

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

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

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

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowds 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 saw'st '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, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tears 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 bless'd 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 filled his goblet to the brim;
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

* Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.—*B.*

"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 turned at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

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

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

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
"Would Osear 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 frowned on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

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

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased,
Who lies upon the stony floor!
Oblivion press'd 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.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

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 ica 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 gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair :
These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
In peace, in war, united still they move ;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward ;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire ?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire ?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
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 ?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war ?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught ;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought ;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate :
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for glory spurns.
Fame, fame, is cheaply 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 lengthen'd 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 doting 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 offspring's urn ;
 And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
 Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
 Such is our purpose, not unknown the way ;
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
 The distant spires above the valleys gleam.”

Mature in years, for sober wisdom fame,
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaimed,—
 “ Ye parent gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
 Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy ;
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
 Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise ;
 In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
 And Ilion's wonted glories still survive.”
 Then in his warm embrace the boys he 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 punie wave :
 But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
 When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
 Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
 Are thine ; no envious lot shall then be cast,
 I pledge my word, irrevocably past :
 Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six 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,

* Household god

Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one ;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine ;
Without thy dear advice, no great design ;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus :— " No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise 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,
Mnesthus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train

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

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 prayer he sends : but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale !

The trench is pass'd, 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'd,
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 evince,
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell ;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides ;
And last his lord is number'd with the dead :
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head ;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour ;
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire ;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd ;
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 Rhæsus sees the threatening steel ;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides ;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,

The reeking weapon bears alternate stains ;
 Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow
 One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
 Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
 Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray ;
 There, unconfin'd, 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 pass'd ;
 Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last :
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn ;
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
 What bows 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 lise 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 Volscenes 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 bows 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 berett,
 In wha 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 hopes 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 ?
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye :—
 " Goddess serene, transcending every star !
 Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar !
 By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove ;
 If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
 Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
 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, through 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 glaive he drew,
 And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
 Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
 Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals ;
 Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies :
 " Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone ;
 Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
 Ye starry spheres ! thou conscious Heaven ? attest
 He could not—durst not—lo ! the guile confest !
 All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend ;
 He only loved too well his hapless friend :
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage remove ;
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
 He 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, bends his lovely head
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe;
Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow;
In vain beneath 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 possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given!

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:

Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be 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!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS† his ample front sublime uprears:

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

† The original is "Καθαράν ἀνοίξαντι κληῖδα φρενῶν," literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."—B.

‡ No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus (Dr W. L. Mansel then head of Trinity College). He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.—B.

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,
Seams Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France:
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the law 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 t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade:
Where on Cam's sedgy bank supine they lie
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:

* Demosthenes.—*B.*

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 Petty 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.

1806

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will:
In vain to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more repress;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels:
Deceit the guilty lips impart,
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, "'twas the spirit moved us."
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;
For as on thee my memory ponders,

* The present Greek professor of Trinity College, Cambridge (Richard Porson), a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.—*B.*

† Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment.—*B.*

Perchance to me thine also wanders.
 This for myself, at least, I'll say,
 Thy form appears through night, through day
 Awake, with it my fancy teems ;
 In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams :
 The vision charms the hours away,
 And bids me curse Aurora's ray,
 For breaking slumbers of delight,
 Which make me wish for endless night.
 Since, oh ! whate'er my future fate,
 Shall joy or woe my steps await,
 Tempted by love, by storms beset,
 Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas ! again no more we meet,
 No more our former looks repeat ;
 Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
 The dictate of my bosom's care :
 " May heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,
 That anguish never can o'ertake her ;
 That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
 But bliss be aye her heart's partaker !
 Oh ! may the happy mortal, fated
 To be, by dearest ties related,
 For her each hour new joys discover,
 And loose the husband in the lover !
 May that fair bosom never know
 What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
 Which stings the soul with vain regret,
 Of him who never can forget !"

THE CORNELIAN.*

No specious splendour of this stone
 Endears it to my memory ever ;
 With lustre only once it shone,
 And blushes modest as the giver.
 Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
 Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me ;
 Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
 For I am sure the giver loved me.
 He offer'd it with downcast look,
 As fearful that I might refuse it ;
 I told him when the gift I took,
 My only fear should be to lose it.
 This pledge attentively I view'd,
 And sparkling as I held it near,
 Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
 And ever since I've loved a tear.

* A gift from a youth of the name of Eddlestone, for whom Byron had formed an ardent friendship, he was in humble circumstances.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
 Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield ;
 But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
 Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
 Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume ;
 The flowers which yield the most of both
 In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
 For once forgetting to be blind,
 His would have been an ample share,
 If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
 His form had fix'd her fickle breast ;
 Her countless hoards would his have been,
 And none remain'd to give the rest.

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 immoral raillery from the stage ;
 Since taste has now expunged 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 :
 To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
 In all the arts of scenic action old :
 No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
 No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear ;
 To-night you throng to witness the *début*
 Of embryo actors, to the Drama new ;
 Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try ;
 Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly :
 Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
 Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
 Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
 Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise
 But all our dramatis personæ wait
 In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
 No venal views our progress can retard,
 Your generous plaudits are our sole reward :
 For these, each Hero all his power displays,
 Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
 Surely the last will some protection find ;
 None to the softer sex can prove unkind :

While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER

"Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath.
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where justice points its due."

TO WHICH BYRON SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

OH factions 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 its due;"
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesmen 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.

THE TEAR.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix I in imo qui scatenem
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,

* Harrow.—B.

† Mary Chaworth, see Note p. 21.

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.

October 26th, 1806

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ.
ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That your's is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthral, I'd abandon them all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon a thousand times o'er:
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
As your fair was so — reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips have once met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when "I rove I know nothing of love;"
'Tis true, I am given to range:
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown wont affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonists' school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA.*

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven;

* Miss Elizabeth Pigot of Southwell, with whom he kept up a correspondence during his residence at Cambridge.

Instead of his hours, a flimsy pretence,
 With women alone he had peopled his heaven.
 Yet still to increase your calamities more,
 Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
 He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
 With souls you'd dispense; but this last who could bear it?
 His religion to please neither party is made;
 On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil;
 Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
 "Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the —."

LACHIN Y GAIR.*

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake 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 fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

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 dally 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?"

* *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near *Lachin y Gair* I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.—B.

† This word is erroneously pronounced *plaid*; the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.—B.

‡ I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the Gordons," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntly, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons; the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.—B.

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 flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are ye dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved o'er 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 lead'st along, in airy dance,
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;
 At length, in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth;
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

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

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

With shame I own I've felt thy sway:
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er;

* Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "*pars pro toto*."—B.

† A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.—B.

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

No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar.
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear;
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear

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 choir,
 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 phrensy 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;
 E'en now the gulph appears in view,
 Where unlamented you must lie:
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."—OSSIAN.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once-resplendent dome!
 Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S† pride!
 Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

* As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had originally no intention of inserting the following. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.—B.

† Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.—B

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd stato;
 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 sacrilege 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.

* This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman;" synonymous with vassal.—B.

† The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.—B.

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

§ The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.—B.

|| At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.—B.

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 banner's 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,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

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

Still in that hour the warrior wished 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 godlike FALKLAND‡ fell.

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

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

Graves, 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 for buried gold.

Hush'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.

* Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.—B.

† Lord Eyrton and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army. The former was general-in-chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.—B.

‡ Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.—B.

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 fit 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 —
And nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

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

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

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.

* This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or internment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave for the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.—B.

† Charles II.—B.

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, previous to the wintry showers ;
 These, these he views, he 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 gewgaw grottoes of the vainly great ;
 Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

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

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
 And were most dear to me."

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
 Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins ;
 When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
 And flies with every changing gale of spring ;
 Not to the aching frame alone confined,
 Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind :
 What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
 Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
 With Resignation wage relentless strife,
 While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
 Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
 Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
 Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
 When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven ;
 Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
 Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
 As when through clouds that pour the summer storm
 The orb of day unveils his distant form,
 Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
 And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain ;
 Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
 The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays ;
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought ;
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields :
 Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
 To which I long have bade a last adieu !
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes ;
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams ;
 Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
 Whose forms I now remember but to weep ;
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
 Of early science, future fame the source ;
 Who, still contending in the studious race,
 In quick rotation fill the senior place.
 These with a thousand visions now unite,
 To dazzle, though, they please, my aching sight.
 IDA ! blest spot, where science holds her reign,
 How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train !
 Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
 Again I mingle with thy playful quire ;
 Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
 Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same ;
 Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
 The social smile of every welcome face ;
 My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
 Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
 Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past :—
 I bless the former, and forgive the last.

Hours of my youth ! when, nurtured in my breast,
 To love a stranger, friendship made me blest ;—
 Friendship the dear peculiar bond of youth,
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth ;
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
 And check each impulse with prudential rein ;
 When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes ;
 No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
 No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
 Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
 Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
 When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
 His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan ;
 Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
 Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think ;
 Still to assent, and never to deny—
 A patron's praise can well reward the lie :
 And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
 Would lose his opening prospect for a word ?
 Although against that word his heart rebel,
 And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this ! not mine the task
 From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask ;
 Let keener bards delight in satires sting ;
 My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing :

Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe ;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
With this submission all her rage expired,
From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave ;
Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
POMPOSUS* virtues are but known to few ;
I never feared the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
If since on Granta's fallings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again,
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command ;
Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
Their first adviser, and their last resort ;
Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown ;
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—
Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days ;
PROBUS,† the pride of science, and the boast,
To *IDA* now, alas ! for ever lost.
With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
And fear'd the master, though we lov'd the sage.
Retir'd at last, his small yet peaceful seat,
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair ;
POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot ;
His name and precepts be alike forgot ;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd
Fair *IDA*'s bower adorns the landscape round ;
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise ;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;

* Dr Butler, see note, p. 26.

† Dr Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March 1806, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous; it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of th's I can only say,

Si inea cum vestris valuisset vota, Pelasgi!
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.—

In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue ;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course,
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray ;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer's heat :
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day :
" 'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door,
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall ;
There, deeply carved, behold ! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame ;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son,—
The one long grav'd, the other just begun :
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire :
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends,
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law ;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour ;—
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
" And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side ;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd ;
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely stay'd at home ;"—

While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive:
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before—
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found:
The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near;
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I trac'd her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear,
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee—
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care.
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest:
I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;
I hear again,—but ah! no brother's voice.

A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray,
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than IDA's social band.

ALONZO!* best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:
From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impell'd the flying ball;
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shar'd the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
DAVUS,† the harbinger of childish joy;
For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;
Yet with a breast of such materials made—
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel
Still I remember in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:
High pois'd in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow,
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career;
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand.
An act like this, can simple thanks repay?

* The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards. See note, Child's Harcourts, p. 519.

† The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, who took his part in a disturbance, and prevented him from being foiled to the ground by the butt end of a musket.