

THE
WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON

COMPLETE
IN ONE VOLUME.



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HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Μῆν' ἄρ' με μᾶλ' ἄνευ, μῆν' τε νεύεις.

HOMER.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, etc. etc.

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND
AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

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
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay; [whistle;
in thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd 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-laurell'd 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 Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye; [tell.
How you fought! how you died! still her annals can

In Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
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.

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 decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.

1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Ἀσπερ πρὶν μὲν ἐλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοσίντων ἐως.

LAERTIUS.

Oh! Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
While 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 friend's 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 deplores 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 soothe 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.

1802.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountains' side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns:
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd 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 remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Decentiam ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui sustentem
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 dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.

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

The man, doom'd 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-crimson'd 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 mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
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 possess,
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.

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 resign'd his breath;
These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclose,
We give the palm where Justice points it due."

To which the Author of these Pieces sent the following Reply.

Oh! factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What, though our "nation's 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 slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas, bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules, in Fox, appear'd,
Who, for a time, the ruin'd fabric rear'd;
He, too, is fall'n, 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 canker'd calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd 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.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

delivered previous to the performance of "The Wheel of Fortune," at a private theatre.

Since the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immortal raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expanded licentious wit,
Which stamp'd 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;
'O-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;
'O-night, you throng to witness the debut,
Of embryo-actors, to the drama new.
Here, then, our almost unslung wings we try;
Ere not our pinions, ere the birds can fly;
Sailing in this our first attempt to soar,
Whooping, 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.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

With the Poems of Camoëns.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear Girl! for 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 doom'd 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.

T O 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 form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair:
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd, 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 lightning 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 wouldst 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.

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 join'd 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."

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 too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd 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 climb'd thy steep summit, oh! Morven of Snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,
Untutor'd 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 centred in you?

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-cover'd wild:
One image, alone, on my bosom imprest,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blest,
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-cover'd 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.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before.
Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;
Though my hopes may have fail'd, 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 Colbleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
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 ***

N! 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 cherish'd 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 wander'd 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 steals the bosom, the heart is unbending,
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 chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live;
My bosom is calm'd 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 unalter'd, 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.

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

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' 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 wean'd;
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, tho' 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, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And, what was once his bliss, appears his bane.

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 wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.

Thy lips, — but here my modest Muse
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse.
 She blushes, curtsies, 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 (what'er
 I think is neither here nor there),
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
 Were form'd 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, unskill'd to cozen,
 It shares itself amongst a dozen.
 Marion! adieu! oh! prithee 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,
 Mail you queens of all creation,
 Now, 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 play'd;
 And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
 Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

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

While many an eye, which ne'er again
 Could mark the rising orb of day,
 Turn'd 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 glimmer'd from above,
 A sad funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
 And gray her towers are seen afar;
 No more her heroes urge the chase,
 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 hail'd 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 wield 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 seem'd his cluck, and pale.

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

Both, both were brave: the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd 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 claim'd 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 heroes' 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 through the bands,
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 join'd the bride:
"Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said;
"Is he not here?" the Youth replied,
"With me he roved not o'er the glade.

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

"Oh! no!" the anguish'd Sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase, 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 murmuring 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 search'd each mountain-cave;
Then hope is lost in boundless grief,
His locks in gray torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my Son! — Thou God of Heaven!
Restore the prop of sinking age;
Or, if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

Yes, on some desert rocky shore,
My Oscar's whiten'd 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 bad 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 droop'd, and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his Father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And, now, his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

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

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

Slow roll'd 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 darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eye's 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 quaff;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
Thou sawst 'twas duly drank by me;
It hail'd 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 blest my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death, or flight."

"'Tis well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd 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 crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd 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."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd 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 plac'd.

"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 rais'd the bowl;
"Would Oscar now could share our mirth!"
Internal fear appall'd his soul;
He said, and dash'd 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 stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
And fix'd 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 frown'd 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 prest 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 Glentanar'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 wing'd his dart;
 While Envy waved her burning brand,
 And pour'd 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 beam'd with love,
 Should urge the soul to deeds of Hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely 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 stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, 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, untouch'd, 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 hallow'd 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 DORSET.

In looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for the 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 Harrow. 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 re-perusal, 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.

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
 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;
 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,
 Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
 Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul,
 To shun fair science, or evade control;
 Though passive tutors, fearful to dispraise
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
 And wink at faults thy 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;"
 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 mark'd thee many a passing day,
 But now new secures invite me far away;
 Yes! I have mark'd, within that generous mind,
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
 Ah! though myself by nature haughty, wild,
 Whom Indiscretion hail'd 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 glean 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 nought 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-emblazon'd, but neglected scroll,
 Where Lords, unhonour'd, 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 call'd, proud boast! the British Drama forth.
Another view! not less renown'd for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine,
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd 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;
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 frown'd 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 hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

DORSET! 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 selfsame 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 lengthen'd 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.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

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

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,
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;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but gazing die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat, my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short.
My limbs deny their slight support;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor 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 veil'd in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL
AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who, sublime, in Epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

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 chirrup'd oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
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 sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the number 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 Gadmus 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 renown'd 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.

'Twas now the hour, when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Boötes, only, seem'd 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, alarm'd 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 mighty 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, relax'd 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 laugh'd:
 "My bow can still impel the shaft,
 'Tis firmly fix'd, 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 Hesiote 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 fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1894.

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 skill'd 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 adorn'd 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 gift 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 the nightly guard.

"What God!" exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
 Or, in itself a God, what great desire?"

My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress,
 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 sullen 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 address'd the Dardan boy:
 "These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
 Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
 And 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 Ilium fell, by heavenly hate,
 I track'd Æneas through the walls of fate;
 Thou knowst 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 earn'd 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 preserve,
 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 control!"

Hence, let us haste!"—their brother-guards arose,
 Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
 The pair, buoy'd 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 lull'd 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 lean'd 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 address'd the hoary band.

"With patience," thus Hyrtacides began,
 'Attend, nor judge from youth, our humble plan.
 Where yonder beacons, 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 mountain's 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 offsprings' 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 valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
 Moved by the speech, Aethes here exclaim'd:
 'Ye parent Gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
 Still dwell the Dardan spirit in the boy;
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
 Yours is the god-like 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 press'd,
 And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
 With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:—
 '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!

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'erthrown;
 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 polish'd from the glittering mine;
 An ancient cup which Tyrian Dido gave,
 While yet our vessels press'd 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 pass'd;
 Nay more, twelve slaves and twice six captive dames,
 To soothe 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, affections 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 esteem'd, 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 Accstes' 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 press'd 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 ask'd, receive," the Prince replied,
 "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;
 Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
 But bless'd 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 vow'd,
 If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
 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.
 Arm'd, 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, favour'd 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, mix'd with arms, are seen,
 And flowing flasks, and scatter'd 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 chieftain 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 repress,
 And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast;
 Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed;
 To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
 His omens more than augur's skill evinoc;
 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 sever'd neck divides;
 And, last, his Lord is number'd with the dead,
 Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
 From the swollen veins the blackening torrents pour,
 Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
 Young Lamyros and Lamus next expire,
 And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
 Half the long night in childish games was past,
 Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last;
 Ah! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,
 And, till Aurora's dawn, his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd 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 glutted, and in carnage rolls;
 Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
 In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
 But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
 His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
 Yet wakeful Rhasus 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 search'd his veins,
 The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
 Thro' 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,
 Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed;
 Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
 Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
 "Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is past,
 Full foes enough, to-night, have breathed their last;
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adora,
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various arts emboss'd,
 What bowls and mantles, in confusion toss'd,
 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 pallid 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 plunder'd helmet through the waning night
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
 Volscens, with question 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 confound;
 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 wish'd to live?
 Poisoning with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his phrenzied eye:
 "Goddess serene, transceding 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 deignst 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 vaunting 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,
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
 He sobs, he dies, — the troop, in wild amaze,
 Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
 While pale they stare, thro' Tagus' temples riven,
 A second shaft with equal force is driven;
 Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
 Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
 Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall;
 "Thou youth accurst! thy life shall pay for all."
 Quick from the sheath his flaming glove 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 sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own;
 Ye starry Spheres! thou conscious Heaven attest!
 He could not — durst not — lo! the guile confess!
 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 pray'd 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, beads 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 unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
 In viewless circles wheel'd 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 vanquish'd 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 soothe the aching breast;
 If thus, thou com'st in gentle guise,
 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 eternal 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 wing'd 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, banish'd 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 condemn'd to fly,
 A pensive, weary wanderer here;
 Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deploras,
 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!

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,
 Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth! in Euclid's axioms tried,
 Though little versed in any art beside;
 Who, scarcely skill'd 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, marv'ling 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 borrow'd 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 to 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 banks supine they lie,
 Unknown, unhonour'd live, — unwept for die;
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise;
 Yet prizing BENTLEY'S, BRUNCK'S, or PORSON'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 PERRY rules the hour:
 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 disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd 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.

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 wing'd 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 enjoy'd 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 join'd 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 unfathom'd 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 polish'd 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 esteem'd 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.

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 vext,
 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 harden'd 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.

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.

Αρχυραϊς λογιῶσι μυχου και παντα Κρυτῆσαις.

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, unroof'd, 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,
Petty and Palmerston survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

Lo! candidates and voters lie,
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't 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, smile 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, meters Attle;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic;

Who reads false quantities in Scale,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle;

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypothenuse.

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 unite,
And every sense is steep'd 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 the 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 array'd in white,
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings, in air, the chapel-bell,
'Tis hush'd: What sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd 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 ask'd 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 stay'd 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.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

LACHIN Y GAIR, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly preeminent 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 reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war,
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing foun-
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr. [tains,

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd 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 cheer'd 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 Highland vale:
 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-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding
 Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause?
 Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
 Still were you happy, in death's early 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 roll'd 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!

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
 Auspicious Queen of childish joys!
 Who leadst 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 feelings for — themselves!

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway;
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
 No more thy precept 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.

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 crown'd, array'd 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 gulf 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. OSMAN.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's pride!
Of Warriors, Monks, and Dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide:

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

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, ordain'd 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-stain'd Guilt repenting solace found,
Or Innocence from stern Oppression flew.

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-extinguish'd 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 sacrifice their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace:
Another HENRY the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd 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 burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

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,
Tho' 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;
Unconquer'd still, his faulchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

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

Trembling, she snatch'd 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 corpse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

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

Lush'd 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-omen'd birds resort
To flit their vigils in the hoary 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 thro' gentle seas the prow of state:
Hope cheers with wonted smiles the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied Hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead, of thy cells,
Howling resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, 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 valleys shake:
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake,
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah! happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew;
No splendid vices glitter'd 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 his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray-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:
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
Pride, Hope, and Love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

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

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

TO E. N. L. Esq.

Nili ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HORACE.

DEAR L —, in this sequester'd 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 darken'd 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 raptur'd 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 the 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 untutor'd, 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 sorrow's 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 lull'd by Zephyr to repose.
 Full often has my infant Muse,
 Attuned to love her languid lyre:
 But now, without a theme to choose,
 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,
 Extinguish'd 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 perform'd her stated round,
 Has thrice retraced 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 contain'd 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 soul shall pour
 The sacred intellectual shower,
 Nor cease, till Luna's waning horn
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of Morn.

T O * * *

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
 As once this pledge appear'd 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,
 Bestow'd 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 measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
 This cheek now pale from early riot,
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd 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 fends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

S T A N Z A S.

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 captured 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.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd 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 darken'd 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.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
HARROW ON THE HILL.

SEPT. 2, 1807.

Spor 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, scatter'd 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 farewell!"
When Fate shall chill at length this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
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 linger'd, 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 stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Prest by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.