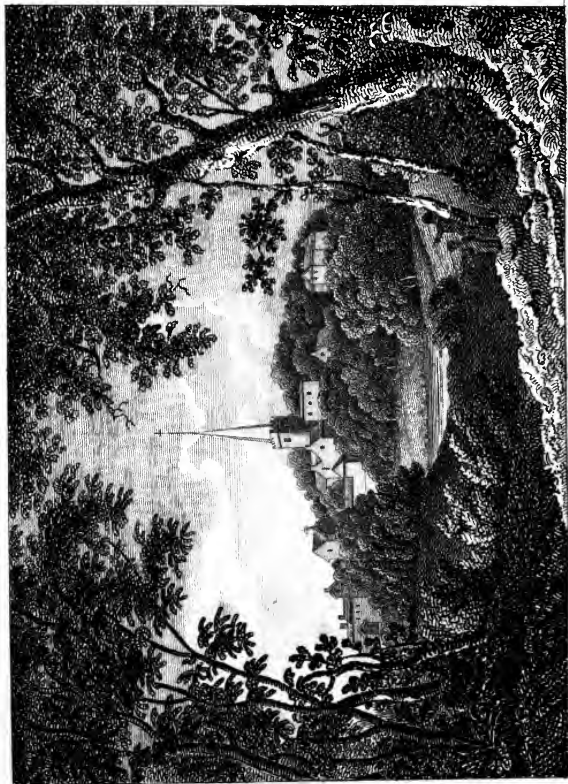




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*Ida! best spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous once I find thy youthful train!*

~~1820~~

11

HOURS OF IDLENESS:

A

Series of Poems,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.



BY

George Gordon LORD BYRON.



Μητ' αρ' με μαλ' αιυεε μητε τι νεικελ.

HOMER. Iliad, 10.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

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POEMS.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

WHY dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days! Thou lookest from thy tower to day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court.

OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou the hall of my Fathers art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choaked up the rose, which late bloomed in the way.



Of the mail-covered Barons, who, proudly to
 battle,
 Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's
 plain
 The escutcheon, and shield, which with every
 blast rattle,
 Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert with harp-stringing
 numbers,
 Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurel-
 led wreath ;
 Near Askalon's Towers, John of Horistan*
 slumbers,
 Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of
 Cressey ;
 For the safety of Edward and England they fell ;
 My Fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;
 How you fought ! how you died ! still her
 annals can tell.

* Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.



On Marston* with Rupert† 'gainst traitors
contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood, the
bleak field ;
For the rights of a monarch, their country
defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty sealed.

Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant
departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you
adieu !
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance im-
parting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear that excites his regret ;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his Fathers he ne'er can forget.

* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.



That fame, and that memory, still will he
cherish,

He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your
renown ;

Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
When decayed, may he mingle his dust with
your own.

1803.



EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.



Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ξωοισιν εως.

LAERTIUS.



OH! Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear,
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honoured
 bier!

What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of
 death!

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friends delight.
 If yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here, wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.



No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues, there, are seen to weep ;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring sooth his anguish here :
But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
Ah ! none ! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.



A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my Father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice ;
When poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot, where earth to earth returns :
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumbered
stone ;

My epitaph shall be, my name alone :
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay ;
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot,
By that remembered, or with that forgot.

1803.



THE TEAR.



O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.



WHEN friendship or love
 Our sympathies move ;
 When Truth, in a glance, should appear,
 The lips may beguile,
 With a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile
 But the hypocrite's wile,
 To mask detestation, or fear ;
 Give me the soft sigh,
 Whilst the soul-telling eye
 Is dimmed for a time, with a Tear.



Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shews the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doomed to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer:
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimsoned spear
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.



Sweet scene of my youth
Seat of Friendship and Truth
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year ;
Loth to leave thee, I mourned,
For a last look I turned,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour
To my Mary no more,
My Mary to Love once so dear ;
In the shade of her bower,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere ;
With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near ;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.



When my soul wings her flight,
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier ;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh ! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear ;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear.

1806.



AN
OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE
PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE,"
AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SINCE the refinement of this polished age,
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage ;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamped disgrace on all an author writ ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek ;
Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence though she find not fame,
Still, not for her alone, we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect ;
To night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old ;
No COOKE, no KEMBLE, can salute you here,
No SIDDONS draw the sympathetic tear ;
To night, you throng to witness the debut
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new ;



Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try,
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly ;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your
praise,

But all our dramatis personæ wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward ;
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze ;
Surely the last will some protection find,
None, to the softer sex, can prove unkind ;
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail ;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And if you can't applaud, at least forgive.



ON

THE DEATH OF MR. FOX.

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN
A MORNING PAPER.

“ OUR nation’s foes lament on Fox’s death,
 “ But bless the hour, when PITT resigned his
 breath ;
 “ These feelings wide, let sense and truth
 unclue,
 “ We give the palm, where Justice points its
 due.”

*To which the Author of these Pieces sent the
 following reply.*

OH ! factious viper ! whose envenomed tooth,
 Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth ;
 What, though our “ nations foes ” lament the
 fate,
 With generous feeling, of the good and great ;



Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead,"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumbered in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appeared,
Who for a time the ruined fabric reared;
He, too, is fallen, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people, only, raise his urn,
All Europe's far extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth
unclue,
"To give the palm where Justice points it due;"
Yet let not cankered calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world
must weep,
Whose dear remains in honoured marble sleep.



For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes, alike his talents own.
Fox ! shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign ;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.



STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear Girl ! from me thou'lt prize ;
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid ?
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doomed to fade.

Then read, dear Girl ! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those,
To thee, in vain, I shall not plead
In pity for the Poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard ;
His was no faint, fictitious flame ;
Like his, may love be thy reward ;
But not thy hapless fate the same.



TO M....

OH ! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine ;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art formed so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair ;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When nature stamped thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She feared, that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own,

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret light'ning lurk,
Within those once celestial eyes.



'These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze ;
'Thy beauty must enrapture all,
But, who can dare thine ardent gaze ?

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair,
In stars adorns the vault of heaven ;
But, they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou would'st so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister lights would scarce appear :
E'en suns, which systems now controul,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.



TO

WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee ;
Surely experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are nought ;
But placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget but to adore thee.
Oh! Memory! thou choicest blessing,
When joined with hope, when still possessing,
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her ;
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue ;
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows ;
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth ;



Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When lo ! she changes in a day :
This record will for ever stand,
“ Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.”*

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish Proverb.



TO

M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely
forgive,

Extend not your anger to sleep :
For in visions alone, your affection can live,
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus ! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign ;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the
last,
What rapture celestial is mine !

They tell us, that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given ;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of Heaven.



Ah ! frown not sweet Lady, unbend your soft
brow,

Nor deem me to happy in this ;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doomed but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet Lady, perhaps you
may smile,

Oh ! think not my penance deficient ;
When dreams of your presence my slumbers
beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.



SONG.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander, o'er the
dark heath
And climbed thy steep summit, oh ! Morven
of snow ;*
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below †
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centered
in you.

* Morven : a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire : “ Gornal of snow,” is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

† This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the Mountains ; it is by no means uncommon on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c. to perceive between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the Spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.



Yet, it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same

As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-covered wild:
One image alone, on my bosom impressed

I loved my bleak regions nor panted for new,
And few were my wants, for my wishes were
blessed,

And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was
with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along,
I breasted* the billows of *Dee's*† rushing tide,
And heard at a distance, the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my
view,

And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on
you.

* Breasting the lofty mountain.—SHAKSPEARE.

† The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.



I left my bleak home and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanished, my youth is
no more ;

As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed
before ;

Ah ! splendour has raised, but embittered my
lot,

More dear were the scenes which my infancy
knew ;

Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are
not forgot,

Though cold is my heart still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the
sky,

I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Col-
bleen * ;

When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endeared the rude
scene ;

* Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands,
not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.



When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains
once more

Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of
snow :

But while these soar above me, unchanged as
before,

Will Mary be there to receive me ? ah no !
Adieu ! then, ye hills, where my childhood was
bred,

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,
Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine but
with you ?



TO _____

OH! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting
are true ;
The love which you felt, was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherished for you.

But friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
The attachment of years in a moment expires ;
Like love too, she moves on a swift waving
pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable
fires.

Full oft have we wandered through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth I
allow ;
In the spring of our life, how serene is the
weather ;
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.



No more with affection, shall memory blending
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace ;
When pride steels the bosom the heart is un-
bending,
And what would be justice, appears a disgrace.

However, dear S——, for I still must esteem you,
The few whom I love, I can never upbraid,
The chance which has lost, may in future
redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have
made.

I will not complain, and though chilled is
affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live :
My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both
should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my
existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own ;
You knew me unaltered by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.



You knew,——but away with the vain retrospection,

The bond of affection no longer endures ;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,

And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part——I will hope not for ever,

For time and regret will restore you at last ;
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,

I ask no atonement, but days like the past.



TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here, I can trace the locks of gold,
Which round thy snowy forehead wave ;
The cheeks which sprung from Beauty's mould,
The lips which made me Beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no ! that eye
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue,
But where's the beam so sweetly straying ?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing.



Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious, that her image there,
Held every sense in fast controul.

Through hours, through years, through time
'twill cheer ;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;
In life's last conflict, 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.



DAMÆTAS.

IN law an infant,* and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,
From every sense of shame and virtue weaned,
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child ;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from
school ;

Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal, when others just begin ;
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl ;
But palled with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And, what was once his bliss, appears his bane.

* In Law, every person is an infant, who has not attained the age of 21.



TO MARION.

MARION ! Why that pensive brow ?
What disgust to life hast thou ?
Change that discontented air ;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast ;
He, in dimpling smiles, appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears ;
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown ;
Then resume thy former fire
Some will love, and all admire ;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile ;
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs, in dark restraint ;
Spite of all thou fain would'st say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips, but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse,



She blushes, curt'sies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me ;
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there,)
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were formed for better things than sneering ;
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested ;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free ;
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others ;
That is to say, unskilled to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion ! adieu ! oh ! pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not,
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion :
Howe'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips carnation ;



Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love ;
It is not too severe a stricture,
To say they form a pretty picture,
But wouldst thou see the secret chain,
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.



OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of Heaven on Lora's shore ;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon,
On Alva's casques of silver played ;
And viewed at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail arrayed.

And on the crimsoned rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scattered ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low.

* The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of the Armenian, or Ghost-Seer :— It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third Act of "Macbeth."



While many an eye which ne'er again,
 Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turned feebly from the gory plain,
 Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes, the lamp of Love,
 They blest her dear propitious light ;
But now she glimmered from above,
 A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
 And grey her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chace,
 Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan ?
 Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
 They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
 A sound is heard in yonder hall,
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
 And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.



Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave ;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hailed his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth,
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note,
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that, one day, the pibroch's strain,
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the Tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.



Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind :
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it streamed along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seemed his cheek and pale.

But Oscar owned a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth ;
Allan had early learned controul,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave, the Saxon spear,
Was shivered oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorned to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.



While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell ;
Keen as the lightning of the storm
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came ;

And Oscar claimed the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled,
It soothed the father's feudal pride,
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark ! to the pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark ! to the swelling nuptial song ;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the hero's blood-red plumes,
Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.



It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch, plays the song of peace ;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the band,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar ? sure 'tis late :
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame ?
While thronging guests, and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan joined the bride,
“ Why comes not Oscar ? ” Angus said ;
“ Is he not here ? ” the youth replied,
“ With me he rov'd not o'er the glade.

“ Perchance, forgetful of the day,
“ 'Tis his to chace the bounding roe ;
“ Or Ocean's waves prolong his stay,
“ Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow.”

“ Oh, no ! the anguished Sire rejoined,
“ Nor chace, nor wave my boy delay ;
“ Would he to Mora seem unkind ?
“ Would aught to her impede his way ?



“ Oh ! search ye Chiefs! oh! search around!
“ Allan, with these, through Alva fly ;
“ Till Oscar, till my son is found,
“ Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply.”

All is confusion—through the vale,
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murm’ring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain ;
It sounds through morning’s misty light,
But Oscar comes not o’er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar searched each mountain cave ;
Then hope is lost, in boundless grief,
His locks in grey-torn ringlets wave.

“ Oscar ! my Son!—thou God of Heav’n!
“ Restore the prop of sinking age ;
“ Or, if that hope no more is given,
“ Yield his assassin to my rage.



“ Yes, on some desart rocky shore,
“ My Oscar’s whitened bones must lie ;
“ Then grant thou God ! I ask no more,
“ With him his frantic sire may die.

“ Yet, he may live,—away despair ?
“ Be calm my soul ! he yet may live ;
“ T’ arraign my fate, my voice forbear,
“ O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

“ What, if he live for me no more,
“ I sink forgotten in the dust,
“ The hope of Alva’s age is o’er,
“ Alas ! can pangs like these, be just ?”

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still, some latent hope survived,
That Oscar might once more appear ;
His hope now drooped, and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.



Days rolled along, the orb of light,
 Again had run his destined race ;
No Oscar blessed his father's sight,
 And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remained,
 And now his father's only joy :
And Mora's heart was quickly gained,
 For beauty crowned the fair-haired boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
 And Allan's face was wondrous fair ;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
 Had claimed his faithless bosoms care.

And Angus said, if one year more,
 In fruitless hope was passed away ;
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
 And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow rolled the moons, but blest at last,
 Arrived the dearly destined morn ;
The year of anxious trembling past
 What smiles the lover's cheeks adorn.



Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !
Hark to the swelling nuptial song !
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall ;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darkened brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth ?
Before his eyes, far fiercer glow,
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red ;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaffed ;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.



- Sudden, the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hushed ;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blushed.
- “ Old man !” he cried “ this pledge is done,
“ Thou saw'st 'twas truly drank by me,
“ It hailed the nuptials of thy son,
“ Now will I claim a pledge from thee.
- “ While all around is mirth and joy,
“ To bless thy Allan's happy lot :
“ Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy ?
“ Say, why should Oscar be forgot ?
- “ Alas !” the hapless Sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
“ When Oscar left my hall, or died,
“ This aged heart was almost broke.
- “ Thrice has the earth revolved her course,
“ Since Oscar's form has blessed my sight ;
“ And Allan is my last resource,
“ Since martial Oscar's death or flight.”



“ ’Tis well,” replied the stranger, stern,
“ And fiercely flashed his rolling eye,
“ Thy Oscar’s fate, I fain would learn,
“ Perhaps the hero did not die.

“ Perchance, if those whom most he loved
“ Would call, thy Oscar might return,
“ Perchance the chief has only roved,
“ For him thy Beltane,* yet may burn.

“ Fill high the bowl, the table round,
“ We will not claim the pledge by stealth ;
“ With wine let every cup be crowned,
“ Pledge me departed Oscar’s health.”

“ With all my soul,” old Angus said,
“ And filled his goblet to the brim ;
“ Here’s to my boy alive, or dead,
“ I ne’er shall find a son like him.”

“ Bravely, old man, this health has sped,
“ But why does Allan trembling stand ?
“ Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
“ And raise thy cup with firmer hand.”

* Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the 1st of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.



The crimson glow of Allan's face,
 Was turned at once to ghastly hue ;
 The drops of death, each other chase,
 Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high
 And thrice his lips refused to taste ;
 For thrice he caught the stranger's eye,
 On his with deadly fury placed.

“ And is it thus a brother hails
 “ A brother's fond remembrance here ?
 “ If thus affection's strength prevails,
 “ What might we not expect from fear ?”

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
 “ Would! Oscar now could share our mirth ;”
 Internal fear appalled his soul,
 He said, and dashed the cup to earth.

“ Tis he, I hear my murderer's voice,”
 Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form ;
 “ A murderer's voice !” the roof replies,
 And deeply swells the bursting storm.



The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound, with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable streamed on high ;
But his breast was bare, with red wounds there,
And fixed was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee ;
And thrice he frowned, on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of
the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased ;
Who lies upon the stony floor ?
Oblivion pressed old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.



“ Away, away, let the leech essay,
“ To pour the light on Allan’s eyes ;”
His sand is done,—his race is run,
Oh ! never more shall Allan rise !

But Oscar’s breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale ;
And Allan’s barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentamar’s vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva’s sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan’s hand,
Exulting demons winged his dart,
While envy waved her burning brand,
And poured her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan’s bow,
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side,
Dark Oscar’s sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.



And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel :
Alas ! that eyes, which beamed with love,
Should urge the soul to deeds of Hell.

Lo ! seest thou not a lovely tomb,
Which rises o'er a warrior dead ?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom ;
Oh ! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood ;
And o'er his corse no banners wave
For they were stained with kindred blood.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise ?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise ?

Unstrung, untouched, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake ;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.



No lyre of fame, no hallowed verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air,
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.



TO THE DUKE OF D.



IN looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for this second edition, I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from H——. They were addressed to a young school-fellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles, through the neighbouring country; however he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a reperusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.



D—R—T! whose early steps with mine have
 strayed,
 Exploring every path of Ida's glade,
 Whom still affection taught me to defend,
 And made me less a tyrant than a friend;
 Though the harsh custom of our youthful band,
 Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command* ;

* At every public School, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms, till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.



"Thee on whose head a few short years will shower
 The gift of riches, and the pride of power ;
 Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
 Renowned in rank, not far beneath the throne.
 Yet D—r—t, let not this seduce thy soul,
 To shun fair science, or evade controul ;
 Though passive tutors,* fearful to dispraise
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
 And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
 To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee !
 And, even in simple boyhood's opening dawn,
 Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn ;
 When these declare, " that pomp alone should
 wait

" On one by birth predestined to be great ;

" That books were only meant for drudging
 fools,

" That gallant spirits scorn the common rules ;"

* Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant ; I merely mention generally, what is too often the weakness of preceptors.



Believe them not,—they point the path to shame,
 And seek to blast the honours of thy name:
 Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
 Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
 Or, if amidst the comrades of thy youth,
 None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
 Ask thine own heart! 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear,
 For *well* I know, that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have marked thee many a passing day,
 But, now new scenes invite me far away;
 Yes! I have marked within that generous mind,
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind;
 Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
 Whom Indiscretion hailed her favourite child;
 Though every error stamps me for her own,
 And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
 Though my proud heart no precept, now can
 tame,
 I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
 To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour,
 To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
 With long-drawn names, that grace no page
 beside;



Then share with titled crowds the common lot,
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;
While naught divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the Herald's
roll,

That well emblazoned, but neglected scroll,
Where Lords, unhonoured, in the tomb may
find

One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.—
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their
faults ;

A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise ;
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too ;
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun,
Not fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day,
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires
display ;



One, though a Courtier, lived a man of worth,
 And called, proud boast ! the drama forth.*
 Another view, not less renowned for wit,
 Alike, for courts, and camps, or senates fit ;
 Bold in the field, and favoured by the Nine,
 In every splendid part ordained to shine ;
 Far, far, distinguished from the glittering throng,
 The pride of princes, and the boast of Song, †
 Such were thy Fathers, thus preserve their name,
 Not heir to titles only, but to Fame.
 The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close
 To me, this little scene of joys and woes ;

* “ Thomas S—k—lle, Lord B—k—st, created Earl of
 “ D— by James the First, was one of the earliest, and
 “ brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the
 “ first who produced a regular drama.”

ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.

† Charles S—k—lle, Earl of D—, esteemed the most
 accomplished man of this day, was alike distinguished in the
 voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of Wil-
 liam III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight
 with the Dutch, in 1665, on the day previous to which he
 composed his celebrated song. His character has been drawn
 in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve.
 Vide ANDERSON'S BRITISH POETS.



Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades, where Hope, Peace, and Friendship
all were mine ;

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew ;
Peace, that reflection never frowned away,
By dreams of ill, to cloud some future day ;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell,
Alas ! they love not long who love so well,
To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hailed, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding, slowly, through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

D—r—t ! farewell ! I will not ask one part,
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart ;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind,
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same
sphere,

Since the same senate, nay the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.



For me, in future, neither friend or foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe ;
With thee no more again, I hope to trace,
The recollection of our early race ;
No more, as once in social hours rejoice,
Or hear unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance, it ought,
If these—but let me cease the lengthened strain,
Oh ! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate,
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

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TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS
TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

ANIMULA ! vāgula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

AH ! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay !
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless and forlorn.



TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.



AD LESBIAM.



EQUAL to Jove, that youth must be,
 Greater than Jove, he seems to me,
 Who free from Jealousy's alarms,
 Securely views thy matchless charms ;
 That cheek which ever-dimpling glows, 5
 That mouth from whence such music flows,
 To him alike, are always known,
 Reserved for him, and him alone.
 Ah ! Lesbia ! though 'tis death to me,
 I cannot choose but look on thee ; 10
 But, at the sight, my senses fly,
 I needs must gaze, but gazing die ;
 Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
 Parched to the throat my tongue adheres,
 My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short, 15
 My limbs deny their slight support ;



Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly langour droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing ;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night ;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

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TRANSLATION

OF THE

EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.



HE, who sublime in epic numbers rolled,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's* unequal hand alike controuled,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

* The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.



TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.



" LUCTUS DE MORTE PASSERIS."



YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved ;
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved :

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirruped oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain ;
Now having passed the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death, and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in vain.



Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of Life's decay.



IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire ;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss,
Nor then my soul should stated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee :
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever ;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed ;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah ! never—never.



TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre,
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire ;
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell :
When Atreus' sons advanced to war
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar :
But still to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name ;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due ;
With glowing strings, the epic strain,
To Jove's great son I raise again ;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds ;
All, all in vain, my wayward lyre,
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.



Adieu ! ye chiefs ! renowned in arms !
Adieu ! the clang of war's alarms,
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel,
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss, and sighs of flame.



ODE III.

'T WAS now the hour, when night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
Bootes, only, seemed to roll
His arctic charge around the pole ;
While mortals lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy :
Quick to my gate, directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force ;
My visions fled, alarmep I rose,
“ What stranger breaks my blest repose ? ”
“ Alas ! ” replies the wily child,
In faltering accents, sweetly mild ;
“ A hapless Infant here I roam,
“ Far from my dear maternal home ;
“ Oh ! shield me from the wintry blast,
“ The nightly storm is pouring fast,
“ No prowling robber lingers here,
“ A wandering baby who can fear ? ”



I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale ;
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe ;
I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung,
(Ah ! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart ;)
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast,
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring :
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now reviving from the storm, -
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow ;
“ I fain would know, my gentle host,”
He cried, “ if this its strength has lost ;
“ I fear, relaxed with midnight dews,
“ The strings their former aid refuse :”
With poison tipped, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies ;



Then loud the joyous urchin laughed,
“ My bow can still impel the shaft ;
“ ’Tis firmly fixed, thy sighs reveal it,
“ Say courteous host, canst thou not feel it ?”



FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,

FROM THE

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove to whose Almighty throne,
 Both Gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall,
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain,
 'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

* * * * *

How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride,
 When placed aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side.
 Thou sat'st while reverend Ocean smiled,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled ;
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
 Nor yet thy doom was fixed, nor Jove relentless
 frowned.

HARROW, DEC. 1, 1804.



THE
EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A

PARAPHRASE FROM THE *ÆNEID*, LIB. 9.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood ;
Well skilled in fight, the quivering lance to
wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field ;
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave,
To watch the movements of the Daunian host ;
With him Euryalus sustains the post,
No lovelier mien adorned the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy,
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
A soul heroic, as his form was fair,
These burn with one pure flame of generous
love,
In peace, in war united, still they move ;



Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combined, they hold their nightly
guard.

- “ What God ! ” exclaimed the first ! “ instils
this fire ?
“ Or, in itself a God, what great desire ?
“ My labouring soul, with anxious thought
oppressed,
“ Abhors this station of inglorious rest ;
“ The love of fame with this can ill accord,
“ Be’t mine to seek for glory with my sword.
“ Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling
dim,
“ Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy
limb ?
“ Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
“ And drowsy silence holds her sable reign ?
“ Then hear my thought :—In deep and sul-
len grief,
“ Our troops and leaders mourn their absent
chief,
“ Now could the gifts, and promised prize be
thine,
“ (The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine ;)



“ Were this decreed ;—beneath yon rising
 mound,
 “ Methinks, an easy path perchance were found,
 “ Which past, I speed my way to Pallas’ walls;
 “ And lead Æneas from Evander’s halls.”
 With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
 His glowing friend addressed the Dardan boy,
 “ These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone,
 “ Must all the fame, the peril be thine own ?
 “ Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
 “ As one unfit to share the toils of war ?
 “ Not thus, his son, the great Opheltes taught,
 “ Not thus, my sire, in Argive combats fought :
 “ Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
 “ I tracked Æneas through the walks of fate ;
 “ Thou know’st my deeds, my breast devoid of
 fear,
 “ And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear ;
 “ Here is a soul, with hope immortal burns,
 “ And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *glory* spurns,
 “ Fame, fame, is cheaply earned by fleeting
 breath,
 “ The price of honour is the sleep of death.”
 Then Nisus,—“ Calm thy bosom’s fond alarms,
 “ Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms ;



“ More dear thy worth, and valour than my own,
“ I swear by him who fills Olympus’ throne !
“ So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
“ And clasp again the comrade of my youth ?
“ But should I fall, and he who dares advance,
“ Through hostile legions, must abide by
 chance ;
“ If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
“ Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low.
“ Live thou, such beauties I would fain pre-
 serve,
“ Thy budding years a lengthened term deserve ;
“ When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
“ Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me ;
“ Whose manly arm may snatch me back by
 force,
“ Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse ;
“ Or, if my destiny these last deny,
“ If, in the spoiler’s power my ashes lie ;
“ Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
“ To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
“ Why should thy doating wretched mother
 weep
“ Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep ?



“ Who, for thy sake, the tempest’s fury dared,
“ Who, for thy sake, war’s deadly peril shared ;
“ Who braved what woman never braved before,
“ And left her native, for the Latian shore.”

“ In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,”

Replied Euryalus, “ it scorns controul !

“ Hence, let us haste,”—their brother guards
arose,

Roused by their call, nor court again repose ;
The pair, buoyed up on hope’s exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o’er the earth a solemn stillness ran,

And lulled alike the cares of brute and man ;

Save where the Dardan leaders, nightly hold

Alternate converse, and their plans unfold ;

On one great point the council are agreed,

An instant message to their prince decreed ;

Each leaned upon the lance he well could wield,

And poised with easy arm, his ancient shield ;

When Nisus and his friend their leave request,

To offer something to their high behest.

With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,

The faithful pair before the throne appear ;

Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,

The elder first addressed the hoary band,



“ With patience,” (thus Hyrtacides began,)
“ Attend, nor judge, from youth our humble
 plan ;
“ Where yonder beacon’s half expiring beam,
“ Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
“ Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
“ Between the ocean and the portal placed :
“ Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
“ Whose shade, securely, our design will cloak !
“ If you, ye chiefs and fortune will allow,
“ We’ll bend our course to yonder mountains
 brow ;
“ Where Pallas’ walls at distance meet the sight,
“ Seen o’er the glade, when not obscured by
 night ;
“ Then shall Æneas, in his pride return,
“ While hostile matrons raise their offspring’s
 urn ;
“ And Latian spoils, and purpled heaps of dead,
“ Shall mark the havoc of our hero’s tread ;
“ Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
“ Where yonder torrent’s devious waters stray ;
“ Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
“ The distant spires above the vallies gleam.”



Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaimed !
 “ Ye parent Gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
 “ Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy ;
 “ When minds like these, in striplings thus ye
 raise,
 “ Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise ;
 “ In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
 “ And Ilion’s wonted glories still survive : ”
 Then, in his warm embrace, the boys he pressed,
 And quivering, strained them to his aged breast ;
 With tears the burning cheek of each bedewed,
 And sobbing, thus his first discourse renewed ;
 “ What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
 “ Can we bestow, which you may not despise ?
 “ Our deities the first best boon have given,
 “ Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven,
 “ What poor rewards can bless your deeds on
 earth,
 “ Doubtless await such young exalted worth ;
 “ Æneas and Ascanius shall combine,
 “ To yield applause far, far surpassing mine.”
 Iulus then : “ By all the powers above !
 “ By those Penates,* who my country love ;

* Household Gods.



- “ By hoary Vesta’s sacred fane, I swear,
“ My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair !
“ Restore my father, to my grateful sight,
“ And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
“ Nisus ! two silver goblets are thine own,
“ Saved from Arisba’s stately domes o’er-
 thrown ;
“ My sire secured them on that fatal day ;
“ Nor left such bowls, an Argive robber’s prey,
“ Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine,
“ Two talents polished from the glittering
 mine ;
“ An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
“ While yet our vessels pressed the Punic wave ;
“ But, when the hostile chiefs at length bow
 down,
“ When great Æneas wears Hesperia’s crown,
“ The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed,
“ Which Turnus guides with more than mortal
 speed,
“ Are thine ; no envious lot shall then be cast,
“ I pledge my word, irrevocably past ;
“ Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six cap-
 tive dames,
“ Tosoothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,



“ And all the realms, which now the Latins sway,
“ The labours of to-night shall well repay.
“ But thou, my generous youth, whose tender
 years
“ Are near my own, whose worth my heart
 reveres,
“ Henceforth, affection sweetly thus begun,
“ Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one ;
“ Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,
“ Without thy dear advice, no great design ;
“ Alike through life esteemed, thou god-like boy,
“ In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy.”

To him Euryalus, “ no day shall shame
“ The rising glories which from this I claim,
“ Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
“ But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
“ Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
“ One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :
“ My mother, sprung from Priam’s royal line,
“ Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
“ Nor Troy, nor King Acestes’ realms restrain
“ Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;
“ Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
“ A bright example of maternal love.



“ Unknown the secret enterprize I brave,
 “ Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;
 “ From this alone, no fond adieus I seek,
 “ No fainting mother’s lips have pressed my
 cheek ;
 “ By gloomy night, and thy right hand I vow,
 “ Her parting tears would shake my purpose
 now :
 “ Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
 “ In thee her much loved child may live again ;
 “ Her dying hours, with pious conduct bless,
 “ Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
 “ So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
 “ To rise in glory, or to fall in fame.”
 Struck with a filial care, so deeply felt,
 In tears, at once the Trojan warriors melt ;
 Faster than all, Iulus’ eyes o’erflow,
 Such love was his, and such had been his woe,
 “ All thou hast asked, receive,” the Prince re-
 plied,
 “ Nor this alone, but many a gift beside ;
 “ To cheer thy mother’s years shall be my aim,
 “ Creusa’s* style but wanting to the dame ;

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.



“ Fortune an adverse wayward course may
run,

“ But blessed thy mother in so dear a son.

“ Now, by my life, my sire’s most sacred oath,

“ To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,

“ All the rewards which once to thee were vowed,

“ If thou should’st fall, on her shall be bes-
towed.”

Thus spoke the weeping Prince, then forth to
view,

A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew ;

Lycaon’s utmost skill had graced the steel,

For friends to envy and for foes to feel ;

A tawny hide, the Moorish lion’s spoil,

Slain ’midst the forest, in the hunter’s toil,

Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,

And old Alethes’ casque defends his brows ;

Armed, thence they go, while all the assembled
train,

To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain ;

More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,

Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place,

His prayers he sends, but what can prayers
avail !

Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale !



The trench is past, and favoured by the
night,
Through sleeping foes, they wheel their wary
flight ;
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er ?
Alas ! some slumber who shall wake no more !
Chariots and bridles, mixed with arms are seen,
And flowing flasks, and scattered troops between,
Bacchus and Mars, to rule the camp, combine,
A mingled chaos this, of war and wine.
Now cries the first, “ for deeds of blood prepare,
“ With me the conquest, and the labour share ;
“ Here lies our path, lest any hand arise,
“ Watch thou, while many a dreaming chief-
tain dies ;
“ I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
“ And clear thy road with many a deadly blow.”
His whispering accents, then the youth repressed,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting
breast,
Stretched at his ease, the incautious king re-
posed,
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed ;
To Turnus dear, a prophet, and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince :



But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell ;
The charioteer, along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his severed neck divides ;
And last, his lord is numbered with the dead,
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head ;
From the swollen veins the blackening torrents
pour,

Stained is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyros and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, filled with youthful fire ;
Half the long night in childish games were passed,
Lulled by the potent grape, he slept at last ;
Ah ! happier far, had he the morn surveyed,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill displayed.

In slaughtered folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep ;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder gluttoned, and in carnage rolls ;
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore, the lordly tyrant foams.



Nor less the others deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name ;
His wound, unconscious Fodus scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel ;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides ;
Full in his heart, the falchion searched his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate strains ;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they
 flow,

The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt, they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray ;
There unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatched, unheeded, on the herbage feed ;
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flushed with carnage, and with conquest
 warm :

“ Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is
 passed,

“ Full foes enough to night, have breathed their
 last ;

“ Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn,

“ Now let us speed nor tempt the rising morn.”



What silver arms, with various arts embossed ;
 What bowls and mantles in confusion tossed ;
 They leave regardless ! yet, one glittering prize
 Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes ;
 The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
 The gems which stud the monarch's golden
 belt ;

This from the palid corse was quickly torn,
 Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
 Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
 Messapus' helm, his head in triumph bears ;
 Then from the tents their cautious steps they
 bend,
 To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
 To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course ;
 While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
 The knights, impatient, spur along the way :
 Three hundred mail-clad men by Volscens led
 To Turnus, with their master's promise sped ;
 Now they approach the trench, and view the
 walls,
 When, on the left, a light reflection falls,



The plundered helmet, through the warning
night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
Volsens, with questions loud, the pair alarms,
Stand, stragglers! stand; why early thus in
arms?
“From whence, to whom?” he meets with no
reply,
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly;
The thicket’s depth, with hurried pace they
tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron
spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene,
Euryalus, his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest’s maze,
To where Latinus’ steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o’er the plain his eyes extend
On every side they seek his absent friend,
“O God, my boy,” he cries, “of me bereft,
“In what impending perils art thou left!”



Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
 Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
 The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around,
 Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
 Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
 The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys,
 The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
 While lengthening shades, his weary way con-
 found ;

Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers
 dare ?

Ah ! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share !
 What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?

His life a votive ransom nobly give,
 Or die with him, for whom he wished to live !
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb, he cast his frenzied eye :

“ Goddess serene, transcending every star !

“ Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar ;

“ By night, Heaven owns thy sway, by day the
 grove ;

“ When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove ;



“ If e’er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
“ Thine altars with the produce of the chace ;
“ Speed, speed, my dart, to pierce yon vaun-
ting crowd,
“ To free my friend, and scatter far the proud.”
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon
sung ;
The thirsty point in Sulmo’s entrails lay,
Transfixed his heart, and stretched him on the
clay :
He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horrorgaze ;
While pale they stare, through Angus’ temples
riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven ;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veiled by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he viewed his soldiers fall,
“ Thou youth accurst ; thy life shall pay for all.”
Quick from the sheath, his flaming glaive he
drew,
And raging, on the boy defenceless flew,
Nisus, no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth, he starts, and all his love reveals ;



Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies :
 “ Me, Me, your vengeance hurl, on me alone,
 “ Here sheath the steel, my blood is all your
 own ;

“ Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven
 attest !

“ He could not!—durst not!—lo! the guile
 confest!

“ All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend,

“ He only loved, too well, his hapless friend ;

“ Spare, spare ye chiefs! from him your rage
 remove,

“ His fault was friendship, all his crime was
 love.”

He prayed in vain, the dark assassin's sword
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored ;
 Lowly to earth, inclines his plume-clad crest,
 And sanguine torrents, mantle o'er his breast ;
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents the
 air,

Languid in death, expires beneath the share ;

Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,

Declining gently, falls a fading flower ;



Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering Beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide ;
Volscens he seeks, amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost ;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on
foe,

Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every
blow ;

In vain, beneath unnumbered wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds ;
In viewless circles wheeled his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp, till Volscens dies,
Deep in his throat, its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the
wound.

Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved,
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved ;
Then, on his bosom, sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace !

Celestial pair ! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame !



Ages on ages, shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire ;
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome !
And vanquished millions hail their Empress,
Rome !



TRANSLATION

FROM

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe ?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more ;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But, if affection gently thrills
The soul, by purer dreams possess'd,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
In love can sooth the aching breast ;
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus ! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the Gods have given ?



But never from thy golden bow,
 May I beneath the shaft expire,
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
 Awakes an all-consuming fire ;
Ye racking doubts ! ye jealous fears !
 With others wage internal war ;
Repentance ! source of future tears,
 From me be ever distant far.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
 The holy calm of sacred love !
May all the hours be winged with joy,
 Which hover faithful hearts above ;
Fair Venus ! on thy myrtle shrine,
 May I with some fond lover sigh !
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
 With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil ! beloved before,
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
 A hapless, banished wretch to roam ;
This very day, this very hour,
 May I resign this fleeting breath,
Nor quit my silent, humble bower ;
 A doom to me far worse than death.



Have I not heard the exile's sigh ?
 And seen the exile's silent tear ?
 Through distant climes condemned to fly,
 A pensive, weary wanderer here ;
 Ah ! hapless dame !* no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

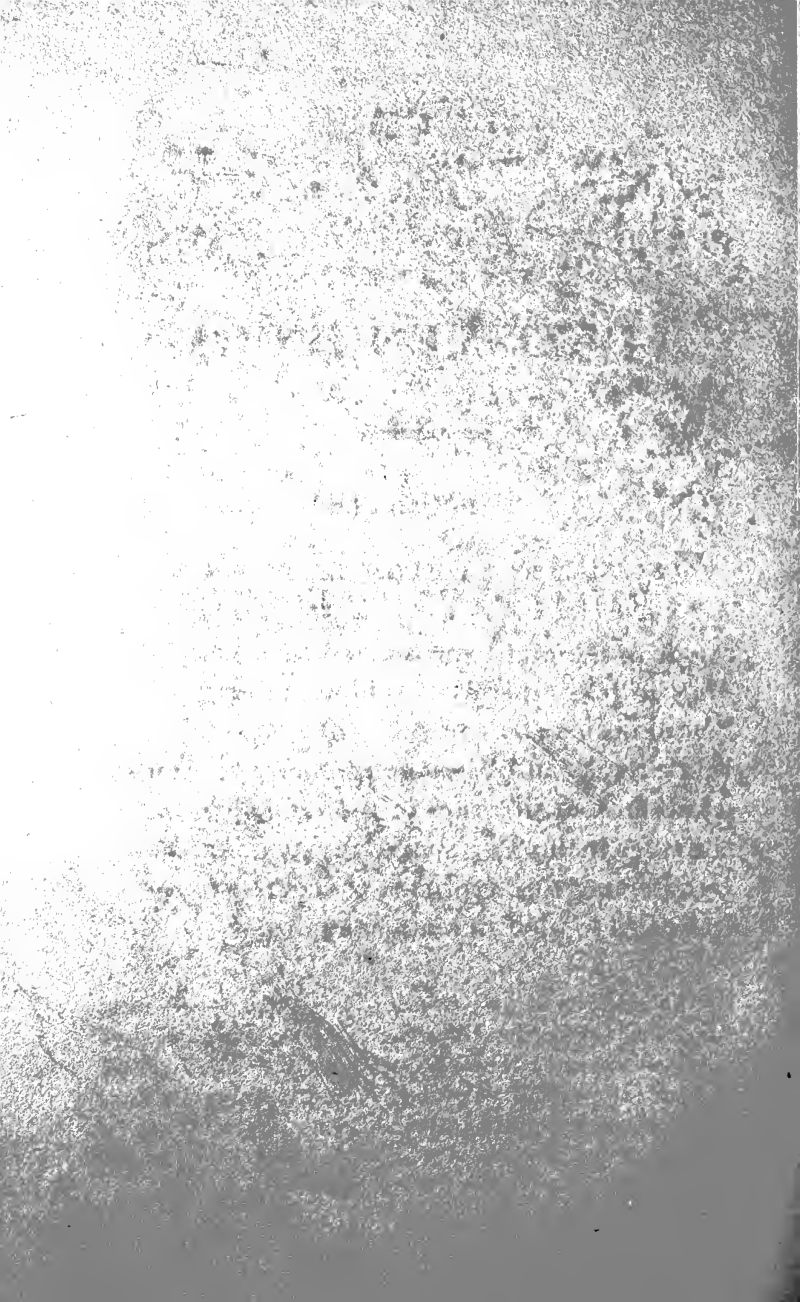
Perish the fiend ! whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her he fondly loved depart,
 Unpitied, helpless and alone ;
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key †
 The milder treasures of his soul,
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And Ocean's storms between us roll !

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, King of that City. The Chorus, from which this is taken, here addresses Medea ; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

† The original is “Καθαραν ἀνοιξαντι Κληίδα φρενων :” literally “disclosing the bright key of the mind.”



FUGITIVE PIECES.



FUGITIVE PIECES.



THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.*

HIGH in the midst surrounded by his peers
Magnus his ample front sublime uprears ;
 Placed on his chair of state, he seems a God,
 While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod ;
 As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
 His voice in thunder, shakes the sounding dome ;
 Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
 Unskilled to plod in mathematic rules.

* No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of *Magnus*. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office : indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself : as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days, for wit and conviviality.



Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ;
Who scarcely skilled an English line to pen,
Scans attic metres with a critic's ken,
What! though he knows not how his fathers
 bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead ;
When Edward bade his conquering bands
 advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France ;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna
 Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta ;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid ;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class honours, medals, fellowships, await ;
Or, even perhaps, the declamation prize,
If, to such glorious height, he lifts his eyes.
But, lo! no common orator can hope,
The envied silver cup within his scope ;



Not that our heads much eloquence require,
 Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
 A manner clear, or warm, is useless, since
 We do not try by speaking, to convince ;
 Be other orators of pleasing proud,
 We speak to please ourselves, not move the
 crowd :

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
 A proper mixture of the squeak and groan ;
 No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
 The slightest motion would displease the Dean ;
 Whilst every staring Graduate would prate,
 Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised
 cup,
 Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up ;
 Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
 No matter what, so it can *not* be heard :
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest ;
 Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best ;
 Who utters most within the shortest space,
 May safely hope to win the wordy race.



The sons of science, these, who thus repaid,
 Linger in ease, in Granta's sluggish shade ;
 Where on Cam's sedgy bank, supine they lie,
 Unknown, unhonoured live,—unwept for die ;
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fixed within their walls ;
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise ;
 Yet prizing BENTLEY'S,* BRUNK'S,* or POR-
 SON'S† note,
 More than the verse on which the critic wrote ;
 Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale,
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to
 feel,
 When Self and Church, demand a Bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they court the Lord of power,
 Whether 'tis PITT, or P—TTY rules the hour,‡

* * Celebrated Critics.

† The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge ; a man whose powers of mind and writings, may perhaps justify their preference.

‡ Since this was written Lord H. P——y has lost his place, and subsequently, (I had almost said CONSEQUENTLY,) the honour of representing the University ; a fact so glaring requires no comment.



To him with suppliant smiles they bend the
head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with dis-
grace,
They'd fly to seek the next who filled his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard,
Such is their practice, such is their reward;
This much, at least, we may presume to say,
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.
1806.



TO THE EARL OF ———



Tu semper amoris

“ Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat Imago.”

VALERIUS FLACCUS.



FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
 Like striplings mutually beloved,
 With Friendship's purest glow ;
 The bliss which winged those rosy hours,
 Was such as pleasure seldom showers
 On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone,
 Dearer than all the joys I've known,
 When distant far from you ;
 Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
 To trace those days and hours again,
 And sigh again, adieu !



My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoyed no more,
 Those scenes regretted ever ;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
 And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
 Together joined in vain ;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
 Till mingled in the main.

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
 Nor mingle as before :
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathomed gulph appear,
 And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
 Now flow in different channels ;
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polished courts,
 And shine in Fashion's annals.



'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of Reason ;
 For sense and reason (Critics know it,)
 Have quitted every amorous Poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

POOR LITTLE! sweet melodious bard ;
 Of late esteemed it monstrous hard,
 That he who sang before all ;
 He who the lore of love expanded,
 By dire Reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral.*

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine,
 Repine not at thy lot ;
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And Critics are forgot.

* These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe Critique in a Northern Review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon.



Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;
And though myself may be the next,
By critic sarcasm to be vexed,
 I really, will not fight them.*

Perhaps they would do quite as well,
To break the rudely sounding shell,
 Of such a young beginner ;
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty, may become, I ween,
 A very hardened sinner.

Now——I must return to you,
And sure apologies are due,
 Accept then my concession ;
In truth, dear ——, in fancy's flight,
I soar along from left to right,
 My Muse admires digression.

* A Bard (Horesco referens,) defied his reviewer to mortal combat: if this example becomes prevalent, our periodical Censors must be dipped in the River Styx, for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants ?



I think I said 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state,
 May regal smiles attend you ;
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
 If worth can recommend you.

Yet, since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snares, may Saints preserve you ;
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you.

Not for a moment may you stray
From Truth's secure unerring way,
 May no delights decoy ;
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy.

Oh ! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow ;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,
 Be still as you are now.



And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days
 To me were doubly dear :
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd *wave* at once, a *Poet's* fame,
 To *prove* a *Prophet* here.



GRANTA, A MEDLEY.



Αργυρενις λογχασι μαχη και παντα Κρατησαις.



OH ! could LE SAGE'S* demon's gift
 Be realized at my desire ;
 This night my trembling form he'd lift,
 To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroofed, old Granta's halls
 Pedantic inmates full display ;
 Fellows who dream on lawn, or stalls,
 The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
 P—tty and P—lm—s—n survey ;
 Who canvas there, with all their might,
 Against the next elective day.

* The Diable Boiteux of LE SAGE, where Asmodeus, the Demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.



Lo ! candidates and voters lie
All lulled in sleep, a goodly number !
A race renowned for piety,
Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage reflecting men ;
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom, now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal ;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

Now, from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view unheeded, and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.



He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who striving hardly to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge.

Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan precisely, metres attic ;
 Or agitates his anxious breast,
 In solving problems mathematic.

Who reads false quantities in Sele*,
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle ;
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
 In barbarous Latin† doomed to wrangle.

Renouncing every pleasing page,
 From authors of historic use ;
 Preferring to the lettered sage,
 The square of the hypotenuse ‡.

* Sele's publication on Greek metres, displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

† The Latin of the schools is of the CANINE SPECIES, and not very intelligible.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the Hypotenuse, is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.



Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine ;
When drunkenness and dice invite,
As every sense is steeped in wine.

Not so, the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay ;
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray.

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from their merit,
Of all their boasted self denial.

'Tis morn : from these I turn my sight ;
What scene is this, which meets the eye ?
A numerous crowd arrayed in white *,
Across the green in numbers fly.

* On a Saint's day, the Students wear Surplices in Chapel.



Loud rings in air the chapel bell ;
'Tis hushed :—what sounds are these I hear ?
The organ's soft celestial swell,
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is joined the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallowed strain ;
Though he who hears the music long,
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners,
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were asked to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.



Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem, or fear ;
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stayed to hear.

But, if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read ;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old GRANTA's spires,
No more like Cleofas I fly,
No more thy theme my muse inspires,
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.



LACHIN Y. GAIR.



LACHIN Y. GAIR, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain perhaps, in GREAT BRITAIN; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque, amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y. Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following stanzas.



AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
 In you, let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake re-
 poses,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and
 love :
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are the mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements
 war,
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing
 fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr



Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wan-
dered,

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
plaid * ;

On chieftains long perished, my memory pon-
dered,

As daily I strode through the pine-covered
glade ;

I sought not my home till the day's dying glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;

For fancy was cheered by traditional story,

Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your
voices,

“ Rise on the night-rolling breath of the
gale ?”

Surely, the soul of the hero rejoices,

And rides on the wind, o'er his own High-
land vale :

* This word is erroneously pronounced PLAD, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is known by the Orthography.



Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist
gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car ;

Clouds, there encircle the forms of my Fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na
Garr :

“ Ill starred,* though brave, did no vision’s
foreboding,

“ Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?”

Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,†

Victory crowned not your fall with ap-
plause ;

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, “ the GORDONS,” many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment to the STEWARTS. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James the First of Scotland, by her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the Battle of Culloden, I am not certain ; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, “ pars pro toto.”



Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,

You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar,*

The Pibroch†! resounds, to the piper's loud number,

Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,

Years must elapse ere I tread you again ;

Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,

Yet, still, are you dearer than Albion's plain :
England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic,

To one who has roved on the mountains afar ;
Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic,

The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

* A Tract of the Highlands so called ; there is also a Castle of Braemar.

† The Bagpipe.



TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance !
Auspicious Queen ! of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys ;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth :
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll ;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue,
When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even Woman's smiles are true.



And must we own thee, but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend ?
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
A Pylades* in every friend :
But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
To mingling bands of fairy elves ;
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for—themselves.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar :
Fond fool ! to love a sparkling eye,
And think, that eye to truth was dear ;
To trust a passing Wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a Wanton's tear.

* It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships, which with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Phythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed, beyond the imagination of the Poet, the page of an historian, or modern novelist.



Romance ! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility ;
Whose silly tears can never flow,
For any pangs excepting thine ;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crowned, arrayed in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds ;
And call thy sylvan female quire,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial Nymphs, whose ready tears,
On all occasions swiftly flow ;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow ;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train ?
An infant Bard, at least may claim,
From you a sympathetic strain.



Adieu ! fond race, a long adieu !

The hour of fate is hovering nigh,
Even now the gulph appears in view,

Where unlamented you must lie,
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,

Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,

Alas ! must perish altogether.



ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*



IT is the voice of years, that are gone ! they roll before me with all
their deeds.

OSSIAN.



NEWSTEAD ! fast falling, once resplendent dome !
Religion's shrine ! repentant HENRY'S † pride !
Of Warriors, Monks, and Dames the cloistered
tomb ;
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail ! to thy pile ! more honoured in thy fall,
Than modern mansions in their pillared state ;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

* As one poem, on this subject, is printed in the beginning,
the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the follow-
ing : it is now added at the particular request of some friends.

† HENRY II. founded Newstead, soon after the murder of
THOMAS A BECKETT.



No mail-clad serfs * obedient to their Lord,
 In grim array, the crimson cross † demand ;
 Or gay assemble round the festive board,
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye,
 Retrace their progress, through the lapse of
 time,
 Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,
 A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile ! departs the chief,
 His feudal realm in other regions lay ;
 In thee, the wounded conscience courts relief,
 Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
 The monk abjured a world he ne'er could
 view ;
 Or blood-stained guilt, repenting solace found,
 Or Innocence from stern Oppression flew.

* This word is used by WALTER SCOTT, in his poem "The Wild Huntsman" : synonymous with vassal.

† The Red Cross was the badge of the Crusaders.



A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont
to prowl,
And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the Priest's protecting cowl.

Where, now, the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguished clay ;
In sainted fame, the sacred Fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices, but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming* spreads her waning
shade;
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary† paid.

Years roll on years ; to ages, ages yield ;
Abbots to Abbots, in a line succeed :
Religion's charter, their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

* As "Gloaming," the Scottish word for Twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore, in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

† The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.



One holy HENRY,* reared the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;
Another HENRY, the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them, exiles, from their blest abode ;
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their
God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din !
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners, wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels, the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnished
arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

* At the dissolution of the Monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.



An Abbey once, a regal fortress* now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers ;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening
brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah ! vain defence ! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed by guile, o'ercomes the
brave ;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful Liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged, the raging Baron yields,
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain ;
Unconquered still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour, the warrior wished to strew,
Self-gathered laurels, on a self-sought grave ;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope
to save.

* Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between CHARLES I. and his Parliament.



Trembling, she snatched him* from the unequal strife,

In other fields the torrent to repel ;
 For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
 To lead the band where god-like FALKLAND†
 fell.

From thee, poor pile ! to lawless plunder given,
 While dying groans their painful requiem
 sound,
 Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
 Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
 Noisome, and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod ;
 O'er mingling man, and horse commixed with
 horse,
 Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

* Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the Royal army ; the former was General in Chief, in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II. The latter had a principal share in many actions. Vide Clarendon, Hume, &c.

† Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newberry, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's Regiment of Cavalry.



Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds
o'erspread,
Ransacked, resign, perforce, their mortal
mould ;
From ruffian fangs, escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose, in search for buried gold.

Hushed is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death ;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with
fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length, the sated murderers, gorged with
prey,
Retire, the clamour of the fight is o'er ;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court,
What satellites declare her dismal reign !
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omened birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the holy fane.



Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of Anarchy from Britain's skies ;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs, as the Tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring
breath ;
Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
Loathing* the offering of so dark a death.

The legal Ruler,† now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas, the prow of
state ;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful
realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied
hate.

* This is an historical fact ; a violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his Partizans and the Cavaliers, both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the Casuists of that age to decide ; I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

† Charles II.



The gloomy tenants, Newstead ! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest ;
Again, the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoyed, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their Lord's return ;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs, on tuneful echo, float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees ;
And hark ! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the
breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the vallies shake,
What fears ! what anxious hopes, attend the
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake, [chace !
Exulting shouts announce the finished race.

Ah ! happy days ! too happy to endure,
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew ;
No splendid vices glittered to allure,
Their joys were many, as their cares were few,



From these descending, sons to sires succeed,
Time steals along, and Death uprears his
dart,

Another Chief impels the foaming steed,
Another Crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is
thine!

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay ;
The last and youngest of a noble line,
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in its sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey worn towers ;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep ;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers ;
These, these, he views, and views them but
to weep.

Yet are his tears, no emblem of regret,
Cherished affection only bids them flow ;
Pride, Hope, and Love, forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom, with impassioned glow.



Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great ;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of
fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate, with meridian ray ;
Hours, splendid as the past, may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.



THE
DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA,

AN IMITATION OF

*MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.**

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight, he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers! Past is the race of heroes! but their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm; and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The grey stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

* It may be necessary to observe that the story, though considerably varied in the *Catastrophe*, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which Episode, a Translation is already given in the present volume.



In Morven dwelt the Chief ; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field, were marked in blood ; Lochlin's Sons had fled before his angry spear ; but mild was the eye of Calmar ; soft was the flow of his yellow locks ; they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul ; his thoughts were given to friendship, to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes ! Equal were their swords in battle ; but fierce was the pride of Orla : gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean ! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies. But the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept ; their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear, in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the Host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla.



Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs : they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. " Sons of Morven," said the hero, to morrow we meet the foe ; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin ? He rests in the halls of Tura ; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms. The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war, speak, ye chiefs ! Who will arise ?

" Son of Trenmor ! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, " and mine alone. What is death to me ? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards ; and lay me by the stream of Lubar,"—" And shalt thou fall alone ?" said fair-haired Calmar. " Wilt thou leave thy friend afar ? Chief of Oithona ! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear ? No, Orla ! ours has been the



chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger; ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar. "Calmar," said the Chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My Father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say "Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin; he died with gloomy Orla: the Chief of the dark brow." Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live Calmar. Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs; faint and broken are the



sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high; the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar.

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the Host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak, dim-twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the King, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed; they frown in sleep. Their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade: his spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair haired Calmar, "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla, of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its



point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine ; but shall I slay him sleeping, Son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound ; my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber : rise ! Mathon ! rise ! the son of Connal calls, thy life is his ; rise to combat.” Mathon starts from sleep, but did he rise alone? No : the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. Fly ! Calmar ! fly !” said dark-haired Orla, “ Mathon is mine ; I shall die in joy, but Lochlin crowds around ; fly through the shade of night.” Orla turns, the helm of Mathon is cleft ; his shield falls from his arm : he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall : his wrath rises ; his weapon glitters on the head of Orla : but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean, on two mighty barks of the North, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the North ; so rise the chiefs of Morven, on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield ; his sons



throng around ; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death ! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills ; no living foe is seen ; but the sleepers are many ; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks ; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief ! bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. " 'Tis Calmar, he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not ; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's ; but Calmar lives ! he lives, though low. Rise, said the king, " rise, son of Mora, 'tis mine to heal the wounds of Heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."



“ Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla;” said the Hero, “ what were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others, in lightning; to me, a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark!

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four grey stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven. The bards raised the song.

“ What Form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark Ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? his voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla: the brown Chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine!



Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The Ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, Son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm.*

* I fear, Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian, might prove the Translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation, will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.



TO E. N. L. ESQ.



Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HOR. E.



DEAR L——, in this sequestered scene,
 While all around in slumber lie,
 The joyous days which ours have been,
 Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye ;
 Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
 While clouds the darkened noon deform !
 Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
 I hail the sky's celestial bow ;
 Which spreads the sign of future peace,
 And bids the war of tempests cease.
 Ah ! though the present brings but pain,
 I think those days may come again ;
 Or, if in melancholy mood,
 Some lurking envious fear intrude ;



To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream :
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme ;
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore,
Nor through the groves of IDA chase
Our raptured visions as before ;
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring,
But, if his scythe must sweep the flowers,
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell ;
If frowning Age, with cold controul,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved, Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone ;



Oh ! may my bosom never learn,
To soothe its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutored, wild,
And even in age, at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same,
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame ;
But, hence ! ye hours of sable hue,
Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er,
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more ;
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose ;
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lulled by zephyr to repose,
Full often has my infant Muse,
Attuned to Love, her languid lyre,
But now, without a theme to chuse,
The strains in stolen sighs expire :



My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown,
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye which rolled on me,
Can now no more my love recall,
In truth dear L——, 'twas time to flee,
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the Sun with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer*!
Thus faint is every former flame,
And Passion's self is now a name;
As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with Passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguished with the dying embers.
But now dear L——, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,



Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse ;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before ?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night,
 Has thrice performed her stated round,
Has thrice ret aced her path of light,
 And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle Friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,
Above the dear loved peaceful seat,
Which once contained our youth's retreat ;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle with the festive crew ;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away ;
And all the flow of souls shall pour,
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn,
Scarce glimmers though the mist of morn.



TO ———

OH ! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge appeared a token ;
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving ;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother ;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestowed by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him ;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.



Ah ! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any ;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas ! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee ;
Nor hope, nor memory, yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures ;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's mea-
sures ;

If thou wert mine, had all been hushed :—
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,
But bloomed in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seemed to smile before thee ;
And once my breast abhorred deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.



But now I seek for other joys,
To think, would drive my soul to madness ;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour ;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.



STANZAS.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave ;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon* pride,
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune ! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound !
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around :
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar,
I ask but this—again to rove,
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

* Sassenage, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.



Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me,
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss ;
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this ?

I loved—but those I loved are gone ;
Had friends—my early friends are fled ;
How cheerless feels the heart alone
When all its former hopes are dead ?
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

How dull ! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank, or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made ; though neither friends, or foes,
Associates of the festive hour :
Give me again, a faithful few,
In years and feelings, still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boist'rous joy is but a name.



And Woman ! lovely Woman, thou !
My hope, my comforter, my all !
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall.
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm Contentment mine,
Which Virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men,
I seek to shun, not hate, mankind,
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind ;
Oh ! that to me the wings were given,
Which bear the turtle to her nest !
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.*

* PSALM 55, verse 6—“ And I said, Oh ! that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away, and be at rest.” This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.



LINES,

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM,

IN THE

CHURCH YARD OF HARROW ON THE HILL,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1807.

SPOT of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky,
Where now alone, I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;
With those, who scattered far, perchance, deplore
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before ;
Oh ! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
Where as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah ! without the thoughts which then were
mine ;
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper as they gently swell,
“ Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last fare-
well ! ”



When fate shall chill, at length, this fevered
And calm its cares and passions into rest; [breast,
Oft have I thought 'twould soothe my dying hour,
If aught may soothe, when Life resigns her
power;

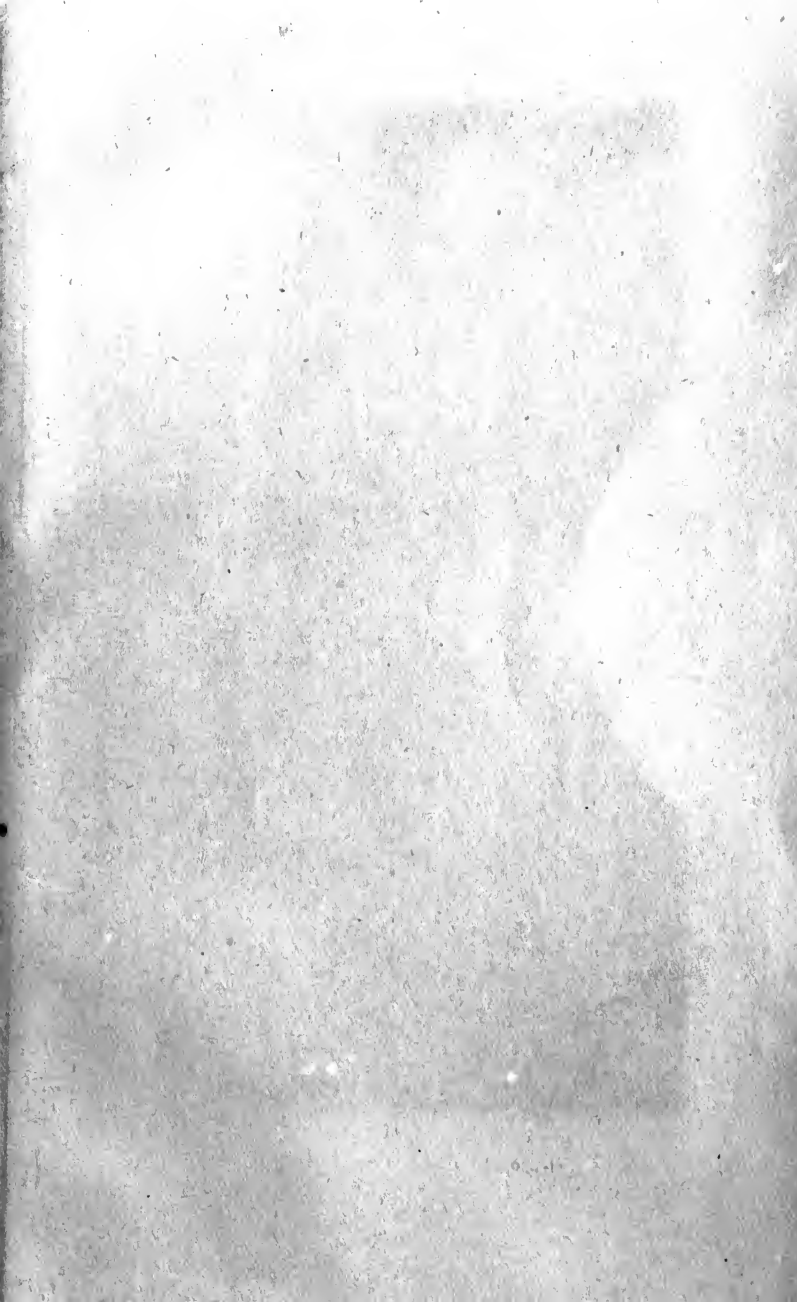
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell,
With this fond dream methinks 'twere sweet to
die,

And here it lingered, here my heart might lie,
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose:
For ever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood
played;

Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps
moved;

Blessed by the tongues that charmed my youth-
ful ear,

Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here,
Deplored by those, in early days allied,
And unremembered by the world beside.





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Byron, George Gordon Noël
Byron
Hours of idleness

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Jan. 15/58
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