper parting sprung,
Turned short the horse, the sabre swung,

And reached him in his flying speed,
And brought him headlong from the steed.
No check nor look he gave behind,
But like the falcon on the wind,
Through the wild rout and disarray
Fled for the rolling stream away.
Nor stop, nor check, nor glance of heed,
With hand and spur at flying speed
He urged the war-horse to the leap,
And plunged amid the water deep.
And instant from the rushy side
Well might you mark him stem the tide,
Banner, and cap, and egret white,
Through smoke and spray yet dimly bright ;
But sudden in the shifting cloud
He vanished with the floating crowd——
“And did he win the cumbered shore ?”——
I know not—He was seen no more——

The Death Ship.

THE sun had set, the night drew nigh,
The tempest blackened in the sky ;
Toward the land the white sea-mew,
And skimming gull, and sheldrake flew ;
Around the ship the failing light
No longer showed the breakers white :
Scarce might the anxious pilot's eye
Mark the red vane uncertain fly,
Or the lone watch that walked the bow,
See the white path which roared below.
Jib-boom, foretop, and gallery gone,
Still brave the gallant ship drove on,
And her tight planks, unstirred yet,
With try-sail, stay, and courses set,
Through foam and spray, and twilight pale,
Fled like the sea-bird down the gale.

Against the streak of closing day,
The dark blue land behind her lay,
And the red beacon like a star
Burned on the watch-tower dim and far;
But frequent from the pilot's gaze
It vanished in the lightning's blaze :
With pale red sheet, and quivering light,
Opened and shut the cloud of night ;
And the white bolts, and forked levin,
Flashed like the fiery darts of heaven :
Quick from the black cloud's rending fold,
The rattling thunder burst and rolled ;
And in each pause like ocean's knell
Tolled in the wind the deep storm-bell.

With muffled cloak, and his broad hat,
Flapped to the wind, Count Ludolph sat ;
His eye upon the steersman's light,
As if he watched the compass bright ;
But his deep spirit was not there——
He thought on scenes, and summers fair,
Long lost in time, as ocean black
Swallowed that vessel's flying track.
Awhile, as youthful soldier may,
He mused upon his Arab grey,

His Rhenish hound, his Norway hawk,
The chamois pass, the forest walk,
The woodman's hut, and lone green thorn,
Where hunters meet at eve and morn ;
But soon his wandering fancy changed
To dearer scenes and friends estranged ;
His father's hall—his own grey tower—
His brother's lodge—his lady's bower ;
The lone deep wood where sedges grew,
And lodged the elk and heron blue.
The sunset path and mountain flower,
Where walked Hersilde at evening hour,
And listened to the shallow strand,
As scarce the lake wave kissed the sand,
And sudden from his musing high,
The exile sighed and turned his eye
To the black sea and howling sky.

Pale in the gloom of storm and night,
Beyond the stern-like faint moonlight,
Stood a dim shadow in the air,
And seemed Hersilda's shape to wear !
As if he heard the cry of wreck,
Count Ludolph started from the deck,
And gazed in horror on the form
Which dimly stood amidst the storm.

But in the faint and shadowy trace
Full well he knew the mournful face——
Her hands were crossed upon her breast,
Her robe like the white shroud was dressed,
And her soft eyes, yet faintly blue,
Fixed without motion on his view.
Around her showered the silver spray.
And, as if now but vapour grey,
Flashed the red lightning through her form—
But still she stood amid the storm,
Her pale white robe and yellow hair,
Unshaken in the tempest air,
As if in breathless moonshine bright,
She stood amid a summer's night.
But though her shape no motion knew,
And like a bird the frigate flew,
Launched down the deep, shot up to heaven,
Through wind and wave, and flashing levin,
Where'er the guiding helm might turn,
Stood the white shadow o'er the stern.

Day rose on Norway's woody shore,
And dark blue hills and forests hoar.

Upon the grass the rain-drops bright
Blinked in the sun-like gems of light ;
And the soft wave that kissed the strand
Scarce raised the limpet on the sand.
Around upon the waters blue
Skimmed the grey tern and white sea-mew ;
The flies danced idly in the air,
And o'er the headland's forehead bare,
The dun sea-rook and clamouring daw
Mixed in the sun their busy caw.
But on the fair horizon's veil
Shone to the beam no lonely sail,
Nor spot was on the ocean wide,
Save sea-bird sleeping on the tide.
That day and many another went,
The sail full many a shipman bent ;
And ere the moon had filled her horn,
Sat by his fire at eve and morn,
And told the infant on his knee
The toils and dangers of the sea——
But to old Norway's sounding shore
Count Ludolph's ship came never more—
And on that morn, in Friburg tower,
The death-bell tolled at daylight hour,
And through St Agnes' cloistered aisle,
A long white train in cope and veil,

With light, and cross, and chantry, bore
Hersilda to the convent choir.

Days, months, and winters wore away——
Count Ludolph was forgot as they :
But as the autumn winds came back,
A vessel driven from her track,
Far 'mid the Northern ocean wide,
A strange and lonely ship descried.
Noted the pilot as she neared,
A vague and wandering course she steered :
And leeward as she slowly bore,
A dark mysterious shape she wore.
Her long back line, and canvass square,
None but a ship of war might wear ;
And her broad flag the bark displayed,
But the strange ship no signal made ;
And when they hailed—along the main
No answering trumpet spoke again.
The boat was launched, the sturdy rowers
Swept toward the ship their measured oars ;
But as beneath her bows they drew
A strange grim sight she met their view.
Her copper side was furred and green
With the sea-weed, and slime saline,

And to the helm, that jarring swung,
Thick barnacles in clusters clung.
Her cordage, shrouds, and shivered mast,
Were frayed and whitened in the blast :
Loose from the yards in tatters hung
Her thin bleached canvass, flapped and swung,
And ropes and rigging dropped away,
Trailed slowly in the water grey.
As on she came like monarch hoar,
The boatmen lay upon the oar,
And scanned her side, and hailed the crew ;
But answered none the hoarse halloo,
And the black floating fortress vast,
Silent and slowly glided past :
By the loose ropes that touched the tide
The wondering sailors climbed the side :
But when upon the deck they came
A sight they saw which froze their frame.
Lashed to the helm, the pilot lay
In his storm-cap and watch-coat grey ;
But loose within the tattered frieze
The bones were whitened in the breeze,
And 'neath the storm-cap's shading brim
The sightless skull grinned bare and grim ;
And dried by sun and salt sea air
A withered lock of hoary hair

Clove to the bleached and hollow bone,
As lichen on the cold grey stone.
Beyond, to mast and rigging bound,
Lay whitened skeletons around,
But for that gallant ship too few,
Seemed but sad reliques of the crew.
Beside the wheel the captain lay,
His fleshless hand upon the stay :
But lashed upon the mizen tree,
His face toward the aftward sea,
In a wide cloak and switzer hat,
A wreck of giant form there sat.
Tattered and rent, the mantle's fold
Revealed the bones' colossal mould,
And tokens, like a withered flower,
Of happier day and parting hour.
Still bright upon his furred pelisse
Glittered the cross of St Therese,
And in his bony fingers grasped
A golden miniature was clasped,
And yet the faded lines bore trace
Of a once lovely maiden face.
Still through the faint and shadowy hue
Smiled the pale lip and eye of blue,
And glimmered in the yellow hair
Such coronet as nobles wear :

But the sad token told no more,
Nor name the mortal reliques bore ;
But on the wasted finger's bone
Shone a bright ring, and signet stone
Graved with the cross and eagle red,
The ancient badge of Hermansted.

They raised the hatch and called below,
But to the scamen's deep hollo,
The dark companion's gloom profound
But answered back the hollow sound.
Filled with a strange mysterious dread
Dared not the boatmen touch the dead,
Nor give the corpses to their wave—
In ocean's rest a seaman's grave—
But mute with awe, from place to place
They searched to find some living trace,
But all was silent, lone, bereft,
Nor freight, nor food, nor token left :
And fear-struck by the weirdly wreck
Hasty they crowded from the deck.

All day behind their lonely way
They saw the death ship distant lay,
And when upon the ocean wide
Rose the red moon above the tide,

Against the broad and trembling light
Lay her black shade in giant height.
Slow as the daylight died away
It faded on the water grey,
But on the sea where it had gone
A dim red lonely light there shone :
Pale on the twilight water chill
It sat like the death candle still,
But as the bell at midnight tolled
It vanished in the starlight cold.
And when the rising sunbeam shone
Watch-light, and ship, and all were gone.
What might it be—and who might there
That dim and lonely beacon bear?—
I know not—But the sailors hold
'Twas never lit by man of mould.
And till the day of doom,
Whoe'er shall sail that course at night
Shall see the weird and wandering light,
Still distant from pursuing sight,
Still burning in the gloom.

King Albin's Tomb.

THE yellow light of closing day
Waned in St Peter's chancel grey,
And slow along the cloister wall
Stole from each shield and pillar tall,
As if it lingered in the gloom
Around King Albin's lonely tomb.
The wind was gone, the eye was still,
The merle was silent on the hill,
The ivy on the window grey
Scarcely quivered in the golden ray.
Nor voice, nor stir, nor sound came by
Save in the sunbeam danced the fly.
Queen Alba stood beside the tomb
Like the pale spirit of the gloom ;
The level beam which drew the stains
From the tall arch and fretted panes,

Cast through the shade its pencil pale
Across her spotless robe and veil,
And shed the rich and chequered light
On the cold tomb and marble white.
Fair in the still and parting ray
The royal warrior's image lay,
With jewelled helm and belted mail,
Blazoned and gilt each fold and scale,
And the joined hands upraised in prayer,
Crossed on the brand which slumbered there.
Glittering and glorious as in life,
He shone amid the battle's strife.

Beside the head stood Alba lone,
Impassive as the cold white stone,
Her pale hand dropped upon the tomb,
Her blue eyes fixed on empty gloom,
And the bright tress of golden hair
Unmoved upon her bosom fair,
As if upon her lips of woe
No fleeting breath might come and go :
But in her desolated eye
There lived a faded majesty,
As conscious once in happier hour
Of glory, beauty, pride, and power,

Now spell-bound to that marble lair
As if they all lay buried there.
It might be in her deep blue eye
A sadder, darker grief might lie,
For she had erred—as who may be
In mortal mould from error free—
But she had erred—as like to her
The holy and the just might err—
The tears were gone from her cold eye,
But long the stream or it was dry
Washed out the stain as summer shower
Washes the earth spot from the flower.
Yet think not I would say that he
Who slumbers there from wrong was free—
Much had he erred—but in his fall
She had forgot, forgiven all;
And now remembered but his fame,
His noble deeds, his fallen name :
She but recalled how that which lay
Mouldered and mingled with the clay,
Was once the pride in field and bower,
Of bending peers, and battle power—
How low beneath that marble slept
He whom a thousand eyes had wept ;
The head upon whose temples wan
A nation's golden glory shone :

The labouring heart, the leading hand,
Had held the sceptre and the brand,
Brought in red victory's eagle wings
From royal Alba's hundred kings.

With him had fallen like a flower
Her pride and joy—her state and power,
Mid circling peers and maiden pride
Queen of the North he crowned her bride,
And centre of a world's desire
She sat in throne and holy quire,
But in his fall with him had gone
All on her bridal hour had shone :
Her flattering friends to foes had turned,
Her holy quire was sacked and burned,
On the bright bower her throne had hung,
Its wavering bough the ivy swung ;
The hall had blazed in pageant high,
Lay roofless to the howling sky,
Her summer bed the fumart lone
Had made upon the bleached hearth-stone,
The swallow rested in the wall,
Which erst was hung with royal pall,
And where the sweet harp waked its tone
The winds of Heaven made their moan.

A lone and lornly widow now,
With empty hand, unjewelled brow,
Passive and silent as its gloom,
She stood beside her glory's tomb,
Like one left last of Nature's birth,
Had seen the deluge ebb from earth—
“And has *he* left no tendril vine
Around the lonely elm to twine?”——
Why dost thou question?——Wouldst thou still
Another drop of sorrow fill?——
His day is past——when monarchs fail,
Brief is their legend, and the tale
But tells——beneath that narrow stone
Slumbers the last of Alba's throne——

Among the flowers which strewed the tomb,
There lay a rose in withered bloom.
Its white and faded leaves were shed,
Its fragrance given to the dead :
But soothly in its fairest blow
It never knew its parent glow,
But from the garden rich and deep,
Cast out upon the rock to creep,

Now shattered by the storm and shower,
'Twas all unlike fair Scotland's flower——
Upon the withering stem bereft
Three cankered blossoms yet were left,
And in the ruins now were all
Of Alba's royal church and hall,
Amidst the wreck yet left behind,
Around the broken cross they twined :
At morning, ere the noon was run,
They raised their bosoms to the sun——
That sun which shone with all its fire
Above the proud imperial spire ;
Crowned with the crown which capped the dome
Of the world's Lady, mighty Rome,
Where on the topmost towering stone
The glorious eagle sat alone——
The tempest gathered dark and nigh——
The bird of battles soared on high,
But lightning struck him in the sky,
And the same bolt which rent his crown,
Alba's last ruin in dust brought down——
They fell together o'er the tomb,
Where Loden's warriors rest in gloom,
And Cressi's whitened bones are strewn
There 'mid the ruin which moulders deep,
The fallen flowers rest in sleep,

Doomed 'neath the shattered walls to grow
With night-shade pale and vervain low,
Where never smiled the sunshine bright,
Or the pale moon looked in at night,
And deathly damp and cold grave dew
Mildews the leaf, and dims the hue——
“And shall they waste and wither there,
And never bursting blossom bear?”——
His hand has sown the lily lone
On desert sand and cold grey stone,
And HE has made the thorn to blow
Amid the winter's frigid snow——
And they shall blossom——if HE will,
But reared in desolation chill,
In mortal hope or mortal dream,
No power their ruin may redeem,
Nor raise again their withered bloom,
Save as the spirit from the tomb——
Dark let them sleep——in peace be given,
The past to earth——the rest to Heaven.

To the Findhorn.

DARK Findhorn, on thy woody steep
 The shadowy autumn murmurs deep.
 The rose of the rock has shed her flower,
 The blast of the heath has thinned thy bower.
 Thy birds are still, thy bees at rest,
 Thy waters gathering in the west.
 And the dark riders of the storm
 Muster their battle on Cairn-Gorm——
 Like shadows of the autumn sky
 The flitting years incessant fly,
 The winter cloud, the summer gleam,
 Shall come and go upon thy stream.
 And the deep tide of Lamma's pour
 Its tempest down thy rocky shore——
 Where shall the sun, the storm, the flood,
 Come back to me—The fall, the bud,

The summer bright—the winter scar,
As erst shall spring and wither here ;
But other far, 'mid care and coil
Of the dark busy world's turmoil,
In distant land and commune strange,
Shall come to me their passing change.
The tide of time is like thy stream
In the wild autumn's broken gleam,
Chequered by cloud, and sun, and shower,
The dancing leaf, the drifting flower,
And it may be—for who may say
The fortune of the "wanderer's" way——
It may be, ere we meet again,
Thy course shall change by hill and plain,
The eye shall be grown dim, whose glance
Once loved to watch thy water's dance,
And shrunk the hand, and failed the tread,
And round the bent and feeble head
The grey hair whistle in the breeze,
Like lichen of thy winter trees.

O stream, how in our fortunes wide
Shall roll the course of time and tide ?-
Darkly will show each winter wan,
Full many a change thy banks upon :

The slender birch and aspen grey
From thy tall banks shall fall away ;
The foxglove and the primrose grow
Where now thy murmuring eddies flow ;
And this be rock, and that be stream,
Where waters rill, and harvests gleam.
Oft shall the deer come down to drink
Where now the badger digs thy brink,
And often in thy torrent's lip
The woodland fawn her foot shall dip,
Where now beneath the verdant bower
The harebell swings her lonely flower.
For me the while——But who may scan
The fortunes of uncertain man——
Yet though like thine, as great and strange
The features of my course may change,
If victor, or if vanquished still,
Falls the stern wrestle, good or ill,
In glorious noon, or mournful eve,
When sinks life's sun-set to the grave,
As turns the eagle to his nest,
So shall my spirit turn for rest
To the dark mountains of the west.
Then if our star may shine once more,
How shall it brighten on thy shore,

And not a thrush nor linnet grey
Sit mournful on the birken spray.—
But if my father's fate be mine,
And like the last lone mountain pine,
Blasted, and bent, and leafless still,
I wither on my lonely hill,
Toward the gleam thy bank that warms,
Shall spread my wan and wasted arms,
Till as the leaves which strew thy wave,
I sink into the silent grave——
Where shall they be upon that day,
The young, the lovely, and the gay,
Who now thy gentle sisters stray——
Thy mouldering banks shall fall away,
Thy forests wither and decay,
Thy leaves and thy flowers to the winds shall be
given,
But the spirits of the just shall be gathered in
Heaven!

The Rose of the Divie.

ROSE of the Divie, on thy stream
The fading year has veiled her beam,
And soon upon their torrent grave
The autumn and the winter wave
Shall strew thy leaves, and toss thy flowers,
To fleet like childhood's blossom hours.
But o'er thy fair and cloudless brow,
The light of spring is beaming now,
And thy bright eyes and locks upon,
Shines lovely summer's coming sun.
Thy dawn of life is breaking still
Upon the broad world's upward hill,
And in the sunny distance seen,
Shines many a smiling field serene,

And round thee blooms full many a flower,
Seems born to deck thy happy bower,
When soon the radiant sun shall light
Thy pathway from his noon-day height——
So has he lit the bright, the brave,
Who sleep around thee in the grave,
Heedless of sun, or shadow deep,
Which lights or veils their lonely heap.
But 'mid the flowers which round thee glow,
Is none shall check thy joy to show
The cares, the griefs, which sleep below ;
And thou shalt gaze across their tomb,
And think the flowers for ever bloom,
The skies for ever cloudless smile——
But 'tis a false and fleeting guile :
The dazzling sun and blooming leaf
Is but the spring's delusion brief—
Their glowing hopes, the April flower
Which blooms and fades in beam and shower,
And all yon brightness but the glow
Which gleams and fades in heaven's bow.

O, then,——for we may meet no more
Upon that bright delusive shore,
When thou hast left thy infant bower,
To seek through life the unpulled flower,

Remember those are far away,
The scenes, the friends of childhood's day,
The banks where you have sat at noon,
And wove the wild flowers on the Dùn,
Drank dew-drops from the cowslip's bell,
And robbed the wild bee's honey cell—
The silver star, whose lonely beam
Danced on your dark and eddying stream—
The tree where you have shunned the shower,
And heard the owl at evening hour ;
And all which filled the heart and eye
In pure and happy infancy.
Remember when stern years roll on,
The tears, the smiles, in childhood shone,
And never may thy heart, thy brow,
Less freely beat—less kindly glow.
The while, though long and far away,
And life wears out its closing day ;
When on the sear and yellow fern,
The shadowy autumn shall return ;
Beneath the grey half-leafless tree,
Oft shall I sit and think of thee ;
Thy dark blue stream, thy mouldering bower,
Thy hill of pines, thy lonely flower——
The white wild flower of the rock,
Born for the shower and wind to mock,

Flower of my fathers!—whose frail stem
Blossoms, and fades, and dies like them!

Days, months, and years, and youth, and age,
Are turned with all their moral sage,
As maiden turns a legend page——
The wise, the vain—the poor, the proud—
Shall mingle in one nameless crowd;
The lovely cheek, the peerless mould,
Shall shrink and fade, and wither cold;
The eagle eye, which glanced and won,
Shall gaze unconscious on the sun;
And the strong hand, like giant Thor,
Which swayed the thunderbolt of war,
Lean on the same tall brand, to stay
The tottering steps and sightless way.
Still man to man, and race to race,
Fall like the leaves upon the chase;
But on the tree that withers now,
The spring shall clothe the naked bough;
And the pale rose which sheds its flower
Shall bloom again in summer hour.
And those who, like the changing year,
Have sprung, and bloomed, and withered here,
Shall rise again upon that shore
Where sun and flower shall fade no more!

Farewell, sweet gentle maiden, dear—
You were to me a sister here,
And brightened on my weary way,
A sunbeam in a winter's day.
Mind not my dark and Mentor strain,
My heart is sad—my griefs are vain ;
But for a sigh or thought of mine,
I would not check one smile of thine——
Bright be the sunshine of thy breast,
Like the still noon on ocean's rest ;
And when the cloud shall dim its light—
For is no heart of mortal might
Which shall not have its secret grief——
Heaven make thy hours of sadness brief ;
And on thy fair unfolding flower,
Warm be the sun, and still the shower,
And may thou bloom in spotless blee,
The peerless Rose of Moravie.

The Vesper-Hour.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo"—"Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua."

It is the twilight's holy hour,—
 Silent each bird, and closed each flower,
 The heaven and earth are still and clear,
 As if they listened His voice to hear.¹
 All is hushed on the ear of night,
 But the fitful breeze, and the beetle's flight—
 But hark!—around from town and tower,
 The horloge tells the closing hour;
 And slowly to the evening star,
 The vesper-bell tolls faint and far.

The heaven above, and the earth beneath,
 Send up His boundless praise;
 The tapers are light
 On the altar bright,

And the lonely friar
And holy quire
Their even song upraise.
The stars in the sky
Are His tapers high,
And the flowers of the field
Their incense yield,
And the dew of the night,
Like drops of light,
Earth's holy water, pure and bright.

Glory to HIM who reigns in might,
Where never is bound of day or night ;
And all in heaven's eternal blaze,
Cherubs and seraphs sing his praise——
Child of the dust, I kneel to THEE !
Angels of heaven, pray for me !

Thou, who on thy sick-bed lying,
Chance shall hear that sweet bell toll :
“ Trembling, hoping,”—haply dying——
Sign thy brow, and cheer thy soul ;
When that faint chime sends its knoll,
Father and mother shall pray for thee,
And the stainless heart of infancy
Mingles its sinless hymn.

And while that bell, and hymn, and prayer,
Rises to heaven from earthly air,
The cherubim and seraphim
Shall veil their heads in their wings, and join
Their glorious voices to succour thine.

Far away, on the ocean wide,
Where mariners sad the white wave ride ;
And all unlike this evening still
The tempest is raving wild and shrill :—
Faint in the blast through the water's roar,
When the vesper-knell comes off the shore,
The hoary pilot, and fainting men,
“ DE PROFUNDIS ” shall murmur then,
And the trembling mates shall say, AMEN !—
MOTHER OF MERCIES ! pray for them !

Deep, in the lonely prison cell,
Where never the sun the hour may tell,
And many a year of pain and dole,
The iron has entered the captive's soul,
When to the dungeon's living grave,
The vesper-bell its toll shall wave,
Beside the ring-bar's steely tree,
The wasted form shall bend his knee ;

And in the cold and heavy chain,
To cross his brow the fetter strain :—
It may be at that vesper dim,
His brother and sister shall pray for him—
Blessed apostles and martyrs dear,
Besecch in heaven their prayer to hear !

And when amid the hour of dread,
That bell shall reach the still death-bed ;
Faintly as floats the solemn sound,
The mourning train shall kneel around ;
And joy shall light the dying face
With a pale gleam of hope and grace ;
And as the blessed knell shall toll,
Sweetly shall pass the parting soul ;
And listening angels from on high,
Bend down to bear her to the sky.

The Parting.

DEAR, gentle sisters, many a day
I've worn in distant lands away,
And oft in passage strange
Have come and gone 'mid friends and foes,
As the wild wind of autumn blows,
And ever in the change,
Could bear to see the last sun-set,
And the pale cheek at parting wet,
And hear the shore-receding moan
Without a tear——'Twas not my own.
But other is the courage now
Than once laid hand on saddle-bow.
For my own mountains lay behind,
And many a native bosom kind,

And through each change before unknown,
When now I go, I go alone——
I will not speak of Him——but you
Know what the love of sister true ;
And we through life unsevered e'er,
In toil, and peril, and despair,
Each to the other——Chance as ye——
Have been what none on earth can be.
Happy the heavy heart can rest,
Like yours upon each sister breast.
But we have stood alone—bereft,
Like the dark wreck the tide has left,
Cast by the storm and ocean's roar,
To bleach and moulder on the shore——
The ties, the times, the memory nigh
Of those we love have long gone by :
The fire has been tossed within their hall,
The wind has bleached their roofless wall,
Their hounds are slipped to run the lea,
Their hawks been cast to tower and tree ;
The rain has loosed their cithal string,
The lightning scorched their eagle wing,
And the flower they reared is left to shed
Its withered leaves upon the dead :
But you have trod with other eye
The shade where parted monarchs lie,

And you have seen the mouldering heap——
The rose that withers o'er their sleep——
And given for the parted brave
A smile to the flower,—a tear to the grave.

Dear has your converse been to me
In many a gentle sympathy ;
And oft your brighter spirits beam,
Cast on my darkened heart a gleam,
Like moonlight on the troubled stream,
And, O ! for days to run,
If we might rest in magic sleep,
And shape the dreams of fortune deep,
How should the rising sun,
Which shone upon our blasted tree,
Light up the bowers of Woodburnlea,
And on those brows so fair and bright,
Shed coronets their jewelled light—
But, hush !—Alas ! how wild, away !—
Where will the phantom fancy stray ?——
But heed it not——howe'er it be,
'Neath royal bower or greenwood tree,
With heart unchanged, a brother true,
My heart will ever beat for you.

Alas ! amid your happiest hours,
Like frost upon the snowdrop flowers,
I have been cheerless, stern, and cold,
And seemed no sympathy to hold
With such bright hearts and lovely mould ;
But oft my lightest days among,
Amid the dance, the feast, the song,
The death cloud of my fallen race
Comes o'er my spirit and my face :
Fain had I shook the spell away,
And been like those around me, gay——
But 'mid the sun that shone on thee,
May Vora was no light for me.
Yet think not that my heart was cold,
Nor wrong the thoughts might not be told,
If ought can give me joy 'twill be
To live within your memory——
And now when I am gone,—and he,—
The last, the noblest, and the best,
Of my lorn house alone shall rest—
Still sometimes speak to him of me,
And be to him what I should be—

* * * * *

Maidens, the hour has come and gone!——
The sun which on our parting shone——
And mournful as its setting light,
I've seen the last sweet blended sight
Of those whom I shall never more
See gathered upon mortal shore.
The dream of life has changed again,
Around me sweeps wild pleasure's train,
The gay, the empty, and the vain——
Again estranged for many a year,
The trumpet sounds upon my ear,
And mingles on my heavy sight,
The flash of arms, the banners bright,
The rolling gun, the rumbling car——
And all the eager din and jar——
The pride, the pomp, the giddy bliss,
Of the world's bright metropolis——
The mockery of life glides by
Like a masque's motley pageantry——
For one lone hour on Fearna's stream,
On Mora's top the morning beam,
On Tarna's lake one moonlight gleam——
The court, the camp, the glittering press,
Free would I give them all, unless

Those pageants proud and princely bowers
Reigned in fair Scotland's lonely towers.
Then——but——dear maidens, heed me not,
Be still my heart——unrecked——forgot ;
Or if to be remembered e'er,
When heaven shall call it part to bear.——

It may be, Vora, many a day——
And many a change may wear away,
And many a pang of grief and pain,
Or ever we shall meet again——
Chance other name may then be thine,
And other friends around thee shine,
And other cares, and other joys,
Banish this day like infant toys——
But in the sunshine of thy heart
Forget not one which bears thee part,
And if a sadder hour may be,
Give then one lonely thought to me——
Oft when upon your window sill,
The quiet moon shall glimmer still ;
Look on her silver face——The while
On me far other she may smile,
And light the battle's glimmering plain,
And one more heap amid the slain——

But, no—you will not think—yet I
Shall call to sight the days gone by,
And Sanchra's woods and Sanchra's hall,
And its bright gentle shadows all.
Farewell, dear sisters—blest the while,
Heaven on your fairy footsteps smile,
And earth its brightest blossoms shower,
And strip the thorn, but strew the flower—
And from the fairest of her bough,
Crown each kind gentle heart and brow,
With every hope, and joy, and bliss,
The happier world may shed on this !

PARIS, November 29, 1830.

Years have worn past, on Sueno's Stone
The summer's sun has come and gone :
On Fearna's stream the vernal flower,
And autumn leaf has strewed its shower,
Deep Tarnawa, thy thickets wide
Full oft have heard the hunter's chide,
And many a brachet stained with blood,
Has swam the river's swollen flood,

Since on that wild and warring night
I rode the torrent's tide of might.
And I have stood in council halls,
'Mid serried ranks, on battled walls,
And seen in venture far and wide
Full many a chance of time and tide.
And now once more, by Fearna's stream,
I stand as if 'twas all a dream !
And Mora asks, with careless smile,
“ Where hast thou wandering been the while ? ”

Lady, the sound of war was near,
And friends unseen for many a year,
Beneath the star which saw us yield,
Showed front upon the battle-field.
Once more on Warsaw's turrets dun
The eagle hovered in the sun,
And on Polonia's snowy plain
The lances fluttered o'er the slain.
I went—I thought the hour was come—
But 'midst the thunder of the drum,
And 'neath the banner's waving tree,
My backward spirit turned to thee.
The hour is past—the day is done,
The cloud has rolled upon the sun,

The light of Poland's star is set,
The blood on Warsaw's grave is wet,
And the young eagle's golden eye
Shall never look upon the sky——
They fell——like falcon to her nest,
I turned me to my mountain rest——
Again, as but a dream between,
We meet as it had never been——
But, O! how other—if the sun
Had seen lost days and fortunes won!—
I would have conquered, that my hand
Might lay on Alba's lap the brand,
And 'midst her wreath of heather brown,
Twine the proud palm and laurel crown——
But yet, perchance, a little while,
We slumber, and the sun may smile;
And if HE wills, whose hand of power
Raised and cut down our mountain flower——
Though still in exile many a day,
In other lands, and far away——
If yet again that flower shall blow,
For thy high sake its bloom shall glow,
And we will bear it to the sun,
Where hostile fields are lost and won,
Till shown triumphant in the sky,
With victor's shout and battle cry,

The lovely and the brave shall know,
If thus so noble in its woe,
How bright its full-blown glory shone,
On Scotland's helm and Marie's throne.

AN-GIUBHIAN-MÒR, *November 20, 1832.*

The Farewell.

DEAR lady, in the southland far,
Where brightly shines the vesper star,
And faintly tolls the evening bell,
The twilight hour and curfew knell—
Look sometimes backward to the hill,
Our own lone Cheviot height, where still,
Shines that same light on tower and tree,
With its cold lambience mournfully ;
And sometimes in the festive crowd,
When state is bright, and mirth is loud—
And sometimes in the thoughtless train,
'Mid glancing feet and measured strain,
Let one lone backward thought recall
The days which now as autumn's fall.

Scatter their phantoms to the past,
Like leaves upon the whirling blast.
The world shall change, but that bright star,
Burning as now, will shine afar ;
And *still* will shine when thou and I
Dark in unconscious rest shall lie
Where He shall will, and death shall yield,
On the still couch or battle-field——
But many a change or ere that hour,
Shall fade and shed life's transient flower :
Full many a vision waft away
The hopes, the fears, which throb to-day,
And many a friend and fortune new,
Wear out the old, displace the true——
The world around us shifts the while,
As oft has changed this lonely isle,
And shown within its little reign
The shifting of our ages vain——
Here like the brand which thinned our race,
The axe has thinned the narrow chase,
And strewed the monarchs of the wood,
Where twenty generations stood,
Shade of the cradle and the grave,
Where bloomed the lovely, died the brave——
Once from that green and mossy bank,
The mighty elk and bison drank,

And in yon withered bracken's lair,
Slumbered the wolf and shaggy bear——
Once on that lone and trackless sod
High chiefs and mail-clad warriors trode,
And where the roe her bed has made,
Their last bright arms the vanquished laid¹——
The days of old have passed away,
Like leaves upon the torrent grey,
And all their dreams of joy and woe,
As in yon eddy melts the snow ;
And soon as far and dim behind,
We too shall vanish on the wind.
Where are the hearts, the hands which then
Lived with bright maidens and brave men,
And thrilled fair Scotland's spirit high,
And bore her banner to the sky?——
Laid in the grave by tree and tower,
'Neath marble hearse, or lone heath flower,
Fallen on the battle-field unwept——
Stretched on the couch where once they slept,
And waked with joy at matin strain——
As never they shall wake again——
Their brand is rusted on the wall,
The lonely wind blows through their hall,
The grass grows o'er their low grave stone,
Half to the stranger race unknown——

And few and far in distant land,
Their exiled children tread the strand—
So shall we change, and fade, and fall,
And others fill the shifting hall,
And that we loved and left behind,
Pass like the cobweb on the wind—
Yet as the oaks upon the hill,
Haply the last may linger still ;
Yet like the autumn's setting star,
Some lonely light may shine afar,
And still the spirit of the north,
Flash like the evening lightning forth—
Our flower is faded on the tree,
Our people scattered to the sea,
Our golden banner rent and torn,
Our eagle's plume by whirlwinds borne—
But still amidst the wreck bereft,
All is not lost, while you are left :
Full many a patriot spirit poor
Yet treads unknown the lonely moor,
And hearts as high as e'er held power,
In knightly field or lady's bower,
In vain fair Scotland shall not claim,
While yet to light her fields of fame,
Burns thy bright spirit's deathless flame.

The Grave of the Last Bard.¹

THERE is a glen amid the western hills,
Where seldom treads the foot of passing man :
Its narrow plain is lonely as the sea,
No sound is heard along the rustling heath,
But the starved eagle's cry, the fox's bark,
And chance the solitary raven's croak.
At times the antlered heroes of the hill
Come forth upon the dark and silent waste,
And 'mid the deep untrodden loneliness
Repose in safety from the fear of man.
The shadow of the vale is deep and dim,
And save when tempests gather in the air,
'Tis still and silent as if hushed to rest,
The spirit of the desert slumbered there.

Along the hollow of the lonely strath,
A dark slow stream winds calmly through the grass,
Save where yon step of rock the current breaks,
And pours it in a wide and roaring fall,
'Mid the black cauldron of a boiling linn.
Above the eddy on a mossy rock,
There stands a shivered oak of other years,
Its limbs are blasted by the desert flame,
Its trunk is rifted, and its leaves are gone,
And o'er the sable gulf and hollow din,
It slowly swings upon the lonely breeze,
A scathed and barkless branch by tempest bleached.
Within the echo of the chafing fall,
There is a cairn upon the narrow heath,
Grey, bare, and high it rears its shattered pile,
The heaped convulsion of an earlier world.
Its sides are scanty clothed by sun-burnt moss,
And withered heath and stunted juniper ;
And by its rugged foot an aged thorn
Bends 'mid a fair green spot of velvet sward,
And hangs its long grey moss and withered arms
O'er many a paley ring and mushroom fair,
Where dance the elves amid the twilight fall,
And wandering Puck by moonlight sits alone,
And plays weird anties with the feeble light,

And frames delusions on the lonely heath,
And airy phantasies the mist amid,
To scare the deer and chase the lonely owl.

But on the naked forehead of the hill,
No vegetation creeps among the stones.
'Tis a loose pyramid of shattered rock,
The fragments of a ruined mountain's base,
Piled and amassed by the diluvian flood,
And washed and wasted by the awful tide,
Left at its ebb upon the desert world
To bleach amid the sunshine and the storm.
Such Nature made it, but not Nature all :
Upon its summit, 'mid the wracking mist,
There stands a giant column o'er its mass :
'Tis rude, and white, and bare, as the shear craig,
And ne'er was shaped by artifice of man.
Such in the olden time, by Druids grey,
Was raised with fearful rite the stone of power,
Or by the children of the hill was reared,
To tell to future times the field of fame,
Or where, the earth all hallowed by their rest,
The mighty of their fathers lay below.
But this, nor Druid, nor Fionian stone,
Deep graved upon the granite's time-worn face,

There is a tall deep cross, and yet unreft,
The half-lost letters of a lonely name.

The head of the departed rests beneath,
And far, far, far from man sleeps deep in peace.
Oft at the even, in the twilight grey,
A still pale flame sits calmly on the stone,
And in the lonely air a distant voice
Speaks o'er the hill amid the heaven's hush ;
'Tis wild, and deep, but feeble as the breeze,
And seems all organless and sound of air ;
But often, the wayfaring man has said,
He heard the ringing of a minstrel's harp,
And the sad chanting of a mournful voice,
Which ever and anon recurring, sung—
“ No more ! no more ! no more shall I return ! ”

The twilight sleeps upon the cold grey cairn,
And the dim sky is stilled in calm profound,
As if all living, and the hum of life,
Was hushed in slumber with the dead around.
But 'tis not always so,—full dark at times
The mountain tempest gathers o'er the stone,
And the white column, like a giant ghost,

Rears up its naked head and dripping side,
Amid the weirdly gloom, where deep and dark
Lie the furled thunders, and the levin bolts :
While as the rolling storm its bosom rends,
The grey stone vibrates in the shattered hill——
Well may the tempest gather on his place,
Stormy, and dark, and wild, and marked with ill,
Were all the days of him who slumbers there ;
And ever through his life in feud and woe,
His hand was against every man's—and theirs
Raised against him in outlawry of life.

Nursed in unright, unkindness, and despair,
And ever brooding on departed times,
And names and things which never could return,
Full small community he held with man ;
And as in life, companionless in death,
He rests alone, and severed in the grave ;
But those which ever in his life he loved,
And who might hold no communing with men,
Oft come and converse with his parted shade.
Oft o'er the column's head in upper air,
The broad winged eagle soars with circling rounds,
And seems to watch the solitary stone,
And guard the rest of him who sleeps below.
At even's fall, upon the granite's peak,

The night hawk sits and sends his doleful cry,
And 'mid the twilight at the cairn's grey foot,
The dun deer couch upon the dewy moss,
And love to shelter by his mossy bed,
Who ever loved them in his lonely life,
And mourned their better day, and lived amid their
 haunts.

Oft when the night is fair upon the hill,
And the grey sky is hushed, the world at rest,
At times the spirits of his fathers come,
And walk there all alone beneath the moon,
And sing the songs of other days, and speak
The dark deep destinies of mortal men.
Once, at the twilight fall, a weary wight,
Benighted, passed beside the lonely cairn :
His sight was gifted, for it opened first
Upon the awful vigil of the cross ;
And as he came beside the blasted thorn,
Feeble, and deep, and sad upon the air,
He heard the echo of a solemn voice,
Which seemed to speak upon the quiet hill :
Broken, and dark, and fearful were the words,
And but by halves came doubtful to his ear,
And as with trembling to the craig he looked,
White and half formless on the cairn's dim brow,
He saw the shadowy forms of warriors tall,

And minstrels old with clarishach and harp.
 The moon shone brightly o'er their giant limbs,
 But on the glimmering stone no shade they threw,
 And seemed the light to glisten in their forms,
 As the pale moonlight in the quiet mist.
 The lone wayfarer signed his cold damp brow,
 And hastened from the rock with fear and awe :
 But many a year thereafter in his ear
 Rung the dark accent of those words— and oft,
 E'en 'mid the wassail of the reckless board,
 Rose up the vision of those phantom forms.

At times I sit upon the lonely hill,
 And listen to the torrent's distant roar,
 And the low breeze which rustles in the heath,
 And shakes the ivy on the withered thorn.
 The days of old come feebly to my thought :
 I think on him who sleeps below in peace ;
 I gaze upon the stone which hides his bed,
 How cold, how dark, his resting-place beneath.
 I look unto the sky—the calm blue stream—
 The sunny glimmer of the distant hills——
 He looked upon them once, and saw them all,
 E'en as I see them now—but, now !—Alas ! alas !

I know that my Redeemer lives on high,
And in the latter days on earth shall stand,
And that the righteous and the just shall be
Beyond the dark sad limit of this world.
Full sooth do I believe, with potent charge,
They come the ministering spirits blest,
And hover over those they loved on earth,
And guide and shield them in the hour of ill.
Sooth deem I that *his* spirit watches nigh,
And loves to guard what most he cherished here,
And comes full often on the breeze unseen,
To stretch his airy hand, and spread his targe
When mortal chance is near, or mortal aid is vain.
Full oft I think upon the passing gale
To hear his feeble voice, and seem to see
The folding of his misty mantle's skirt,
As in the shadowy cloud he passes by
And sweeps into the eddy of the wind.

The world's dark stream clapses like the main,
And ebbs with constant and ne'er turning tide ·
Yet but a little while, and once again,
As erst on earth unsevered we have been,
So beyond death united as in life,
Our spirits shall be joined companions in the sky.

With an Antique Crystal Cup and Ring.¹

“ Drinc hael ! ”

NOBLE lady, in whose light
 The rosy laughing wine grows bright,
 From my poor hand, O deign to take
 The cup I empty for thy sake ;
 And when the circling year comes round,
 And Christmas snows have wrapt the ground,
 And in thy bright and magic bower
 The lonely heart for one short hour,
 Like linnets in the winter sun,
 Forgets its grief as I have done——
 Take the cup, and drink the wine,
 “ Drinc hael ! ”—as I to thee and thine ;
 And when none other thinks on me——
 Say in thy heart—“ May God bless thee ”——

At natal, and at bridal hour,
Drink to the blossoms of thy bower ;
And every pledge of blessing said,
Heaven make it double on their head ;
And, O ! when from life's transient cup
Thy lips have drank the nectar up,
And left it empty, frail as this,
May the last golden drops be bliss,
And like this gem beneath the wine,
The glorious deathless jewel thine.

The Reply.

O SAY not of thy brother true,
 That '*many*' I love more than you ;
 Certain through many a bygone year,
 Thy elder sister spirits dear,
 Were longer woven in my heart
 With earlier commune, and that part
 Of converse more matured and high,
 Which thou shalt share full faithfully—
 But *where* except those blessed above,
 The '*many*' whom *my* heart can love ?—
 Around to me this world and age
 Move like the pageant of the stage—
 Perchance I wrong them—and that *here*
 The heart is scathed, the eye is scar—

Yet it was once so warm, and free,
And still so full for thine and thee——
I know not how my fault may be——
But matters not——or I or they
Have nought in mutual part to pay——
Mine is with years now past full long,
Or mixed in projects stern and strong—
Theirs—But what now *their* visions all?—
The rainbow of the bubble's ball,
Lifted to burst and die—alas!—
As I have seen like shattered glass—
The thunderbolt of glory fall——
Yet in our day of doom and thrall,
One glimmer of our smoldering power
Should make them tremble like a flower,
And shrink before the heart and eye,
Which yet may pay their mockery——
Forgive—alas! like spectre show,
The past and future come and go—
Why did I speak of this, to thee
I should but talk of maiden glee,
For thou shalt be as thine have been,
On my scared heart a dew-drop sheen,
And in my spirit's heavy hour,
The sunbeam and the lily flower——

Dear, gentle sister, kind and free,
Thou hast been many a day to me—
And very tender, very true—
And if that ever I to you
Have failed in ought, ought left undone
Which thy best brother should have done,
Forgive my heart full tenderly,
It is not cold and scar to thee ;
But while it warms with vital blood,
My sisters to its ebbing flood,
Shall mingle in the throbs which hold
The lingering soul and mortal mould.

To Olia.

PROUD little maiden ! and yet proud for what ?
 The greasy frigate, and the blubber pot ?
 Nay—do not shake thy sea-born locks at me,
 And show thy little sting like angry bee,
 I would not heed thee—by the bright blue skies !—
 If now to fill the lightning of thine eyes,
 All the harpoons e'er killed thy father's fishes,
 Were hammered into darts to wing thy wishes——
 Try them on * * * * and on * * * *'s fool,
 Or beggared * * * *'s little lord from school——
 The first writes ink to gold—the next as light,
 Spins hemp, like spiders into silver bright ;
 But far unlike the morning's dewy gauze,
 His, the strong web binds monarch, states, and
 laws—

The last should gild thy brow, and deck thy hair
With honours—jewels *thou* should'st pay to wear;
And lest plethoric gold inflame thy health,
Lard the lean court with all thy melting wealth.
But try on them—and waste not time on me,
I have no treasures and no charms for thee—
Nought precious for thy pampered soul to prize,
Alas! nor orient pearls, nor fishes eyes——
What is an empty cross—a star to thee—
A broken coronet—a herald's tree—
And sixteen quarters—thou hast four, forsooth!—
Long may you keep them—But for me in truth,
If ought for loveliness or maiden mould,
They were dear purchased were they cast in gold.
Fate—for thy father chance a tender care
To smooth the friction of the mortal wear,
As weary Greeks anointed after toil——
Dipped—in her grace—your sordid souls in oil——
But not the holy chrism, the oil divine,
The blessed oil which makes man's features shine,
Which consecrates each sacred rite on earth,
The priest, the monarch—all of mortal birth,
The blushing bride, the infant, and the dead,
From font and altar to the lorn death bed——
No!—foul, and gross, and sordid as thyself,
Drawn from sea-monsters, and but prized for pelf,

Oil of rank whales, black porpoises, and seals,
Which burns in streets and mines, and greases
wheels,
Nectar of Cossacks, Esquimaux, and goules,
Of bats, and puckrages, and horned owls,
Base biped¹ demons, and ill-omened fowls,
With which the hairy fin embalms his hide,
And sailors lubricate the stormy tide !²——
I doubt thy very veins with unction flow,
Thy pulses beat with fishes cold and slow—
That should great Odin from the Northern Pole,
Curious to search the ardour of thy soul,
Stretch in his might from Greenland to Kinfail,
One hand to thee, the other to the whale ;
His awful fingers on your hearts would show
One pulse, fair Olia, and the Narwhal know,
Though in thy little heart a minnow stirs,
And twenty tuns of blubber bound in hers.

“My Own” Dark “Land.”¹

WHERE is the autumn with her ruby light,
 The roaring torrents, and the streamers bright ?
 Where is the eagle with his dark red wings,
 The snow-white mantle, and the plume of kings ?
 Where the brave children of the targe and brand ?—
 “Far, far in my own” dark “land.”

Where is the winter where the north wind blows,
 The dark blue mountain and the velvet snows ?
 Where the dun brothers of my lonely day,
 The antlered monarch, and the goshawk grey ?
 Where the sea chorus floating to the strand ?
 “Far, far in my own” dark “land.”——

Where is the sun the livelong night,
 Sheds on the sea the pale twilight ?

Where is the hunter's glorious moon,
Lights on the heath a paler noon,
The lake of otters and the roe-tracked sand?
"Far, far in my own" dark "land."

Where is the hall where the thunders sleep,
The ocean roaring in its vortex deep?
Where the hill bowers where the sweet birch grows,
The fawns light bounding, and the slender oes?
Where the bright mermaid and her crystal cell?
"Far, far" where the north winds dwell.——

Where is the falchion by the swart elves given,
The war-pipes calling the grey hawks from heaven?
Where the bright standard with its eagle wings,
The jewelled lyre with the silver strings?
Hills of the banner, harp, and brand,
"Far, far in thy own" dark "land."——

There the white rose sheds her flower,
There the rowan spreads her bower,
There the wild swan builds her nest,
There the dun deer makes his rest——
Land of eagles, storms, and snows!
Far, far where the dark heath grows!

Isoli.

ISOLI, on thy dial-stone
 That mournful day *has* come and gone,
 And to my sisters dear and true,
 My heavy heart *has* bid adieu,
 And distant *is* * * * * plain ;
 And sad and lone, in sorrow vain,
 As wakened from a happy dream,
 I stand again by * * * 's stream.

And—"think of" you "when far away,
 "The towers of * * * * in distance lay?"-
 Alas ! full present day and night,
 Your sister shadows fill my sight,
 Sad, silent, bending, dimly white,

As that last hour, when round me all,
You bent within your silent hall.
Twelve times upon the western fell,
Tolled to the sun the vesper-bell,
And the red parting light, like thine,
Has died upon the topmost pine,
And faded from my lonely glen,
And dark blue stream, and mountain den—
And I *have* watched on tower and tree
Its lights go down, and thought of thee,
As I deem none may think but me ;
For in that thought is blended strong,
Thy own dear sake, and one full long,
Throned in thy heart and mine most high—
Thou canst not love her more than I——
The cherished sister of thy bower,
My leading star and lone white flower—

Dear sister, on the wooded stream,
I *have* beheld the evening gleam,
There sad and lonely bent my way,
And thought upon thy turret grey :
There traced in gushing memory warm,
Each gentle look and gracile form,
Each music tone, each glance and grace,
Which shed the sunshine of their face.

Each day that we have brightly seen,
Each haunt where we have joyous been,
Green Huntlaw hill, and deep Hern's glen,
Grey Rosla's tower and Wolfburn den,
The lone sea-rock and ruin deep,
Thy father's ancient fortress keep ;
And, O ! more greatly loved than all,
The turrets high, and ivied wall,
Which shade my sisters' maiden bower,
Their sunny lawn, and purple flower.

Farewell, Isöli—for a while
I may not see your bright sun smile——
But I *shall* see it fair and clear,
And clasp each hand, and drop a tear
On each loved cheek, to which I bow
As to a sainted sister's brow—
Till then may angels guard your way,
Your rest by night, your steps by day—
And ever when you bend the knee,
Sister Isöli, pray for me,
As surely as I bow for thee
To that dread throne, where thou and I
Shall after meet eternally :
But not at eve and morn alone,
When bending at the altar-stone,

My constant spirit breathes a prayer,
As if HE only heard us there—
By night and day, in all I view,
Dear sisters, still I think of you,
In sunbeam bright, and lily flower,
In morning dew, and summer bower,
I bless HIS name who made you free,
Sunshine and bloom, and balm to me—
And when at eve the sweet birds sing,
I lift my bonnet's eagle wing,
For those were sweeter to my ear,
And love, like me, their voice to hear ;
And oft when midnight wakes my rest,
I stretch my hand, and sign my breast,
To bless your silent couch from fear,
And say, " God keep my sisters dear !" —
So may HE keep, and bless you all,
With every joy on earth may fall,
Brighten the sunshine o'er your head,
And flowers around your footsteps spread,
And every year its blessing shower
Pour widely on your natal hour,
And heaven above, and earth beneath,
Still crown you with its choicest wreath.

The Presentation.

LADY, my spirit brightens in thy light,
 When thy fair presence from its stately height
 Looks down upon the butterflies of earth,
 Like the world's lovely mother at her birth,
 In all the heaven-shaped majesty of mould,
 Before man dwindled, and the world grew old.
 Thou soon shall stand amidst the circling sight
 Of peers and princes, and proud maidens bright :
 Look on them, lady, look them on the brow,
 And may the spirit which shines round thee now
 Be battle in their face, as when thy sire
 Unrolled the column on fierce Elau's fire,
 And sudden bursting from the whelming smoke,
 Ten thousand horsemen through the thunder broke.
 Thou art not made for the faint fleeting glow
 Of fashion's sunshine, and the world of show.

But in thy slumbering spirit rests unseen
The ruling heaven-born world-subduing queen.
O that the fair and gentle hand which now
Bids the earth blossom and the canvass glow,
Held the iron thunder, and the golden rod,
The nation's sword, the attribute of God :
To call up slumbering genius from the dust,
And bend the impious, and exalt the just.

1831.

“ Fareweel, Edinbruch.”

“ FAREWEEL, Edinbruch ! whar happie I hae bene ;
 “ Fareweel, Edinbruch ! Caledonia’s queen ;
 “ Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie New beside,
 “ Ye’re like a chieftain auld and grey wi’ a young
 and bonnie bride.”

Fareweel, Edinbruch ! wi’ a’ yer merry time,
 Yer royal banner on the breeze, yer bells wi’
 minstrel chime,
 Yer mountain green,
 And meadows sheen,
 And palace toom and grey,
 And the turrets tall,
 And rampart wall,
 Whar the airn thunders lay.

And fareweel, Edinbruch ! wi' a' yer novels sere,
Yer plane stane gates
And bleezing laichts,
And pirns o' lavyer lere ;
Yer Highland chiefs wi' 'tails'——o' *sheep*, and
lairds wi' plumes o' ghuse ;
While red coats tak the causey crun frae Douglas
and the Bruce.
Fare ye weel, Edinbruch ! wi' a' yer ferlies fine,
Ye'll never see the time ye've seen in days o' auld
langsyne—
Yer ha' wi'out a parliament, yer crun wi'out a
throne,
And sleet and sna',
By the holy wa',
Watting the altar-stone.

Then fareweel, Edinbruch ! and happy may ye be—
But I had looed ye better still, as ye war aince to
see,
When the queen sat in her bower bright, wi' pearls
upon her bree ;
And the king wi' crun
Cam riding dune,
Wi' a' his barons free.

The Air King.

He floated through the still and silent night,
Amid the moonbeams on the water bright,
And marked them glisten through the broken
 bower,
Upon the lonely rose—my own white flower—
Amid the sunshine when the day was bright,
The fluttering butterflies danced round her light—
The sun was gone, and lonely in the gale
Swung to the stilly night the blossom pale.

“ I'll wreath thee on Queen Ada's head,
“ Between the black flower and the red,
“ And twine thy stem with gems and gold,
“ And bring thee sunbeams when 'tis cold ;
“ And when the burning noon is bright,
“ Dip thy breast in the dews of night.”

He stretched his hand—The shrinking flower
Trembled, and shed its leafy shower,
And from the ground spoke up the fay——
“ King of the air, away ! away ! ”

He frowned to heaven, and moon, and star—
“ I'll find her peecress—brighter far ! ”——
“ But what when yon blue sky shall lower ? ”—
He looked upon the earth-born flower—
It gleamed again as fair and bright,
As if new blown the queen of night.
Again he stretched his hand—again
It trembled, faded, dropped like rain ;
And sighed the elfin from the lea—
“ King of the air, 'tis not for thee ! ”

The sylph sprung up—“ Away ! away !
“ To the battle's cry and the wild sea spray !—
“ Riders of heaven, hurra ! hurra !—
“ Come in the battle's iron sleet !
“ Come with the banner's winding sheet.
“ Hark ! the deep war thunder rolls !
“ Hark ! hark ! hark ! the dead bell tolls.
“ Come from the air, and moon, and sea !
“ Mount on the wind, and ride with me ! ”

The Incantation.¹

From "The Stuart Tales."

WAXEN loaf and dew-drop cold,
Be thou shape of mortal mould !
Berry of the rowan tree,
Pearls that lay in the deep, deep sea,
Nine fathoms down in Norrowie—
Skull of ape, and spine of snake,
Bleached within the blasted brake,
Maiden fern and dead man's hair,
Gathered in the moonlight fair,
Be thou lethal frame and hue,
Crispy lock and eye of blue—
Marrow from the dead man's bone,
Buried by the ruin lone,
Where none heard the parting groan,
But the grey wolf that licked the stone—

Warrior's nerve and wizard's brain,
Infant's blood unchristened slain,
Wandering flame and fire of Heaven,
Kindled by the thunder's levin,
Wake again from your dead dream,
Be ye quickened flesh and frame,
Vital spark and living stream—
Now the sign ascends the hour,
Fill the charm with spell of power.
Phantom limb and feature small,
Bear his likeness whom we call——
Thrice about !——about !——about !——
Rise, Moray ! rise !——the charm is out !——

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Work we now the potent spell—
Hark !——ding dong——the midnight bell !
Now the deed its might shall tell——
Phantom shape—I wind thy bier—
By the words the dead should hear—
By the power o'er land and sea,
Let the living waste with thee—
Waxen limb and feature cold,
Waste and waste like mortal mould :

Bone and marrow, nerve and brain,
Melt like snow before the rain ;
While thy shrinking phantom turns,
While the dripping cerement burns.
Vital blood and lethal clay,
Pine and shrink, and waste away,
Till all earthly mould and frame
Pass like the wax before the flame !

The Appeal of the Faithful.

"Ego autem cum molesti essent, induer bar cilicio humiliabam in jejuni animam meam : et oratio mea in sinu meo convertetur.

"Quasi proximum, et quasi fratrem nostrum, sic complacebam : quasi lugens, et contristatus sic humiliabar.

"Et adversum me lætati sunt, et convenerunt : congregata sunt super me flagella et ignoravi."

Pa. xxxiv. 13.

I WILL not curse them——no, my faith forbids
 To curse mine enemies——be GOD their judge,
 For I have prayed for those whose wrongs I bear—
 Not that I love them—but because HE said,
 "Pray for thine enemies"——My God !—My God !
 How darkly, sternly, bitterly, I bowed
 My spirit to the task——to pray for those
 Who blasted all my young and joyous hopes,
 The light and glory of my early life——
 O God ! the great !—the terrible !—the good !
 Eternal Judge !—what shall I say to Thee ?
 I know that I am base and vile—a worm

Before Thy sight—but *they*—O ! what are they ?
 And what have I not been to them and theirs——
 Have I not bowed my spirit down to quench
 The evil fire—and meekly as a child
 For years—long weary years, still given place
 To the dark fiend, that my example mild
 Might work their venom'd mind some better
 change——

And how did they requite me ?——I who bowed
 My head to none but THEE——My soul whose fire
 Unquenchable within——around my heart
 Consumed my fervid spirit in its might——
 How has it struggled, suffered, withered, changed,
 Until my anguished life became a curse !——

Why should I speak of all I felt——now *feel*,
 Thou knowest all——Thy mighty will be done——
 What will my cause to them—or theirs avail,
 Though my proud heart should burst, my spirit fail,
 And this dark wasted form return to dust ?——
 I have not sinned to *them*——THOU art my judge,
 I call Thy name to witness—at Thy cross
 I bow my head in meekness—but to *them*
 My soul shall never bend—My heart is pure,
 And blameless before *them*, there is no stain

Which clings upon my memory——No thought
 Which shuns confession——No revengeful deed
 Nor evil passion, turning upon them
 Through years of persecution and despair.

I have been all to them——a guide, a light,
 In health and sickness long, by day and night,
 In hours of fear—a beacon in the storm——
 A star to guide them in the pathless gloom,
 When no ray pierced the sackcloth of the soul——
 That deep and heavy shroud, obscure and thick,
 Which veiled their own self-righteousness——
 And *they*——so vain and false——so vile—and foul,
 And mean and worthless—Gracious God, *how* base !
 And utterly degraded, in whose soul
 No glimmering ray of better feeling lived,
 To say it was immortal, and a spark
 Of that pure glorious spirit, which of old
 Was breathed by Thee into the dust, and waked
 Man in Thine image !——O ! how changed, how
 lost !——

What shall restore the spirit which defiles
 The blood of Thy salvation !——Stamps the foot
 Upon the holy cross——and “wipes the lip,”
 “And says—I have not sinned”——where wilt thou
 fly ?

When that self-righteous veil is rent away,
 And clear and bright the truth before thee stands,
 With the just image of Thyself revealed
 On its pure mirror?—From that flood of fire,
 That furnace of the soul—the eternal light of God—
 Who shall deliver thee?—————

Land of the Brave.

LAND of the brave ! I weep to see
Thy children all deserting thee—
The noblest—in thy days of fame,
Now bend them to a stranger's claim—

Weep ! for thy fields are wild and waste,
Thy forests felled, thy sons debased,
Thy hills o'errun by flocks which feed,
To satisfy a stranger's greed.

While starving thousands toil and pine,
To fill the few with waste and wine—
Or banished from thy mountain's side,
Far from their blessed homes have died.

Weep ! for thy songs no more shall cheer
The exile by his lonely bier ;
Nor call the loved one's spirit home,
O'er the wild waters' bursting foam—

I came !—I sought thy hallowed breast—
My tears gushed forth for home and rest—
I found thy bosom bare and cold,
Nor warmth was in thy mantle's fold.

The foe had rent thy robe away,
And clad thee in base servile grey,¹
A peasant's garment vile and scant,
A slavish badge of woe and want.

And as an *alien* stamped a name,
Had clothed thy brow with light and fame ;
And raised thee from the dust, to see
Thy banner borne to victory——

Woe to the hand which lent its aid
To crush thee in thine hour of need—
Woe to the traitor hand that sold
The exile's right for lust of gold.

Cursed shall *his* name descending live,
The blast of fame its voice shall give ;
And freedom's shout shall bear it on,
In scorn and hate from sire to son.

“ Remember Thee.”

“ REMEMBER ” thee ! Full many a day,
 And many a year, I’ve worn away,
 As flowers blossom to decay,
 Beneath the sunless shade,
 Till, when I saw the morning light,
 I turned away, and wished for night ;
 And, when the pale moon raised her horn,
 Murmured, “ Now, would to God ’twas morn ! ” -
 But, O how much repaid
 By one bright drop from maiden’s eye ;
 From one kind kindred heart a sigh ;
 And one meek, gentle word of cheer,
 From the blessed lips of friendship dear.

“ Remember ” thee ! In my sad hour
 Thou wert the rainbow to the shower,

And, if that ever HE should will,
A nobler, happier fate, to fill,
For thee should glory, fame, and power,
Brighten, like sunshine, on the flower.
You were to us, in our dark night,
The lonely, leading star of light,
The sunbeam on the winter snows,
The dew-drop on the withering rose ;
Through envy, malice, falsehood,—all
Which poisons this dark world of thrall,
A bright and sister-spirit here,
Most true, most gentle, and most dear !

"Remember" thee ! In festive bower
Thou art the garland's brightest flower,
In lonely grief, in secret prayer,
Our holy altar's taper fair ;
And still shall linger with thy light,
When the world fades before my sight.
Thy thoughts have lit our darkest hour,
The touch of art, the plan of power ;
And sometimes to the harp, the drum,
Like Odin's music, dreams will come——
Oh, that such dream could bring,
As in an eastern tale, the spell
Which lifts the monarch from the cell.

And changes, like the magic god,
The willow wand for jewelled rod.—
How, for the golden ring
On this poor hand, which glitters now,
That hand upon thy peerless brow,
Should bind a garland fair,
The noblest, brightest, ever beamed
Amid the jewelled brows which gleamed
Around thy monarch's chair.

But though, perchance, I never here
Shall prove how valued, and how dear,
I'll wear thy token on my hand,
In silken glove, on battle brand.—
Through all which clouds our evil hour—
And if HE will, in pitch of power,
A richer gem than ever set
In Rothsay's olden coronet.
And when shall come that parting day
Which blends the proud, the poor, the gay,
As strews the Autumn's stormy shower
The bramble leaf and lily flower,
When the frail hand which wears it now
Shall moulder, like the withered bough,
Amid its dust, the gem shall lie,
Memorial of what may not die.

The Fairy's Song.

'Tis merry, by moonlight,
On Torwood lea ;
'Tis merry, at midnight,
By Ettrick tree ;
'Tis merry at even, when owls do cry,
Under the green bough's canopy.

'Tis sweet to sit in the cowslip's bell,
When it swings to the summer gale.
'Tis sweet to list to the curfew's knell,
When the sky grows cool and pale.
'Tis blithe to sit in the mountain cloud,
And loose the lightning red ;
And merry to ride in the whirlwind loud,
When the thunder is rolling dread.

Merrily ! merrily ! merrily all !
The elf's green land, and the sky's blue hall.
Merry to walk in the diamond mine,
Merry the golden ore to twine.
Merrily ! merrily ! merrily all !
Where never the mortal eye shall fall.

The Rose of the Tweed.

ROSE of the Tweed, whose blossom bright
 Had more besecmed the eastern light,
 Than our cold changeful northern sky,
 Where the icy arrows of winter fly——
 I give to thee thy sister flower,
 Fresh from the morning's dewy shower,
 Dipped in the sun's ethereal dye,
 And filled with earth's sweet fragrancý——
 For one bright triumph ere it fades,
 Queen of all flowers, as thou of maids——
 In happier days——ere Scotland's woes,
 I would have given our own *white* rose ;
 But on its wan and withered tree,
 There is no blossom meet for thee——
 The storm, and blight, and frost of death,
 Have shrunk its bloom, and drank its breath,

And left it in the lone wind's sigh,
Blasted, and scathed, and scorned, to die—

—— I send thee then, the damask flower,
Bright like thyself in festal hour,
And with it, lady, I may say——
Perchance, a long farewell to-day—
The summer flowers shall come and go——
The winter veil their death in snow—
And the stormy sea between us reign,
Or ever we may meet again——

Oh, were it as it once has been,
In days our fallen sires have seen,
I would have offered at thy knee,
All which they held “by land and sea,”—
But now—the past—like phantoms grey,
Lost with a hundred years to-day!——
As sunbeams mock the blighted bower,
Thy heart will mock this fading flower—
But when 'tis withered, shrunk, and dead,
Toss to the winds its scattering head——
So, scattered to the winds shall be
The joys of the heart which dies for thee.

O'Connell's Requiem.

THE bell has tolled, and the mass been said,
 And the requiem sung above the dead :
 The mortal mold its debt has given,
 The dust to earth—the soul to heaven.
 And the spirit now stands before His throne——
 Mercy of Jesu, his sins atone !——
 His name has past from the earth away,
 His hand is bound in the cold dull clay :
 Closed is the ear, and dark the eye,
 And the heart that beat so warm and high
 For his holy faith, and his people brave,
 Is still as the marble that locks his grave !——

His name is gone to the cold grey stone,
 But it shall not live on that tomb alone—
 The light of his spirit is burning in heaven,
 And the beam of his fame to the wide world given
 The voice of his deeds through earth shall sound
 Till the ocean's bound.

And through the gloom of Erin's night
The deathless flame of his patriot light
Shall burn like the torch on her altars bright.
And though his voice is empty air,
The angel who bore his parting prayer,
Like the voice of the trumpet on Horeb's hill
In thunder shall speak to his people still.

But who shall dry the orphan's tear,
Who now the widow's heart shall cheer,
Who stand beside the lorn death-bed,
When friends are gone, and hope has fled?
And 'mid the black and sackcloth gloom
Of famine, pestilence, and doom,
Like the bright angel, when the brand
Of death was stretched o'er Judah's land,
In his poor country's hour of dread
Stand 'twixt the living and the dead?——
High Heaven shall dry the orphan's tear,
And Heaven the widow's heart shall cheer,
And the Cross shall light the lone death-bed,
And save the living, and bless the dead,
And Heaven shall give His children bread!

But who shall plead *his* people's claim,
Who wake *his* country's slumbering name,

Who call her mighty shades from death,
And in her sacred cause unsheath
Her flaming sword—*his* patriot breath!——
Who like the prophet's arm shall rear
Victorious still, the wand of fear!——
Who from *his* chariot's parting hour
Receive the mantle of his power,
And smite the waters in *His* name
Who rules the thunder and its flame?——

High Heaven, who saw her wrongs the while,
Shall plead the cause of the faithful Isle;
The children, who saw his car of fire,
Shall catch the mantle of their sire,
And the Cross shall be their rood of might
To rule their battle's wavering fight!——
The dead are gone to their long deep rest,
But the living are left the storm to breast,
And the light of Erin's star shall guide
Her trembling bark through time and tide,—
The spirit *he* called from the dead shall fill
Each patriot hand and bosom still,—
And if that mortal hands were vain,
The dead should rise from their graves again,
In Erin's wrongs, and in Erin's right,
Once more for her own green fields to fight!——

The Baron's Daughters.

WE stood, upon that sad and parting night,
 In the dim silent hall's deserted light :
 The pallid morning in the east grew red——
 I laid my hand upon *her* bending head——
 That hand which twenty mournful years before
 Had hewed the desperate way to Elster's shore——
 And for her sake had done——O how much more !
 And " If HE will, the day may come !"——I said——
 " When the bright coronet shall deck this head "——
 She shrunk as if my fingers yet were red,
 And laughed, as in Samaria's gate the lord
 Laughed at the mighty prophet's gifted word,
 And said——" Might this thing be, if Heaven on high
 " Should make thee showering windows in the sky ? "——
 When he who heard him answered to the scoff,
 " Thyself shall see—but never eat thereof ! "——

And *you*, weak feeble children, dared to laugh !
As at the imperial eagles o'er their chaff,
The thoughtless sparrows, on dread Jena's morn,
Twittered and chirped unconscious in the thorn——
And like the mocker trodden in the gate,
So you may see, but never *share* the fate.

'Tis true the great imperial sun has set,
And the scathed eagle closed his wings—but yet—
Again the mighty wheel of fate may turn,
Fair fields be foughten for the brave who burn
Crowns yet to conquer—coronets to earn——
But rest content in all your humble-hood,
Spring, bloom, and fade, like lilies in the wood ;
We will not ask you to the lofty sky,
Where rolls the thunder, and the lightnings fly.
No !—rest below, whate'er above may pass,
Dwell with the bees and crickets in the grass—
Once in the idle dream of days gone by,
Ye fluttered round the rose which towered high,
The shining hue ye loved, but not the sign,
For the white hostile Saxon hengst was thine ;
And 'neath its palsied reign, like rustic flower,
Meekly you said you loved—"A humble bower."—

E'en be it so, like daisies in the lea,
Rejoice, fair flowers, in your modesty ;

Rejoice and blossom—yes, your bloom shall be,
If Heaven shall bless—for all it made you, free ;
Still in our garden you shall hold a place,
Such place as you should most rejoice to grace
With thyme and marygolds—the sun and shower
To share as freely as the lily flower,
And lift your little buds within the bush,
Where heath and hairbells their weak foreheads push,
Low 'neath the towering oak, through whose high
head

Rends the wild tempest and the lightning red—
But wheel we to the sun our lonely flight,
We shrink not from the blasts, and bolts, and light,
Be ours all free amid the storms to fly,
Though the red leven rend us in the sky,
And scatter all our wings—so better die—
(Than live to wanton in your feeble mirth)—
Eagles of heaven, than insects of the earth!—

But trust me, flowerets, the day shall come,
When ye shall weary of the sweet bees' hum ;
And when the forward shrew-mouse comes to sip
The pearly dew-drops from your modest lip——
When o'er your leaf the reptile eft shall crawl,
The slug shall draw his slime, the cobweb fall,
And at your ear the frog familiar croak,
Then may ye wish your tendrils climbed the oak,

Where the red eagle prunes his mighty wing,
And the sweet merle and dulcet thrushes sing.
And if the wheel of fate *shall* turn again—
Then may you waste your faint perfume in vain,
One downward look, one soothing song to gain—
Then wistful gaze towards the damask rose,
Whose golden flower 'mid the umbrage glows,
Where twined her gentle blossom to the sun,
O'er the dread precipice ye strove to shun—
Bright noble flower, whose illustrious bloom
High Heaven has dipt in radiance and perfume.

There was a time that ye were all to me,
Like the bright sister stars upon the sea ;
Lights of the gleaming north before my soul,
On life's dark tide my lonely spirit's pole——
“ Fata Morgana ”—ye have died away,
And melted into aerial visionry,
Like the false phantom barks upon the tide,
Or lake delusive in the desert wide,
Which gleams with imaged shapes and waters grey,
To mock the pilgrim on his burning way.
But brighter scenes and friends—and gayer hours,
Shook from your hearts the past, like faded flowers,
And we all vanished, as the ocean grave
Drinks the bark's pathway in the whelming wave.

And now amid the world as cold we greet,
As all its heartless children part and meet.
But sooth not so among the idle train,
The rich, the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
Who thoughtless flutter round the lamp of life,
Like heedless moths, or dancing midges rife ;
With them ye too can flutter and be gay,
As ever mayflies in a summer's day——
What !—did ye fear your silken wings to scorch,
As light ye flickered round our smouldering torch ?-

“ *We must fulfil our destinies* ”——All you
To spread and batten in the meadow's dew,
And fill your little buds with fatness now,
Milky and sweet—rich mouthfuls for the cow—
Your honest, sleek, utilitarian friend,
Who never from her pasture should ascend,
With the wild hinds to range the desert wide,
Or bound with does along the mountain's side.
But who unthinking from all future free,
In one sweet thoughtless present crops the lea ;
And in the shamble-yard unconscious penned
Chews the last cud untroubled to the end—
But we to mount the roaring wind, and ride
As the blast bears the whirlwind and the tide ;

And if again the sleeping world shall wake,
The weary giants from their slumber break,
And if to yon tall staff the flag shall run,
And spread its long veiled glories to the sun,
And you shall hear the pealing thunder roll,
Those sleeping guns awake, and shake the pole—
Their iron throats the livid lightnings cast
In fire and smoke, and red volcanic blast,
And down with tumbling ruin and terror cry,
Through the dread breach the rattling bolts shall fly—
Then chance your heart shall beat, but then too
late——

Yours were not they to mingle in our fate,
Not yours, who, when the lightning showed the
wave,

Rode the white roaring torrent with the brave,
Who stood the battle-front—the wavering fray,
And all the fortune of the doubtful day,
When the dread balance trembled o'er our head,
And the brave doubted, and the coward fled——
“ We came, we saw”——*To conquer ?*——No, God
knows,

We sought not conquest, we were then your foes.—
Rest in your peace, as Heaven ordained your fate,
And ye yourselves, who made your chosen state—

We came to see, and mourn, and leave again,
Sad scenes and fortunes, like the grass-grown plain,
Where once the battle rolled, where now repose the
slain——

Our past and future, whatsoe'er we claim,
Is not for right divine, or ancient name ;
But for the place, the spirit and the worth,
Which HE who made us gave us at our birth :
Whate'er it be—by HIM we stand alone,
Ordained and fashioned, as the sculptured stone
Comes from its master with the form he gave—
So from HIS hand we come—nor more we crave—
Nought of your world we hold, or ask, or fear,
In mortal claim, or right, or conquest here,
Nought of the hand of man—of GOD alone,
Whate'er HE wills, a dungeon, or a throne——
But fare ye well—For now, perchance no more,
We come again unbidden to your shore——
Nor trouble your repose, nor bring the gleam
Of our pale phantoms through your idle dream——
Sleep—may you wake in peace—a long good night—
The past forgotten, and the present bright——
Or if the thunder wake you from afar,
Turn to your rest again, for what have you with war ?

The dream of waning life is wearing out,
The phantom pageants and the passion's rout
In all their black deformity appear,
And like the autumn foliage rent and scar,
Life strews its withered leaves and faded flowers
Upon the whirling wind, and freezing showers—
I look upon the backward tide of time,
As from the towering brow he longed to climb,
The traveller looks back upon the waste,
The dim, wide, weary plain his steps have traced,
Between the rising and the setting sun——
What is the promised goal at even won?——
I need not say to you——you never knew
How our bright sunrise shone upon the dew——
The glistening dew of life—Or what full soon,
When the black tempest gathered on the noon—
But you have heard, like wind amid the reeds,
The sound of mighty names, and glorious deeds,
And seen, perchance, like reliques of the grave,
The scattered tokens of the fallen brave——
Sun-fronted helms and golden lettered blades,
And tattered banners weeping in the shades
Of the dust-mantled hall or cloister dim,
Where to the world to come they still shall speak
of him.

And some there may be who can yet recall
How from the breathless noon to even's fall,
They heard in low breathed thunder rolling still,
The deep earth tremble, and the blue sky thrill—
As if the whole world quivered to its core——
We rode that day amid the battle's roar,
Which sent its whispered echo to your shore :
We saw the sun go down, which never more
Rose to the noble eyes which closed them there——
That red and fearful sunset !—whose dread glare
Shed forth its lurid light, as earth and air
Flamed up in that last day like funeral pyre,
To wrap the dying and the dead in fire——

We came and sought the sanction of your hearth—
The sacred sanction of the household garth,¹
As Coriolanus in the ashes sat
Before the Volscian gods—Chance some forgot,
Though long estranged—your penates were our
own——

What matters in a hovel or a throne——
Though true it is on ours the cross had stood,
And ye have cast it to the fuel wood——
Your hearth received us——But, like Malta's fire,
There lurked a serpent in the genial pyre——

¹ “ *Girth*,” sanctuary.—Ang. Sax. et Scot.

And ye—ye too—have sent among the rest
One sting of poison to our wounded breast—
But 'tis now past—And we forgive you free,
As in HIS blessed mercy so may HE
Forgive us all of ours—But yet for those——
The base earth reptiles—all our secret foes
Who grovel in the dust from whence they came,
Degrading the high grace which raised their name—
Who envied us the blessed gifts HE gave,
And all unworthy of their own—each slave,
Too base to value, and too gross to feel——
Well are they worthy of the grounden steel——
And they shall have it if HE turn the wheel,
And bring again the shadow has gone down
Upon our dial stone———Yes, ye may frown !
And bite your gloves, and twist your beards for ire !
Knights of the carpet and the quill, your fire
Before the mountain stream its flame shall cool,
And hiss like Falstaff in the “bucking” pool——
Ye saw the sword of vengeance on our race,
Our head bowed down in sackcloth and disgrace,
While soft we trod before HIS awful face——
But think not that we bowed and quailed to ye,
Base dross, and foemen, what are ye to me !——
It was HIS holy will——HIS will be done——
And if HE made us till our race is run,

To hold the stirrups of His poorest slave,
Low will we bend the knee and heart to crave
Of HIM and His high grace—but not of you—
And if HE wills, we pass your furnace through—
That not for ever man should be our rod,
Tremble and fly like Balaam to *your* god.
'Tis true the day may wear, the sun decline—
That sun, like Satan, ye abhorred should shine—
The eyes at last may fade—the foot may fail,
And the hair change like lichen in the gale——
And ye who knew—who envied us in youth,
When His light shone around us, and in truth
The “candle of the Lord before us burned”——
Then ye may triumph how the wane has turned——
But——trust not this—with eighty winters grey
Rode the old hero of bright Ligni's day——
Still may we sit the saddle—once more wield
The battle thunder in the serried field,
And ride into the tempest—though to die—
But die in one last glorious victory :
One great illustrious hour to redeem
Dark * * * * *, and red * * * * * stream ——

O'Connor's Lament.

From "The Stuart Tales."

GREEN heap of the desert !
 Dark bed of the just !
 I come to thy bosom,
 The dust to the dust !
 Thy spirit is passing—
 The dark cloud of night,
 Which veiled immortality,
 Melts into light !
 The thunder has burst,
 And the lightning has riven
 The veil from your spirit,
 And called you to heaven.
 Sweet flower of the desert !
 Thy lone bed is here.—
 Father ! thou callest—
 Behold ! I am near—

I come from the ocean—

I come from the plain—

Through the storm and the tempest,

To meet you again !

The deep sea refused me,

The thunder rolled past,

And the wave gave me up,

Like the wreck to the blast.

I come from the battle,

The storm and the flood——

Receive me, O earth !

I have venged thee of blood.

O Edith ! I come !

And thine own star shall see

My head in the dust,

And my spirit with thee.

Thy blood is atoned,

And I come now to crave

My rest on thy bosom,

Repose in thy grave !

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
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Farewell ! green mountain vale, farewell !

Home of my fathers ! once again

I stand upon thy blasted hill.
The hush of death is sleeping still,
On tree and rock, and dewy plain,
Land of the broken and the slain,
Mountain, and lake, and lonely glen,
Where are thy maidens and brave men ?
My own loved light, O where art thou ?
My father—brother—all my race ?
Gone—like the wind which seeks their place !
I look to sea—to earth—to air—
There is none moving—living there.
The lonely birds have fled the sound
Of blood ! blood crying from the ground !
Why does the wild deer shun the star,
Which lights yon lone green heap afar ?
'Tis on the earth that saw him fall,
The grey stones of my father's hall !
The cross which listens still to hear
The murmur of his lonely prayer—
And, O, thou beam of life and light !
My soul's deep worship, pure and bright,
As thine own glorious sun, whose eye
Looks on the lonely bed, where I
Have wandered from the world, to die !
I see thee now—though long has fled
The day—the day of tempest red——

The day which burst, in fire and blood,
With rending Heaven, and roaring flood !
I saw thee then—I see thee now,
Bright as the pale moon's silver brow,—
And, Oh, thou wast too pure to share
My passion's wild, terrestrial fire :
I thought of thee—of thee alone !
But *thy* hope rested at the throne——
The glorious throne beyond the sky,
Which man must worship first, or die——
My faith—my all to thee was given,——
HE gave——HE called thee back to heaven ;
And now, a blasted, broken tree,
On thy lone grave I bend my knee ;——
Spirit of glory ! pray for me !

The Drink of Night.'

From "The Stuart Tales."

"LADY of the storm and flood,
"Maid unborn of flesh and blood,
"Spirit of the silver veil,
"Queen of waters, hail ! all hail !

"I call thee from thy crystal cell,
"By the harp and coral shell :
"By the might of magic song,
"By the words of virtue strong,
"To bring again to hall and bower,
"Mouldering clay and withered flower—
"Maiden, all hail !

"By the horn-beam's northern light,
"By the rainbow of the night,

“ By the oak and ivy blue,
“ By the hemlock dipped in dew,
“ By the stone which adders breed,²
“ By the red fern’s magic seed,
“ Rise from thy veil !

“ By the lily and the rose,
“ By the burning flower that blows ³
“ In the deep mine’s death damp cell :
“ By the nightshade’s silver bell,
“ By the ocean, earth, and air,
“ By the name which rules thee there,
“ Come to my call.

“ By the sunshine and the rain,
“ By the daylight and the wane,
“ By the stars and horned moon,
“ By the deep night’s mystic noon,
“ By the shades which walk the heath,
“ Heaven above, and hell beneath——
“ Rise from thy hall !

“ By the fire, and sleet, and hail,
“ By the waters icy mail,
“ By the hands the deep unlock,
“ By the breath that rends the rock,

“ Forked light and whirling gale,
“ Storm and thunder—hail ! all hail !

“ Man of mould when thou dost woo,
“ Art thou gentle knight and true ?
“ Is thy hand in maiden’s clasp
“ Leal as in the battle grasp ?
“ Is thy voice in maiden’s ear
“ As the dark death-bed shall hear ?
“ Is thy heart like this bright rain,
“ Clear of traitor spot and stain ?

“ Living spring and moonlight shower,
“ Blood of grapes and juice of flower,
“ Dew-drop from the foxglove bell,
“ Honey from the wild bees’ cell,
“ Moonshine pale and planet ray,
“ Mountain foam and salt-sea spray,
“ Vervain from the fairy ring,
“ Venom from the hornet’s sting,
“ In the cup be drink of might,
“ To thrall the heart and charm the sight.”

The Prayer.

" Lucis Creator optime,
 " Lucem dierum proferens,
 " Primordis lucis novæ,
 " Mundi parans originem;
 " Qui manè junctum vespere,
 " Diem vocari præcipis
 " Tetrum chaos illabitur.
 " Audi preces cum fletibus."

" Principe de splendeur ! Grand Dieu, source féconde,
 " D'immortelle beauté,
 " Qui fis le premiers traits du grand tableau du monde
 " En formant la clarté ;
 " Toi ! par qui le jour luit, par qui la nuit efface
 " Les plus vives couleurs ;
 " Le soleil s'abaissant, lui dans nos parts grâce ;
 " Sois sensible à nos pleurs." — — —

DEFEND me from the hands of man, O God !
 Whose dark and subtle wiles have oft betrayed
 My heart to scorn and grief—for I have knelt,
 A broken reed before thy cross, and prayed
 For mercy when no hand but Thine alone could aid-

O God All-Mighty !—terrible and good,
Before whose glorious face the world shall fly,
My soul is bowed to earth—O ! by thy blood,
God of all light and life attend my cry——
I know that I have sinned—as all have sinned,
“ And am not worthy to be called thy son ; ”
But I am wandering back in search to find
That narrow path I left when life began——
Gloomy, and dread, and fearful is the night,
And storm and treason lurk around my path,
Reveal thy hidden dwelling—show thy light
To guide me through the wilderness of death——
Above, beneath, around, the evil spell
Of man enchains me, none but Thee can save—
A thousand wildering paths lead down to hell,
Strewed with bright flowers which hide corruption's
grave,
O save me from mankind—I will endure
Patient and humble, all the ills which THOU
Shalt judge to bring upon me, and secure
In THY great mercy, at THY altar bow
My head—and hush my prayer as it began,
That THOU wilt save me from the hands of man.

The Blot of Chivalry.

"—— à la memoire de l'homme dont l'infamie traversera les siècles incrustée
à la gloire de l'Empereur."—CONSTANT.

"Out, damned spot!"—SHAKESPEARE.

FOUL spot on knighthood's golden shield——
 Thou moral leprosy ! whose loathsome stain
 Blackens the age which gave thee birth, and sealed
 A nation with thy crime !—was it not gain
 Enough for thee, base slave, to hold the chain
 Which bound the imperial eagle in his cage,
 Whose mighty spirit crushed thy grovelling mind
 Beneath its glory !—was it hence, thy rage
 And venom'd envy filled the cup designed
 To brim the measure of thy wanton crime——
 Was not the storm which met him in his prime,
 And shook the crown of Europe from his brow,
 Enough to glut thy spirit dark and low ?——
 If ought thou hast of *that* to raise thee now

Above the brute, and make thee man—a soul
Pent in that callous heart, corroded, numbed,
And senseless to earth's feelings—what mean fear
And coward hate could e'er have placed control
In such a hand, and made thee act the spy
On that illustrious man, who in his power
Had made thine inmost spirit shrink, and cower,
And melt—evaporate before his eye
Whose searching lens had pierced thine inmost soul,
Dragging its crimes to light with all their felony !

Upon thy brow is stamped the curse of crime——
Not daring crime, which strikes thy foe by day,
Nor like the beast, who in its noonday prime
Boldly comes forth to seize his grappling prey——
But like the jackall slinking through the brake,
Or prowling wolf, or smoothly gliding snake,
Steals on the victim, when the treacherous snare
Has caught and bound the lion in his lair.
And snarls, and gnaws, and stings his noble heart—
Back, coward reptile ! loathsome as thou art,
Touch¹ not the image of the mighty dead
Whom thou consigned to death, but trembling give
The few short withering years thou hast to live
In deep repentance, and the conscience dread,
Of fame immortal heaped upon thy head——

Search if the dungeons of thy breast retain
One seed by nature scattered in thy heart,
And if yet *one*, though withered as the grain
Two thousand years in Theban bread has lain,
Sow it in penitence, and in the dust
Bedew it with thy tears, and Heaven, though just,
May yet be merciful—may yet impart
Balm to thy dying hour—for man disdains
Thy voice, thy prayer—but bend thy trembling knee,
Which totters now by that eternal sea,
On whose dark ocean is a rock for thee ;
Weep in the dust, bow down, and cry to Heaven,
If such a soul as thine can be forgiven——
Pour forth to HIM thy guilt, thy crime, thy shame,
For blushing earth has blotted out thy name !

To *him*, thy victim—whose imperial brow
Is crowned with laurel—in the golden glow,
And dazzling splendour of that sun which shone
Wide o'er the world, and yet its blaze will show,
When thine is in the night of ages gone——
To *him* !—the pyramid of fame uprears
Its mighty head, and shooting to the spheres,
Pierces above the clouds of earth, and shines
For ever in the light of Heaven—its shrines

And temples gemmed, and crusted o'er with light
And dazzling glory, know nor cloud nor night,
But like that sun, the centre of his sphere,
Sheds day o'er all, which circling far and near
Draws to that nucleus bright, yet dare not touch
The bound proscribed by HIM who made it such—
And said, Kiss ye the rod, lest in his wrath
Presumptuous all ye perish from the earth——
So shines *his* glory—so above your fate
Your grovelling jealousy and puerile hate
Gleams out and radiates his imperial throne,
Which God constructed, and which man must own,
But cannot touch—approach—nor add, nor take
One ray of glory, nor one triumph shake——
HE made it—raised it up, and gave it power
To shake the world, that kings might see and cower,
And when his glorious eagle bore the flower
Of chivalry above all living fame,
And trembling Europe bowed before his name—
High *Heaven* removed him for Its own wise will, ;
That others might continue to fulfil
Their minor destinies, and twinkle still
Through the flood light of his immortal blaze——
But vain to play your puppets to upraise

An equal now, or from the ages gone—
From Greece or Rome—where'er the mighty
shone—

None lives, or lived—perhaps, shall ever be
Equal on earth to him through all eternity—

Ye sink but in the struggle—burn your wings
Ye moral insects—feeble, fluttering things—
Ye only feed the flame which licks ye up—
Oil of his golden lamp's refulgent cup—
Bow down and worship then, that radiant star
Which God created, and ye may not mar,
Nor dim nor darken, for your envy cloud
But shades from you the sun ye cannot shroud ;
For what HE formed ye may not stain nor blight,
Nor change, nor frustrate ; ye must *all* unite,
Meekly to move in HIS illustrious light,
If ye would shine yourselves in history's pages—
For 'tis not now, but in the coming ages
Ye shall be judged, and tried in the pure flame
Of burning truth, and sink, or rise to fame,
By that which in your essence shall be found
The crimes or virtues in your deeds redound ;
Then like the golden ore, whose weight profound
Bears down the balance—thus ye shall be crowned
As ye deserve, by glory or disgrace,
So ye your talent bury or increase—

And, *thou!* whom Heaven hath fitted for such lot,
Dishonour's vessel—Moab's menial pot
Shall bear *thy* tattered garment of renown,
Thy Tryton sceptre, and thy scorpion crown——
O'er the wide earth, where'er its clime or place,
Whate'er its temples, worship, forms, or race,
O'er all triumphant still, eternal fame
Clothes *Him* with deathless glory—thee with shame!

Rose of the Faithful.

“In quo judicio judicaveritis, judicabimini.”

ROSE of the faithful !—bright, illustrious flower !
 Emblem of purity !—I hail in thee
 The richest gem of Albyn's mountain bower,
 And fairest blossom of her loyalty——
 Upon thy country's breast, in love and light,
 Thy spotless leaf unfolds its virgin hue,
 Pure as the winter snow on Lapaich's height,
 Warm as the sunshine, sweet as summer dew,
 Which bathes the gentle Oirean's pearly cheek,
 Where, in the cool, the dun deer love to seek
 The gushing fountain sparkling from its side,
 Pouring the lucid stream's unsullied tide,
 With all its crystal treasures fresh and free,
 Spreading bright verdure round, and gladdening all,
 like thee.

Maid of the lily brow and raven hair,
How deep my spirit pours its grateful tide,
For all thy heart has reared from the despair,
Which bowed our blessed Church, and patriot pride.
Rose of the faithful, pure and spotless flower,
In Albyn's wilderness a lingering light,
With which amid her happiest—proudest hour,
She had rejoiced to grace her garland bright.
Rose of the faithful, thy unfolding bloom
Shines in thy country's bosom fair and meek,
And sheds sweet incense on her slumbering tomb,
And bids her dead arise, her spirit speak.

Child of the Cross ! thy gentle voice hath come,
Like dew unto my heart—my lips were dumb ;
Not that my spirit could not feel, and speak,
But from its source, too full a tide would break,
If once the flood-gates of the soul were free,
Loosed from the bonds which bind it morally——
That spring-tide of the soul, o'erwhelming truth——
Filled in misfortune, the deep inward growth
Of gratitude, for unrequited deeds,
And all the wrongs for which my spirit bleeds,
Which thy brave sires were destined to endure
For loyalty, and faith,—those sisters pure—

Of whom thou art the living emblem bright,
All spotless as the lily's virgin-white——

Far in a distant land, I now recall
The hours of gladness in thy father's hall :
The winds of eve seem sadly here to bring
Thy voice of music—and thy trembling string
In warbling echoes, mingles with the strain,
As sighs the breeze o'er Dresden's golden plain,
Where Elbe's broad stream glides peaceful to the
main,

Unmindful of that stern and dreadful day—
The storm of Heaven, and the battle's fray,
Its waves reflected—when I last looked down
O'er its wide bosom, and beleagured town,
When, 'midst the proud victorious host, I stood
And gazed triumphant o'er the crimson flood :
Years have past silent,—heavily away,
The change of dynasties, the world's decay——
Here rose my morning sun, in cloudless light,
How sunk the noon on Farna's pine-clad height,
Where passed the zenith of our withering years?——
My blighted brow the speechless answer wears——

'Tis not all selfish that these vain regrets,
In discontent, seem bitterly to flow ;

But there are gathered on my heart the debts
Of generations past—which ages owe
In long arrear accumulating down,
A debt of gratitude for which a crown
Were all inadequate to render half
The interest of its worth—such England bears,
In retribution, for her reckless wars,
And blood-stained laurels — yes ! scoff on, and
 laugh,
Who heaped it up before your golden calf——
It weighs upon your neck the drowning stone,
And slowly sinks the empire and the throne,
And drags the struggling thirty millions down.
I do not mourn the loss of pomp and state,
Nor heed the nasal cant, nor grovelling hate,
Of Fanatism's scoff——no, these were born
To scourge man's errors, like the venom'd thorn
In the blest martyr's side—and to be cast,
When the probationary term is past,
Heaped up and gathered with all other briars,
As retribution claims to feed the fires——
But fain would I repay the patriots' zeal
By deeds, not words, and witness *how* we feel
The bright fidelity of those who fell ;
Their deep devotion who but loved too well,

And grateful to their children's bosom fill,
All which we owed them—*owe* them doubly still
In such as thee—for all was freely given,
Like Abel's fruits, the first and best to Heaven,
A voluntary gift, a lavish flood,
Of boundless homage—offered in their blood——

'Tis hard to feel these yearnings of the soul,
This thirst, these bitter longings of the heart,
Yet bend the struggling spirit to control
Its gushing fountains, and still coldly part,
As if the blighted breast was turned to stone,
And every softer feeling crushed, and gone—
But 'tis *not* dead—such ties can *never* die,
But fortune, death, and destiny, defy :
No lingering exile shall consume its light,
Nor its flame flicker in the cold world's night :
Shrined in the secret heart, intense it glows,
Like the deep fire within the hill of snows,
Concentrated a burning nucleus bright,
Deathless and pure, though veiled from mortal sight.

Dra Pro De.

I KNOW that I am going hence—ye few
 And blessed friends, farewell—there was a time
 When I should fain have lingered here with you
 On the bright earth—when in the summer's prime,
 Like a wild bird, I spread my joyous wing
 To the warm breath of heaven—but, to-day !——
 The bright returning sun—the glistening spring,
 The wild bird's song, all, all, have past away.
 Why should I grieve to go——silent, but fast,
 My ebbing life runs out——I do not shun
 That rest because 'tis deep beneath the fail,
 And flower, and tree, shall bend its dewy veil
 Above my sleep, instead of damask pall——
 Is not the breeze of heaven, the murmuring fall,
 The fragrant birch, the wild rose, fresh and pale,
 Sweeter than scented couch or perfumed hall !
 Weep not for me, ye few—ye sacred few,
 I bear to heaven a purer love for you.

Shall not I then, above the dark earth's woe,
Look down upon you ? shall not I behold
Your gentle faces ?—weep not when I go,
The spirit lives, though wastes this mortal mould,
And upward soars o'er boundless worlds afar,
Away, away, beyond the farthest star,
To live for ever, glorious, bright, and free,
Never to weep again—do not I see
The future now——and feel it all, when soon
The spirit, loosened from this earthly swoon,
Shall pass from death to life, and the worn frame
Shall moulder in the dust, nor wake to weep,
To groan, and struggle on through years of pain—
Why should ye mourn, and add another grief
To the already worn and broken-hearted ?
Ye may not heal this wound, nor bring relief
To him whose summer days have now departed.
Then waste no fruitless tears, regrets, for one
Whose griefs are o'er, whose life hath just begun—
Yet I would not that ye should heedless pass
The spot where I repose ; for that, alas !
Would speak a reckless heart, a want, a dearth
Of all things loved and sacred on the earth :
Then pause and look upon the mossy hill,
The wild flower's blossom, and the waving tree——
List to the summer bird, the murmuring rill,
Think how I loved them all,—and—pray for me.

The Flowers of the Dead.

“ ——— Quoniam nec Salomon in omnia gloria sua coopertus est sicut unum
ex istis.”

THE sun has gone down o'er the rest of the dead,
From each fair pillow and lone green bed,
Where the poor and the mighty lay their head,
And the cool damp earth and the clear blue sky
Is still as their sleep who 'neath them lie.
But bright in the west there lingers yet
The parting glow of the red sunset,
Now gone to his rest in the deep blue main,
Like those who sleep to arise again.——

The rose and the lily are blooming there,
And the primrose pale and the cowslip fair,
And many a sweet and dewy flower
To sprinkle the dead with her balmy shower.
The daisy has made their pall of white,
And the cross stands over them tall and bright ;

And 'mid the light of the blossoms rare,
High blazoned banners are gleaming there,
And wave their bright wings o'er the brave,
As the night wind sighs across their grave.—

I sat upon the lone green girth,
And my sight pierced down through the mound of
earth,
To the deep and narrow cell of woe,
And the cold pale flower which sleeps below——
The damask rose bends o'er her rest,
And the lily stands bright beside her breast,
And over her head the night-bells stir——
Lily of Heaven, pray for her!——
Lovely and sweet they raise their stem,
But she was more lovely and sweet than them,
And the golden light of her yellow hair,
Like the sun that shines on her pillow there——

The gleam of the west and the still twilight
Faded away to the grey of night,
And the stars came twinkling one by one,
And the broad moon rose like a dusk red sun,
Higher and higher she upward rode,
Till the dim tree tops their trembling showed,

And the horloge face nigh told the hour
In the hoary gleam on the grey church tower ;
And over that garden still and bright,
Faintly there stole a glistening light,
Till the dewy blossoms and silver bells
Shone pale and clear as pearly shells,
And through the dim night's shadowy veil,
Crosses and banners glimmered pale,
And the tall white stones like shapes of mail,
As if amid that moonshine fair
The glittering host of Heaven was there.

So faded in life *her* form away,
Like the setting sun and the parting day ;
And so before her spirit lone
Brightened the coming world unknown.
Around the bed where she is laid,
The flower shall fall, and the leaf shall fade ;
And the winter shall spread its pall of snow,
To cover her breast when they shall go.
But bright again above her tomb,
The grass shall spring and the flower shall bloom,
And the sun return and the blue sky smile,
As ever above it shone the while——
The dust beneath that green turf lies,
But the spirit is bright in those bright skies——

The spring and the summer shall wither here,
But there is no fall nor fading there ;
For in His bright garden for evermore,
The sun shines bright on the blessed shore,
And never to fade in winter's gloom,
For ever and ever the flowers shall bloom.

The Traptor.

" Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum."

THE tale has come unto mine ear at last,
 Breathing deep treachery and venom'd hate—
 Mysterious voice ! whose melancholy truth
 Speaks of foul fraud discovered but too late—
 My heart misgave me of a subtle foe,
 But trusting thee I feared no secret blow—
 That thou shouldst judge me !——never thought so
 base

In my confiding heart once held a place ;
 But envy gnaws the heart's strong links away,
 And jealousy exults in its decay——
 How could it be that thou, all truth itself,
 Confiding, faithful, as thou wert—that *thou*
 Could of a friend beloved—yes, once beloved,
 Believe such treason, and condemn unheard
 The friend thou knew like the "true mountain bird?"¹
 I blame thee not—alas ! I cannot blame——
 Thou wert deceived—not thine, but hers the shame,

¹ " Fir-eun-nam Beann."—Gael. The Eagle.

Though to my inmost soul she struck the knife,
Deep and unerring to the quivering life——
But how couldst thou have heard—believe—and
think

Of all the past—will not thy memory shrink
From that sweet time when summer flowers were
bright

And soft, and sad the solemn shades of night,
Slept on * * * * 's stream, and 'neath the light
Of the bright stars we walked her banks alone——
What tears can wash away—what blood atone——
The sacrilegious lie which dare to name
That holy hour, and turn its joy to shame.

And could the traytor live on earth—and thou
Lend thy true ear to falsehood and base art,
And sacrifice my once beloved, and bow
To one so worthless——thou to whom my heart
Poured its full tide of secret feeling forth
In the deep flood of unsuspecting truth——
But it is past—I ask thee not to wake
That confidence which treachery could shake,
Or call my memory from the shades of night,
O'er which her treason shed its mildew blight——
I have been wronged, and thou hast been misled,
Not thine the dagger—though the wound is mine,

THE

Yet happy if my heart

In ought unstained, a

I will not now complain—it matters

If I have suffered, let it be forgot.

I ask thee not to take these words for sooth—

But thou wilt one day tremble at their truth.

I grieve not for myself alone, but thee,

On whom the cherished viper turns from me,

And stings the guiltless breast, sustained its head,

And strikes the gentle hand its friendship fed.

I mourn the treachery which blights and sears

The love of childhood and the trust of years—

That guilt should triumph, and that fraud could
mine

The granite rock where friendship raised her shrine—

Still in its ruin lives the cherished tie,

And crushed affection bleeds, but not to die,

Unmoved by weakness, and unstained by crime,

Unquenched by falsehood, and unchanged by time—

Outlives the world's reproach, the bloom of youth,

And triumphs still immortal in its truth,

Faithful, confirmed, eternal, and alone,

When all but its own constancy is gone—

I will not tell thee what I felt—must feel—

Too fond to wound thee—and too proud to kneel—

Condemned unheard !——my spirit scorns to crave,
Or plead before the wretch I deigned to save,
Whose base ingratitude for counsel given,
To raise the soul from vice, and point to Heaven—
Forgot the debt she owed salvation's grace,
Till the false blood lost conscience in her face,
Whose reckless course, uncurbed by ties or laws,
Rushed headlong in perdition's flaming jaws,
Till like the fiend, she sought to share her shame
With the bright virtue which she could not claim,
And lost to all remorse each passion won—
Now triumphs in the ruin she has done.

Dost thou not know Me ?

" *Dextera Domini exaltavit me.*"

DOST thou not know me ?——in thine hours of mirth,
 Comes there no thought upon thy troubled soul,
 Of blood which cries for vengeance from the earth ?
 The grave gives up her dead, the thunder's roll
 Breaks the deep slumber—retribution's storm
 Is blackening o'er thee !——dost thou know this form ?
 Look on me, then ! behold, O man, the blight
 Thy hidden wrongs have spread around my way—
 Have fixed the withered smile, and dimmed the light
 Which lip and eye once knew in early day.
 What are my griefs to thee ? wilt thou dispel
 The cheerless gloom which gathers on my brow ?
 Thou ! in whose soul foul fraud and murder fell,
 Lurks 'neath the smile which mocks the mortal blow ?
 Thou, whose dark venom filled the deadly flower—
 The baneful nightshade, with its noxious spell——

Which twined its poison through my lonely bower,
And choked my life's bright rose, and stainless
lily's bell.

What I have done in those long blighting years,
Hopeless and wretched, scorned, and scorning all,
I need not say—bright hopes and withering fears,
Alike have past, and none can now recall——
Then mock and smile, but I have done my part ;
Thou knowest me not, and if there is a waste,
A dreary, lonely waste, within my heart,
Thou shalt not see it——but the silent haste
Of time draws nearer—then I, too, may smile ;
But thou wilt shrink—and all whose hearts, erewhile,
Have scorned and shunned me,—at my parting
breath,
Behold ! and tremble ! I can smile at death !

Then dost thou think, O man, I bend me now,
To crave thy pardon ? seek it at the knee
Of earthly power ?——look upon my brow,
Read all thy hand^h has written there, and see,
Blighted and broken, what am I to thee ?
I have been bent to earth, and from the dust,
Like Abel's blood before the altar-stone,
My cry went up before the Great and Just,
And called for vengeance at His mighty throne—

Yes—I bent lowly at his holy shrine,
When no eye saw me but the eye divine,
Which pierced my spirit——With my secret prayer
One name was mingled in my lonely heart—
The sole companion, only solace there——
Through my dark fortunes, and my wrongs a part
Of all my living faith, and hope on high——
And thou blasphemmer laughed upon my trust,
And mocked my homage till I met thine eye,
And stamped thy felon spirit in the dust.

But I have scorned thee, faithless as thou art,
Disdained thy smile, and laughed upon thy frown,
And deeply buried all within my heart,
Nor wept nor sighed, but laboured to bring down
On thee and thine the lightning and the flood,
To expiate in yours the martyr's blood.
I do not now repine——and if I did,
Thine ear, vile man, has never heard me sigh,
I have no hopes to mourn, no fears to dread
That lone dark place where thou and I must lie.
Look on me, then !——Upon its awful brink
My weary foot now pauses to depart——
Still is that calm deep bed——What, dost thou
shrink ?——
To feel the icy worm steal round thy heart :——

Where is thy courage now, the daring scorn
Which mocked at earth and Heaven, as if born
To live for ever in dominion here?
Now may *I* laugh and triumph in thy fear.——

Thou trampled upon all my heart could rend,
But Heaven ordained a vengeance for the end;
And deeply thou hast paid the deadly debt,
The stain in which thy hands were reddened yet,
By sea and land, by fire and rolling flood,
Choked in the wave, or blushing in thy blood.
Like hungry lion o'er the foot-marked sand,
The angel follows with the flaming brand,
And wretched, blind, presumptuous worm of dust,
Deserted by the fiend thou made thy trust,
Cut off from earth and Heaven, how wilt thou die,
And stand before His dread all-searching eye——
Whom thou hast mocked and wearied in thy pride,
Because HE was not seen——Where wilt thou hide
Thy head before HIM in that dreadful day,
When from His face, in tempest and in flame,
The Heaven and the earth shall fly away,
And through the crashing spheres each crumbling
frame
Resolves together like a shrivelling scroll,
While from each falling star and rending pole
The thunders through eternity shall roll,

And waxing louder the dread trumpet sound——
Then 'mid the gathering worlds arising round,
The fire shall shrink thee, and the flame shall drink
The deathless æther from the mortal soul,
And on the lightning's wings thy spirit sink,
Plunged in the blazing gulf beyond salvation's
brink.

To the Dighrean.¹

" The flower hangs its heavy head,
 " Waving at times to the breeze——
 " Why dost thou wake me, O gale?
 " I am covered with the drops of Heaven,
 " The time of my fading is near,
 " And the blast which shall scatter my leaves."

OSSIAN.

" WHY dost thou droop thy bells, sweet flower,
 " And weep beneath the silvery shower?
 " Why dost thou drop that pearly tear?
 " There is no storm nor tempest here.
 " Is it, thou left the golden shore
 " Of thy bright spring, to meet no more?
 " And dost thou bend thy head to weep
 " For thine own mountain's flowery steep?"
 And dost thou mourn thy sisters bright,
 The twinkling stars, and queen of light,
 And the pale planet, calm and clear,
 On thy own mountain top so near?

Maid of the mountain, thou wast born
 On the bright forehead of the morn,

Where first the sun-beams light the dew,
And sprinkle through its pearly hue,
The glittering gold and sapphire blue.
When often as thy bloom they kissed,
The world below yet slept in mist,
Silent, and cold, and dark as they
Who dwell upon its laboured clay.
Flower of the desert, sweet and free
Is all the world which dwells with thee.
Oft at thy bright and gushing rill
"The stag at eve has drank his fill ;"
And oft upon thy golden bed
Her spotted fawn¹ the doe has hid :
And oft above, upon the cairn,
Has perched the keen and hungry erne,
And searched the heath, nor yet his eye
Pierced that hill-cradle's canopy.
And when its pall the winter spread,
O'er the white mountain's shattered head,
For food and shelter, to thy side
The ptarmigan came down to bide
The driving snow, and famine wide.

Maid of the mountain, thou wast born
Amid the thunder and the storm ;

But HE who made thy fragile flower,
Ruled in the whirlwind and the shower,
Which at HIS will should rend the rock,
And to the plain sweep stone and stock ;
And HIS sun shone upon thy breast,
His breath breathed o'er thy fragrant rest-
Breath of the blue and spotless sky,
Where the deer dwell and eagles cry,
Filled with life, joy, and liberty.

Child of the bright and stainless snow,
Thou couldst not live with flowers below,
And draw thy essence from the mold,
Black with corruption deep and cold.
Thine was the pure unmingled earth
Which gives the heath and dryas¹ birth,
Above the rank and steaming clay,
Still fattened with the world's decay ;
With thee from spring till winter's gloom,
Nor forests fall nor flies consume,
Save when thou change thy maiden bloom ;
Or when amid the desert high
The antlered monarch comes to die——
King of the hill, his crown to lie
In the deep mountain sanctuary.

Thine is the world of freedom cheer,
World of the eagle and the deer,
Where the sun shines wide, and the bright streams
 flow,
And none shall toil and trouble know,
Frank as the winds which round them blow.
Flower of the hill, most fair and free,
Great is my joy to dwell with thee——
But I am in the weary hall,
And thou within the “Pleasance” wall,
And thy bright eye is dimmed and pale,
And bends thy blossom to the gale,
And thy heart wastes in slow decline,
As the same world has cankered mine.

The Anniversary.

"Memor esto Domine, filiorum Edom, in die Jerusalem; Qui dicunt, exinanite! exinanite! usque ad fundamentum in ea!"

PA. cxxxvi. 7.

"Iratum sum super populum meum, et dedi eos in manu tua, non posuisti eis misericordias super senem aggravasti jugum tuum valde."

"Pro eo quod dixisti Euge! euge! super terram Israel, quoniam desolata est, et super domum Juda, quoniam ducti sunt in captivitatem."

"— Pro eo quod fecerunt Palestini vindictam, et ulti se sunt toto animo interficientes et implentes inimicitias veteres"—————

PROPH. ISAIAE xlvii. 6; EZEKIELIS xxv. 3, 15.

A HUNDRED years have rolled their tide away,
 With all their crumbling dynasties' decay—
 A hundred years of banishment have run,
 A hundred years of sore atonement past——
 Another century has now begun,
 And the stern prophecy has reached at last
 The generations doomed—the third and fourth
 Of those whom Heaven, in Its promised wrath,
 Has scattered to the winds—and far, and wide,
 O'er the broad world, and ocean's bursting tide,
 Destined to wander for their father's sin,
 Till in the dust a heritage they win

By long endurance—retributive pains—
That penance of the soul which mercy gains——
And they have now fulfilled that high command
Which drove them forth, and made them eat the
bread

Of exile in a strange and distant land;
Till their lost name was mingled with the dead—
The moral tomb her shadowy pall hath spread
Between the world and them—till lost—forgot,
Their people ceased to mourn, and knew them not—
Houseless and landless, nameless, and alone,
They came as strangers—aliens to their own——

But !—shall we murmur then—like Cain rebel
Against the hand which smote us in our pride——
Rise against Heaven, and ourselves renew
The treason which our fathers overthrew——
No ! God forbid—we humbly bend to Thee,
And own Thy justice and our errors all,
And at thy holy altar bend the knee——
Not Thine the *cause* which wrought our empire's
fall——

THOU in THY justice smote—but we provoked like
Saul——

Humbly of THEE we seek forgiveness now——
But not of man—We stand alone, nor bow,

Nor seek the quibbling faction for our right——
Our father's soul unquelled in mortal might
Asks for no herald to proclaim our place,
To the base traytors who deposed our race,
Whose hands were reddened in the martyrs' blood,
And filled their treason in Culloden's flood——
We owe them nought—*our* cup of crime is spilt——
Lost in the whelming ocean of their guilt——
An angel's searching eye may find the drop
In the wide bosom of their brimming cup,
But *man* dares not condemn, nor cast the stone——
We rise—appeal for justice at Thy throne——
And we have long subdued our spirits proud,
And owned our fate's hereditary fruit,
And laid the finger on our lips, and bowed
Beneath our destiny, resigned and mute.
We heard the falsehood we could not refute,
And champed the iron bit which curbed our soul,
And held our spirits down in stern control,
Before that Judge, who said, "Ye shall abide
" MY word and will, nor tempt ME in your pride,
" As in the desert where MY people died"——
That wilderness, so far and fearful trod,
Sown with the impious rebels to their God——
Where the bright censers lightened forth HIS fire,
And the earth opened at HIS word of ire——

Was past, atoned in forty flitting years——
But we have traced a hundred with our tears,
Till the wide desert dust o'erwhelmed our name,
Our wrongs, our faith, our lineage, and our claim——

Yes, we have worn a hundred years away,
Without the honied manna to revive
The drooping spirit in its slow decay——
His hand was raised, 'twas vain for earth to strive,
And manhood waned to age, bowed down, and
grey——

Another, and another, past away,
Race after race, until the spirit lay
In humble penitence, before the cross,
Refined and purified from earthly dross——
Then broke the dawn upon our chequered life,
Amidst the crumbling world's convulsive strife——
We owned the errors which our fathers nursed——
The abyss where they plunged, with madness
cursed——

Bowed to the truth, which weighed the balance
down,
“And found them wanting,” like Belshazzar's
crown——

Our spirits sprung above the empty joy,
In the bright bauble of the regal toy——

Illustrious only, when the brows they light
Shine with a moral radiance still more bright——
Our spirits rose, and rent away the veil,
Which shrouds the Pagod shrine and image frail,
And showed the being, as by nature given,
Confessed and naked in the eye of Heaven——
Stripped of the purple robe and golden horn,
Which gilds with greater shame and brighter scorn,
The fool or felon to the ermine born.
For truth we raise the voice, not tyrant power,
But moral empire, that bright lily flower,
Which Solomon in all his glory failed
To emulate with half the living light
Which bloomed upon the Heaven-wrought blossom
 bright
Before whose virgin leaf his splendour quailed,
And owned the beauty of “the field” prevailed.
Then what have we to seek?—Nought ye can
 give——
The world is passing from us, and we live
No more on sweet delusion, strong desire,
The wild and tender longings of the heart ——
The wildering thrill, like breeze upon the lyre,
Waked by the Siren voice—the lips which part
In seraph music, breathing sweet and low,
As from the soul the feelings *seem* to flow——

The eager pulse, the bosom throbbing fast—
Love,—power,—and ambition,—all have past,
Seared in their waning noon, by truth's resolving
blast——

But we have something still to offer up
On memory's shrine—one pearl within the cup
Of bitterness and tears—a pledge to send
A farewell lay—a withered wreath to blend
With the wild flowers of our mountain land——
Oft has my spirit died, when by yon den,¹
I sat amid the silence of the glen,
And heard the tales of blood which stained its stream——
Till in my thrilling ears and heart would seem
To ring the death-shot,² and the infant's scream,
And mother's wail—but now it upward springs,
And soars once more upon its eagle wings,
With rapid flight, and lightning bolts to rend
The veil of years—a parting voice to send——
A cry to heaven—a thunder peal to shake
The mountain wilderness, and bid the dead awake——

Land of my fathers !—Through Culloden's gloom
There shines a light of glory on thy tomb,
A star which to posterity shall tell
How the base conquered, and the noble fell.

The stainless page of history shall bear
From the dark smoking glen and mountain lair,
The glory of the poor who suffered there,
Through ravening famine, and the pain of death,
The searching falchion, and the flaming breath,
Which spared not youth or age——The child—the
sire——

And wrapt their harvests and their homes in fire—
And yet through all—*Who* lived—lived faithful still,
A hunted outlaw on the ravaged hill,¹
Amid the veiling clouds and storms, to dwell
With the wild fox and eagle on the fell.
There free, like them, upon the rocky bed,
Slaked with the spring, and by the berry fed,
They scorned the bribe upon their prince's head—
To them a treasure in their laps had rolled,
A heap of boundless wealth, unknown, untold——
And *they* refused it all²——in want to die,
Who might have lived in ease and solace high,
And *present* grace——and future infamy——
Their race is gathered nameless in the grave——
Their children scattered to the wind and wave——
Their garb, their tongue, and all their records rare,
And e'en the memory what once they were,
Their wrongs, their virtues—all they knew and felt,
Is vanished like the cloud in which they dwelt,

Alone—their last now left upon the hill——
 As if the parted spirit hovering still——
 All of their race behind—the eagle king
 Wheels o'er the desert carn with lonely wing——
 The last dark emblem of what once their own——
 Their native monarch, and their mountain throne.

For desolation reigns in Holyrood,
 And in the sacred dust the regal strewed,
 The bones of princes¹ whiten in the air,
 Neglected as the stones which moulder there——
 But hark!—a voice the ruined cloister shakes,
 And the cell trembles, and the earth awakes!——
 Go forth and stand before thy country's grave,
 And like Elijah in the mountain cave,
 Wrap thy torn blood-stained mantle o'er thy head,
 And listen to the words which call thee from the
 dead!—

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Land of the brave, our hearts have wept for all
 Thou hast endured for us, and in our fall
 We mourn the desolation, scorn, and woe,
 Which to a humbled province brought thee low——

All *thou* hast suffered, and atoned as guilt——
The precious blood in gushing torrents spilt,
For this we grieve, with anguish o'er your thrall.
Not for the gilded wood and velvet pall——
We own the justice——provocations all,
Which broke the golden wand, and rent the crown
From those who erred, and in the dust bow down
To HIM who gifted—who resumed their sway——
Shall we not kiss the rod, and prostrate say,
“Father, THOU gave, and THOU hast rent away”——
All blessed be THY great and glorious throne,
Before whose searching face all sins are known !——

But we have much atoned——yours now the shame
Who on our peaceful hearths relentless came,
And quenched in victim blood the rapine flame——
'Twas not your father's talent, fame, nor right,
Which raised you up, and gave you power to smite,
And crown the palfrey in the lion's throne,
No—the deep overthrow was all our own ;
We may not weep the fallen——Heaven is just——
But all the crimes you heaped upon their dust,
Could never vindicate the blood you spilt——
The savage butchery—inhuman guilt,
Which stamps a curse upon your race and name,
Who rose by blood and rapine, sword and flame.

The mighty wheel of time has turned again——
To-day they stand, the slayer and the slain,
Before HIS awful face—no bound of time
Between the patriot's pain, the victor's crime——
This day !—this day !—a hundred years ago,
Was filled with ruthless massacre and woe ;
And think not less, because a hundred years
Have veiled the dead, and dried the mourner's tears,
The mortal wrong unexpiated still,
Cries from the earth to Heaven its wrath to fill.
Think not because those fleeting years have fled.
Like the slain victims, that the crime is dead,
That now the bones are covered by the sod,
Their spirits plead not at the throne of God.
No !——unatoned, and unrepented yet,
Still fresh as if the sanguine stain was wet,
As dark and deep on thy imperious head,
The crime is burning, and the blood is red.
You think, perchance, because the hand which led,
To-day is numbered with Culloden's dead——
That all is now forgotten and undone,
The dead departed——and the living——none !
“ Is HIS hand shortened that it cannot save ?”
And if HE wills, shall HE not wake the grave ?——
Amid the carnage storm, the balls flew wide,
Why willed not Heaven that *he* then had died ?

They turned the bridle as he sought for death,
And bore him forth upon the arrowy breath,
Of the wild stormy wind on which they fled,
And after through full many a danger dread,
He lived—to die in peace—You think none more
Lived after him to see your blood-stained shore!—
The Heaven which saved him, and the earth which
hides,

Laughs on your idle thought—your boast derides—
The past is with the dead—the future yet.
All for the living in the cloud of fate.
And what HE wills, nor you nor we may know,
But think not that the wronged are all below——
At winter in the earth's dark bosom deep,
The torpid chrysalis lies locked in sleep,
But at the turn of spring the insect bright
Wakes with new life, and springs into the light.——

A hundred years of exile now have run.
Since red Culloden's bloody field was won.
And all have long been summoned to that bar—
The dread tribunal, where no passions jar——
Nor “persons” shall find grace, nor fraud, nor might,
May wrest the widow and the orphan's right.
The patriot's wounds blest angels' hands have bound.
The martyr's brow celestial wreaths have crowned——

The houseless wife, who starved upon the wild——
The weeping virgin, and the murdered child——
All have received their robes of spotless white
From the just Monarch—GOD, who guards the
right,

And *ye* have won your scarlet garments too,
Your blood-stained sceptre and your crown of rue—
But !—heard ye not the cry, like Abel's, rise
From all our burning mountains, to the skies !——
Culloden's crimson field gives up her dead,
Her victims murdered on the helpless bed ;
The yawning trenches and the rending grave,
Yield to the blushing sun the martyred brave :
The lonely hut sends forth its bleeding shade,
The quiet shealing and the peaceful glade,
Where weeping mercy hid her gentle face,
And kneeling pity vainly sued for grace——
The wounded clansman butchered in his bed,
Stands there a living witness from the dead,
And shows the welling wound, the blood-stained
dart,

Which—then in mercy—pierced his quivering heart.
When to his glazing eye, the foul embrace
Of the fierce ruffian left its crimson trace
Upon his gentle maiden's cheek and brow,
His only offspring——But, behold her now !——

That virgin child—his hope, who knelt beside
His couch of pain—his glory, and his pride—
Whose shrieking prayer and supplicating eye,
And tender hands clasped wild in agony,
Saved not his parting life, and could not fly
The double crime which left her there to die¹—
Now, o'er his head she spreads her radiant wings,
And o'er the unblest grave his requiem sings,
And leaves to earth her blighted maiden wreath,
Her father's burning roof and blood-stained heath—
The flaming hamlet and the wasted moor,
Where died the wounded, and where starved the
poor.

Their spirits come from rock, and den, and cave—
The cold damp dwellings of the outlawed brave,
Where pent within, the demons heaped the pyre,
To reach their victims with the smoke and fire—
Who could not fight nor fly, but in despair
Rushed on the blinding flame and perished there²—
Glen,—mountain,—valley,—sends a fearful cry,
The wail of mothers, and the infant's sigh,
All mingling rise in thunder to His throne,
And call for doom your horrors to atone—
Vain is your triumph there—your daring hand,
Which bared the falchion, and laid waste the land—

And raised the gibbet, and unbound the axe,
And spread the ravening blaze like flame in flax——
We know that we had sinned, nor spare to own
That we had much to answer and atone——
God show us mercy at His awful throne——
But woe to *ye* who paid with limb and life,
Refused the rod, and smote with brand and knife—
Disdained the cry which mercy raised to save,
And plunged your weapon in the fallen brave—
Who fired the hut where dying wretches lay,
And drowned their wailings with your blasphemy—
A hundred years have passed in slow decay——
A thousand will not wash your stain away——
Eternity looks down and stamps with fire,
And bloody capitals the blackened quire ;
And justice gives the seal, and truth shall fix
The curse of crime upon "The FORTY-SIX !"

April 16, 1846.

The Eagle's Song.

I GO to the winds, from whence I came,
 I go to the cloud—the cloud of fame,
 To the trackless cairns, and the peaks on high,
 To the light, and the storm, and the boundless sky,
 Beyond the sight of the earth-born eye!——
 I go to the heaven from whence I fell,
 The cloud where the sleeping thunders dwell,
 Though lightnings scorched my wings on high,
 My feathers are thinned, and dimmed mine eye,
 And shrunk my heart——but not with age——
 By the prison gloom and the iron cage——
 Dogs of the earth, remember me!
 My feet are loosed, and my sails¹ are free,
 And my wings shall grow, and my heart shall rise.
 And the light come back to my feeble eyes,
 And my talons shall hold their grip again,
 When I spread my plumes to the heavenly rain.

¹ "Sails," in Falconry, the wings of birds of prey.

And drink the beams of the cloudless sun,
And sit on the mountain's peak alone,
And feel with my singles the granite stone.

We will not scathe the tender fawn,
Nor raise the lamb from the meadow's lawn,
Nor stoop at the peasant's fold and pen,
Crickets, and mice, and churl-blood men !——
But we will fly at the warrior's face,
The antlered deer on the monarch's chase,
The grey wolf's throat, and the wild bull's brow,¹
Kings of the hill, and the forest now,
And the fox shall howl, and the bear shall moan,
The eagle is free on his mountain throne !

The Retribution.

" *Gladius Domini et Gedeonis !* "

LONG years had past—we met again——
 I knew him, yet so much of pain
 Seemed to have marked his altered brow,
 I scarce could trace those features now.
 Cold, dark, and calm, his listless eye
 Had lost its reckless energy ;
 Yet in its sight, was that might tell
 Of other days remembered well——
 Of days, whose deeds might ne'er estrange,
 But broke the heart they could not change !
 Much—much, had past since last we met——
 They told me that he died ! and yet
 'Tis he—I know him still, though more
 Than twice twelve years are past and o'er——

'Twas on St John's wild field we met,
His brow was pale, his teeth were set,
I saw him as he fiercely past——
The simoon on the desert blast,
Less fatal than that wild career
Which swept the field with death and fear——
With bloody spear and loosened rein,
'Mid shrieks, and yells, and heaps of slain,
He urged his course through sulphur smoke,
And rolling fire, and sabre stroke,
As if wrath's angel winged him on
To deeds of slaughter more than man——
Now dark, and calm, and still he lent,
Beneath the high lamp's silver gleaming,
And recked not of the eyes which bent
The gaze that searched his inward dreaming-
Pale, fixed, and chill, and cheerless now,
Nought spoke upon his blighted brow,
Yet o'er him lived that nameless spell,
That something all unspeakable
Which steals into the gazer's breast,
Dark floating shadows half confessed.
The while his deep and settled eye,
In chilling calmness might defy
Each prying gaze, which oft would seek
Some answer from his changeless cheek——

Its orb, wild passion's light had fled,
Yet tells how his lone heart has bled,
But still some wandering glance betrays
The lingering thoughts of other days,
Which inly brooding may not sleep,
Covered, not quenched, like crater deep :
Where'er it falls remembrance clings,
And round the heart its influence flings,
A breathless spell thou canst not break,
An awe which blanches on the cheek,
And checks the laugh 'midst joy and light,
While in its memory lives a blight,
Which thrills through every nerve and vein,
And fills the heart with doubt and pain.
As if that look of marble stillness
Conveyed to all its icy chillness——
Whence was the cause ?——“ None e'er might say,”
But turned, and shunned, and passed away,
Yet cast a trembling look behind,
A hurried glance, as if to find
The secret spell, which filled with fear
Each throbbing heart when he drew near :
And nerved their brow to look with scorn
On one who wronged them not !—who born
Had buried all within his breast,
Nor asked their smile, nor broke their rest.

Whate'er it was, there lived a grief
 Which looked to none for aid—relief——
 All cold, and still, and fixed he stood,
 From his pale cheek the ebbing blood
 Had curdled round the silent heart,
 And froze within each vital part——
 Calmly he gazed on all around,
 Reckless of all, nor smiled nor frowned,
 Mirth on his brow no change could bring,
 And scorn had lost its withering——
 What recked he now their praise or sneer,
 He had no more to hope or fear?——

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“They know me not—and on my brow
 They see no fiery passions now,
 To tell how fierce my spirit woke
 From all its wrongs, and sternly broke
 The galling chain which sought to doom
 My lineage to a moral tomb——”

"They know me not—they deemed the earth
Had closed on all our name and birth,
And they would have *me* bend and plead
For favours——hire——a pander's meed!——
And sell my faith, my hope, my name,
And sue to them for grace and fame——
I scorned them, and the power they bear.
I spurned their gilded chain to wear,
Defied them with my dying breath——
For so I thought- and laughed at death."

"They know me not—nor knew me then——
They *felt* me since, and had it been
The will of HIM, earth held no place
To shelter their accursed race——
But years have rolled their sweeping stream
O'er dim existence like a dream——
Then—girt by thousands in their pride,
* * * * * bright banner they defied,
Nor marked the flickering colours far,
That twinkled like the morning star,
Then shot like meteor through the sky——
Yet all unheeded, till the cry
Burst loud and louder on the ear,
With death-shriek gathering wild and near."

'Twas then amidst the struggling fight,
One marked the hussar's banner bright,
And turned and motioned to his lord,
Who glanced it by with scornful word—
Its flickering point was forward pressed,
And waved its brodered fold behind,
O'er the close serried line which fast
Followed its reckless charge—The wind
Tossed its bright wing on high—a look
Once more he gave—yet stop nor turn,
Nor pause, nor check, the red staff shook,
But onward, steady, straight, and stern
Cleft through his swerving line—'twas there
The shout of vengeance swelled despair,
And mingling with the cannon's roar,
Thy shout, * * * * * rose once more ;
Then with red hand and loosened rein,
And throbbing heart and burning brain,
I sought them out through fire and flame,
And paid them for my broken name——
But what of this, I know not how,
At times across my burning brow
There comes a dim forgetfulness
Of things gone by—but 'twas not this
I meant to tell thee—There was one
Who crossed my path when day was done ;

'Midst flight, and charge, and wild career,
The broken tempest of despair——
And thunder crash, and iron sleet,
And rushing whirlwind of defeat——
Borne down outnumbered, closed and hemmed,
We choked the torrent which o'erwhelmed,
And fought with all the wild desire
Which burning hate and wrongs inspire——
That madness which the vanquished feel
Which strikes at once with hand and heel,
And lances 'midst the clustering foe,
With bloody spear and sabre's blow,——
And recked not aught of life or limb,
If the oppressor dies with him.——
Thus met we in the battle's tide——
The one I sought—in all his pride,
In all the pomp, and scorn, and power
Of triumph in that tempest hour,
As urging on the fierce pursuit,
He reaped the battle's harvest fruit,
And gave command to loose the glave,
No ransom—quarter—none to save——
I heard him as he swept the plain,
I knew his voice, and turned the rein,
Still at my side—brave hearts and high,
There rode a few—I felt that I
Held but the choice of how to die—

I could not die—and know that *he*
With all his crimes had triumphed free :
I turned, 'twas but a moment's thought,
My life was gone, a thing of nought,
I raised Saint Margaret's cross, which still
My house had kept through time and ill :
Once looked upon the holy rood,
Now stained and dimmed in blood imbrued——
And cried to HIM to give me power,
Like Samson in my dying hour——
Then rushed upon him—in his pride
He waved his sword, and scornful cried——
To cut me down——And sabre stroke,
And glancing fire, and rolling smoke,
Flashed round my head, and closed about,
And I was lost—Then burst the shout
Of triumph ; for they deemed I fell ;
But maddening at their demon yell,
From the deep sulphur's parting wrack,
I gave their deadly war-cry back,
And, like the lightning's sudden glare,
With loosened rein and forehead bare,
And smarting with the blood which now
Rained on my burning cheek and brow,
Forth through the thunder cloud I went,
And as our sabres swept the bent,

Down bore him to the earth, and shook
My sword above him—bade him look——
Look on my face, and know my name!——
He shrunk like reptile in the flame;
And withering turned—yet doubting half.
Gripped for his blade with scornful laugh—
Upreared and struggled—but 'twas past.
In heaven and earth the die was cast.
And as his eye gleamed hate and death.
The rushing life-blood choked his breath.
And back he sunk upon the lye!
And fixed his wild and glazing eye——
In that short moment from my face
Came back the vision of my race,
All which the gibbet, axe, and blade,
Homeless and landless now had made——
He turned him to the trampled fail——
Through flashing steel, and battle hail,
They charged to save him——Who had
To save or aid that vengeance hour——
One upward look he gave the sky.
The next was in eternity.

But, dost thou tremble?—such befall
The deeds which mark a soldier's life——

Yet blame not this, nor here miscall
The blow of "Retribution"—crime—
'Twas done upon the field of strife,
In mortal "*conflict to the knife*"¹——
But that is past——and many a time
In other lands I've heard them tell
The deeds which on that day befell ;
But none who told the deadly tale
E'er sighed, or shuddered, or turned pale
For those *we* lost——nor questioned why
One then so young——so free to die,
How little of the sooth they knew !
When that brief vision crossed their view,
And when they told in after hour
How like the lightning through the shower,
He struck the Leopard in his power——
The charge which closed to take or slay——
And how the hussar broke away,
Yet turned again, with laugh and shout,
And waved his sabre in the rout,
Then vanished in the smoke and crowd,
Lost in the battle's thunder cloud.

"And was there none who heard and gave
"One hope, one question for the brave?"——

No——proud they triumphed in our doom,
And mocked the rent and scattered plume,
When lightning tore the eagle's wing,
And boasted in the sabre's swing
Which heaped us like the trampled grain
That late waved heavy on the plain.
Full often since that dreadful day,
In stern debate, in dalliance gay,
In festal hall, in maiden bower,
And even in the holy hour,
From the grey sire and lisping child,
We heard all those we loved reviled——
The world was changed——our reign was o'er,
We wandered lone from shore to shore,
But in that pilgrimage we met
Some whom we never may forget ;
Bright blossoms on the desert lea,
Lone sunbeams on the winter sea,
True hearts and hands, as brave and high
As ever soothed sad sorrow's sigh,
Or kept a breach in jeopardy——

But *others* seemed—— We knew not why,
We know it now——to pass us by,
And shun our sight with fear or hate——
No matter which——'tis now too late
On words uncertain to debate——

But—" *strangers !*"—with the world's elect
Was title to distrust, reject,
Though heathens owned in nature's bent,
" By God the poor and stranger sent,
" All given to him, to Heaven is lent."¹——
But the proud *Christian* turns away,
And eyes his steps with jealousy,
Prying around with curious quest
Some evil blame to find—or wrest,
With question soft, and smile and sneer——
For life he dared not we should hear——
Like *thee*, on whose wan, sullen face,
The fallen denton stamped disgrace,
Though from brave *Thirlstane* sprung thy race——
But well we pierced the frail disguise,
And would have crushed ye like the flies
Which dance and fall in autumn skies,
But that too mean and vile ye were——
The mice about the Lion's lair,
And others far we live to brave——
Crush we the master, not the slave.

But some, forsooth, for purpose kind
Would fain have read our inmost mind,
Marvelled we told not whence we came,
Our lives, our fortunes—all our claim——

What !——tell to ye, whose rebel sires
Upreared the block, and waked the fires
Which burnt our roofs, and shed our blood
In flaming ruin and streaming flood ?
What !——shall the prowling jackal's ear
The councils of the Lion hear ?
And vipers in the eagle's nest
Coil round the mountain monarch's breast ?
No !——better far to reign alone
The sovereign of one mental throne,
Than shine the monarch of misrule
Upon the royal mummer's stool.
Our spirit born no chain to drag, *
Reared with the eagle and the stag,
Simple and free as their hill wind,
Casts the world's loathsome coil behind——
The glut of pride, the lust of power,
The thirst to heap the golden dower——
The NATION'S dower not thine own——
The mere mute¹ pageant of the throne,
The pampered dream of stall-fed ease,
The license each gross sense to please,
And power to hide, and gild the tomb
With glittering tinsel, withering bloom.

Give us the power to bless the poor,
The sad to cheer, the sick to cure,
To raise the humble, bend the proud,
Bridle the vain and lawless crowd,
Draw pining genius from its mine,
Unveil the light HE gave to shine,
And right the wronged, and crown the just,
And stamp the wicked in the dust ;
Then would we bear the gilded rod,
But bear it trembling before God,
Beneath whose eye—at whose footstool
All mortal monarchs hold their rule.

Nought we received, nor ask of man,
Nor fear, nor owe him but the span——
The span of earth which once was ours,
Where those we leave in after hours
Shall plant the cross, and strew the flowers
When we are gone——at his stern bar
We have been tried like steel in war,
But yet we stand before THE throne
Fearless and firm, though all alone.
Ye would have bowed us to your will,
Stained like yourselves, and deeper still ;
But we have borne the racking fire,
And scorned the tempter's lure and hire

To bend or change, and still will be
Free as the winds which sweep the sea,
Boundless, to spread our unshorn wing,
Like the wild water's bright "sea-king,"¹
Who reigns upon the heaven-capped rock
Which breaks the Ocean's thunder shock,
Where Kilda rears her mighty spires
O'er the blue empire of his sires.

The blood which flows within our heart,
Ye cannot change by fraud nor art ;
'Tis ours—'twas *his* whose crimson tide
Your bloody hands with treason dyed—
And ye may pour it forth again,
And add fresh scarlet to your stain ;
Yet from the earth its life shall wake,
And from the deep foundation shake
The rock on which you place your trust,
And hurl your fortress to the dust—
No matter when, nor where, nor how,
The just shall rise, the base shall bow,
And Heaven shall stretch its hand to save
The sinking faithful from the wave——

¹ "*Righ-Mara*,"—Ga. The Gannet. Probably a name applied to this bold and predatory sea-bird, from a tradition of the same term, given to the Chiefs of the Norse "*Vikingr*" in the Western Isles.

A hundred years may pass again——
Three hundred more ! like Moorish Spain——
But yet the Right shall rend his own
From off your brow, and win the throne,
Not by vain name—and iron rod——
The *People's* throne——restored by GOD.
Speak not to me of place and power,——
I scorn them all—I have a dower
Better and mightier far—the will
The passions' serpent brood to kill :
To bend the Hydra of the mind,
And in subjection hold my kind——
Not by the sceptre, nor the sword,
Nor dubious council's yoked accord——
But by the power the soul to lay,
And to the rebel bosom say——
“ Confess, and tremble, and obey ! ”——
And when the clinging demons twine,
Rend from my breast their hands——like *thine*——
Here the true might of monarch sway——
His, who his own wild will can stay
And quell the tempter in his heart——
Ambition, glory—all the art——
The craft and cunning of the mind——
That mystic power so hard to bind.
Which skilled in deep illusion proves
The right in all it hopes and loves.

From this dark world I turn mine eye
To His high throne, who reigns on high,
And, careless of *dominion* here,
Bend me to *serve*——His rule of fear,
Who guides all power and rule below,
The tide of time, and wealth, and woe,
Like the wide Ocean's ebb and flow——
Before whose awful face and throne
There is no place of persons known——
To whom the monarch and the slave
Alike shall rise——how poor or brave——
From crystal shrine, or green-sod grave.
With whom alike shall reach on high
The prince's prayer—the captive's sigh,
Before whose eye alike confessed
The patriot's and the traitor's breast,
Before whose face, though wove in mail,
Angels shall rend the spirit's veil——
Before whose arm shall pass like chaff
The conqueror's sword, the peasant's staff——
Before whose majesty and might
When the base, impious, rend and blight
The world HE made so good, and bright——
When man rebels, and fiends rejoice——
From His dread throne, "The still small voice
Speaks through the thunder and the storm,
And quells the demon's rearing form.

Thus Michael raised his spotless wing
Above the fallen Angels' king,
Nor railing word accusing said——
But——“ GOD REBUKE THEE !”——and he fled.

My voice shall soon have passed from earth
Like theirs who gave the wanderer birth,
And nought remain of him who now
Bows on the cross his aching brow,
Yes !—the bright cross ye dare to mock—
Sign of that Church upon the rock
Whose narrow path shall crown and bless
The “ faithful ” few who onward press
Against the deep o'erwhelming tide
Which sweeps destruction's passage wide—
Soon in the dust my exiled head
In deep oblivion shall be laid,
With all its earthly griefs and wrongs,
Loosed from the world's enslaving thongs ;
But o'er my bed the cross shall tell
My hope to those who love me well,——
The vacant chair——the sable pall,
The mantle pierced by lance, and ball——
The trophies of the silent hall——
The silken banner veiled with dust,
The sweeping sabre dimmed by rust,

The star which gleamed upon the breast.
The eagle plume, and broidered vest,
The crimson ribbon's watered fold.
The cross of *knighthood*—not of *gold*.¹
Won on the stormy field of fight,
When life was fresh, and hope was bright.—
These shall remind the careless eye,
The reckless throng—of days gone by——
But other thoughts shall wake the few,
The faithful remnant friends, and true.
And they shall turn towards the heap——
The couch of my untroubled sleep——
And read the words beneath the cross.
And kneel before it on the moss,
And weep for all which filled the heart.
While yet it beat, alone—apart,—
And bow the head, and breathe a prayer.
For mercy o'er the soldier's lair,
Whose last low parting accents gave
The legend for his lonely grave.——

**“ Dominus dedit dominus abstulit
sit nomen domini benedictum.”**

To the Divie.

SWEET Divie ! how thy murmuring floods,
Thy dewy banks and weeping woods,
Recall the bright and thoughtless dream,
When I was like thy dancing stream,
When all my glad and sunny hours,
Like thy sweet banks, were strewed with flowers
And boyhood's care, and joy, and fray,
Swept on the tide of youth away,
As down thy stream, in giddy whirl,
The sparkling foam and bubbles curl.
What time the owlet leaves her tree,
O ! how I love to gaze on thee,
And look to thy dim waving woods,
And listen to thy murmuring floods—
Then come the thoughts of times gone by,
When life seemed bright and gay as thee,
And all things wore a smile, and I
Dreamed nought of their inconstancy——

And wailing music seems to creep
In the lone breeze and forest's moan.
Mingled with voices I have known,
In hours, and scenes, and pleasures flown.
Days, months, and years, have rolled away.
Yet o'er my soul thy humming lay,
In murmuring rill and boiling spray—
And many a mingling chorus tongue,
From rock, and fall, and rapid flung,
Comes like the wild Æolian swell,
To my sad ear a long farewell.
Yet in thy tranquil hours, sweet stream,
O how much gladness fills the dream,
Of those whose fleeting footsteps pass
All lightly on the dewy grass,
Light fairy visions, bright as those
Who live beneath the wild woodrose :
Or where the moon is dancing bright,
Glide in the clear beams down thy light.

Oft have I marked their cloudless glee
When noon-tide slept on tower and tree,
Or when the eve was falling still,
By bank and bower they roamed the hill,
Or corrie green, or mossy brae,
And moonlight meadow still and grey,
Amid the dim wood lost and seen
Like elf maids of the forest green.

Still onward flow, thou lovely stream,
Thy wandering course is like the dream
Of childhood's thoughtless morn, ere time
Has stamped its guiltless hours with crime.
Thou wilt not be less bright and clear,
Though I have stained thee with a tear.
Thy silver wave will glide as light,
The sun shall kiss thy lip as bright,
And flower and fail thy banks upon,
Shall bloom as fair when I am gone.

The New Year.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
 O'er childhood's joy, and manhood's fray.
 And shed the leaf, and strewed the flower.
 In Athol's wood and Agais bower.
 Again the snow cloud, wild and white,
 Sweeps o'er Drum-ochdar's stormy height,
 And chokes the path, and blinds the stream,
 Where birches weep above the Dreim.
 Another year is gone!—and when
 Shall I behold your forms again
 In lighted hall or lonely glen?
 Maidens, I know not—yet with me.
 It needs not sight—to speak of ye.
 Or ought to fix my memory
 Of times, and names, and objects dear,
 And gentle smiles, and hearts sincere.

I may not let this day pass by,
Unmindful all of you, when I
Have pledged to those less dear to me,
Less kind, less gentle, far than ye.
I know not, Maidens, how these lines
May move ye *now*—time oft untwines
The brightest wreath that friendship binds,
And joys that melt, and woes that tire,
Burst her steel-links like flax in fire.
I know not, then, how changing clime
Has left your hearts, once summer-time,
Or how it now responds the touch
Of years gone by——Alas! how much
Has come and gone—and how much more
May be endured ere this be o'er——
But whatsoe'er may come and go,
In joy, or grief, or weal, or woe,
Be yours for ever crowned with flowers,
Unfading spring, and blooming bowers,
Your wafting zephyr fair and light,
Your cloudless sun for ever bright,
For ever new in joy and bliss,
All the blest world may give to this,
Till we may meet where those shall be
Who part not through eternity.

Ye do not doubt that we *shall* meet,
Who kneel before *HIS* mercy-seat,
Lowly and faithfully to claim——
Whate'er our form, whate'er our name——
That mercy which *HE* died to give,
And dying gave, that *all* might live.——
Then if beneath the noon-day skies,
To Heaven in truth we lift our eyes ;
Or in the shadowy hour, when all
Is wrapped in midnight's dusky pall——
Beneath the proud eternal dome
Of sacred and imperial Rome——
Or forest wild, or gilded spire,
Where sings the lark, or chants the choir,
By day or night, on land or sea,
Where'er the humble bend the knee,
Their mingling prayers on high shall blend,
And *HE*, the great, the only friend——
To their raised voices shall descend,
And freely to *HIS* breast receive
The souls of all who thus believe——
Then blame not, maidens, if I bear
The cross upon my lonely breast ;
I would that ye could also share
All "save these bonds"—all, *all* the rest-

'Tis not the simple cross I prize,
For ought in wood or silver lies,
But as the symbol of the just,
The sign of our redemption high,
Which raises from corruption's dust
The spirit to its native sky,
Our badge and banner which we wear,
As knights their earthly monarch's bear.

Such is our use——And gentle friends,
Now by that symbol, fare-ye-well——
Heart *more sincere* than his who sends
This distant greeting, does not dwell
On the wide world——Then may the wreath
Of heaven above, and earth beneath,
Crown each fair brow and gentle heart ;
And to each spotless soul impart
The light by angels seen alone,
Which burns for ever at His throne !——
Above the earth, and beyond the sky,
In the boundless vast eternity.

The Midnight Prayer.

I KNEEL beneath the glimmering sky,
 Where all HIS lamps are burning high,
 Bright, calm, and clear, as thy full eye,
 Whose lucid light—soft, sad, and deep,
 Steals o'er the soul, as moonbeams sleep
 On tower, and tree, and lake, and steep,
 Spread like a veil of silver bright,
 Beneath the towering granite's height,
 Where, now, amid the broad still light
 I kneel to breathe the lonely prayer
 Through HIS blue hall, the boundless air.
 Here, on this mighty altar-stone,
 Reared by HIS hand,—to Him alone,
 High o'er the earth—where eye or ear—
 None now, but HIS, may see or hear—
 I send my spirit to each star;
 Which burn through night's eternity—
 Like lamps before his throne, afar—

I send my voice to pray for thee,
And all of thine that loved may be——
I do not ask HIM now to save
My broken memory from the grave :—
Our sun is set—our race is run,
And we have fallen—HIS will be done !

But for thy sake, may Heaven hear
Thine, for whom yet is left a tear——
Not for my own——for mine 'twere vain.
Long vain, and ne'er might fall again——
And oft the inward spirit calls
To break the fetter which intrals——
For rest from toil—beyond the hum
Of this false world, and ills to come——
Not that I fear them—fear was made
To cling to life, and sue for aid,
To bow beneath the thunder's stroke
Which bends the reed, but breaks the oak
I could not bend—'twas not my fate,
And if I could—'tis all too late——

But who shall strive to lift the brand
Which HE has stayed by HIS right hand,
Or rise presumptuous from the dust
Where he has stricken?—HE, the Just!—

By HIM our heavy doom was cast,
For deeds misguided, errors past.
There was a dark and fearful day
Of Retribution, passed away——
When life was young, and wild and wide
Destruction swept along its tide——
Down its dark current ; deep, and strong,
Fiercely I urged my spirit's wrong,
And felt upon its reckless wave
All that life gives, or death could brave,
Unknown to all save by the name,
Which I had won through fire and flame——
None cared or questioned, so the blow
Was raised against our common foe :
Theirs, in hereditary broil ;
And ours, by murder and by spoil.

Then came the hour—O had I died——
But Heaven, to bow my heart denied,
Though fiercely sought in reckless strife,
And madness half—despising life——
I will not tell thee what befell,
It matters not—a withering spell
Scorched, blasted, blackened all to me,
Like poison round the Upas tree,

And closed upon my wandering head
A gloom, like Egypt's darkness dread.
Maiden, before my clouded sight
Thou rose, a star upon the night
Of my dark spirit—pure as light——
But like the parting sunset given——
Too late for earth—a hope for heaven,
A hope yet there to meet again——
Beyond this world of grief and pain.
But leave my blighted path, nor seek
To soothe a heart which *thou* could break——
I could not bear to hear *thee* sigh——
Too bright for tears thy lovely eye——
Thou canst not soothe that nothingness,
That leafless—lifeless wilderness!
St Fillan's waters may not rest
The fever of my burning breast——
I sought them, maiden, long ago.
But if their virtues yet shall flow,
And health and peace to others give,
For me, the fountain may not live.
I sought it in that lovely time,
When summer's bloom is in its prime,
Beneath the calm and lonely light,
Which silvers o'er the noon of night,

Where the lone girth the waters lave,
And birches weep, and wild flowers wave,
And where, beneath the roofless wall,
Veiled in the valley's deep green pall,
Slumber the dead, of ages gone———
I sat their lonely graves upon :
Till deep and low, like their death knell,
Tolled in the wind the old church bell—
And at the altar's ruined stone,
Low in the dust, where deep o'ergrown
The cross lies broken and o'erthrown———
I knelt before His presence high
Who held the thunder in the sky,
When the wolves spoiled His sanctuary,
And if the lightning might not fly
When His Church crumbled——What am I?—
That stern seared heart, which would have died
Unbent by man—in scorn and pride—
Stoops to his shrine—and prays to bless
Thy heart's most gentle tenderness—
Yes, lowly, silent, bowed, and meek,
I bend to Him for thy dear sake—
To His Almighty will be given,
The hope that we may meet in heaven,
That hope shall brighten still on all—
And come what will, whene'er I fall

In hour of death, my parting prayer
Shall bless thy gentle name, and bear
Its memory to the silent grave,
Though all too late—thou came to save.—

* * * * *

What said I? O forgive! forgive!
My soul's wild sadness—in my grief
I know not half I say—to live,
To look on thee one moment brief
Were blessedness in years gone by,
So soft, so sad, so tenderly
Thy gentle spirit reached my heart——
But no—we, too, on earth must part—
Thou little knowest the thoughts which lie
Deep buried here—thy lovely eye
Unconscious, marks not when I feel
Around my heart the serpent steal——
Its cold and icy circles creep
Around the shuddering core, and steep
The withered soul in poison fell,
On earth foredoomed to taste of hell.
Yet I bear all—will silent bear
That grief no living heart may share,
The iron girdle, which His word
In penance gave my soul, to gird

The sackcloth of the heart—the thorn
To rankle in my life was born——
I will not sue—I will not seek—
My heart is all too proud to speak,
It cannot bend—but it may break
I would not bow to man, to wear
The brightest gems my brow could bear,
Nor ask his aid—if from the grave,
His proffer'd hand was stretched to save,
I scorn the world—my wrongs—my fate,
The traitor's fraud, the foeman's hate,
And die in silence—not alone,
For vengeance lived—but that is done
Yet still I die—and, dying, laugh
In scorn of all—yet weep, that half
The cup of vengeance filled so high
Has not been drained or ere I die.

Forgive! forgive!—O I was lost—
My soul in maddening visions dreaming—
Forgive me, maiden—now 'tis past,
The radiance of thy soft eyes beaming
Broke the wild trance—then think no more
Of that dark dream—'tis gone, 'tis o'er—
Thanks, gentle maiden—Thou hast passed
Thy dewy fingers o'er my brow— —

My burning brain—O might it last,
So soft, so sweet, so calming now,
Thy gentleness comes o'er my heart,
That I forget my wrongs in part.—
But yet for me thou must not weep,
My grief thou must not share——O keep
Thy tenderness, thy love, thy fears,
For one who shall not give thee tears,
And smile again, be bright, be gay,
And calm that fluttering heart, and say,
Thou wilt not make me mourn the day
That e'er I saw, and made thee sad.
Then bid thy gentle soul be glad,
'Twill soothe, O yes, 'twill soothe my pain,
To see thy sunny smile again.
And seek thy bower on joyous wing,
Nor look on my life's withering—
Cherish the flowers, which bright and fair
Bloom freshly to thy gentle care,
Brush from their weeping heads the dew,
Or with their blossoms softly strew
The path before thy little feet———
May HE make all around thee sweet !
And round thee shower HIS golden store—
When I am withered and no more.

Now, fare-thee-well !—all, all is past——
And of my grief be this the last—
Thou shalt not see me sad again,
Nor hear me sigh—nor know my pain——
'Twas but a moment's weakness—now,
All calmly sleeps—beneath my brow——
Then bless thee—bless thee—yet again,
I bless thy name—O not in vain
To me the clouded sun has shone,
If thou art blest when I am gone,
And place for thee and thine be found,
When * * * * * is an empty sound.

The Sea-Eagle.

— "Cæsarem vehis!"

THE broad still moonlight slept upon the sea,
 The night lay hushed, like infant on the knee,
 Scarce stirred the leaf upon the listening tree,
 Or, with a trembling flash, the quiet tide,
 Kissed with its timid lip the galley's side.
 Or, lightly lifted to the breath that past,
 The silken vane that idled at the mast——
 Brave hearts were there—which now have ceased to
 beat,
 Strong hands and true, which mine no more shall
 meet—
 They who ne'er yielded when their sun went down,
 And the base cowered to the victor's crown,
 But, like the Osprey, from his fortress blown,
 Rose on the ocean-blast, and swept away
 To the free heaven, and the blue sea spray——

Theirs were the hearts and hands by danger tried,
In war by land, and tempest on the tide.
From the wide frozen deserts of the north,
To the red sands, where rolled in glory forth
Jordan and Nile, reflected in his stream
The battle rainbow, and the eagle's gleam.
Who saw the eastern sun victorious set,
Where Tyre's proud rock now dries the lonely net.
And gathered laurels in the cannon's roar,
From the white Moskva to the Tagus shore.

Yes!—there were some, had seen their noon-day
prime
On proud Marengo's field—had heard the chime
Of Moscow's heavy knell—the Kremlin's fall—
Smolensko's rout—and yet, more dread than all,
Wheremaddened thousands trampled down the weak
On Beresina's bridge—the crash—the shriek—
The wail of women—when the earth, and sky,
And wind, and water, sent a fearful cry
Above the black-mouthed cannon's thunder wide.
Ere sank the mingling legions in the tide—
Yes—some were there, outlived that fearful fray,
To guide my youthful course in after day—
Ere fourteen suns had circled o'er my head—
And led me in the ranks where they had bled,

And trained me to the field, and fenced my life
With their steel bosoms, when too weak for strife,
My boyish arm sank weary to my side,
And the tears fell in bitter scorn and pride,
That then the feeble body could not bear
My spirit on its way to do, and share
What they had won—but Dresden's fight is o'er.
And Elbe's dark waters shall run red no more
With their brave blood—and Leipzig's fertile plain,
As it was wont, is waving with tall grain
And summer grass—O never, now, again
Shall the grey Saxon Capital behold
So rich a harvest as her children sold
On Leipzig's crimson field—the sun went down
On Him for ever—listless, tower and town
Is sleeping passive in the trance of peace.
All lifeless as the sluggish tide of Pleisse
Which steals unconscious of the blood she drank
When * * * * * swam the stream, and
Poniatowski sank.

Alas ! how many of the brave and great
Sank and left me, upon the wave of fate.
How many a glorious sun I saw go down,
When mine yet struggled o'er the tide that drowned,

They in their pride o'erwhelmed amidst their own, —
The planets circling round their solar throne,—
The great to need them, and the poor to moan——
And I—a stranger with a landless name,
No hearths to mourn me, and no hands to claim——
No native home, nor hall, nor heart to fill,
The storm-torn eagle wind-blown from his hill!——

In early day, from childhood's thoughtless hour
I was an exile—born in foreign land,
With only life to lose, and all the dower
To win an after way,——my cross and brand,
That cross——Yes !—dost thou smile ?——
 chastise thy mirth—
The blessed symbol from my lonely birth,
My hope, and trust, I bore upon my breast,
And many a field survived may tell the rest ——
I was an exile's son—my race and name
Was then unknown —unto myself unknown,
Till twice six troubled summers went and came,
And then they told me what was once our own.——
The thunder gathered o'er the sleeping world,
The mighty banner of the west unfurled,
The brazen trumpet—louder, louder still,
Sent to my eager ear its summons shrill,

And the bright eagles blazing in the sky,
Offered their golden wings to bear me forth on
high——

Where was I then?——Where ought I to have
been?——

Plucking wild roses on the sunny green?
Or haply bowing to some pampered fool,
Suing for favours—the poor purchased tool
Of those who set a price on Charles' head,
And drowned my country in their murders red!——
Where was I?——Where, but at *his* glorious side,
The eagle monarch in his soaring pride,
Our fate's Imperial father, who displayed
His mighty wing to lift us from the shade.——

The Lord God reigneth in His might on high!——
The Lord omnipotent, before whose eye
Man's power shall crumble, and the world shall
fly!——

His doom forbade—The conqueror's reign was filled,
And yet, the measure of our fate unwilling——
And while the towering eagles soared full proud,
He raised His arm, and thundered from the cloud,
And as the flaming lightning flashed through heaven,
Blazed through their withering wings the glancing
levin,

And rent, and scorched, and scattered on the blast
Their glorious plumes——With theirs our fall was
cast——

Why tell we more—or speak of all befell——
The giant wrestle—the dread vesper knell
Which rung our falling doom——The whelming wave
Which swept our beaming glory to its grave,
When the Imperial eagle lanced his form,
Like the dread ruling spirit of the storm,—
More bright, more brave, more terrible and great,
Than e'er he winged the thunderbolts of fate.——
When in the hour of triumph—'mid the shout
Which rolled its tempest o'er the hostile rout——
When one charge more, with all his plans revealed,
And we had rode victorious o'er the field——
The traitor's falsehood, and the fool's delay
Lost, as it turned, the balance of the day
And the black thunder-cloud burst round our head,
As he had charged it for the host that fled,
Through that victorious space which had fore-run
The change of Wavre's vacillating sun.

The night came down upon the dreadful day,
And the lost battle rolled its stream away,
Like a fierce tempest torrent, deep and black,
Whitened with mingling ruin and floating wrack—

One star looked out upon the reddened plain,
High heaped with hillocks of the glimmering slain,
Thick as the waving grain which late was there,
Now trampled like the vanquished lion's lair——
We gathered up upon the gloomy height,
All who had still come scathless from the fight——
We asked for none—none questioned on that day
Those who were absent, had one cause for stay.
Still to the rear we swept—away—away
The dark tide pouring—flashing like the spray
Of the swollen torrent to the star-light grey.
In dim Gemappe the boiling floods retreat,
Choked its deep eddy in the cumbered street.
Where horse, gun, tumbril, tangled in the press,
Or locked by treason, barred the strait regress.
We gathered round the pale and lonely light,
Which little told upon the eye of night,
Who stood about its dim and twinkling sight——
All was dismay and woe—I feared to look
Upon the mighty chief—his voice was still
Unchanged as when he led us to the hill,
And clear as then, his eye—I scarce could brook
The glorious calmness of the fallen king——
Till then I felt not all—The golden wing
Was closed for ever,—and my heart denied
The tear for those—the happier brave who died,

And reaped in death more glory than the name
Of boasted laurels which the victors claim——

He looked upon me, as mine eyes intent,
On his imperial brow, in grief were bent ;
He grasped my hand—it trembled, but his own
Was calm as when it rested on the throne——
“ Grieve not for me,”—he said—“ I am but one—
“ ‘Tis not for me—but what I leave undone
“ For France and for her friends”—his hand closed
fast

The magic smile across his features past——
“ For thee, brave child of battles, whose young
eye
“ Deserved to see this sun go down in victory”——
He placed the eagle on my throbbing breast——
The trumpet sounded, and with clamorous haste
Beat through the clattering street the drums of
flight,
And quick we mount, and forward through the
night——

Why should we speak of more——What more
relate——

‘Tis done, and all now mingled in his fate——
The Lion’s forehead, and the Eagle’s wing,
Sleeps ’neath the careless winds that o’er them sing,

The bark is tilting on the waters grey,
But other are her mustered mates to-day ;
And she far other now, her shape has shown
Through many a roaring storm and sea unknown.
Changed is her plumage from the sea-bird brave,
Which sprung so gaily through the rushing wave.
Her spreading arms and cordage, each tall mast
All frayed and whitened in the salt sea blast,
And through her pinions the shrill breezes sing,
The snowy canvass and the bracing ring,
Torn by the tempest like the gannet's wing.
But gathered in her breast her gallant crew,
Like their black bulwark and their magnet true,
Were proved, not beaten by the storms past through ;

And heavy be her guns, and proud her crest,
Who wakes the thunder sleeping in her breast.

There was a beacon on a stormy night,
Which shed along the wave a gleaming light,
As if to guide the sea-bird's homeward flight :
Bright as the rising moon its lucid ray
Led the lone wanderer of ocean grey
Far o'er the boundless wilderness away,
And morning came, nor bank, nor bay was near,
Nor shearing cliff, nor treacherous shoal to fear,
A restless waste of waters still was seen,
Onward for ever o'er the bright sea-green,
Till, weary of its flight the wild bird slept,
And o'er its ruffled wing the sea-foam swept.
The bark steered onward, while the gannet grey
Unconscious, tilted in the silvery spray.
But yet before her course the beacon pale,
Still ever distant shone before the sail,
Till faint, and fainter in the growing light,
It waned and vanished in the sun-rise bright.
The winds are lagging on the sinking tide,
And the white canvass lapses from its pride,
And the light breath which dallies on the sail,
Lifts with its idle wing the banner's veil,
And spreads at times upon its waving fold
The crimson lion in the field of gold.

The winds now slumber, and the watery world
Sleeps in the sunbeams by a breath uncurl'd,
But Heaven's artillery in the sky may wake,
And from the parting cloud the lightning break.
And through the gathering tempest, wide and white,
The sweeping navies crowd into the fight ;
Then shall the brave sea-bird her claws unsheath,
And her black battery show its iron teeth,
And through the cloud white rolling to the sun,
Along her side the pealing thunders run——
Now far amidst the solitary spray,
Hushed and alone, she steers her silent way,
Full many a hostile storm, and evil star,
Has tossed her course, and crossed her from afar ;
But still though winds may war, and waves may
vex,
And worse than winds, and waves, and plunging
decks,
The calm which lulls, the veiling fog which hides,
In deathlike lethargy the sleeping tides——
Still through the foaming sea she bears her fate——
Cæsar, and Cæsar's fortunes, are her freight——
To seek, like Jason and the Knights of Greece,
Another Colchis and another fleece——
Still the bright eagle at her cleaving prow,
Through the white waves her rolling course shall
plough——

Still at her mast the crimson Lion fly,
And spread his golden sheet upon the sky——
God bears her on, and those who man her side,
Never that flag shall strike, but die upon the tide.

To Ireland.

' O Eirinn nan cnoc a's uaine fear
 'Cia annsa leam fein do ghlinn !'
 O'STIAN.

BRIGHT, fair, illustrious Lady of the sea,
 Land of the brave, the noble and the free,
 The good, the great, the beautiful——alas !
 Whose blood-stained graves have filled thy verdant
 grass——

Fair sister of our own old Celtic race,
 “ God save ” thee, Lady ! and redeem thy place.
 Illustrious Isle of beauty and brave men,
 The harp, the falchion, and the cross——again
 A hundred years have rolled the volumed chain.
 But in thine awful night—as the storm-bell
 Rings 'mid the roaring waves the lost ship's knell.
 Six hundred years have heard thy death bell toll,
 And seen the iron enter in thy soul !
 Thy shoulder bleeding with the brazen yoke,
 In thy seared flesh the burning brander smoke.

Upon thy quivering breast in tortured thrall,
Still drop, by drop the flaming venom fall,
While o'er thy head the tyrant stretched his
 hand,
And each reviling slave cried—"Kiss the brand!"

Six hundred years have rolled their waves away,
Four dynasties have crumbled in the clay,
And still, whoe'er has reigned—whoe'er has bled,
The hostile scythe has swept thine harvest red,
And filled thy verdant fields with graves, and shed
The drooping lilies o'er the fallen dead.

Land of the faithful brave—bright Emerald Isle!
How dark thy doom has ruled from ages past,
Yet in thy stern endurance thou canst smile
And brave the tempest, constant to the last.
Yes, thou canst smile amid thy bitter tears,
For thy high faith, unsullied from its birth,
Bore thy bright spirit through the withering years
Which felled the cross, defiled the holy girth,
Thy throne, thy temple, to the dust brought down—
Land of the faithful, there is yet a crown
Reserved for thee, which treason cannot rend
From thy fair brow, for Heaven is thy friend.

Awake, bright lovely isle, for thou art free !
Awake and shout !—the prophet calls on thee !——
Rise from the dust and shout for victory !
Thine hour of dread is past—thy children's cry
Has reached the golden footstool of THE JUST,
From all thy burning roofs and blood-stained
dust,
Where the pale orphan and the widow pines,
And, like the incense from the holy shrines,
Rises before the mighty Judge on high,
Before whose face the world shall shrink and fly.
And HE hath heard thy moan—the tide of grief,
Like the full ocean on the storm-beat reef,
Has turned—is ebbing from thee—yes, the power,
The strength of evil, and the grinding hand
Of foul oppression, which has robbed thy dower,
And shed thy noble blood, and tossed the brand
Upon thine altars, now has felt the blow,
The moral blow which strikes the despot down,
And wreaths the patriot with a deathless crown—
A crown of beaming glory which shall glow
With sunshine lustre on thy lovely brow——
Wake, land of sorrow !—Wake, for thou art free !
The prophet's hands are raised, and Heaven shall
fight for thee !

Gem of the waters! bright illustrious Isle!
Pure, faithful virgin daughter of the sea!
Maid of the Ocean! upon whom the smile
Of Heaven shall bless thy true fidelity!
How has my spirit wept for thine and thee,
All lovely in thy tears, thy woes, thy chains,
And clear and spotless of the guilt which stains
Thy burning crown—thy hand was ever spread
Wide to the stranger, and thy bounty fed
His wants with fulness, while thy ready blade
Was ever drawn to shelter and to aid
The wandering exile who thy succour prayed—
True, brave, and generous—How wert thou repaid!
Mother of saints, of learning and of art.
The cradle of the faith, the vital heart,
(Of all most bright, most noble, and renowned,
When Europe slept in ignorance profound,
And thy high temple and thy holy light
Gave the bright lamp which led them in their night!

Brave, generous land, thy foes can ne'er repay
The years of rapine, ruin, and decay
Which thou hast suffered—Yet amidst thy wrongs,
Thy hope was firm in HIM—to thee belongs
The martyr's glorious crown, and deathless fame;
And from thine ashes thou shalt rise and claim

A fourfold retribution for thy homes,
Thy ravaged altars, and thy ruined domes,
Thy wasted realm, the garden of the west,¹
Whose verdant riches all around the blest²——
Thy lordly towers mouldered in the dust,
Thy forests felled before the conqueror's lust,
The grass-grown hamlet, and the naked hall,
The broken cross, and desecrated wall,
And shrines on which the tears of heaven fall.
The spirit of O'Niel shall rise and claim
The restitution of his broken name,
O'Conner's children from the dust shall wake,
And great O'Connell's hand thy fetters break.
Race of illustrious kings, whose lineage proud,
Is lost in shadowy time's mysterious cloud,
Whose sceptre, swayed with love, thy people led,
Whose sword defended, and whose bounty fed,
Till gold and treason fired the torch of strife,
And raised the vampire to consume thy life.

But of the fearful past, if now we speak,
Our faith forbids revenge, we will not seek
That dread atonement which the dead might claim,
Red blood for blood, and burning flame for flame.
No, thou art all too strong to need the brand
To work thee justice, and redeem thy land.

Thy bristling millions, who *could* rise and sweep
Thy gathered foes like dust into the deep,
Shall rise a mightier power, to appal
The hearts obdurate who prolong thy thrall,
While listening Europe answers to thy call,
Gives thee the moral fulcrum's granite rock,
To prize the lever, and to raise the block
Of truth and justice which, upreared on high,
Shall tremble o'er the head of tyranny,
And when the ruling hand, which holds the bar,
Shall loose and launch its thunder rolling jar,
The grinding mass shall fall and crush to earth
The Hydra Leopard and her monster birth.

Awake then from thy sleep! awake! awake!
And shout till all thy verdant mountains shake
From east to west, from Munster's southern shore,
To Ulster's northern point, and proud Beann-mor,
And Rathlin's lonely isle, where royal Bruce
Found shelter from his foes—and high Dunluce
Frowns o'er the hoary breast of ocean grey,
While to the ruined walls in tempest spray,
Sweeps up the towering steep the rolling sea——
Speak with her thunder, for thou now art free!
Thy Pentecost is come—a thousand tongues
Have told through Europe all which now belongs
To justice and thy faith—thy rights, thy wrongs.

Wrapt in my country's plaid, in years ere-while,
Sad have I sat and mused—fair sister Isle,
Upon thy mountain brow, which, rising far,
Sees in the east illustrious Armagh;
Throne of the faith, whose golden chalice shed
The light of ages through the darkness dead,
And sent its lamp upon the ocean wide,
Like the bright pillar o'er the Syrian tide,
Through mainland and through isle, by sea and land,
Planting the cross upon each savage strand,
From lone St Kilda to the Switzer's fell,
And Bretagne's forest to the Shetland cell,
Waking the voices of the holy choir,
'Mid the still desert and the ocean's roar!

But now that holy plain, like ocean's flood,
Hides the blest ashes and the martyr blood
Which crumbled from thy fanes and bathed thy soil,
When devastating brands and ruthless spoil
Tossed in thy sacred halls the impious fire,
And stalled the trooper in the holy quire,
To glut the Saxon Pontiff's will divine,
And sanctify the Tudor Proserpine.
But withering fame their blood-stained wreath shall
 blight,
And history their name's perdition write,

While Marie's blood shall waken from the block,
And Erin's cry the rending heavens rock,
And pierce the radiance where her martyrs kneel,
Slain by the torch, the gibbet, and the steel——

Long have I sat upon thy mountain's brow,
Where the black cabins of thy children now
Crowd round the heathy slope, whose scanty soil
But half repays their days and nights of toil,
Swept from the teeming vale and woodland still
To starve and shiver on the naked hill,
Whence their sad hopeless eyes look silent down
O'er the wide smiling fields were once their own.
Here waked the inspiration of the creed,
And warmed the zeal which bade conversion bleed,
And prompted the philanthropist to "*plant*,"
And "*civilize*," and "*save*,"—base nasal cant!——
Dark should the soul have lingered in its night,
And wild the savage wandered in his might,
And naked and untilled the ground remained,
If the poor soul a *barren* land sustained,
Or *sterile* nature of her need complained.
But the tall forest and the verdant field
Bespoke the fruits conversion's grace might yield,
And dearer than the soul or human weal,
Broad lands and lordships warmed the statesman's zeal

To weed the native sinners and their soil,
Hence with reclaiming care,—paternal toil!—
While the sharp sickle reaped the grateful grain,
The falchion mowed the “heretical” swain;
And while the axe the savage forest cleared,
The “civilizing” blade, the “rebels” sheared,
And thinned the thicket and the hearth for place
To Saxon culture and to “men of grace,”
And all the blessings of the Saxon race.

Such is the lore thy histories reveal,
Such the dark deeds thine enemies conceal;
E'en the base sycophant, whose page adored
Eliza's policy and Mountjoy's sword,
The chronicler of blood, and fraud, and crime,
Stands forth convicted at the bar of time,
Condemns his mistress in his fulsome tale,
And damns the memory his art would veil;
While each successive reign, and name, and race—
The blushing blood burns scarlet in our face
To own our share, but none can purge himself,
From blood-stained Henry to unyielding Guelph—
All sharpened the brand and added to the yoke,
The scorpion lash, the devastating smoke.
The earth has witnessed, and high Heaven has heard
The woes and wrongs thy children have endured:

Thou hast been proved with torture and with steel,
And, like St Catharine, bound upon the wheel,
Till the dread rack stood still, and Heaven on high
Prepared the flaming thunder in the sky.
The devastating hosts with fire and brand,
Like the black locust cloud, consumed thy land,
Laid waste the harvest on the teeming plain,
And heaped the murdered people with the grain;¹
Man, maid, and infant, and the trembling crone,²
Wives on the hearth, and priests on altar stone;
While hall and hamlet wrapt in roaring fire,
Around the leaguring chain, which closed the pyre,
Rung the death shot, and flashed the ruthless blade,
And shrieks and groans resounded through the shade,
As 'mid the blinding smoke and scorching flame,
The maddening victims on the murderers came.³

So the red deluge of destruction spread,
Till on thy naked fields in famine dread,
The frantic living preyed upon the dead,
Or, flying from the flame and falchion red,
Snatched like the beasts the herbage as they fled,

¹ Fynes Moryson's Itin. fol. Lond. 1617. Pt. II. pp. 76, 77, 87, 116, 81, 87, 90, 109.

² Ib. 78, 87, 91, 95, 101.

³ Ib. 97, 99.

And by the mantling pool the foul ditch side——
Ere by the wolves devoured where they died,
Full oft were found——their livid lips yet green
With the wild weeds their last poor meal had¹ been.
But worst and darkest of that legend fell,
A fearful tale the Saxon pages tell,
Two starving infants whom the sword had spared,
By their pale mother's breast in murder bared,
As in the embers of her hearth she lay——
The blackened embers slaked upon the clay,
Where her life's blood unheeded ebbed away——
Crept cold and naked to that breast, to win
The food and solace which once lived within ;
And when their voice might wake her sleep no more,
And night and day in maddening hunger wore,
And to their famished lips the icy breast
Lay cold and withered in its awful rest,
In wild delirium of expiring pain,²
Preyed on the bosom they were wont to drain.

How slept the flaming thunder in the cloud,
The fire which rained on Sodom's impious crowd !
How spared the hail, the locust, and the dust——
Egypt's Red Sea to overwhelm the conqueror's lust,

¹ Spencer's View of Ireland. 8vo, Dublin, 1809, 166.

² Moryson's Itin. Pt. II. 271.

Or earth to open and ingulf from sight,
The blasting sins which desaced ¹ her light !
But Heaven's dread eye in slumber is not veiled,
Nor HIS ear heavy, nor HIS arm curtailed ;
And ere the hour of penance shall be spent,
Let the base tremble, and the just repent,
While the red lightning slumbers in HIS hand,
Ere yet HE rises to make bare the brand,
And o'er the rocking world through rending heaven
Bursts the red thunder and the flaming leven———
Farewell, bright Lady, in thy cause be brave,
HIS eyes watch o'er thee, and HIS arm shall save !

EILEAN AGAIS, *July 1, 1846.*

¹ From '*sacre*,' O. E., to consecrate.

The Fallen Flower.

KIND, gentle maiden ! thou art gone to rest——
Bright, blue-eyed Lady,—Friend, beloved and blest,
On whose angelic spirit shone the smile
Of pure and spotless innocence the while——
Thou art gone home, sweet lily,—virgin flower,
Unstained by mildew or the chilling shower—
Ere life's autumnal cloud or summer's prime
Had from thy blossom drank the pearly dew,
Or parched thy ruby lip, or dimmed the blue
Of thy deep thoughtful eye—life's promised time
Was all before thee, bright and beautiful——
But Heaven recalled thee hence, and thou art gone
Young dream of sunshine ; and thy radiant soul
Shines in immortal bowers—thou hast flown

The world's pale garden, where the clouds, and tears,
And faults, and frailties, and doubts, and fears,
Were all unworthy of thy spotless mind,
Pure as an angel's breast—as angels kind.

What boots it now the sad and lonely lays
Which deep bewail thee in a foreign land——
What boots it now the vain and feeble praise
Of earth's imperfect child—for thou dost stand
Before the cloudless light, and boundless love,
And deathless glory of the throne above,
In whose bright image with reflective truth
His earth-born flower—blossomed forth thy youth—
Thou wert all free from earth's deceptive wiles,
Its vain caprices, and delusive guiles—
A bright example of affection pure,
A heart most gentle, most sincere, and sure.
By time or falsehood, undeceived—depressed,
Thy friendship triumphed o'er each mortal test,
While other hearts with lavish love o'erflowed——
As lightly broken, as untried bestowed,
Thy hallowed friendship kept its gentle faith,
All fond and faultless to the hour of death ;
And now thy spirit wakes to feel and know
The fulness of its sympathies below,

To triumph in the joy its influence gave,
And win the bright reward beyond the grave—
Where angels lift from earth the shadowy veil,
And truth reveals the oft perverted tale——

From childhood's hour thy spirit sweetly breathed
Kindness and peace o'er all within its sphere,
And round the heart its soothing influence wreathed
The twining tendrils of affection dear.
None ever breathed thy soft and gentle name,
Without emotions of the fondest love ;
None ever saw thee wheresoe'er thou came,
Without a thrill of transport sweet, to prove
The sunshine of thy presence, and reveal
The bright example, all were swayed to feel,
And strove to imitate, if chance they might
Catch but one ray from thy mild spirit's light——
But, Ah ! how great the task to train the mind,
E'en to reflect those qualities refined,
By nature's hand bestowed, untaught of earth,
A gift immortal hallowed in thy birth,
Which grew in Eden's soil, and bloomed beneath
Its radiant sunshine and its balmy breath——
—Thou wert too pure, too faultless, gentle flower !
For earth's pale wilderness and blighting shower,

And Heaven removed thee, ere the blast of grief
Had chilled thy bud, or dimmed thy virgin leaf;
And, fair and faultless, thou hast winged thy way,
To bloom for ever in the realms of day :
As the bright sultan¹ spreads her rainbow wings,
And from the chrisal tomb exulting springs—
Drinks from the dewy flowers its honied life,
Then soars in sunshine from the world of strife—
Thus, formed in weakness, raised to power and light,
Sown in corruption—clothed in dazzling white,
Thy unstained spirit wings its eager way,
Deathless, immortal—the eternal ray
Of Heaven lights thee—clothes thy breast and brow,
All pure and spotless with its glory now——
—Young flower of Eden—sister—angel bright,
Whose boundless happiness can know no end—
Nor sorrow waste, nor cloud to stain or blight
The untold joys which circling, form, and blend,
Within, around, above thy spirit's glow,
More than the mind of man can live and know—
Whose seraph voice, too sweet for aught on earth,
Too pure for sorrow, yet too soft for mirth,
Breathed o'er the world of tears its soothing strain,
And robbed the aching brow of half its pain :

¹ The great purple and ruby butterfly; also called the purple emperor.

What time the listening throng, with throbbing ears,
Drank in the warbling melody with tears,
And hearts, grown cold in hope's delusive strife,
Had frozen o'er the sympathies of life,
And quenched the spirit's light, and chilled the hand
Which oft in battle bore the sweeping brand,
And through the fields of conquest or defeat,
Inspired the charge or rallied the retreat.
Thrilled with emotion wild, as softly stole
Thy wildering voice of music o'er the soul——
—Oh ! may that voice, at Heaven's high altar now.
Plead with its aerial tones, for those who still
Here on earth's wilderness in sadness bow,
And bend before the cross the prostrate brow,
To claim that commune of the saints, to fill
The blank of earth, and rob of half its ill,
That bitter desolation and despair,
That withering blight which none can soothe or spare,
Which fills with darkness—robbed of our high faith——
The transient slumber which the world calls death.—
—Pray for us sinners—spirit pure and just,
Raised to the Quire of Heaven from the dust——
Pray for us, maiden sweet, and virgin bright,
Clothed in thy lily robes of radiant light——
Pray for us, gentle flower, and seraph blest,
Thou who art gone to joy, and peace, and rest.

Pray !—from the crumbling world's tumultuous jar,
That we may find that mercy at the bar
Of Heaven's tribunal, when this life is o'er,
And we, less pure than thee, are summoned from its
shore.

HERSCH GRABEN, PRAG, *March 9, 1846*

The Forest Tree.

"Aujourd'hui le jugement a pris chez moi la place de l'imagination, je n'ai plus la faculté de substituer l'erreur quo me plait, à la vérité que me blesse."

LE CHEVALIER DE L'AGEVILLE.

YET *once* again I stand beneath
 The Forest Tree—the whispering breath
 Of evening wakes a mournful sigh
 For withered hopes and days gone by—
 Long years have past since last I stood
 Beneath its shade—the murmuring flood
 Rolls on—the same bright laughing stream,
 And music of my early dream——
 Away its wandering waters flow,
 Unmindful all of human woe,
 For ever pouring, wild and free,
 Its treasures to the boundless sea,
 While flowers and bees its banks upon,
 And warbling birds, and summer's sun,

And voices sweet, and spirits gay,
From the bright world have passed away—

How sweet the wild bird's plaintive song,
Once seemed these weeping woods among,
As if some spirit bore the sound
On its bright rainbow wings around.
From bough to bough, from flower to flower,
Awaking in my soul a power,—
A tide of memory rolling on,
Of hopes, and joys, and throbs—now gone—
Lost to the world, as if they never
Lived in the soul—*lived!*—*live* for ever,
For ever, and for ever here,
Cherished and strengthened by despair—

I have not felt as others feel ;
My heart is like some tempered steel,
It cannot bend, though it may break——
And those who, like the gliding snake,
Would cross my path, must kill or fly——
I feel but to avenge or die——
My soul can brook no scathe from foes,
But melts at sorrow's tears and woes ;
And each wild selfish thought, above,
Would dare and do for those I love,
What the base world would shrink to prove—

And such the feelings I would claim,
Loosed from earth's bondage—fear and shame—
With that unbounded light which breaks
Full on the spirit, and awakes
A soul above the common race,
Which claims and keeps a higher place
Above the trammels which enthrall
The spirit's flight—that mental pall
Which chills the heart, and clouds the mind
With thoughts and feelings undefined——
No!—upward o'er the shadowy earth
My spirit springs——there is a dearth
Of all things here——a want, a waste,
The desert of a world debased—
No soul to warm, no heart to beat
That unison of feeling sweet——
That deep unutterable truth,
Which knows and *feels* whate'er is sooth—

I could not love as others love—
My boundless flight is high above
The vile and selfish thoughts which here
Debase the world with doubt and fear——
My course, with lightning impulse wings,
Stoops not to earth, but upward springs
Away—o'er all—below—above,
To HIM who formed its life and love,

A soul unquenched, unquenchable,
Which owns no Lord—obeys no will——
But His to whom all glory be,——
Unbending, boundless, wild, and free,
In His own vast eternity——

Here ! all is past that with me grew,
The sun which smiled, the flowers which blew,
The hopes I nursed—the friends I cherished—
In the lost battle—all now perished——
With *them*, in vain unstable part,
Far various passions filled the heart,
Sown in wild pleasure's fertile soil,
Nursed in temptation's silken coil,
Where balmy leaves, and fragrant flowers,
Shake off perfume in wildering showers,
And from their dewy leaves impart
Delirium to the head and heart,
Inconstant in *their* fluttering breast,
The world's delusive passions prest,
To fill the present, yield the past,
Like festal wreath at morning cast,
While through *my* soul with flashing gleam,
Glory and love prolonged the dream,
Which would not stoop, and could not change—
Nor as light reckless hearts estrange,

With absence fail—with presence cloy,
Or waste in grief—nor find in joy,
One thought which might not turn and roll
Its impulse through my inmost soul,
In that wild love which filled the whole,
All deep confiding to believe,
Because itself could ne'er deceive,
But fixed became a living part
Of all inshrined within my heart——
Born 'neath the sun's imperial light,
Proved in the stern unequal fight,
In exile, pain, and peril, tried,
From childhood's dawn to manhood's pride——
I *could* not change e'en if I would—
How could I deem that others could ?
I judged their feelings by mine own,
Through every change but stronger grown—
'Till all I loved,—adored,—and sought,
Above all hope and beyond all thought,
Believing,—and I felt believed,
Left me alone—betrayed—deceived.

Then came the fearful waking morn,
When the cloud was rent and the veil was torn,
That wide unclouded light which shone
Full on my soul when all was gone——

That conscious pang—that searching flame—
That speechless truth which hath no name—
The “still small voice” which breathed above.
And waked my soul from its earthly love,
When the melting form and its rainbow hues
Passed like the moon on the midnight dews,—
But my spirit came free from the furnace flame,
Which changed my features and shrunk my frame,
And my soul grew strong and my hopes grew higher,
As the dross consumed in the proving fire.
The mist of earth and the cloud of life
Is wearing up from the vale of strife ;——
The star shines o’er the eternal tide,——
That star which only the blest may guide——
There points the cross to the narrow way,
Where the pilgrim rests at the close of day.

The Widow.¹ 1746.

" 'Tis Greece, but *living* Greece no more."

HARK to the lonely widow's wail,
While watching the receding sail,
Which bears away the all on earth,
Who filled with joy her humble hearth.

Her son, her hope, her stay, her pride,
Who never would have left her side,
Driven from the land his sires had won,
Torn from her heart,—replaced by none.

A cloud of smoke ascends the sky,
Calling down vengeance from on high ;
And woman's cry, and man's despair,
Tells that the tyrant's hand is there.

Scotland, awake—why sleep'st thou now
Beneath the yoke which galls thy brow ?
Land of the brave, the fair, the free,
Hark to the voice of liberty.

Land of the Bruce, awake, reply,
Assert your rights, avenge, or die !
Break now your chain, be free, ye brave,
Nor live degraded,—England's Slave.

November 19, 1845.

Scur na Lápich.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GAELIC.

HILL of the deer ! beloved hill !
 Hill of pines and fragrant heath,
 Sweet is the thyme on thy knowls,
 Soft the pillows of thy moss,
 The bed of stags and hinds ;
 Blue the whortle in thy dells,
 Red the Oirean¹ on thy brow,
 Deep is the corrai of thy breast,
 Beneath the grey and towering cairn.
 Helmet of the mountain of battles !
 Grey, shattered, mighty giant of the glens !
 High towering in the war of winds !—
 Helmet of thunder
 Plumed with rolling clouds,
 The lightning of heaven is on thy brow,
 Thunder rolls around thy head,

¹ Cloud berry.

Ghosts ride amid thy blasts,
And battle in the roaring storm.
Fortress of the mighty of the desert !
Dear to me is thy awful brow—
The eagle sits on thy turret ;
The fox dwells in thy secret rock.
I love to stand upon thy shattered head,
Amid the mighty silence of the cairns,
When the king of the cloud shrieks in the wind,
And the ptarmigan whistles out of the stone ;
All around is still.
The sound of the world is far below.
No bee hums on the gale—
No linnet sings upon the rock—
No mouse peeps out beneath the stone—
They are far with the feeble in the glen—
Who shall ascend thy mighty pile ?
The grey terrible tower of the cairn !
Who shall dwell on thy naked rock ?
Amidst the wreck of the labouring world !
Where the leven boiled from her breast,
The fire shot up from below——
Mountains heaved around,
The mighty peak rose into the sky !
There is no flower to feast the bee,
No fly to feed the bird.

Who shall dwell with thee but the terrible !——
The king of the wind,
The crafty of the rock,
The mighty bird of Heaven,
Who spreads his wing to the storm,
And soars against the sun !—
The lone fox of the mountain,
Who makes his dwelling in the cars——
Who shall reach him in his den ?
Who deceive him on the hill ?
With night he comes down on the plain,
With morning he is in the womb of the rock.
Hill of storms, and deer, and eagles !
Mighty and terrible is thy head !
But lovely are the glens at thy foot.
Farar, I see thy silent strath,
Thy narrow plain, thy winding path,
The blue calm face of Loch Muillé,¹
The grey turret of Scur na Diolaid,
The mighty corraì of the stags in Dainé.
Deep is the pine wood at thy foot,
Green and still the field of Inch Loyal,
Bright the silver stream of Làpich,
Fair and calm the brown side of Bean-Torc.
The blue smoke rises from Camasuri,
The sun smiles on the pines of Brolinn,

**But it is not the sound of my own woods,
The voice of the mighty of the hill ——
Farewell !—they are far distant——
Far in the clouds of the North——**

The Exile's Farewell.

"There is a murmur in the heath !—
 I hear the voice of Fingal!—
 'Come, Ossian !—Come away !'—he says.
 The chiefs of other times are departed,
 They have gone without their fame."
 " The sons of little men are in the hall,
 None remain of the heroes !"

OSSIAN.

LAND of the warrior clans—my father's land,
 Land of the plume, the helmet, and the brand,
 Land of the deer and eagle—the last shell,
 The parting shell I drink to thee,—farewell !
 The time is come as in the Eastern clime,
 Long,—long ago, was told in proverb rhyme——
 " To live, the lion and the brave retire,
 " The weak and coward linger and expire."——
 So from thy lonely hills expelled to roam,
 Thy best and bravest leave their mountain home :
 Thy brand is wasted with consuming rust,
 Thy mighty helmet buried in the dust,

Thy mountain mantle from thy bosom torn,
And now thy captive hand and breast forlorn,
For the bright tartans and the glittering blade
Bears the poor shepherd's crook, the hoddend plaid.
Robbed of the chieftain cap, let moths consume
The scarlet barret and the eagle's plume ;
Thy brow is humbled like the round-head crew
To the cropt cur-tail wear the base "true blue,"¹
And the black² sign, fit emblem of thy woes,
Changed from the glowing badge and stainless rose,
Of the proud Gordon and the brave Montrose.

Farewell, my country, and thy sons who sold
Their mother's glory for base Saxon gold :
Let those who love thee fly upon the wave,
And leave the base, the coward, and the slave,
To wear, with servile pride, like maniacs vain,
Their iron collar and their brazen chain,
And bear unconscious as the village runt
The mark of thrillage branded on their front.
Behold, like Greece degraded and betrayed,
The abject realm a Saxon province made,
The holy cloister and the regal hall
Cast to the dust—abandoned to its fall—
The crown, a bauble for the vulgar stare,
Like penny monster in a village fair—

The princely city, Albin's northern queen,
Forsaken like a mourning village green,
Her grass-grown streets and palace all bereft,
A scorn and scandal to the stranger left.

While in the Saxon capital enthralled,
Eclipsed in lustre, though in senses palled,
The planet nobles, aliens to their own,
Circle dim satellites the distant throne ;
Saxon themselves,—in heart, use, tongue disguised,
Their own despising, by "the world" despised,
While those for whom they yield their country's
pride,
Their name, their nation, and their speech deride !

O for the days of Wallace and the Bruce,
The base bribed Union's manacle¹ to loose,
Once more to call from all the winds of heaven
Thy scattered eagles into exile driven—
Once more to see the torrent of the brave,
Sweep to the ocean tide the Saxon wave,
The crimson wave which rolled through glen and
plain,
Red with Culloden's immolated slain.

1 "*Glas-lainh-na-h-Albuinn.*" The handcuff of Scotland.
The Gaelic name for the Union.

But Bruce is now a shadow of the past,
And Wallace but the phantom on the blast—
Names of the drama—for the painted stage,
Like Brutus, Cæsar, or the golden age——
Names to amuse the idle and the vain
With scenic pageant or poetic strain,
But not to wake the spirit which has fled,
And rouse the young to emulate the dead ;
While some so base, the mighty brave defame,
And mock the thunderbolt they dare not aim.

Cursed be the spirit of the traitor slave
Who with dishonour desaced his grave,
And stained the page of history to shame
His own base nature—not the hero's fame,
Fair Scotland's glory, in whose radiance bright
The book-mite crawls like glow-worm in the light.

But waste we not our beating hearts on you,
But turn to those the faithful and the few,
Whom we must leave behind, so loved, so true—
Farewell, dear friends, dear faithful friends, farewell,
Homes of our country, now, a long farewell,
Farewell our haunts beloved—the hill, the glen,
Where happy we have been, as ne'er again

We ever now can be, when the sad sun,
The sun of life so far its course has run,
And fleeting joys, and friends as false and few,
Are shaken from our hearts as the bright dew
From the sweet birches shaken on the cleugh ;
Farewell, deep Tarnaway—sweet forest reign,
Thy floods, and thickets, and dun sylvan train,
The dark-eyed bucks, and in the deep lone glade,
The mighty stag, the monarch of the shade :
Blest be thy lovely brakes—each primrose pale,
The woodrose bright, the lily of the vale,
The writhing oaks, and hollies green and tall,
The hunter's secret lodge, the roaring fall,
Where the deep sighing pines their shelter spread,
When winter drifts the snow, and strips the foliage
red.

Farewell, Strathfarrar, in your mountain pride,
Your herded stags and forest deep and wide,
And all the noble friends so dear and true,
Which far behind the sea we leave with you—
Brave children of our own blue hills, farewell !
For others never shall our sad hearts swell
As they have beat for you—and thou, fair flower,
Far from thy infant home, thy mountain bower,

“Rose of the faithful,”—bless thee too, and all
Thou now hast left within thy father's hall,
Hereditary friends, through scorn and scaith,
Unchanged alike in loyalty and faith,
Through three dark ages of the iron rod,
True to their friends and faithful to their GOD.
Farewell, grey lonely tower of the west,
Where many a day our spirits have been blest ;
Farewell, dear generous mother,—sister dear,
Whose solitary star shines still and clear
Above the twinkling lights which burn and fly
The transient meteors of the summer sky,
While thine is bright and steady on the stream
Of life's dark water, like the polar beam.
To you and those, the proved of many a year,
We stretch the parting hand—we yield the tear
Which now the base and faithless have estranged
From all so once beloved, their treason changed,
Now yours alone, and warmer in our eyes
The deeper filled, the fewer left to prize,
As in the straitened stream the waters higher rise.

Farewell, our last beloved, our mountain fell,
Throne of the eagles and the deer, farewell !
In gilded halls, amid the festal glée,
Soon shall our empty place forgotten be,

But in the lone black hut—the mountain cells,
Where the deep Gaelic soul unbroken dwells,
On the dark hill—amid the lonely moor,
Still shall we live remembered by the poor ;
And when they sit around the sparkling flame,
And speak of parted days and deeds of fame,
The greyhaired fathers to the sons shall tell
Of the lone hunters whom they loved so well——
So shall we live with Albin's children true——
But there are others—we must greet them too——

Farewell, our Enemies, the ambushed host,
Who at our back unseen your malice boast,
Farewell, ye cowards, who for limb and life
Dared not to brandish in our face the knife,
But stole like vermin in the spotless gown,
To gnaw and stain our mantle of renown——
Farewell, base reptiles of a reptile crew,
We would not dim the shining steel on you——
And you, brave foemen—if the brave may be
Among our foes—though oft, however, free
Of blame or error—falsehood has undone
The links which nature had else twined in one—
And if we too, mistaken and belied,
Estranged to each in hostile ranks must ride,
Be theirs the blame who threw the bar between
And made us foemen who had brothers been——

But we shall meet, as all the brave should meet,
On the fair field, beneath the banner's sheet,
To fall or conquer—but the wreath or pall,
Honoured alike in conquest or in fall,
Nor one vindictive thought the victor stain
When the brave bosom lies upon the plain,
Whose e'er it be, as Heaven's high hest may will,
Nor ruled by Victor's might nor Victor's skill.—

And fare-ye-well each false and honied friend ;
Meet we our foes,—but heaven from *you* defend ;
Your face all sunshine—treason in your heart——
Farewell your *kind* advice and servile art,
With diplomatic doubts to prompt our part,
To come with brief in hand and “humbly show,”
All ye and yours would curious seek to know ;
To kneel and kiss the hoof which spurned and trod
The fallen lion on the blood-stained sod——
To sell our birthright for a pension sought
Like yours—“who sold your monarch for a groat,”
And still with watering lips and noses prone,
Droop your cur-tails and snuff around the throne,
Picking the bones and offal which may fall,
Like dogs and beggars in Ulysses' hall.¹
We know you, and your grovelling souls despise,
And we, too, prudent with delusive lies,
Like the time-serving prophet might advise——

"Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prevail"—
Go up and conquer—or, lest conquest fail,
Shape now your double coat for every wear,
To turn at pleasure as the times may fare——
Inside or out, alike prepared to bring
"True blue" for Leslie, scarlet for the king,¹
And with old Nol and Knox's jargon, chime
"Kirk, King, and Kingdoms," in your quibbling
rhyme ;
Drag at your heel the gilded clog, and feed
The stalled and curried oxen—fed to bleed,
Your horns all humbled by the ball and saw,
And necks subservient in the yoke to draw
With Peel or Russell, as the times give law.

All ye who left the forest for the fold,
The free wide heather for the rank black mould,
The boundless mountain for the servile stall,
The wild deer's franchise for the heifer's thrall,
Who, all obsequious, cast into the dust
Your plaid to moulder and your brand to rust,
Leave freedom with the winds and deer—be thine
To delve the reeking refuse with the swine——
Though still to check and mark ye on the fail,
Ringed in the snout and brandered in the tail.

Go on and fatten, and with grateful toil
Gruffle and snort your solace in the soil ;
But never we to join your venal herd,
In pensioned styes and curried with a sherd,
Greedy to swill the draff—whoe'er may deal,
And crave alike to Russell or to Peel.

What ! shall the mountain stag his freedom yield ?
The hill and forest for the crib and field ?——
No ! to the dark deep wood and secret Tarn,
The misty corrai and the windy carn,
Wide shall he bear his royal head, and reign
King of the hill and heath—while on the plain
The ox may plough, the horse may drag the chain,
And with our sylvan brothers tameless still,
Free will we live, and die upon the hill.
But far, alas ! perchance from Albin's shore,
Since now the Highland range is ours no more ;
For alien solace and for alien gold,
Bought by the stranger, by the stranger ruled——
The forest and the fell, the lake, the field,
The Gaëls' heritage has ceased to yield ;
And as the hind no more for home may toil,
But leaves his own to till a foreign soil——
So must the noble poor for solace fly
To win the freedom which their hills deny ;

And while the corrai and the moor is shut,
From its own sons the stranger's hand to glut,
Bear we our rifles where yet far and free
The hound may follow and the stag may flee,
Where for no Jewish bribe or sordid hire
The great turn hucksters, and with greed aspire
To let the greenwood with its noble reign
Like market-pens or sheep-walks on the plain,
And, as churl butchers or base chapmen, sell
Their "vert and venison,"—ah ! who now may dwell
Amid the brakes to hear the wild buck bell !——
Where is the spirit, in this lust abhorred,
Of proud Dame Julian,¹ and old Wancliff's lord ?
And where the days of Athol or of Marr,
Ere the red Saxon gold and sordid tar
Drove from his hill the native mountaineer,
And the sweet shealing, poisoned to the deer ?²——
Farewell, loved haunts, we have no dwelling here,
Far to the East we fly, where freely still
The bear, and stag, and chamois, roam at will
In the wide Slavian wood and Servian hill.
Farewell the eagles, and the deer where erst
Our hearts, the mountain and the forest nursed,
Farewell the Tartans and the steel-barred brand
Which once had kept the children of the land :

Upon their hills in sorrow and in waste,
The stranger blood the native has displaced,
And stranger's garb our own proud garb disgraced.
With them there is no place for us to dwell,—
With all has gone before—we go—FAREWELL.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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L'Enbot.

THE SCORPION.

" Et habebant caudas similes scorpionum, et aculei erant in caudis earum: et potestas earum nocere hominibus."——

A VOICE has reached us in the distant land,
 Like muttered thunders of the Stygian strand
 Where the foul demons howl and harpies shriek
 And crimes and blasphemies incarnad reek;
 So to the upper air and living bounds
 From your dark den came up the nether sounds,
 And mingled in the breath which fans the stream
 Of the light idle world's diurnal dream;
 But as the fitful wind which stirs the tide,
 And blows, and passes on the ocean wide,
 They mingled in the air like clamouring cry
 Of cranes or jackals on the desert sky——
 But faint and far and feeble as they rung
 We knew the accents of each monster tongue,
 From the "Old Serpent" with the scorpion's sting,
 To the mean gliding snake, and creeping thing

Which crawls amid the noisome mire, and dwells
In rank corruption and foul charnel cells ;
Like those of old accursed and unclean
Profaned the Temple in their rites obscene.
Malignant reptile !—When your malice free
Blotted the best and fairest, what might we
In name, and faith obnoxious, hope from ye ?
Who spared not your own blood, nor sex nor friend,
The maiden-breast, the patriot fame to rend,
Who like the Patriarch's base son revealed
The nakedness thy hand should have concealed ;
Lifted thy father's skirt, and raised the shame
Of thy proud country in her proudest name,
His, who if ought by word or deed he failed,
Thy filial hand should piously have veiled——
But thou descended to the grave to rake
The ashes of the dead thy gain to make ;
To feed the craving thirst for things untold——
The secret thought, the word confiding sold,
Regardless how the traitor page might blot
The glorious and immortal name of SCOTT ;
That spirit in whose bright effulgent flame—
Whate'er its shadows—Heaven atone their shame—
Thine own shall blacken like the stagnant steam
Which reeks upon the lurid Stygian stream.

Malignant demon on whose brow is steeled
The cold deep malice in the heart concealed,
Whose gleaming eye and latent sneer may trace
The fallen angel's blasphemy of face.
Foe of the faithful, 'neath whose tongue of fire
Venoms of adders, and of asps respire,
Blasting all round thee like the poison tree,
No marvel ye should turn that breath on me,
And his bright name, which scathed your envious
sight
With the high lustre of its spotless light ;
When in the dust we hurled thy minion's lie
Which stained your exiled prince with infamy——
When to the brazen forehead we withstood
The Alien spirit in the native hood,
Which o'er the Highland hill and Lowland plain,
Drags at his heel the base dishonoured chain ;
The Moloch in whose red devouring flame,
Such sons as ye would immolate the fame,
The wealth, and glory of fair Scotland's name,—
And make her at the golden idol's knee
A base, and pander, nameless slave like thee ——
No marvel if in one red field we bore—
The banner ye have stained with vanquished gore ;
If yet in days for which your country blushed
We pleaded for the poor which *yours* have crushed,

Ground in the dust, and banished from their land
To die in exile on a savage strand——
No marvel if amid our country's night,
The shade of Wallace in its patriot light
Cast o'er our souls the mantle of his might,
And burning in his zeal we fanned the flame——
The flame of glory *yours* have dimmed with
shame——

No marvel that ye reared the triple head,
And raised the yelling tongue that bays the dead——
“Dogs ye have had your day—and thought no
more”

Than they who mocked Ulysses' name of yore ——
And we, as in the hall Ulysses' view,
Silent revolved the base rebellious crew,
And calm subdued beneath his deep control,
The rising thunder of his mighty soul——
So to the noteless shade your scoffs we roll——
And like the suitor throng in ribald cheer,——
So, brave Antinous, and thou false seer
Scoff and blaspheme—you speak to other ear
Who hears, and holds your destiny on high,
And if He rise “and thunder from the sky”——
Then at our “feet the rattling shower” may fall,
And then the darts shall ring around your hall——

But now !——Whate'er your rage—lives one so frail
To think that we shall answer when ye rail,
Or yell, or madden as the lawless crew
When the base offal at their king they threw ?——
No!——Time, Truth, Heaven shall answer thee——

but we,

Deaf to thy voice, as marble to the sea,
Shall leave thy spirit in its malice fell
To the dark penance of its own foul cell ;
Where like the reptile tomb, Don Roderick's hell,
The asps, and adders, and the scorpion sting
Of thine own conscience, thy dark soul shall wring.

And thou "mad priest" who in the sight divine
Like Cora brought strange incense to thy shrine,
Whose burning brain with zealot rage inflamed
Popes, Prelates, Patrons to the fire proclaimed,
Turned by thy little Popedom in Dunoon,
Would hang thy crop-eared mitre on the moon !
Thou who in frenzied fanaticism bold,
Hast made thee brazen horns like he of old
Who smote the Lord's anointed on the face,
And by the lying spirit "filled with grace"
Tempted his false confederates to their thrall——
"Go up and prosper !"——So ye too may fall——

Push with thy brazen horn, and sound thy lies
Like thy delusive god "The Prince of flies,"¹
And raise thy fiery torch, and toss thy light
Like the wild wandering meteors of the night,
Meet firebrand to bind between the tails
Of factious foxes, or light up the flails
Of frantic Hussites on the Sclavic vales.

Well may you turn your scorpion sting on those
Who bear upon their breast the cross—the rose,
Your sires hewed down and cast upon the pyre
Whereon ye mingled in the impious fire
The golden sceptre, and the holy staff,
And mocked their burning brands with demon laugh,
And quenched the reddened ashes in the flood
Of royal, and of sacerdotal blood.

Well may you rail on us—our name and race,
Whose sacred banner and whose sign of grace
Shines in your eyes, the sun on Satan's face;
Well may ye "*wet* the tongue," a rebel sword,
Upon our name—and names by us adored,
But in your own fell hearts the sting shall turn,
And in your own dark breasts the malice burn;

¹ בעל-זבוב — *Heb.* The Lord of flies.

As round Medusa's head the serpent girth
Writhed in the burning blood which gave them birth,
Scorched by the fiery venom as it bred
Their twisting volumes round the oozing head.
But vain your hissing tongues to reach the ear
Of our true faithful friends—for they are here
The just on earth—the blessed saints on high,
And on their heed your evil sounds shall die
Like the night demon's howling in the sky——

Beneath the cross upon the granite rock
We sit above your dark and lower world,
And in its broad bright sun the tempest mock,
And the dim lightning and the thunder hurled
Like distant echoes far beneath our feet ;
There let the earth-born slaves their anger meet
And tremble in the blast, and fiery sleet ;
We sit above its jarring war alone
With the strong eagle on his mountain throne,
Nor heed the pigmy din and insect strife
Where the earth reptiles battle through their life,
And wage their tiny stings and venom'd ire
Like maddened scorpions in the circling fire.
Calm we repose beneath His mighty shield,
And like the April tempest on the field,

As from the iron rock the hailstones dance
So from His golden veil their dust shall glance
Tossed to the desert where the wild winds list
In smoke and vapour mingled with the mist.
But though awhile ye wield the rebel fire
Beware how far ye tempt the slumbering ire—
And think not boastful if the thunders sleep,
The lightning spares the sordid things which creep
Their noisome way—because their reptile slime
Pollutes unmarked the flower they dared to climb—
Think ye—the forked lightning in the sky
Shall launch its bolts to blast the lanthorn fly
Which bears its flickering glow-worm tail like thee
To lure the insect world around its tree.—
Yet know there is a time to all things here
The winter's tomb shall bind the blooming year ;
The locust when his summer-time is run
Shrinks in the frost where basked he in the sun.
So shall your summer pass—so come the hour
When o'er your heads the tempest day shall lower,
And like the prophet you shall see and fly
To hide ye from your coming destiny ;
When in your face the angel's sword shall flame,
And Heaven's dread trumpet your misdeeds proclaim ;
For though like vipers basking in the sun
Awhile ye batten till your race is run,

The time shall come when o'er that sun on high
The clouds shall darken and the lightning fly,
And the red bolts—with all ye made your trust—
Blast your worm foreheads in the grovelling dust ;
Or if permitted still the sting to cast
He spare the baneful reptiles to the last,
Beware and tremble—though it late may be
There is a dread hereafter left for ye ;
When the last flaming earthquake rends the tomb
In rolling thunder and the day of doom,
And through black chaos and the rocking sphere,
From the deep gulf the nether fires appear,
And the red demon rears his burning crown,
And round your heads the world shall crumble down,
And roll into the bottomless profound,
Where place, nor light, nor hope shall never more be
found !

HRADSCHIN, *November 23, 1847.*

CORRIGENDA.

PAGE	LINE				
5	2	For	<i>fair</i>	read	<i>broad.</i>
9	26	—	<i>wait</i>	—	<i>waits.</i>
11	21	—	<i>overcome</i>	—	<i>masterless.</i>
26	23	—	<i>barbed</i>	—	<i>barded.</i>
35	2	—	<i>in</i>	—	<i>to.</i>
40	10	—	<i>Nevis</i>	—	<i>Wevis.</i>
45	12	—	<i>wood-cats</i>	—	<i>woodcat's.</i>
48	1	—	<i>Torkill's</i>	—	<i>Siward's.</i>
61	17	—	<i>her</i>	—	<i>his.</i>
72	7	—	<i>sweeps</i>	—	<i>swept.</i>
78	1	—	<i>mot</i>	—	<i>mote.</i>
78	11	—	<i>wot</i>	—	<i>wit.</i>
78	15	—	<i>Torkill's</i>	—	<i>Siward's.</i>
83	2	To	<i>hot-trod</i>	add	reference (35.)
94	3	For	<i>H'erusalem</i>	read	<i>Hierusalem.</i>
125	20	—	<i>ash</i>	—	<i>wood.</i>
129	19	—	<i>stern-like</i>	—	<i>stern like.</i>
132	5	—	<i>back</i>	—	<i>black.</i>
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158	20	—	<i>been</i>	—	<i>are.</i>
179	9	—	<i>linnets</i>	—	<i>linnet.</i>
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219	10	—	<i>foughten</i>	—	<i>stricken.</i>
228	1	—	<i>stirrups</i>	—	<i>stirrup.</i>
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271	24	—	<i>bauble</i>	—	<i>baubles.</i>
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310	16	—	<i>each star</i>	—	<i>the stars.</i>
325	12	—	<i>floods</i>	—	<i>flood's.</i>

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