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£1250

THE COVENANTERS:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By H. BROWN,

LANARK.

NEW EDITION.

GLASGOW: DAVID ROBERTSON.

LONDON: LONGMANS AND CO. EDINBURGH: W. OLIPHANT AND CO.

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CONTENTS.

THE COVENANTERS.

	PAGE.
Canto First,	1
Canto Second,	21
Canto Third,	41
Canto Fourth,	61

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The Destruction of Sodom,	83
The Missionary,	85
The Bereaved Mother and her Friend,	90
The Dying Student,	95
The Poet's Wishes,	100

	PAGE.
On John Knox Preaching in the Old Baronial Tower	
at Galston, - - - - -	102
The Jew's Farewell to Jerusalem, - - - - -	105
The Hypocrite, - - - - -	107
The Tempest, - - - - -	112
A Sabbath Evening by the Sea Shore in the Isle of	
Arran, - - - - -	115
Desaix, - - - - -	117
Welcome to Sir Norman Macdonald Lockhart, Bart.,	
on attaining His Majority, - - - - -	122
Lines on Visiting the Glasgow Necropolis, - - - - -	125
The Fall of Babylon, - - - - -	132
The Christian, - - - - -	137
Extract from an Unpublished Poem on Intemperance,	141
Spring, - - - - -	147
The Conversion of Paul, - - - - -	151
The Fall of the "Auld Big Tree," West Port, Lanark,	154

THE COVENANTERS.

CANTO FIRST.

Respect for the Covenanters—their fame not monumental, but founded on the affections—the noble spirit by which they were animated—their motives contrasted with those of heroes—nobler in their nature and tendency—similar to what animated Socrates and Curtius—their firmness of character—a comparison—adventitious nobility inferior to theirs—personal feelings—a hymn—King Charles—his character—triumph of the Covenanters amid their sufferings.

Who has not paused above the Martyr's name,
The best and brightest on the roll of fame,
And felt his soul with thrilling rapture glow ;
Yet grief's sad tear dissolve his heart in wo!—
The stolen hour for worship's holiest hymn,
Breathed on the moorlands when the stars burned dim;—

Hung o'er his slumbers in the rocky cave,
Or seen him exiled far beyond the wave ;—
Has heard the stirring watchword of the fight,
“ Christ and his crown—our country and our right ;”
Seen the red battle-blade his arm could wield,
Flash like the bolt of heaven along the field ;—
Seen him press on, amid the battle's gloom,
To save his country, or to gain a tomb,—
Wept in his dungeon, where no morning came,
To cheer the lonely captive in his chain :—
Though fetters, darkness, nor the dungeon dew,
Could e'er his proud and free-born soul subdue ;—
Or, when the minions, stained with every crime,
Fawned to the traitor-monarch of the time,
Summoned their victim, where the dread array
Of dark and torturing engines round them lay,
Unblenched the Martyr stood—his manly form
Quailed not beneath the terrors of the storm !
When his calm courage, in the torturing hour,
Mocked the poor tyrants, and defied their power ;

While shades of hell passed o'er each fiendish brow,
To find their torments worse than useless now:—
When on the scaffold, where he dared to die,
Who has not caught the transport of his eye!—
Nor is it one alone: a thousand stand,
The pride and glory of our native land;
The high in soul, the fearless, and the free,
Who fought and bled, but never bowed the knee;
Endured the tempest's and the tyrant's shock,
And sternly lived with Freedom on her rock.

While kings' proud pageants rise and pass away,
Their treasured names shall triumph o'er decay.
What though no trophied columns proudly rise,
To grace the wild where many a martyr lies!
What though no sepulchre of pomp and pride,
Points to the stranger where they nobly died!—
'Tis love too deep, and worship too divine,
To waste itself upon a marble shrine:—

Graved on the records of the living heart,
Heirs of immortal fame—they ne'er depart!

The child can lisp their names with reverence deep,
And tell the moorlands where their ashes sleep.
The female heart the Martyr's name recalls,
And beauty's tear o'er flower-clad ashes falls,—
The virtuous tear that Scotland's daughters shed,
Reflects the glories of her noble dead.

The humble youth, when thirst of honour burns,
To the red altars of his fathers turns;
The field and scaffold of his martyred sires
Give a new pulse, and kindle all their fires;
He feels the patriot's generous virtue glow,
And seeks a name against his country's foe.

The simple peasant, in his evening prayer,
Thanks heaven for those who made him Freedom's heir:

His little ones, devoutly kneeling round,
Have their first feelings nursed on holy ground ;
This hallowed lesson in their humble cot,
The first impressed, the last to be forgot.
Whatever change may chequer life's career,
The pomp of wealth, or sorrow's bitter tear,
The changeless feeling, through each varying clime,
Clings to the wanderer 'mid the lapse of time.
From icy shores, or India's burning plain,
He turns to Scotland and her martyred slain ;—
To the lone moor, the mountain, and the flood,
Hallowed by prayer, and many a patriot's blood ;
And, when he sinks into a nameless grave,
Leaves with his child the memory of the brave !

Such were the heroes Scottish mothers bore,
Who proffered life their birth-right to restore ;
Unknown, unheard of, they had passed away,
The shade and sunshine of their humble day ;

Gay as the breezes o'er the mountains roam,
With Freedom smiling round their cottage home;—
But when Oppression scowled along the sky,
An injured country threw her slumbers by;—
The peasant burst the cerements of his fate,
And stood revealed, the saviour of the state;
Arrayed with virtue of a heavenly mould,
His soul's stern purpose melted not with gold;
Communed with spirits of a kindred tone,
Who deemed their country's sufferings all their own.

No selfish feeling strung the peasant's arm;
His Country was the talisman could charm!
Thoughts born in heaven, and glowing from the sky,
Fired every heart, and lighted every eye!
Nobler than Rome's first Cæsar ever knew,
When round the world her conquering eagle flew!
Nobler than Cæsar's from the field of war,
With captive monarchs fettered to his car,

When the wreathed laurel on his brow was hung,
And shouting millions all his triumphs sung !
Nobler than felt by Macedon's proud son,
Who grasped at shadows, when the world was won ;
Sat down and wept, and sheathed his bloody sword,
When he alone was nature's boundless lord ;
Beheld the prostrate nations from afar,
Himself their central and their guiding star ;
Earth one great vassal, trembling at his nod,
In human weakness deemed himself a god ;
Sighed for another world to plant his throne,
And match an arm unconquered as his own !

What were the gifts these heroes gave to man ?—
Slavery behind, and slaughter in their van ;
The fires of ruin gathered on their way,
Whose baleful flashes blotted out the day :
One vast aceldama the world became,
And nations perished to adorn a name ;—
Bound to no clime, and fettered to no age,
Their fame fills half of history's bloody page.

Sinks the Scotch peasant in his darkest hour,
His star-light shaded by their noon-day power,—
Slumbering in caves, or shivering in the blast,
Like a wild weed upon the waters cast ?
One drop, one glorious drop of virtuous blood,
Shed for his injured country and his God,—
One solitary pang in virtue's cause,
Endured for man without a world's applause,
Shines with a purer, more exalted fame,
Than all the lightning splendours of their name !
'Tis self-devotement—'tis the patriot mind,
The loftiest virtue sin has left behind,
Struggling with earth, and pleading with the skies,
To calm the voice of suffering Nature's cries :—
To bleed and die to lessen a world's wo,
Beams with the light of Deity below !

Calm as Athena's greatest, wisest sage,
Who sheds a lustre o'er her glowing page ;

Lived for his country, and, when doomed to die,
Raised with a martyr's hand the cup on high,
Quaffed the dark dregs, his thankless country blest,
Fearless departing to his home of rest !—
Great as the Roman Curtius, in the hour
When Rome was grappling with an earthquake's power ;
When priests, dismayed, to rocking temples hung,
And deep-toned wailing rose from every tongue ;—
Leaped down the gulf, veiled with cimmeric gloom,
That yawned and closed around—the hero's tomb :
The gods appeased, the reeling city stills,
And Rome was fixed upon her quivering hills !

The Scottish martyrs, bearing hearts as true
As ever beat in Rome, or Athens knew—
Could they have crouched and kissed a vassal's chain,
By word or look that owned the despot's reign,
Content to fill a dark inglorious grave,
Brand their own brow, and write their brother—*slave*,

They might have lived one worthless moment more :—
But soul had gone, and life's proud day been o'er ;
Toiled for a thankless lord their native earth,
And doomed their children vassals from their birth.
These fearless guardians of their country's laws,
Endured with daring, noble as their cause ;
Happy where Nature spread her simple feast
Of wild fruits, scattered on the mountain's breast :—
Faith's eagle eye, with holy rapture rose,
And found in heaven a triumph and repose :
Sheltered in spirit 'neath the eternal throne,
'Mid cloudless visions, death would make their own ;
Smiled like the sun on his ethereal way,
Far o'er the storm-cloud, where the lightnings play !

Thus when the Alpine traveller, joyous stands,
Glancing in transport o'er unnumbered lands,—
The gathering clouds like hostile armies join,
Scowl and embrace along the darkening line,

The livid lightnings, flash on flash, illumine,
And deep-voiced thunders sweep along the gloom,—
Safe on his cliff of everlasting snow,
He sees the tempest bursting far below !

Turn to the pageant fluttering gaily past ;
Dazzling the eye, like meteors on the blast ;
Adorned with trappings like the summer dawn,
Sparkling in beauty o'er the dew-dropped lawn :—
Ancestral pride, the pomp of wealth and power,
Flung round the titled scion of the hour.
He looks with scorn upon the nameless crowd,
Yet drinks their incense on his sun-lit cloud ;
Glances in pride upon his vanished race,
And gathers virtues, history cannot trace.
His wide domains, his titles, and his hall,
Trace to their rise, and mark how worthless all ;
Won by the fawning creature of a king,
Whose power could gild the favourite insect's wing ;

For deeds that peasant-worth would blush to claim,
And virtue weep to find the actions fame :—
Boast of thy sires !—those nobler sires be mine,
That pale the blazoned heraldry of thine !

I loved them from my youth :—the lonely grave
Where sleep the relics of the martyred brave ;
The moss-clad stone, which piety had placed,
With rude inscription, time had half defaced ;
Where the lone curlew builds her lowly nest,
'Mid wild flowers springing o'er the sleeper's breast ;
Where the lark's music ope's the gates of heaven,
And holy silence waves her wing at even ;
The bright rays ling'ring round his humble bed,
As loath to part from the unhonoured dead ;
The summer breezes wafting odours round,
On holier far than consecrated ground ;
Night's first pale star-light twinkling o'er the scene,—
All had a language whispering what had been.

I kissed the wild flowers, in their summer bloom,
That Nature nursed above the martyr's tomb ;
And trembled, lest some ruder step than mine,
That chance might lead into my mountain shrine,
Should crush them, blooming on the lonely heath,
And ruthless tread o'er him who sleeps beneath.
I wept above his wrongs,—the burning tear
Fell with a pang, as o'er a parent's bier ;—
Earth's best and bravest ! Scotland's boast and pride !
Chased like the wild bird on the mountain's side,
From cave to rock, from rock to moor and wood,
Sheltered a moment in their solitude, ^{at}
Morn, noon, and night, along his devious way,
Peril and death had marked him for a prey ;
Proscribed, imprisoned, banished from his home,—
An exile, cast upon the world to roam ;—
Who would not weep, when men like him could die !—
Who would not triumph, where their ashes lie !
Their children's wrongs, their country's to atone,
And know and feel the birth-right is his own.

In the soul's worship, on these mossy plains,
I hymned their sorrows in my simple strains :—

A HYMN.

I stood by the Martyr's lonely grave,
Where the flowers of the moorland bloom ;
Where bright memorials of nature wave
Sweet perfume o'er the sleeping brave,
In his moss-clad mountain tomb !

I knelt by that wild and lonely spot,
Where moulders the heart of one
That bled and died, but that blenched not
At the tyrant's chain, or the soldier's shot,
Till life's last sands had run.

And the vision of other days came back,
When the dark and bloody band,

With the might of a living cataract,
Essayed to sweep in their fiery tract,
The godly from the land.

When Zion was far on the mountain height,
When the wild was the house of prayer ;
Where the eye of eternal hope grew bright,
O'er the saint arrayed in the warrior's might,
For his God and his country there !

When the barbarous hordes as they onward rode,
By the wild and rocky glen,
Have heard, when away from man's abode,
A voice that awed like the voice of God,—
—'Twas the hymn of fearless men !

For the sunless cave was the Martyr's home,
And the damp cold earth his bed ;
And the thousand lights of the starry dome,

Were the suns of his path, while doomed to roam
O'er the wilds where his brothers bled !—

When the clang of the conflict rung on the heath,
And the watchword of freedom rose,
Like the tones of heaven, on the saint's last breath,
Far, far o'er the battle notes of death,
As he soared to his last repose !—

When he stood by the scaffold, the faggot, and stake,
As his earthly heritage ;
Yet welcomed all for his Master's sake,
Whose sword of vengeance should yet awake,
To curb their whirlwind rage.

The vision passed ; but the home is mine,
Where the wild bird makes her nest,
On the rocky altars and mossy shrine,
Where the weeds and flowers of the desert twine
Round the Martyr's bed of rest.

The lover of freedom can never forget,
The glorious peasant band,—
His sires,—that on Scotia's moorlands met ;—
Each name like a seal on the heart is set,
The pride of his Father land !

Had mercy then no sympathy on earth ?
Were deeds of justice strangled in their birth ?—
These twins of knowledge, ministers of heaven,
Far from the revels of the court were driven.
The wail of sorrow, tears of blood alone,
Pleased the Cabal, and Charles on the throne.
The laughter-loving king, whose various fate
Caught each strong impress of the changing state,
Saw his aged father on the scaffold bleed,
Yet learned no moral from the direful deed ;
Beheld his empire swayed by stranger's hands,
Yet laughed in pleasure's lap in other lands.

The fearless Fathers of the Covenant, then,
Asked for the exile to his throne again.—

He, with a serious mien, and saint-like tone,
Abjured his father's errors and his own ;
Renewed the Bond of liberty and truth,
And promised well, like Nero, in his youth ;—
Struggled in vain, till Wor'ster fight revealed
A greater, mightier arm, was in the field !

James was a bigot truth could never teach,
But Charles placed himself beyond its reach.
A Presbyterian, when he found their aid ;
An unmasked Papist, when their power decayed ;
A high toned Lutheran at a nation's call ;
And all by turns, if anything at all.
His memory, like the foot-prints on the sand,
The coming tide effaces from the land.
By flatterers urged, by pleasure's impulse driven,
He rushed along, like one given up of heaven :—
Made bare the sword, and made the nation bleed,
Like Mahomet, for converts to his creed ;—

Yet all were equal, human or divine :—
Charles believed in—*mistresses and wine !*
His principles were names, these rainbow things
That suit the shifting consciences of kings.
He left the midnight dance, and issued laws,
That would have made a worse than Draco pause ;
Threw off the sovereign's dignity, to sit
The rival of Villiers, in love and wit ;—
A living jest-book, bound in cloth of gold,
Whose pages yet the darkest deeds unfold :
With manners courteous, affable, polite ;—
Could these atone for never being right,
The historic pen of truth had ne'er arrayed
His throne, his name, with infamy's deep shade.

Turn to our suffering Fathers, great and good,
Who, in the breach of peril, unsubdued,
Stood like the warrior pleading in his arms,
Fearless in danger, calm in death's alarms,—

They hurled a brave defiance on the foe,
Though left by all but hope amid their wo.
They dared do all, but bend a slavish knee,
That virtue sanctioned for their liberty.—
The flaming pyre that round the martyrs rose,
Blazed like the torch, to light them to repose ;—
The ocean wave, the scaffold, and the sword,
Were but a stormy passage to their Lord !

Eternal Hope, with bright prophetic eye,
Pierced the dark shades that round the future lie ;
Beheld the cloud of suffering pass away,
And Scotland smile beneath a happier day ;
Religion, Freedom, wave the olive wand,
Walk undisturbed and smiling through the land ;
The fruitful harvests of their sufferings rise
In peace and love beneath congenial skies :—
A grateful country, and approving heaven,
Glowed on the twilight of life's stormy even.

CANTO SECOND.

Rulers ought to listen to the complaints of the people—consequences of disregarding their remonstrances—Covenanting—Cromwell—his death—recall of Charles—his ingratitude—severe sufferings the cause of the rise at Pentland—M'Kail's martyrdom—cruelty increases—religious zeal cannot be rooted out by physical power—letters of intercommuning—their consequences—picture of a conventicle—Sharp—his character—miseries occasioned by the highland host—reflections.

WHEN nations murmur, the prophetic tone
Should find a kindred echo in the throne.
'Tis thought, without a language, breathed aloud,
Like the first mutterings of the thunder cloud ;
That sweeps along with gloomy pomp on high,
And, bursting, awes the human trembler's eye.
So swells the sound when nations plead in vain,
And vengeful threats reply, when they complain ;
When rulers guard the throne, who will not hear,
And lighten wo, or wipe the sufferer's tear.—

'Tis then the slumbering energies awake,
And Freedom's attitude the people take ;
Or frenzied rage the ties of nature breaks,
And empire from its coasts to centre shakes.
Thus England's barons stood at Runnemedede,
And England won her Charter by the deed ;
So France, in madness unrestrained, arose,
But lost her freedom while she crushed her foes ;
The carnival of death the state o'erthrew
With earthquake shock, while Europe felt it too.

Not so our country ; in a later hour
She rose in majesty of mental power :
Even he who quelled the culminating star
Of France's monarch, felt a greater far.
The sword slept on, while mightier Reason led,—
Britain is free, and yet no brother bled !

Our fathers, when prerogative and right,
All bleeding, struggled in the battle's might,

Beheld their surest hope of safety stand
In one great Bond of Union through the land,—
To guard their altars, free their homes opprest,
And red Oppression's sweeping arm arrest.

Oh! 't was a high and solemn Sabbath day,
When thronging thousands bent their joyous way,
Where proud Edina's lofty spires arise,
And castle, frowning, all assault defies;—
Noble and peasant greeting welcome, round
The grey cathedral's consecrated ground—
All felt the same sublime and kindred glow
That free and noble bosoms feel below.
Thousands, to heaven and heaven-born virtue true!—
Angels on mercy's work might pause to view,
When rose the still and solemn prayer on high,
And hearts were hushed with awe, where God was nigh;—
While every bosom felt the voice its own,
And word and thought streamed upward to the throne!
The heart-wept tears of that devoted band,
The breathless silence, and the lifted hand,

Spoke more than language, when the words were given,
Heard on the earth, and registered in heaven :—

“ To live, to breathe for liberty alone,

“ And make Religion’s holy cause their own ;—

“ Enjoy the birthright which their fathers gave,

“ Or sword meet sword, and perish like the brave !”

And fearless men, who helm and corslet wore,

Trembled and wept, who never quaked before.

Campbell’s great name, from Loudon’s stately towers—

The first when danger numbered out the hours ;

Brave in the field, and in the senate bold ;

Unmoved by threatenings, and unbought by gold :

Murray, Argyle, with many a mighty name,

Were graven on that catalogue of fame.

Throng pressed on throng to the ennobling roll,

Enlarging like the Seer of Judah’s scroll,

Writ with the pen of truth in virtuous strife ;

Dipped in the warm and crimson stream of life !—

High, like the light of hope, the Covenant placed !

Sanctioned by all, they trembled and embraced.

The country's safe-guard, and the people's stay ;
The hope and watchword of a future day.

The stormy hours were darkly marching on ;
The cloud was lowering over England's throne ;
While one unheeded, with collected might,
Flashed like a comet on the brow of night !
Who watched with sleepless eye the fated hour,
And swept the land with battle's whirlwind power ;—
Shattered the sceptre, cleft the crown in twain ;
Yet loved the baubles scattered on the plain.
Cromwell !—a hero in the tented field ;
Still sternly calm when legions round him reeled ;
A great fore-judging statesman, whose firm word
Burned from his lips, and triumphed like his sword ;—
To suit his purpose, put a bluntness on,
And searched the souls of all, but hid his own :
Then reason, Scripture, in the maze were lost ;—
He talked of nothing, when he grasped at most.

Wisdom is greatness ; and his deeds may tell
How England rose, although her monarch fell :
Obeyed at home, revered in foreign climes,—
She shrined his virtues, while she veiled his crimes.

He passed away : and all his pomp and power
Vanished like shadows in the morning hour !
The knell rung loud through Europe's capitals,
Which the winds echo, when a Cromwell falls.
The death hymn chanted o'er the mighty's tomb,
Rose like the song of hope amid the gloom ;
Saluting exiled Charles, doomed to roam,
Monarch of kingdoms, yet without a home.
Joyous he heard the nation's loyal call,
Back to his throne, his kingdom, and his all.
Then, 'mid the rapturous shout and loud acclaim,
When every echo rung to Charles' name,—
Oh ! would not generous patriot feelings rise,
With heaven-like love, to calm a nation's sighs ?

Would not his full and grateful bosom burn,
To thank, by deeds a people would not spurn?

Scotland, the nursling of the rugged North!
The freeman's home, the land of virtuous worth!
Thy fearless children shed their blood for him,
Shouting his name when life's bright eye grew dim.—

The storm of vengeance, with a darker shade
Than Nature's, round thy rocky mountains played!
The first dread waking of his wrath was hurled
In deeds of blood that might have waked the world.
The good Argyle, the pious Guthrie, fell,
To satiate ire no offering could quell;—
The first of Scotland's wide spread sacrifice,
Hurried from earth, swift heralds to the skies,
Loaded with tidings of the Church's tears,
And the dark gathering gloom of coming years;
Blending their prayers with martyred saints, who lie,
'Neath the eternal altars of the sky!

The heartless satellites, without a tear,
Traversed the land, when not a foe was near !
It lay all cradled in the arms of peace ;
Yet on they rode like fierce Eumenides,
Converting men by bayonets to God,
Driving them heaven-ward by the royal road !
Goaded to madness, they indignant rose,
Wild as the breaking billow, on their foes ;
Yet with a generous soul—a love like heaven,
Bestowed the mercy that had ne'er been given ;
Saw, felt, and paused o'er ruin's lawless sway,—
Leant on their arms, and sternly took their way !

Disastrous twilight over Pentland hung,
While the tumultuous din of carnage rung.
Ah, vainly brave ! with high heroic mind,
Fighting they died, or left a wreck behind ;
But these slept well who gained a soldier's tomb,
Saved from the torture's agonizing doom !

Was this rebellion? suffering Virtue cries ;—
The viper that you tread on stings and dies ;—
The veriest slave the galling lash will spurn,
And some faint gleamings of the soul return.—
Their spirits brooded o'er remembered wrong ;
They felt, but spoke not, sullenly and long ;
Startled from slumber, "On," the spirit cried :
Insulted Nature sought revenge—and died !
But from the fatal field, a thousand woes,
Tinged with the hues of death, to Scotland rose.
Pentland's dark day was victory for Dalzell—
Gospel for Sharp—and Law for Lauderdale !

Above thy fate, M'Kail, the bosom weeps !
Yet the full transport of thy spirit reaps.
The saint, the martyr, and the hero shone,
When left by all but faith in heaven alone !
The tyrant men of blood beheld thee bleed,
Quoting a text, and Pentland for the deed :

Yet that dread torture's sweat of agony,
Could never quench thy spirit-speaking eye.
How would that hour the raging torturer teach ;
That man has rights the tyrant cannot reach !
On the last confines of the shores of time,
To men, to angels, rose thy strains sublime :—
“ Farewell to sun and moon, and each bright star,
“ Sparkling in light and love to me afar ;
“ Farewell to suffering—each delight of earth—
“ Parents, and sweet communion round the hearth :
“ Welcome to death ! but higher welcome yet
“ To that bright land where all the good have met ;
“ Welcome to glory—welcome angel's call—
“ My Saviour, Spirit, and the Judge of all !”
Hark ! the discordant music of the drum
Vibrates around, to strike the martyr dumb,—
Hushing his last and farewell words to earth,—
Mingling with laughter wild and savage mirth ;
Fierce spirits raining their revengeful power
Around the martyr in his parting hour.

He, while dark passions every breast deform,
Smiles like the rainbow leaning on the storm !
The harps of heaven, the music of the spheres,
Thrill in his thought, and speak in rapture's tears !

No deed too dark, no torture too severe ;
No law to check them in their wild career ;—
The cordon of a fatal spell was cast
Around the throne, oblivious of the past :—
No tear was heeded, and no wrong redrest,
While deeds of death were matter for a jest ;—
A thousand wrongs the rising spirit crushed,
And all to whispered tones and looks were hushed ;
Driven round the altars with a gloomy fear,
The cold address fell listless on their ear.

Zeal for eternal things may seem to fade ;
Beneath the gloom the despot's hand has made !—
There is a slumbering fire, a latent ray
Springs like the phoenix, from its own decay :

'Tis not a party—not an earthly strife ;
It wears the spirit of a future life !
In high communings, with the world unknown,
Lives in the beams around the eternal throne !—

With bosoms glowing with an earthless thought,
The brave, the zealous Covenanters sought
The lone recesses of the rocky shore,
The shaded glen, or wide and houseless moor,
While Nature's star-lit temple round them glowed,—
While heavenly visions o'er the spirit flowed,—
Deeming that God, in close communion there,
Spoke in the psalm, and answered in the prayer.
Their lonely steps the minions still would trace ;
And death-shrieks rung o'er many a desert place !—
Untired Oppression issued through the land
Laws bloodier still, to nerve the soldier's hand ;
To quench for aye, in that long deadly strife,
The warm and glowing charities of life ;—
With sweeping vengeance, make the feelings part,
That live and linger round the human heart !

Brother estranged from brother, stood in gloom,
And children's lisplings sealed the father's doom ;
Affection's tear might glisten on the cheek,
What nature's voice in terror might not speak ;
The hand of love, the mother stretched to save
A much loved one, fell lifeless to the grave :
Malice incarnate wrapped herself in smiles,
And wrung forth secrets by her artful wiles ;
Beheld triumphant all her labours flow,
In one dark crimson tide of human wo !
For what ?—Because they worshipped heaven's great
 Lord,
As sanctioned by their conscience and His Word !—
'Twas both religion and their rights as men,
That armed those peasants by the moor and glen ;—
They heard the voice of nature's law in all,
And grasped their swords obedient to the call.

The heroes of the Covenant, arrayed
At once with Bible, and with battle blade,

Heard no sweet Sabbath bell announce the day :—
Met on the wild, but not in peace, to pray,
Their temple was the deep and shaded dell,
Where nature's hymns with artless rapture swell,
Girded with stream and rock ; while hung on high
The sun-illumined vault and starry sky.
Here met the grey-haired man, the veteran sage,
Bending and trembling on the staff of age ;
Enduring manhood, leaning on his sword,
A still, stern listener to the holy word ;—
The youth, with dauntless heart and fiery eye,
Ere he had learned to live, here learned to die ;—
The mother with her child ; the blushing maid,
Here raised the song, and here together prayed :
Above them on the rock, or mossy mound,
Great Cargill stood, with years and sufferings crowned ;—
He stood, his white locks streaming in the blast,
Like some prophetic being of the past ;
With inspiration's voice denouncing wo,
Against the arm that laid his country low ;—

Spread on the flower-clad table of the moss ;
The holy, sacred Symbols of the Cross !—
All shed a heaven-like sanctity around,
And stamped it holier yet than classic ground ;
And with the promise calmed the troubled breast,
Pointing the spirit to the land of Rest :—
Kindling with heaven-born light and faith sublime :
These exiles triumphed o'er the ills of time.—
The sentinel, like danger's nursling child,
Paced his lone mountain watch-tower on the wild ;
Searching with soldier's eye the wastes afar,
Timely to wake the alarum note of war :—
When all into a fearless silence died !
And swords flashed out with high heroic pride,
Hope in the heart, and lightning in the eye,
Like men of many wrongs prepared to die.
'Tis not the peaceful hour, when spirits burn,—
From earth to heaven, in glowing rapture turn
With heavenly transport, and an earthless love,
In high seraphic song to God above ;—

'Tis danger's hour that gives this loftier tone ;
Then thoughts that angels feel become our own ;—
Glancing around on suffering and decay,
The prisoned spirit pants to be away.

Was this the converse which the foemen sought,
With pure and lofty interchange of thought ?—
Far other feelings in their bosoms sprung ;
Far other language at their revels rung :—
Above the wassail cup, they lingered long,
And told their deeds with ribbald jest and song :—
The once plain presbyter, who urged them on,
With mitred brow, was powerful as the throne.
SHARP, the arch-traitor, with a burning zeal,
His bosom never felt for Scotland's weal ;
With hollow seeming, and a saint's array,
His words were love, his purpose to betray ;
Ambitious, cunning, he could watch and wait
The fatal moment big with Scotland's fate ;
Raised high his power upon his country's ills,
And lighted ruin on her thousand hills ;

Gazed on his victims with a demon's smile,
When the hired bravo shuddered round the pile.
The keys of justice at his girdle hung,
And law lived only on the traitor's tongue :
His minions watched each pathway to the throne ;
He oped and shut to suit himself alone ;
Denied the sufferers of his iron reign—
The solace of the wretched—to complain.

Vengeance may slumber on the wheels of time ;
Pause ere she strike her victim, red with crime :—
The hour comes on apace, when strong and high
She lifts her arm, with fury's kindled eye ;
When struggling virtue cannot suffer more,
And heaven's loud warnings and delays are o'er ;
Bends with an eagle's stoop upon her prey ;
Springs from the deed, and hies her onward way.

His youth was treachery, and his age was guilt ;
Grew grey in crime, and blood of thousands spilt :—

And was it wrong to lay the caitiff low ?
Does virtue frown ? did heaven avenge the blow ?
A stern award for dark and nameless deeds ;
Though we condemn, we triumph while he bleeds.
Where are his virtues ?—history's page may tell ;
Read it with wisdom's eye, and scan it well :
Seek summer flowers beneath December's sun ;—
Turn from thy fruitless travel,—he had none !
Go read the record in St. Andrew's aisle ;
They slumber on the dull, cold marble pile :—
Pause o'er his pompous cenotaph and sigh ;
And learn this truth,—how epitaphs can lie.

This holy prelate missioned bands of death,
Along the Ayrshire vales,—the burning breath
Of war's dread form, is merciful and mild,
To that dark bandit, lawless, fierce, and wild.
The Highland Host rushed from their mountain home,
Fierce as the barbarous Huns on ancient Rome ;

With tameless fury swept along the plain,
Without one law of mercy to restrain.
With savage hearts, exulting they surveyed,—
Wild as the Indian, from his forest shade,
Exulting scalps his fallen and captive foe,
And shouts his yell of triumph o'er his wo,—
The peaceful cottages that gemmed the land,
The law surrendered to that lawless band :
Yes, in the name of heaven, the deed was done,
That nature shudders at, and hell might shun !
Lust, rapine, death, and plunder unconfined,—
All kindness came like sunbeams to the blind :
Their frozen, bloodless bosoms never knew,
One wandering thought to heavenly pity true :
They tore relentless all the ties of earth,
And stained with kindred blood the peaceful hearth :—
Danced round the blazing cottage in their play ;
And sped like demons on their darksome way.

Dark, melancholy gloom must shade the land,
When royal safety is the sword's command ;

It is a still, portentous-like repose,
Of summer calms, that loud-voiced thunders close ;—
The death-like silence that encircles all,
Ere the volcano to the earthquake call ;
And Etna's sleepless fires the ruin cast,
Far on the burning pinions of the blast.—
The pillars of the throne can only rest,
In virtuous safety, on the people's breast ;
When generous mercy frames the social laws,
And equal justice pleads the subjects' cause :
When honest virtue sways the public mind ;
The one for all, and all for one combined :
These are the bulwarks, these the wall of fire
That guard the throne, and brave the despot's ire ;—
These strike Armada's glory on the wave ;
And sweep invading legions to the grave.

CANTO THIRD.

Loudon Hill—the Roman Camp—Wallace—Bruce—the battle of Drumclog—Drumclog by moonlight—Bothwell—continuance and increase of suffering—Brown of Prieshill—his piety and innocence—barbarity of the persecutors—Cargill and Cameron—Renwick—his character—Graham—his character.

WHERE Loudon Hill lifts high its conic form,
And bares its rocky bosom to the storm,
Time's varying change has come o'er man, but Thou—
Stand'st with immortal nature on thy brow !
As when the Roman soldier gazed on thee,
Abrupt, and frowning in thy majesty.
There Cæsar's sentinel his vigil kept,
And Rome's proud legions in thy shadow slept ;
There the tired eagle, like a guiltless thing,
Paused in its flight, and drooped its wearied wing ;
Beneath thy brow their flag of death was furled,
Whose life was war, whose empire was the world.

Around thee are the hallowed fields of fame,
That shed a lustre on the Scottish name :—
Around thee Wallace raised his battle cry,—
Thy rocky echoes thundered in reply !
Free as the eagle on his native hills,
Indignant saw, and felt his country's ills ;
Rushed with an angel's might, with spear and shield,
And reaped the sword's red harvest of the field.
Where the rude cairn, the time-worn altar ? where
The wanderer knelt as Freedom's worshipper,—
The cairn more sacred than the marble bust,
Or pompous pile that hides the tyrant's dust ;—
There ruthless hearts, and ruder hands have been,
And passed the ploughshare o'er the hallowed scene ;
And left no relic, not a vestige near,
To claim the sacred offering of a tear !

Around thee Bruce, with flashing helm and plume—
Who won his throne through battle's storm and gloom—
Ranged his proud bannered host upon the plain
Against the might of England's steel-clad men.—

The freeman's arm is strong, his heart is true—
And this the chivalry of England knew ;
The Bruce's sword, the soldier's trusty spear,
Fell like the lightning in its full career.
The patriot king with rapture-kindled eye,
Triumphant saw the reeling phalanx fly ;
And victory's beacon-light begin to burn,
The glorious prelude to his Bannockburn.

Around thee met at morning's dawning hour,
While night-dews sparkled on the summer flower,
Our Covenanting Sires ! where calm and sweet,
They found religion in their wild retreat ;
The still small voice of mercy, sweet, yet loud,
Rose o'er the terrors of the bursting cloud.
But when the tyrant stands on high to crush,
And knowledge, freedom's faintest whispers, hush,
It is no false and fabled Argus stands ;—
His hundred eyes are in his sleepless bands :
Restless as day, to night no slumber given ;
They sleepless still outwatch the fires of heaven.

Roused by the rolling of the distant drum,
Breathless, the watcher cried, The foemen come !
One short, but fervent, hurried sigh they breathed,
Folded their Bibles, and their swords unsheathed.
Along Drumclog the soldier's proud array
Of glittering armature flung back the day ;
The prancing war-steed proudly pawed the heath,
And felt afar the battle's burning breath ;
Oppression's steel-girt bandit undismayed,
With jest and scorn the peasant ranks surveyed.

But the host of the godly were bending the knee,
And a prayer all voiceless ascended,—
From nature's own altar, the prayer of the free ;
With the incense of liberty blended.

But a moment they paused, and they lion-like sprung
From the lair they were kneeling upon ;
And the glens and the rocks with the wild music rung,
As they chanted a psalm and rushed on.

And the foemen were scattered like foam on the wave,
When the red storm of battle came o'er them ;
And 'the peasant waved fearful his death-sweeping
glaive,
For the freedom his deeds might restore him.

'Neath the dark pall of battle, the Clavers was seen ;—
Like the angel of ruin he rode,—
With despair on his brow, where derision had been ;—
The foe of his land and his God.

All frantic from battle he rushed o'er the waste ;
His falchion ingloriously sheathed ;
And still he sped on with a cowardly haste,
While dark vows of vengeance he breathed.

Oft have I stood upon Drumclog's green height,
When all was bathed in Luna's mellowed light ;
When not a wing rushed through the midnight air,
And the fox slumbered in his grassy lair :—

Stillness around—above—the bright serene !
The majesty of silence ruled the scene ;
The bright stars sparkling in their azure home ;
The moon resplendent in the vaulted dome ;
The landscape lovelier than noon can yield,—
Dim, undefined, like beauty half revealed :
But wakeful fancy peopled earth and sky,
As aerial minstrels swept their harps on high ;
And heaven-born melody through ether flowed,
While moon and stars with brighter lustre glowed ;—
Called back the dark and stormy times of old ;
And phantom warriors trode the battle wold ;
The dark and spectral visage knit in wrath,
And each pale shadowy feature strung for death ;
And foe met foe, as living foemen meet ;—
The shout, the onset, victory, and defeat ;—
The spoil, the wreck, the victor, and the flying,
The battle's keen pursuit, the dead and dying :—
The phantom host, the gaily pictured dream
Past like the lightning's glance—or meteor's beam ;—

Awoke like man's poor pageants of a day,
Sported their little hour, and passed away.

My spirit turned, enraptured and alone,
Where all around unnumbered glories shone !
Communed with Nature in her pomp and power,
In all the glow of midnight's starry hour :
Mysterious worlds that traverse beauty's clime,
And watch like angels o'er the sphere of time !
Earth caught the gleamings of their glory flung,
And shadowed back the splendours whence they sprung ;
Creation stood arrayed in living light,
Crowned with the starry diadem of night.

Thousands were thronging round their standard now,
With war's stern features on their lighted brow.
"Twas self-defence, that struck the glorious blow :—
"Twas dark rebellion, cried the fallen foe,
But all rebel who for their country bleed ;—
Are patriots, only when their arms succeed.

On Bothwell's red and fatal field they met,
Where battle cleft them down, and victory set.
Clyde's peaceful waters murmured on between ;
But man's fell passions marred the lovely scene.
The songs of nature called them to rejoice ;
Man heard alone the war-trump's shriller voice.

The trumpet rung the onset to the charge ;
The hosts rushed on, the lines of death enlarge :
As when the tempest lifts its voice on high,
And peal on peal sublimely sweeps the sky ;—
So pealed the cannon's voice, and flung o'er all
Its sulphurous breath, and dark, dull smoky pall.
Along the arch that spanned the blood-dyed stream
Dark carnage raged, amid the death-fire's gleam ;
Like pent up rivers struggling for a path—
To keep or win this crimson pass of death.
Vainly, ye brave, ye spent your noblest power !
'Twas Freedom's fight, but not her conquering hour.
On, like the desert blast, o'er heaps of slain
The foemen rushed, and swept along the plain.

Yet, yet the banner flutters to the skies,
Along the line the stirring watchword flies,—
“ God, and our right,” a thousand bosoms feel,—
They form, they charge, around the foemen reel.
Repulsed, they turned—a brave and noble band,—
Struggling as patriots for their native land.
Though the red arm of Ruin swept them down,
They gained the freeman’s and the martyr’s crown.

Paton, whose heart was bravery’s abode,
First where the battle-fires of ruin glowed ;
Soul of the fight, raised his red blade on high,
Kindling the ranks, who died as brave men die.
Vain, vain ye fought, ye brave, in battle’s van,
Discord had conquered ere the fight began.
Now scattered like the autumn leaves that fall,
CLAVERS, with fiendish triumph rode o’er all ;
He would have bartered life, and wealth, and fame,
To wipe Drumclog from his dishonoured name—
If such as Graham could e’er dishonoured be,
Whose arm ne’er rose, except against the free.

The spirit shrinks from what it would relate
Of agonies that wrung the captive's fate ;
The living deaths of long protracted pain ;
The iron tortures of that iron reign :
Along the damp churchyard, they guarded lay ;
Night brought no slumber, and no hope the day ;—
Hour after hour all shelterless they past,
Amid the night dews and the ruffian blast.
Well might the burning tear of anguish flow,
And envy those who slept in peace below ;
Or sent to far and sultry climes as slaves,
Till dark oblivion 'gulphed them in its waves.

Lo ! now Dunnottar's dark and gloomy walls !
That cold and sunless prison-house recalls
The lingering hours of more than mortal pain,
The long death breathing, and the maddening brain :—
Peace to thy manes ! lady, who could feel,
And dare be generous for the martyr's weal !—
Oh, had *they* rested from the field of fight,
And left one star to streak the stormy night.—

Even the fair virgin, in her maiden youth,
Braved their worst ire, and perished for the truth :
Not all the dread the scaffold could impart,
Not the wild billow, daunt the female heart :
Her last words rose amid the weltering wave—
A hymn of triumph from her ocean grave.
While the lone shepherd, on the mountain side,
Guilty of having read his Bible—died.

List to the tale of one who faultless fell,
Whose humble tomb-stone decks the moorland dell.
Far on the moor his lonely cot was placed,
A rude unpolished gem upon the waste.
The smoke curled lonely, 'mid the air on high,
A moment hung, and melted in the sky ;
Where the brook murmured, and the mountain frowned
Through the far stretching wilderness around ;
The wild winged denizens of ether sung ;
The shepherd on the breeze his music flung ;
The sweet-toned melody of nature there,
Thrilled in sweet carols through the summer air.

The peaceful inmates of that humble hearth,
Lived like primeval dwellers of the earth,—
Summer had smiles that charmed the lingering hour,
With winds perfumed from moss and mountain flower ;
Cloud, sunshine, stream, the daisy on the sod,
Raised their unbiassed hearts in praise to God.
When winter swathed the land with unstained snow,
It came the type of holiness below ;
When the unfettered tempest, high and strong,
Rocked the lone cottage as it swept along,—
Trusting in Him who guides the storm's career,
Twas God's own music to the listening ear.

Cast on the troubled waters of the time,
When prayer was treason, piety a crime,
When persecution raised her red right hand,
To crush the germ of freedom through the land ;
Then oft that cottage-light, though faint and far,
Shone to the wanderer, as the guiding star
Shines to the sailor on a stormy sea,
Beaming with hope of happiness to be.

Summer's first morn had dawned upon the wild,
And nature's fair and lovely features smiled,
When pious Brown, with day's first beam arose,
And called his slumbering children from repose,
They gathered round the cottage hearth, to raise
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,—
The holy, untaught melody of heart—
Dearer to heaven than all the pomp of art ;
Unheard by human ear the cadence dies,
Its last faint murmurs mingling with the skies.
He read of Love from Mercy's hallowed Book ;—
Felt in his heart, and glowing in his look ;—
Hoping, exulting o'er the promise given,
That brightened weeping hours with hopes of heaven :—
Knelt with his children at the eternal throne,
And pleaded with a fervour not his own ;—
Breathed, from a holy heaven-born influence given,
The language of a spirit fit for heaven.
His soul entranced with high devotion's glow,
Forgot he was a sufferer here below :—

When, lo ! a shriek !—the startled echoes rang
With neighing war-steeds, and the warrior's clang
Woke him to earth, and drew him from the sky,—
To clasp his weeping family, and die.

Firm in the spirit of his prayer he stood,
Resigned, yet fearless ; calm, but unsubdued.
Prepare ! the dark and fierce avenger cried ;
Prepare ! his language in his hour of pride.

The good man knelt upon the flowery heath,
Soon to be crimsoned with the tide of death :
His farewell prayer of triumph and repose ;—
Heaven's glories dawning o'er his earthly woes—
In the true martyr's spirit, pled with heaven,
His death, his country's wrongs, might be forgiven ;
And more than angels' eloquence imparts
It touched the tearless soldiers' iron hearts ;
And pity checked that dark and bloody horde,
Save one—the bosom of their savage lord.
The martyr rose, with calm unruffled breast,
Like one prepared for everlasting rest :

His weeping little ones were clustered near ;
He kissed each child, and dropped a parting tear ;
Breathed a long farewell to his faithful wife ;
And nature for a moment clung to life !
When loud and high, the leader's stern command
Rose fierce, but vain, above that bloody band ;
Though stained with slaughter's darkest, foulest hue,
No arm was raised, no death-winged bullet flew :—
The ruthless Clavers raised his hand on high,
Rage in his heart, and mockery in his eye ;
A moment—and the martyred hero lay
Bedewed with blood,—his soul had passed away !
From death and insult, springing to a throne,
The guilt his foe's, the triumph all his own.

The Theban mother gloried in her son,
Borne on his shield from battle he had won ;
The peasant's wife, far on the Scottish moor,
With none to soothe, did heavier griefs endure ;—
The Christian matron to her nature true,
Leant o'er her slaughtered lord, and triumphed too.

The martyrs wandered round their lonely cave,
Their home, their temple, and perchance their grave :
Till in the lone and starless night of woes,
They darkly turned in fury on their foes ;—
Reason may pause, and here their deeds condemn,
But what long years of sorrow led to them !
Patience has bounds, and suffering has its goal,
When vengeance, like a virtue, arms the soul.
Traduce them ! yet Cargill's good name will shine
On fame's proud record, Cameron, with thine !
They deemed all sacred but the tyrant's laws ;
They praying lived, and died in freedom's cause.
Far in Airsmoss the rude, grey stone is seen,
Memorial frail, of sufferings that have been.

With pious Renwick in the bloom of youth,
Died the last victim for eternal truth.—
A nation's wailing, and the voice of tears,
Craddled his infant—nursed his boyish years.

He woke to manhood, when the night of wo
Gleamed with the fiery torches of the foe ;
Then oft in prayer, by wild bush in the dell,
He wept and pleaded when the martyr fell :
Pure heavenly thought along his bosom stole,
Kindling his latent energies of soul ;
Proclaimed sweet tidings to the fearless few,
Faithful to heaven, and to their country true.
The State's dread thunder, and the slanderer's aim
Beat, like the wave, against the rock, in vain ;
Outlawed, pursued, as if the British throne
Must stand or fall in Renwick's name alone.
Cold, famine pressed him—every nameless wo
That waits on homeless wretchedness below :
He heard, he felt his weeping country's call,
And rose in might superior to them all.
And when the victim of the tyrant's fears,
Aged in sorrow, but a youth in years,
Beheld the whirlwind of their wrath descend,
Firm as the oak the angry lightnings rend—

The patriot cried, inflexible and true ;—
“ My God, my country, thus I bleed for you !
“ Welcome the hour that closes suffering here ;
“ Welcome the home, the home without a tear !”
With firmness nobler than the stoic’s pride,
The last of Scotland’s Christian Martyrs, died !

The persecutors’ deeds, their frenzied rage,
Live in the light of truth’s historic page ;
Yet the dark forms that flit across the past,
Must yield to one, the bloodiest and the last.
Supreme in crime, the wildest of his band
Shrunk from the deeds that stained their leader’s hand :
He felt his fierce and untamed passions swell,—
Nursed them by deeds of blood, o’er moor and fell ;
Armed with a power commensurate he rode,
And flapped destruction’s banners far abroad ;
Searched with a lynx’s eye for son and sire,
With an unwearied wrath and quenchless ire.

GRAHAM found a Bible, or he found it not ;
Murder was music on a moorland spot.
Graham ! stain of knighthood, and the warrior's sword ;
Whose path was slaughter, death his kindest word :
His sweet fair lineaments of form and face
Concealed a heart the darkest of his race :
A monarch's minion, the oppressor's slave ;
Fierce and relentless, as the broken wave.
The hero turns from battle's sickening scenes,
And wipes the tear, as on his sword he leans,
O'er the yet breathing mass of crimson clay,
Fragments of man, and life's poor feverish day :
He like a blood-hound tracked each moor and glen ;
Kindling as proudly o'er his victim then,
As when he waved his sword amid the strife,
When victory gave a parting charm to life.
Not fancy's brightest pencillings can show,
Though burning genius round the picture glow,

One heaven-descended feature to atone
For crimes, that war itself would blush to own :
His deeds of infamy have written *the name*,—
The bye-word of his country—*Bloody Graham !*

CANTO FOURTH.

Retrospect—the birth of Christ—his power—love, in the prospect of his sufferings, manifested to his disciples—crucifixion—the cross—sufferings of the Apostles and early Christians—softened by the Letters of Pliny to Trajan—Daniel's prophecy—persecution ceases—the church's happiness—the darkness of the middle ages—religion—Pontiff's ambition—dawn of the Reformation—apostrophe to printing—attempts of the Papal power to suppress knowledge by means of the Inquisition—Knox and the Reformers—effects of their labours—apostrophe to the Martyrs—reflections.

TURN to those ages when the seraphs sung,
And Bethlehem's plains with heavenly music rung ;
When angels' lips with tidings strange and high,
Revealed the promised Saviour from the sky ;
When HE, the prophet's song for ages, came,—
His Godhead shadowed by a human name ;
Poured from his lips a language all divine,
And paled the pomp of Salem's glorious shrine.

Creation bowed beneath his mighty nod ;
All but the human heart confessed Him God :—
The demons trembled with a guilty fear ;
The tempest paused mid-way in its career ;
Disease and sorrow from his presence fled ;
And death, subdued, gave back the slumbering dead.
And as he neared the great Atoning hour,
Shaded with gloom, and wrath's tremendous power,
While the red bolts of Justice flashed in view,
He called his little band, the tried and true ;
Did with a prophet's lofty tones unfold
The Church's woes, while onward ages rolled ;—
Attuned his voice to love's familiar tone,
And showed his sorrows mirrored all their own :—
“ But when the fiery hour of suffering came—
“ As come it would to all of Christian name—
“ To stand with high unshrinking faith, and turn
“ Where crowns of light with cloudless glory burn.
“ Though round our parting, thunder clouds have met,
“ On nature's throne my love will not forget ;—

“ Though fires of hatred blaze around my shrine,
“ The Spirit’s aid will give you strength divine.”

The traitor stood amid that little band ;—
The sword was sheathless in the ruler’s hand ;—
The long and thrilling shout that pierced the sky,
Rose from a thousand lips to “ crucify ;”—
To wrap his name in ignominious gloom,
And shade his glory in a felon’s tomb !
Where slept the lightnings—where the thunders then,
When He who rules them was the jest of men ?
Where was the voice that stilled the stormy wave,
And the yet wilder maniac round the grave ?
The eye, far brighter than the flash above,
’Mid all their varied torture beamed with love !

See on the Cross the spectacle sublime !
The greatest, darkest tragedy of time ;—
Creation’s guilt with dark, concentrate power,
Pours all its fury round the dreadful hour :
All that the primal curse and sin impart,
Exhaust their poison on the sufferer’s heart :

Earth reels with deep, convulsive agony ;
And shades, but not of night, involve the sky ;
Astonished nature pauses at the deed,
While He who gave creation life, must bleed ;
As if the dread, the final hour had come,
And man, even man, is hushed a moment dumb.

The Cross, the focus of eternal hope,
The beacon-light, where human aid must stop !
Ay, proud earth-born philosophy may sneer,
Laugh at the Christian's faith, and scorn his tear ;—
The Cross ! the Cross ! with light immortal beams,
Pours through the gloom profound its radiant streams ;
Dispels the cloud upon the weary breast,
And guides the spirit to eternal rest.
Jesus, the Lord, with mercy's tidings fraught,
The first Great Martyr for the truths He taught,
Rose in his death, and triumphed in his fall,—
The soul, the centre, and the hope of all.

Like the first rushings of the tempest's sweep,
That shakes the earth, and foams the murmuring deep ;

Swift on its darkling wing the storm-cloud flies,
Embracing earth, and blending sea and skies;—
The sleepless energies of Jewish rage.—
Burst on the light and glory of their age;—
Sweep far along Judea's holy plains;—
Apostles bleed, and boundless fury reigns.
They roused the giant wrath of mighty Rome,
The Queen of earth, the world's Imperial Home;
To leave no vestige of the Christian name,
And add another halo to her fame.
Nero—the hydra realised on earth,—
Laughed in the madness of his demon mirth,
While, wrapt in fires, Rome rivalled Etna's blaze,
And wrote his edicts by the burning rays.
Imperial vengeance armed the meanest slave,
To drag the Christian from his lonely cave;
Refine in lingering tortures, and destroy;—
This was the Mighty's, this a Roman's joy.

*Then, to be Christian, was to part with all—
That lives, and loves, at nature's holy call:*

The blest endearments, that so fondly twine
Around the bosom, these they could resign.
The high-born maid, who trembled at the breeze,
Whose life was splendour, luxury, and ease ;—
The warrior, crowned with honour's scars and years,
The child, the father, rose above their fears ;
With more than virtue, daring, and sublime,
Embraced the faith, and bade farewell to time :—
Perchance, before the star of morning rose,
Their lives in quivering agony might close.
Where was the white-lipped hypocrite ?—oh, where ?
Could he then breathe the fierce and burning air ?—
The mantle dipped in light that veils him here,
Would then have wrapped him on a fiery bier.

What Pliny wrote, a moment might restrain,
And curb the fury of the despot's reign :
Philosophy, with mild and gentle sway,
Might calm the tameless passions for a day,

That burst again, with tenfold rage on all,
Like madness from a lucid interval :
Ten times subdued, ten times they burst anew ;
Yet 'mid the flames the faith of Jesus grew :—
From the heroic martyrs' blood and woes,
Disciples sprung—a seed for heaven arose.

When Judah's Seer, in proud Belshazzar's hall,
Dared antedate the haughty monarch's fall ;
Traced out the empires of a future day ;
Revealed their rise, and stamped them with decay ;—
Mighty, yet weak, the greatest, and the last,
Shadowed the fame and glory of the past ;
He saw the Stone, uncut by human hands,
Roll from the mountain, onward through the lands ;—
Before it Rome with all her pomp decayed,
And crumbling, shrunk beneath the giant shade.

Now when the wide and far consuming fire,
Sent its last flickering blaze of human ire ;—

When the wild throbbings of the Christian heart
Breathed calm, like nature when the storms depart;—
When the long prayed-for, peaceful hour had come,
When altars fell, and oracles were dumb;—
When temples, where successive ages sung
Their hymns to gods, from human passions sprung,—
When fabled Jove, and Dryads of the plains,
Lived only in the poet's burning strains;—
Then, then religion had her peaceful hour,
Reigned o'er each hearth, and smiled above each bower;
Symphonious strains of angel-choirs had birth,
Chanting her first won jubilee on earth:—
Like the lone mariners, who hurried sweep
Along the stormy bosom of the deep;
The crested billows flash amid the gloom,
And hang their bark above the ocean tomb;—
Safe on the beach, with storm and tempest o'er,
Look back in trembling transport from the shore:
Thus sung entranced the joyous Church below;—
Snatched from her threefold century of wo.

But hours of peaceful triumph passed away,
And storms and shades obscured the troubled day.
The Goth, the Heruli, and Vandal swept
Along the land, while suffering Christians wept :
The centuries of slumber were begun,
Worse than the triumphs these barbarians won :
Philosophy was shorn of all her beams,
Or only shone, in far and fitful gleams :
The Grecian sages held alternate rule,
And formed the genius of the Christian school.
You see yon lonely solitary star,
Pallid and tremulous in the vault afar !—
'Tis light itself, but cannot break the gloom,
Or streak the storm, and save the traveller's doom.
A spurious knowledge lived, but with the few ;
The many cared not, for they never knew ;
Puzzles and quibbles for the learned, who shone—
While wondering ignorance might wonder on :
The page of heaven, the Bible, was forbid,
And 'neath the dust of monkish cells was hid :

A grasping priesthood, by unholy stealth,
Converted all to avenues of wealth :
Relics and masses, pardons—all were sold,—
Till heaven was less omnipotent than gold.

Religion triumphed in the fiery storm ;
Faded in wealth ; and dwindled to a form,—
Arrayed in all the drapery of earth,
Trammelled with pomp, and power of human birth ;—
Wrapped in the glory of an outward show,
But hollow as the sepulchre below.
Great with the innate energy of heaven,
She needs no prop that human aid has given ;—
Girt with the golden robes of living light,
She walks abroad in majesty and might ;
Smiles sparkle in her bright and radiant eye,
She speaks, and love's sweet music leaves the sky ;
Invades the province of the human breast,
And leads the weary spirit home to rest.

Restrained ambition's high and restless thought,
Saw in the church, what vain in fields was sought ;
Curbed the wild longings of his ardent soul,
And changed the sword for crosier and stole :
The PONTIFF's foot was on the neck of kings ;—
Wearied with power embracing earthly things,
Grasped at the thunders round the eternal throne,
And flung his mimic bolts around his own.

But in the moral firmament of man,
A dawning came ; the blush of light began :
The gloomy clouds, that superstition threw
Around each thought, were glistening with the hue ;
A breath, like the returning pulse of life,
When death and nature pause in mortal strife ;—
A gentle stir, the soul's first wakening, came,
And mankind caught the faint and flickering flame ;
Wickliffe and Huss beheld the beam afar,
And hailed the glow of truth's prophetic star.

Their ardent, fearless spirits led the way,
Amid the twilight, to a glorious day.

The living voice has but a narrow sphere,
Its tones must die upon the listening ear ;—
The burning periods eloquence may roll
Forth from her glowing lips to fire the soul ;—
The truths sublime which elevate the heart,
They come like hopes, to mock us and depart ;—
But Printing rose amid the twilight shade,
Came with an angel's voice to virtue's aid.
Hail, Printing ! hail ! the saving light of earth !
Hail to the heaven-born mind that gave thee birth !
The pillared thrones, deep based and built in crime,
May foil the blasts of battle and of time,—
The tyrant trembles for his power, when Thou
Circlest with lightning thy indignant brow ;
Thy palsyng lips more potent thunders speak,—
Which pale the hue upon the despot's cheek,—

Than ever pealed above earth's bloodiest plain,
Where death was wearied numbering the slain :
The withering glance of thine imperial eye,
Has curbed their iron power in days gone by ;
And yet shall break each vestige of their throne,
Yet smiling sit securely on thine own.
Source of a thousand blessings ! on thy page
There live the blush of youth, and strength of age ;
Immortal registrar ! around thee cast—
Are all the mighty empires of the past ;
The crimes and virtues of the world are laid,
For man's instruction, and for freedom's aid :—
Whatever science has from nature wrung ;—
Whatever lofty strains the muse has sung ;—
Nature's great truths, the living page of heaven—
To thy immortal record have been given !
The poor man feels thy sweet and softening smile,
Pores o'er thy treasures, and forgets his toil ;
Triumphs with thee above his scanty store,—
Give him his book alone, he asks no more ;

He knows that life is not alone to live ;
And feels a transport gold can never give.—
The Moral Lever, that must lift our race,
To their proud sphere, and keep them in their place ;—
The hundred lands that yet in darkness sleep ;—
Where crimes are done, that make the world to weep—
Thou yet shalt startle from their slumbers—when,
They will gird on the attributes of men ;
Strike out the latent energies of soul,
From Afric deserts and the icy Pole ;
And angel-like pursue thy glad career,
Till hymns of knowledge ring around our sphere.

All hell was stirred, and earth aroused to stop
This glorious beacon-light of human hope :—
Forth from the Vatican were thunders hurled,—
The great Olympus of the modern world :—
But Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon rose,
Friends of the world, and terror of their foes.

The Inquisition, with a fiend-like power,
Woke its dread fires to check the onward hour ;—

Roused all its fury for the church's aid,
To chase true knowledge to her century shade :
The human fiends at airy nothings caught ;
Embargoed language, and proscribed even thought ;
Dragged weeping thousands to their ghostly cell,—
The dark, deep caverns of their earthly hell ;
The racking wheel, the slow consuming fire,
But faintly shadowed their insatiate ire ;
Gazed with calm malice and luxurious eye,
How agonized a human frame could die.
The beam of mercy never entered there,
To charm, one hour, these dwellings of despair ;
Tortured till nature could no longer feel,
Then tore their lifeless victim from the wheel.
In their dark prison-house, without a ray,
The martyr-student, Galileo, lay ;
But truth could spurn the bigot's torch and chain,
Sprung from his grasp to triumph and to reign.

Red waved the sabre in the soldier's hand ;—
O'er Paris fiercely swept the papal band ;—

More fatal than the simoom's choking breath ;—
Each step was crimsoned with the tides of death :
Thousands for mercy called, but called in vain ;
Each wailing voice was hushed amid the slain ;
And songs insulting heaven in triumph swell,
While brave Coligny and his comrades fell.

High 'mid the Alpine vales the Vaudois dwelt ;
Where round the altars reared to truth they knelt ;—
The tempest of unholy vengeance rolled,
And woke death-echoes on the mountain wold ;
Like the proud eagles slaughtered in their nest,
And flung from cliffs to their uncoffined rest ;
Till the careering avalanche had made
Their sepulchre, and hid them in its shade.

Round Britain blazed the persecutor's rage,
From sire to son it burned—from age to age ;
Yet still the night of ages stole away,
And soul leapt joyous in the living ray.

The mighty, giant mind of Knox came forth,
The good and great Apostle of the North !
With wisdom to conduct, and skill to guide
The shattered bark along the stormy tide ;
When systems trembled 'neath the weight of time,—
Built up in ignorance, and nursed in crime—
Shook 'mid the earthquake of the moral world,
When thrones and altars to the dust were hurled ;—
He spurned the vain philosophy, and sought
The truths of heaven, with still and arduous thought ;
Yet no ascetic, slumbering in his cell,
Who buried truth beneath a convent bell ;
Looked round on man, and ardent to impart
A love divine, and touch a brother's heart :
No toil could weary, and no smile subdue,—
When duty called, that call alone he knew ;
No threat could turn him from his work of love,
The voice was louder still of ONE above ;—
With zeal untired, and fortitude like Paul,
He shunned no danger, and o'ercame them all :

He rode the billows of a stormy sea ;
Successive ages followed, and were free :
They fought for freedom, nobly spurned their chains :—
We reap the peace that smiles along our plains.

Had the bright banner of the Cross ne'er waved
O'er idol shrines, which long the world enslaved ;—
Had not the living star of truth appeared,
O'er the dark forest-altars Druids reared,
Dispelled the shadows, like the star of day,
With glowing beam and spirit-healing ray ;—
You now might see your smiling infant laid,
An offering 'neath the sacred oak-tree's shade ;—
With waving hand, and wild and frenzied eye,
This hour have made your firstborn bleed and die ;—
Appeasing shadows, which existed first,
As fear had made, and ignorance had nursed :—
But when the Gospel dawned around our sires,
And quenched their gloomy and unhallowed fires,

The altar of the Cross was raised the while,
And shed its glory round our native isle.

When 'mid the deep and universal gloom ;—
The mental pall flung round Religion's tomb—
The glowing genius of the Bible lay,
Like diamonds slumbering in their bed of clay ;
Had Wickliffe trembled 'neath the papal throne,
Had Knox been dumb, and Luther slumbered on ;—
Had the ennobling band that followed still,
Resigned their judgments to the papal will,—
This moment might have seen us prostrate fall,
The dark and blind idolaters of all
The endless relics, which a priest had blessed,
And left religion but a foolish jest ;—
A pictured virgin idolized in paint,
A holy wafer, and a fabled saint.

Live on, live on, ye bright immortal band !
Embalmed in fame, the glory of our land ;

Stars glowing in the darkness of the past,
Which still shall burn, while time's career shall last ;
Your spirits felt the promise God had given,
And oped the treasures of the page of heaven ;
Beheld a ghostly vassalage enshrined
Above the ruins of the slumbering mind ;—
Bled with a sympathy divine, to save
The priest-rid victim, and the despot's slave ;
Europe's great moral warfare ye began ;—
Heralds of freedom, and the friends of man !

Ye noble Scottish band ! ye live apart,
Exalted in the memory of the heart ;
Ye fought for rights, the Briton's boast and pride,
For which a Russel and a Sydney died :
The best, the holiest cause of man you pled,
Endured unconquered, and unconquered bled ;
The scaffold was your passport to the sky,
The fiery chariot winged your souls on high.

Dear Scotland ! not even thought from thee would roam ;
Land of my love ! my country and my home ;

Dear are thy rude grey cliffs, and grassy hills,
Thy lofty mountains, and thy murmuring rills,
Thy moorland solitudes, and corn-clad vales,
And thy wild flowers that scent the summer gales.
The vine of peace above the cottage waves,
Planted and nursed upon the martyrs' graves ;
The songs of Heaven in peaceful triumph flow ;
From gathered thousands, yet without a foe ;
Our glad hosannahs from their sufferings rise,
Which saint and seraph echo from the skies.

END OF THE COVENANTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

'TWAS the noon of the night, yet in cot and in hall,
Was heard the loud laugh of the gay bacchanal;
And the cheek of the dancer was flushing with wine,
'Mid the beauty that bloom'd like the flowers of their
clime.

The song of the mocker in triumph was sung,
And the strains of the reveller's blasphemy rung,
Round the altar that lewdness had rear'd in her pride,—
Where piety, virtue, and mercy had died.

In madness they chanted their funeral hymn,
Till the laughter was hush'd, and the lamps burned
dim ;

When the guests parted joyous that night on the plain,
To dream of their loves and their pleasures again.

The stars faded slowly, and morning's young beam
Shed glory on mountain, and turret, and stream;
But the mandate of vengeance had sped from the
 Throne,—

The grave was prepar'd, yet the sleepers slept on.

The heavens gathered gloom, though the firmament
 glow'd

With the lightning of ruin—the thunders of God ;
And the slumberers startled with shrieks of dismay,
Neath the fire-flooding tempest that swept them away.

Their one prayer of terror was fearful and loud ;
While the wrath of Omnipotence sat on the cloud,
And rained down the far blazing tempest of fire—
All melted away in the gleam of his ire !

The dark waveless waters now veil thee in gloom ;
'Tis the monument Vengeance has built on thy tomb;—
That ages may tremble, and read on it there,
The symbol of death, and the sign of despair.

THE MISSIONARY.

CHILD of a thousand perils, thou,
With love upon thy dauntless brow,
 And mercy in thine eye,
Wouldst guide the rudest savage clan,
Who claims the brotherhood of man,
 To peace and rest on high.

Lone, homeless pilgrim of the earth,
Around thy father's joyous hearth,
 Thy fond affection clings ;
There thy young lips were taught to pray—
There thy young thoughts were borne away
 To great and holier things.

Ah! that bright home, once strewed with flowers,
Where love and pleasure lit the hours,
 To memory's light is given ;—

Thy brothers are the human race,
Each desert spot, thy resting place,
Thy home—thy home is heaven.

Thy mother wept to part, but there—
The eloquence of earnest prayer,
Like balm from heaven, fell!
Thy father, with a holy joy,
Breathed his last blessing o'er his boy,
With one heart-wrung farewell.

The angry whirlwinds that sweep,
Unbridled o'er the Arctic deep,
Shall rock him to repose ;
Where man, like earth's lone sentinel,
With ignorance and storms must dwell,
Amid eternal snows.

Or, wandering o'er yon Southern isles,
Where everlasting summer smiles ;
But where the swarthy band

Howl o'er the human sacrifice,
That stains the earth, and veils the skies,
And shadows all the land.

Though toil and danger cloud his path ;—
Though famine stand in league with death,
Like Paul, he journeys on,
O'er desert, wave, and tainted clime,
To woo a guilty world from crime,
By love—and love alone.

The hero of a hundred fields,
Who war's wide wasting thunder wields,
The world calls sublime :—
The shout, when earth and air are rent,
The name, the paltry monument,
Are very jests of time.

But when Creation's sun shall fade,
When ruin flings her final shade
O'er Nature's starry brow ;

His great and glorious trophies, then,
All living and immortal men
Will tell, what he is now.

Disciples, true to Nature's creed,—
Why will you let the Christian lead,
And bear the palm from you?
In mind's proud march he takes the van ;
He moulds the savage to the man,
And makes him Christian too.

Ay, proud earth-born philosophy,
That scorns a Saviour from the sky,—
His kingdom yet shall Come :
A thousand Julians' powers were vain ;
The Man of Nazareth shall reign,
And strike his enemies dumb.

Go ! for the good man's prayers shall rise ;
Go ! for the angel of the skies
Smiles o'er each wild abode ;

Go ! for the Saviour's word is given,
That earth shall echo back to heaven,
Hosannah to our God !

THE BEREAVED MOTHER AND HER
FRIEND.

FRIEND.

WHY does sorrow cloud thy face ?
Has mercy not a smile for thee ?
Had earth and heaven no happiness,
But the sweet cherub on thy knee—
Now in the silent churchyard laid !—
Is all around one starless shade ?

MOTHER.

You speak like one who never felt ;
Death never clasped the child you love :
I see my boy, as we have knelt
In grateful prayer to God above,—
The pride, the idol of my heart !—
Ah ! how I felt when forced to part !

FRIEND.

But think you, that you weep alone ?

Are there no breaking hearts but thine ?—
Sorrow is human nature's own,

And your dark hour may soon be mine :—
The grief you feel, the tears you shed,
Are streaming hourly for the dead.

MOTHER.

And deem you there is comfort here ?

Can I draw solace from their wo ?—
I cannot, from a mother's tear,

Even if that mourner were my foe ;
Our griefs will mingle—both will weep,
Where the young withered blossoms sleep.

FRIEND.

TIME has a balm for weeping hearts,
'Twill, silent, wear thy griefs away,

And, slowly, as the night departs,
Smiles yet will come, like dawning day ;—
New hopes shall beam, and you forget,
When sorrow, like the night, has set.

MOTHER.

There is deep anguish in the thought—
Forget my once bright blooming boy !
No ! earth nor time can e'er bring aught,
His name, his memory, to destroy ;
You say a few short years, and then,
Forget !—oh, name it not again.

FRIEND.

RELIGION has a soothing tone—
A smile to cheer the deepest gloom ;
While what we loved on earth is gone,—
It, rainbow-like, spans o'er the tomb ;—
And, widowed as thy heart may be,
Religion teems with peace for thee.

MOTHER.

Oh, does religion blame the tear,—
A mother's tribute to the dead?
I felt its influence o'er his bier,
When dust to dust my child was laid :
My love was strong, my grief is deep,
But say not it is wrong to weep.

FRIEND.

PRAYER can soothe the troubled hour
That broods upon the sufferer's breast ;
For prayer is peace, and prayer is power
To calm the tempest into rest :—
Prayer is the faith of mourners here,
And triumphs o'er their saddest tear.

MOTHER.

Yes—I have knelt in tears and prayer,
And deemed I felt a peace divine ;

But still a mother's love was there,
And dared at Mercy's throne repine,
In the strong gushings of my love,
When kneeling at the throne above.

FRIEND.

HOPE points thee to a better land—
A home—a cloudless Paradise :
Thy child is with the angel band,
Who hymn their harps in yonder skies !—
Then dry thy tears, and weep no more,—
“ He is not lost, but gone before.”

MOTHER.

Oh ! you have touched a chord of joy ;
I now will wipe my tears away,
Till I shall meet my much loved boy,
In realms of everlasting day :—
When life's poor chequered day is o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more.

THE DYING STUDENT.

I SAW him, when the blush of youth

Was on his manly brow ;

When hope assumes the robes of truth,

And makes her votaries bow :

She purpled all with light and bloom,

But hid the shadow on his tomb ;

He held communion with the charms *

Of ocean, earth, and sky,

'Mid sunshine and the wild alarms,

When thunders from on high,—

The voice of God—sublime and loud,

Poured hymns of terror from the cloud.

He proudly scaled the heaven of thought,

And triumphed in his toils ;

What Newton wrote, or Bacon taught,
He treasured as the spoils
Of Science, at her inmost shrine,
And knelt before the maid divine.

He hung above the classic page,
Of the world's sires of song ;—
O'er Maro's strength and Homer's rage
In rapture lingered long :—
Demosthenes and Cicero met,
And thundered their philippics yet.

Around Athena's sacred walls,—
In spirit would he stray ;—
Where glory's brightest halo falls,
And trace each lingering ray ;
And feel the spirit-stirring fires,
That roused the brave and warrior sires :—

Or with the shades of mighty men,
Where greatness had her home,—

Where genius threw her lustre round
The majesty of Rome,—
The land, the world's power and pride,
Where Brutus lived, and Cæsar died.

But, ah ! the secret spoiler came,
And breathed his subtle breath,
And gently touched his earthly frame ;
But 'twas the touch of death :—
Yet still his eye was calm and bright,
With all the glow of mental light.

Then, soon Consumption's hectic glow
Played lightly o'er his cheek ;—
Death's heaven-like rainbow here below,
With which he loves to streak
The young, the beautiful,—and wave
The fleeting mockery o'er the grave.

His mother prayed, and watched, and wept,
With all a mother's love ;

Would gently kiss him as he slept,
Then turn to One above—
With soul-felt prayer, and many a tear,
When none but God in heaven could hear.

He triumphed in the light of hope,
But not the hope of earth :
His shattered home of clay might drop,—
This had a higher birth ;
And flashed beyond the bounds of time,
To regions deathless and sublime.

I talked of glory and of Greece,—
A smile lit up his eye :
'Twas but a moment, as if these
Recalled the days gone by ;—
As trifles to the past were given ;—
His language had the tones of heaven.

The Bible was his book of thought,
The Cross his only joy,

A Saviour's love was all he sought,—
These death could not destroy:—
Looking with faith's illumined eye
On dawning immortality.

— THE POET'S WISHES.

GIVE me the silent evening hour,
And leave me alone to stray;
Give me the old grey ruined tower,
And the setting beam of day;

Give me the patriot's field of fame,
And the martyr's hallowed grave;
And oft will I breathe his much loved name,
Whose deeds did his country save;

Give me the glowing page of night,
To read, with a poet's eye;
With the lovely moonbeam's sombre light,
When the broken clouds are nigh;

Give me the lightning's vivid flash,
And the thunder's gathering peal,

When the ocean-billows wildly dash,
And the quaking mountains reel;

Give me the dark and lonely glen,
And the cave on the mountain's breast,—
Unstained by the bloody deeds of men,—
To spread my lone couch of rest;

Give me dear woman's joyous heart,
With her soothing, soft caress;
Give me the friend that scorns to part
In the hour of deep distress;

Give me, oh, give me the God above;—
And the world's wildest spot
Will beam on my bosom with peace and love,
Like our first-born father's lot;

Give me the hour of holy mirth,
That to sainted souls is given;
Then bear me away from the climes of earth,
On an angel's wing, to heaven!



ON JOHN KNOX PREACHING IN THE OLD
BARONIAL TOWER AT GALSTON.

THE owl may flap his sullen wing,
And all his tuneless sorrows sing,
 Around thy feudal walls ;
The winds upon their trackless way—
Heaven's wild aerial minstrels, play
 Amid thy ruined halls.

Rude fragment of a former age—
A breath on history's fleeting page—
 Thy day of glory's gone ;
Where the bard's strains were proud and high,
Where valour knelt 'neath beauty's eye,—
 Now tenantless and lone.

Along thy battlements, the tread
Of mail-clad men, to battle wed—
 The soldier and the slave,—

When life was chivalrous and brief—
The worthless vassal of a chief,
Who held it for the grave.

But with the tide of change, there came
Another sound, another name,
That made even monarchs bow :
No soldier's steel begirt his breast,
No waving plume, or helmed crest,
Was on his fearless brow.

The burning eloquence that rolled,
Like thunder on the mountain wold,
In mercy's hallowed home,
Awoke strange echoes as it rung,
Where nought but deeds of blood were sung,
Beneath thy time-worn dome.

Thy stormy periods of the past,
The trumpet's voice, the clarion's blast,
Thy proud baronial power,

Thy thousand flashing sheathless swords,
Are nothing, when a Knox's words
Have hallowed thee, lone tower!

THE JEW'S FAREWELL TO JERUSALEM.

FAREWELL, loved Salem, thy sun has gone down,
And the smile of thy God has been changed to a
frown ;

The foot of the Roman has passed o'er thy wall,
And the death-fire is winged with the tale of thy fall.

The spoiler treads now where the worshipper knelt,
And war's breath is blasting where Deity dwelt,
And the footstep of tyranny traverses there,
Mid the deeds of revenge, and the shriek of despair.

The mighty in Zion are sleeping in blood,
On the hearth, in the temple where bravely they stood,
The shrine is polluted, and Judah must roam,
All nature his temple, and earth for his home.

Oh, where was the hero, once Palestine's boast,
Whose eye was the lightning, whose arm was a host,

Whose sword, like an angel's, descended in fight,
And swept down the pride of Philistia's might?

And why does the thunder sleep still in its cloud,
While war wraps the city of God in its shroud?
Will the wrath of Omnipotence never awake
For his love, for his glory, and covenant's sake?

Then farewell for ever! though homeless, I'm free,
And welcome thou wild bird, my home is with thee;
To the cave of the mountain, my refuge, I fly,
There living I'll weep, yet in hope I will die.

Thy night shall depart, and the foe shall be driven,
From the birth-place of hope, and the favoured of
 heaven;
Thou shalt, phoenix-like, spring from thy ruins and
 shine,
While glory shall crown thee, and peace shall be thine.

THE HYPOCRITE.

HAVE you not seen him in the house of God,
Arrayed with his best looks of holiness,
All sanctity and meekness, to a proverb,
As if an angel's wing had fanned his brow
With odours from the flowers of Paradise?—
Unlike the pink of fashionable life,
With sealed-up lip, and spy-glass at his eye,
Who deems it unpolite to praise his God :—
Unlike the herd of worldings, who come
To mumble o'er the tedious weekly psalm,
To calm the restless whispers of their conscience,
And go white-washed into the world again :—
Unlike the humble-hearted Christian,
Who weeps a silent tear above his sins,
Holds high communion with his God, and seems
Ripening for yon assemblage in the sky.—

Your painted devil, your Judas in disguise !
See, how he shakes his head with very piety ;—
He gives his hymn a louder, bolder note,
As if his anthem would be first in heaven.
Look on him ; with his downcast, half-shut eyes,
He seems to breathe the very soul of prayer.
As if the gross and villanous thoughts of earth
Could find no entrance to a breast so holy ;
And if with stealthy look he glances round,
As he were stealing for a miser's carnival,
'Tis quick withdrawn—the good man cannot bear
To lift his eyes on so much vanity !—

Ha ! holy traitor, have I caught thee thus ?
Hast thou an altar 'neath the pall of night,
Where thou mayest worship like a bacchanal ?
Where is thy Sabbath veil ? thy daylight garment,
Flung by, like idle trappings for a show ?
The garnished sepulchre has broken down,
And thou, the rotten inmate, thou art here,
With all the foulness of thy bloated nature,

Leaning thy head upon Delilah's lap !
Go, finish thy debauch ; and then to-morrow,
Enlarge, make broader thy phylactery ;—
Be still a paragon of seeming excellence !

Look at that humble Christian gentleman,
Pacing the street with slow and solemn step,
Heedless of all the city's busy hum,
Lest it should steal away a thought from heaven.

He had a lovely orphan for his ward ;—
A young, a beautiful, and bright-eyed girl,
With golden tresses clustering on her brow,
Where all the graces met ; she seemed an angel
Missioned on Mercy's errand from the skies.
He watched her—but with eye of basilisk,
Watching the lark that carols in the air :
He loved her—but it was the withering love
Of chilling winter blasts on vernal flowers,
That kiss them with their icy lips, and blast them.
She pined beneath that withering love—and died !

The gleam of fiendish pleasure pierced the veil
That darkly curtained round his hollow heart ;—
He laid his hand upon his victim's wealth.
And now gives largely to the charities ;
To purchase smiles from heaven with golden deeds,
And treasure up a salvo for his soul.

Do make a purchase from that Sabbath saint ;
His sweet discourse and honied words will win you ;
He is a man so pure and spiritual,
That all the grosser passions of the heart
Are strangers to his elevated nature,—
Talks of religion with a fluent tongue,—
Tells you that God is merciful—but just ;
And with his sweetest smile—he cheats you !

Not all the jests that Infidelity
E'er uttered in her most blasphemous mood—
Not all the tricks of vain philosophy,
When catering the earth and heaven for reasons,

To prove the Bible but a cunning fable—
Not the strong essence of their baneful poison,
Concentrated upon one arrow point,
Has done so much, so fearful injury,
As the dark, hollow-hearted hypocrite :—
He is religion's living pestilence,
The good man's hatred, and the wicked's sneer,
The jest of devils, and the angels' scorn ;
The worthless semblance of our fallen nature,
'Gainst whom our Saviour, when he dwelt below,
Denounced his dreadful, most tremendous woes !

THE TEMPEST.

THE spirit of the Tempest stalks abroad,
And with its stormy music wakes the world,
Peopling the night with its impassioned minstrels—
The wild, unfettered, warring elements,—
That shake their fiendish locks amid the gloom,
And sweep along the starless canopy.
Far on the desert, where the primal curse
Seems ripening with the stately march of time,
They swell their notes sublimely, but unheard,
Save by the lone and dying traveller.
But soon they change their ruffian notes, and wail
In plaintive tones, amid the lordless halls,
All windowless and broken,—and o'er their
Mouldering fragments sing the strains of ruin ;

Then, fast careering through the gloom, they pluck
The billows from their oozy bed, and toss
Them to the skies ; and, sitting on their bosoms,
Chant furiously their song of desolation.
The reeling sailor hears the revelry
Of winds, that woo him to the heaving deep,
And feels his bark the plaything of the waves,—
Casts back a hurried thought on home—his wife—
His little ones, cast on the sympathy
Of a rude world—remorseless as the element
Ambitious to devour him—breathes a wish,
All-eloquent, that heaven in love would shield
Their helplessness, and snatch them from their fate.
The waves, in all the majesty of death,
Come like his ministers to wrap the pall
Of everlasting night around him,
Without the fragment of a wreck, to tell
Succeeding voyagers, 'twas here he perished !
The heedless winds sweep onward still, and o'er
His tomb chant their unmeasured elegies.

What though the lightnings fierce your torches are ;—
Though thunder is the music of your revels ;—
Though in your wild career of desolation,
You laugh at all the feeble attributes
Of man ;—still—still you hold the charter
Of your wild freedom from the Mighty One,
The Governor of Universal Nature.
His mandate calls you from your prison-house,
The ministers of wrath to do his pleasure ;—
Leaving whole countries like a wilderness,
Blighting the pride and fairest hopes of man,
And teaching fearful lessons of dependence
On Him alone, whence all our blessings flow.
Anon—*His look*, all radiant with Omnipotence,
Surveys the storm on Nature's troubled brow,
And all is hushed into a Summer calm.

A SABBATH EVENING BY THE SEA SHORE
ON THE ISLE OF ARRAN.

Who would not wish to be an hour alone

In this sweet spot, with nought but nature nigh?

The softening splendours of the day are thrown

O'er the green earth, the ocean, and the sky,—

The gorgeous drapery of the clouds on high,

Broken and rimmed with many a golden ray,

Fling down to earth their glory ere they die—

The calm still beauty of the parting day,

Like virtue leaving earth, it smiles itself away.

Hark! nature's vesper hymn!—the breezes skiff

Along the whispering tree-tops and rejoice;

The wild birds wheel around the rocky cliff,

And wake the mountain echoes with their voice;—

The waves come gently on with murmuring noise,

Bearing the music of the far off sea;

No jarring melody of man destroys

The harmony of nature,—holy—free—

Sublime, and unconstrained—it swells, O God, to
thee!

Far, far from man, upon the mountain top,

In the deep forest's dark and lonely shade,

Or on the pathless desert—heavenly Hope

Smiles on the worshipper when prayer is made :

The waves are one vast altar, where is laid

The sailor's offering : when he's far away

From home and happy friends, his prayer is said

'Mid the sweet calmness of the Sabbath day,

For those he left behind full many a league away.

DESAIX.

Whatever of the brave Desaix earth yet holds, reposes on the lone summit of the Alps.—*Dr. Memes' Translation of Bourienne.*

STILL thou sleep'st, sublime and lonely,

 Within thine Alpine grave;

A sepulchre for warriors only,

 A deathbed for the brave.

There thy mouldering warrior form

Rests in the regions of the storm,

Where the unchained tempests roam

Through their pathless icy home;

And with wild unearthly glee,

Chant their mountain-dirge o'er thee.

While the passing thunder cloud

Veils thee with a fiery shroud;

And the thunder's gathering peal

 Pauses on its heavenly way,

While spirits of the tempest kneel

 Above thy grave, *Desaix!*

No vulgar ashes blend with thine,
 'Neath nature'e ice-bound throne;
I would that such a grave were mine,
 That I might sleep alone.
Not all the royal dust that's hid,
In Egypt's proudest pyramid;
Not thy noble sleep is theirs
In famed Athena's sepulchres;
Not where the Roman Cæsars rest,
Embalmed within the marble's breast:—
These are the common tombs of kings,
Where dark-eyed ruin flaps her wings;
O'er each proud sepulchral wonder,
 Of Athens and of Rome;
Where tyrants' mingling ashes slumber,
 Within death's mouldering home.

But the fleet-winged winds of heaven,
 Pure as a seraph's breath,
While o'er the snowy summits driven,
 Kiss thy abode of death.

With thine no despot's ashes rot,—
With thee the vassal slumbers not;
Mouldering with unmingled earth,
Pure as when nature gave it birth.
The churchyard breath, from charnelled bones,
Where death hath built his shadowy thrones,
Stain not the virgin snows that lie
Around thy rest eternally.

'Tis nobler than the ocean tomb,
A thousand fathoms down,
Hid in the dark and stirless gloom,
That sand and sea-weed crown.

The daring traveller's step may climb
Each towering Alpine steep;—
May scale the eagle cliff sublime,
Where Danger loves to sleep.
Still shall his lonely footstep tread
Lightly o'er thy grassless bed;
'Tis like freedom's mountain shrine,
Where worship burns and breathes divine,

Where no idle thought intrudes
'Mid Nature's voiceless solitudes;
The eagle wheels around thy rest,
And hangs his eyrie o'er thy breast.
The wanderers from thine own bright land,
And Britain's sea-girt isle,
Shall give, as o'er thy grave they stand,
A tear-drop and a smile.

Brave, where all were brave, he stood,
Amid war's hottest strife,
And stemmed red battle's stormy flood,
But stemmed it with his life.
With the proud chivalry of France,
'Neath the eagle's burning glance,—
When the Gallic banner waved,
Ere a world was enslaved,—
On Marengo's well fought field,
Where the Austrian legions reeled,
And the soldier's reeking sword
Waved bloodier, at her hero's word,—

Palled in the battle's sulphurous smoke,
He rushed like Courage on,
With Liberty's resistless shock,
When tyrants are undone.

Far down the hoary vale of time,
Amid the wrecks of fame,
Unstained by guilt, unstained by crime,
We mark the hero's name.
When time and angry winds have rent
His lonely Alpine monument,
When no rude relic man shall trace
That tells the warrior's resting place ;
Yet while the glowing annals live,
That Freedom's blood-red hand does give ;
Until Napoleon's self decay,
Thy name shall live with his, Desaix.
Though ruin round thy dwelling rave,
Thy star-girt name will shine ;
Sleep on, dear relic of the brave,
Eternity is thine.

WELCOME

TO SIR NORMAN MACDONALD LOCKHART, BART., ON ATTAINING
HIS MAJORITY.

THE tide of time has rolled along,
Since Lee was gay with festal song,
 At your auspicious birth ;
Your Parents, with a holy joy,
Gazed on their fair and lovely boy ;
 While the castle rung with mirth.

Far in the olden time we trace
The glories of your ancient race ;
 Oft won in storm and strife,
Of the honoured and illustrious dead ;
All seemed in vision round you shed ;
 Bound with your infant life.

But the dark spoiler Death can strike
The peasant and the prince alike ;
 And anguish wrung your breast,
When, at the noon of life's short day,
You saw your loved sire borne away
 To his long, dreamless rest.

But welcome now to manhood's age,
You enter on life's bustling stage,
 To play your part with men :
All hopeful that we still shall see
A scion of the parent tree ;—
 A Lockhart yet again.

Hark ! to the sounds of other days,
Like music o'er your native braes ;
 The echoes of the fame,
That History's storied pages cast,
With joyous voice, along the past,
 Round your historic name.

What Scottish bosom can forget,
When Lockhart and the Douglas met—
 Upon the fields of Spain;
And like a whirlwind rushed along,
Amid that fiery Moslem throng,
 Where,—mid the warriors slain—

The brave Sir Simon bore away,
Triumphant from that bloody fray,
 The noble Bruce's heart.
From this you trace your honoured name;
And, since you bear ancestral fame,
 So, nobly act your part.

And may your home in coming years,
Be home, that fondest love endears;
 May gladness light your brow:
But weal or woe, whate'er betide,
The thousands through the vale of Clyde,
 Give you glad welcome now.

LINES

ON VISITING THE GLASGOW NECROPOLIS.

I STRAYED along the place of graves,
Upon the rock-bound steep,
Where no dull, gloomy cypress waves,
 Its shadows dark and deep ;
There is a charm of beauty shed,
Around this city of the dead,
 And yet the heart must weep ;
Though loveliness breathes round each tomb,
And robs the grave of half its gloom.

The shrub is blooming by the path,
 The flower is on the grave ;
Memorials, fond affection hath
 Thrown round the spot, to save
The memories of those one hour,
Who gladdened with glee the hearth and bower,
 The young, the fair, the brave ;

Sweet wreaths, they bloom in death's cold shade,
And shed their fragrance as they fade.

Ah! many a sad and mournful step,
Has paced that Bridge of Sighs,
And thousands more are coming yet,
The proud, the gay, the wise,
To give their best beloved to earth;
Who suaged their grief, and shared their mirth:
And weep o'er life's frail ties;
Then, hurry back to laugh and mourn,
Till they themselves are hither borne.

What heart would wish a grave to win,
In yonder burial plain;
Where crowd on crowd are hurried in,
Like men in battle slain;
The very charnel house of death,
Foul with corruption's tainted breath,
Around the holy fane.

We wish, when life's poor day is done,
One spot, all sacred and alone.

I hear the city's dying hum ;
Like music far away,
But, ah! the tenants round are dumb,
Who once with song were gay ;
To them the sun, the storm, the cloud,
Are changed for silence, and the shroud,
And dull cold bed of clay ;
They danced their hour amid the strife,
Then quit the stormy scenes of life.

The joy of grief the bosom feels,
And this lone spot endears,
As memory to the heart reveals
The loved of other years ;
Here thought is more than words may speak,
To dim the eye and blanch the cheek,
Amid this shrine of tears ;

And yet, why do we idly mourn,
'Tis this, the loved ones ne'er return.

The scattered ones of Israel's race,
Still to their altars true,
Have found a grave, a resting place,
And with the Christian too ;
This generous spirit augurs well,
For what the world's past page can tell,
Against the homeless Jew.
A grave at length, for past misdeeds,
'Tis well, the grave knows nought of creeds!

The pillared dome, the pyramid,
Grief weeping o'er her urn,
Reveal the quenchless throbbings hid,
Immortally that burn—
In every bosom, to outlive
The paltry honours earth can give,
When we are wept in turn ;

To find a more enduring leaf,
Than living love, or living grief.

Here wealth and vanity can preach,
And moralize the while ;
We thank their tombs for what they teach,
Although they meet our smile.

The tablet, with a nameless name,
Plucking from time a churchyard fame,
That, on the columned pile,
A future age may read and sigh,
That so much generous worth should die.

But here are those to men of worth,
To men of giant mould,
Who perished not like things of earth,
Although their hearts are cold.
Though centuries o'er their ashes set,
Their names shall be a watchword yet,
To ages still untold ;

As dews on nature's bosom fall,
They left an influence felt by all.

Above me, on a monument,
A wild winged bird of song,
Its thrilling tones of music sent,
That sweetly lingered long—
Among the sun-lit graves around;
While echo bearing back the sound,
Woke feelings wild and strong:
That night would wane, and morn would wake,
And light upon the sleepers break.

Go, hie thee to the woods again,
This is no haunt for thee;
Awake the echoes of the glen,
Around the greenwood tree;
Thou joyous tenant of the wood,
In the lone leafy solitude,
Thy song is sweet and free,

Here, 'tis like hope to sorrow wed,
Chanting a requiem o'er the dead.

Go, make the wild wood echoes ring,
Thy mate's responsive lay,
While wheeling round on joyous wing,
Will make thy song more gay;
Sweet is thy music to mine ear,
And yet 'tis music brings a tear:
Hie to the woods away,
Thy song amid the summer even,
Will echo through the depths of heaven.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

AROUND the mighty Babylon, the Persian cohorts lay,
The pride and glory of the earth, in the world's early
day ; [shone,
When Rome was but a village yet, in peerless glory
That Rome is but a fragment now, and Babylon is gone.

Like mountain barriers rose the walls, above the
leaguering foe, [the bow ;
Where all their mightiest thunderbolts, were futile as
They saw the banners flap their folds, and kiss the
breeze on high, [echoes die.
And heard the distant watcher's voice, like worn-out

Euphrates rolled in majesty, and in the sunset glow,
Were mirrored towers and palaces, in azure depths
below ;

While thousands wandered by the banks, or lingered
in the bower, [stream, and tower.
And laughter rung, and music rose, from bank, and

Euphrates flows as then it flowed, in majesty and
pride, [by the tide ;
Where now the desert prowlers come, and couch them
The dread, the thrilling prophecy, that told of Babylon's
doom, [tomb.
Has passed like ruin o'er the land, and left it but a

It was a high and festal hour, and mirth rung through
the halls, [bold Bacchanals ;
And Helbo's cups were drained with glee, by those
While beauty glided through the dance, with the
Satraps of the land, [princely band.
And royal smiles, like sunlight, shone on all that

The thunder cloud of heaven careered in silence on
its path, [wrath ;
The lightning slumbered in the cloud of the Almighty's

'Tis not in festal revelries, when human hearts have
 fear ; [be near.

The sounds of mirth are loudest, when dark ruin may

Go, bring, the haughty monarch cried, and fill with
 ruby wine, [shrine ;

The golden cups in battle taken, from Judah's distant

Then from those royal wassailers, the laughter louder
 rung, [mockery's tongue.

They heaped their scorn on Israel's God, with daring

They raised their hymns idolatrous, unto the gods
 whose power [hour,

Had nerved their arm for victory, in battle's bloody

And danced above the sepulchre, that op'd for them
 below ; [dreamed not of the foe.

While still they scorned the God of Heaven, and

Why palsied is thy hand, proud king? thou monarch
 of the earth, [mirth?

Why is thy brow so pallid now? where all thy frenzied

Why quail the boldest mockers thus? why pause they
in the dance? [their glance?
Or drop the cups their lips had pressed, with terror in

The fingers of a hand,
Were writing on the wall,
And the boldest of the band,
The characters appal.

Bring the wise ones forth, Belshazzar cried, the wisest
in the land. [stand;
Their lore is useless, and in gloom, all silently they
The monarch of the world stood, with wild and
troubled eye, [by.
And saw his terror imaged back from every trembler

A captive youth was brought to trace, these characters
of gloom,
Prophetic of a monarch's fall, and of an empire's doom;

The mightiest in their weakness stood around that
fearless youth, [voice of truth.

And the wisest bowed their heads with awe, before the

God has numbered now
Thy kingdom's farthest hour,
And Babylon must bow
Before his awful power.

And thou, despoiled, discrowned,
Thy glory passed away,
By heaven and earth disowned,
A thing of dust and clay.

By more than mortal might,
The work of heaven is done,
The Persian, ere the light,
Shall sit upon thy throne.

THE CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN, what is earth to thee,
To thy soaring spirit?
Would'st thou bend a slavish knee
To aught we here inherit?
The vain idolatry of earth,
Is madness in its maddest mirth;
Lift your thoughts, and lift them high,
Fix on nought beneath the sky;
Earthly pleasures wring the heart,
And leave their poison as they part;
They draw the immortal spirit down,
To chase a shade, and lose a crown.
What are honours, wealth, and fame,
To which you're fondly clinging?
While hopes, beyond the brightest name,
On the wild winds you're flinging.

Christian, you are prisoner here,
Where grief to woe is calling ;
Dash away the gathering tear,
Your prison walls are falling :
Plume your wings, and speed your flight,
For the realms of sunless light,
There expatiate far and free,
The heir of an eternity ;
High on angel pinions borne ;
The light of an eternal morn,
Shall gild the universe of love,
That opens to your soul above.
The light of hope is round you now,
Drawn from the Bible's pages ;
Fruition soon shall light your brow,
And beam through endless ages.

Christian, you are here a stranger,
The pilgrim of a day ;
Tears are yours, and grief, and danger,
Shall meet you on your way.

You have gloomy wilds to roam,
Ere you reach your Father's home ;
But the star of Heaven shall light,
With glowing hues, your darkest night :
Do the lights of earth beguile,
With a false,—but welcome smile?
Trust them not,—surpassing them,
See the star of Bethlehem,
And though the gloomiest hour be last,
 That clouds your chequered story,
Yet look above,—'twill soon be past,
 And dawn in Heaven and glory.

Christian, bear a soldier's heart,
 Your sleepless foes are round you ;
Look Heavenward, and perform your part,
 Till victory has crowned you :
See around the watchfires lit,
Would you then supinely sit ?
Up, and leaning on your sword,
Watch your heavenly Leader's word,

Foes without, and foes within,
You have battles yet to win ;
Here, or in a foreign land,
On Scotia's hills, or India's strand,
You may fall ; but soon you'll rise,
 Though death your dust is shading,
Wreathed with glory to the skies,
 To joys, like Heaven, unfading.

EXTRACT

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM ON INTEMPERANCE.

LITTLE of men and manners have I seen ;
Yet seen enough, to stamp the oft told tale,
With the stern seal of unrelenting truth,
That the dark crime of drunkenness, pervades
Proud, Christian Britain. The fiend reels on
Throughout this land of Bibles ;—as in scorn,
To mock at revelation, and the hopes
That dazzle with the glories of the sky.
His shrines outnumber India's many gods,
And worshippers, and devotees more foul,
Than Brama boasts in all his Eastern realms ;
From the proud scions of nobility,
Down to the haggard tribe of filth and crime,
The Aristocracy of Drink, the offerings come,

Health, wealth, virtue, and character, laid on
The unholy shrines, that never say Enough.

.

Follow the jovials to their late carousals,
At sumptuous inn, with waiter at their beck,
Who bows and begs to know their honours' pleasure ;
Or in some low hedge tavern,—where, around,
The broken, dilapidated chattels show,
'Tis but a house of wretchedness for all.
The table, deep indented with the names,
Of those who spend their hard won earnings there,
Who drink themselves into a local fame,
And gather music from the ribs of death ;
Just varying scenes in the dark drama,
The shifting of the curtain shows them both.
It wears the laughter of a comedy,
Till death winds up the dark and tragic close.

The former, with a prouder, haughtier look,
May sip their cup with better grace ;—and swear

In phrase more classic ;—like true gentlemen,
The *Hip, Hurrah*, is tuned to time, and speaks
A noble band, above plebeian mould.
The frost woven barriers of formal rules,
Melt fast away, before the generous wine,
And wit, and laughter, must be mixed with song ;
And every song, by way of dedication,
Must have a consecrating bumper drained,
Till, suddenly, awakes a thunderstorm
Of music, that would split Apollo's ears ;
Swearing eternal friendship as they part,
Go reeling home, most comfortably drunk.

While in the latter, the dusky sons of toil,
Who bear the burden of the primal curse,
Who earn a scanty sustenance with sweat,
Sit madly down to drain the Circean cup,
Which makes their pittance less, and brands the curse,
With all its poison, deeper in their hearts ;
They fling all useless ceremony by,

A good round health is argument enough,
To fling it quickly down their thirsty throats,
And merrily get drunk without a preface ;
The loud, vociferous, untutored laugh,
Drawn from the brawny, deep, distended chest,
The loud, rude strains of Bacchanalian song,
And louder chorus, when each voice pours forth
Volumes of sound, to swell the symphonies.

Then, rough and new-coined oaths salute the ear,
Mouthed with a bravo's daring ; to confirm
Their feats of arm, and boastings of their strength,
Strength they are wrecking o'er the fatal bowl,
That sends them prematurely to their graves.

.
Look at yon band of thoughtless revellers,
Ay, every toper wears a statesman's head,
With wisdom crammed, to shame a cabinet,
And all are wise, and orators, and drunk !
Each, a Lycurgus or Justinian,

Mid steaming punch, and foul narcotic fumes ;
 Transcendant wisdom !! frame the laws to-night,
 Then, drop to-morrow into sober fools.
 But now 'tis changed—religion is the theme !
 Keen-sighted theologians in their cups,
 They have found out, (*oh blest discovery*),
 Religion is a sorry hoax on man,
 And all the blessed tidings of the Bible,
 But foolish fantasies, and idle tales,
 Invented by some shrewd, designing priests,
 To aid their craft, and keep the world in awe.
They have thrown off their fetters, and are free !!
 And well they use their wild and wayward freedom,
 With practised sneer, and laugh contemptuous,
 Fling *Paul* aside, for *Paine* is all in all.

.

Drink one, drink all, it is your country asks you ;
 Drain, drain the bowl, and fill it yet again.
 Why would you starve, dishonourably starve
 A host of needy lords, and younger brothers,

And sisters more than virgins of Saint Ursula ;
Nay, do not grudge, the pauper gentlemen
Must play at Brookes, nor have a hound the less.
Drain—drain the bowl, and fill it yet again,
Devote your hard-won earnings—won with sweat—
And be a host of Bacchanalian martyrs.
Your country asks you yet for millions more ;
Our sires have raised a lasting monument,
That pales the column and the pyramid ;
Eight hundred millions on their children's backs.
What—pause ye like wise men in your revelries :
Drain—drain the bowl, and fill it yet again,
Enervate every feeling of morality ;
Go—stab religion to the very vitals,
Lest you may see Exchequer bills run foul.
Go—drink, degrade, and *nobly* damn yourselves,
And shame the patriot who has only bled :
Court ruin here, and be in love with hell,
Lest Britain be a bankrupt.

S P R I N G .

THE voices of Spring are come again,
And music is ringing o'er hill and glen ;
Nature has doffed her weeds of woe,
To dance to the music's ceaseless flow ;
The wintry gloom of her clouded brow
Is changed for the smile of gladness now ;
And a thousand pleasant things have birth,
As she glides along o'er the joyous earth.
With a look of holy love she flings
O'er the human heart the bliss she brings,
With the breeze of health for the sickly one,
 With mirth for the gladsome boy ;
For the snows of age, a brighter sun,
And smiles where the tears of sorrow run,
 And all for the Poet's joy.

He strays alone in the sunny hours,
'Mid the budding leaves and the opening flowers,
That blush with the beauty they half conceal,
Which the summer suns will yet reveal.
From the chambers of earth come gently forth ;
Yet shrink from the dark and stormy north,
That sweeps along with his fitful breath,
To kiss them with icy lips of death ;
The last, faint effort of Winter's reign,
Then turns to his hall of storms again.
The snow-drop, the morning star of spring,
Is lost in the brightening dawn ;
The violet, daisy, and primrose bring
Gems for the vernal crown, and fling
Their beauty o'er cliff and lawn.

The glorious clouds, as they sweep on high,
Rangers at will o'er the boundless sky,
Pour down their treasured tears to earth,
Where the bright and beauteous flowers have birth ;

They cradle the wild, incipient storms ;
They mingle and melt to a thousand forms ;
Palace and fortress rise and fall,
Like phantom shapes at a wizard's call ;
Shifting and changing, they onward stream,
Fantastic forms of a midnight dream,
When clustering round the glowing west,
 When the day is waning dim.
They brightly beam on the ocean's breast,
With the sun's last smile as he sinks to rest ;
 'Tis an hour for a Poet's hymn.

Hark to the music of heaven above,
Where the lark carols sweetly his song of love
In thrilling tones, that are sweeter far
Than the softest notes of the light guitar.
From the joyous depths of the woodland shade,
The concert of love sweeps down the glade,
The hum of the homeward-laden bee,
The gush of the stream, and the breeze-shaken tree ;

While the cuckoo chants his spring-like tone,
Cheerful, yet sad, like one alone.
Away, then, away ye thoughts of gloom,
The sunshine of heaven is here ;
When the birds and the flowers their loves resume,
When the promise of Nature is written in bloom,
Then, God in his smiles is near.

THE CONVERSION OF PAUL.

Who is he, riding o'er Syria's sands,
And spurs on his steed with the fury of war?
Who are the fiery and Myrmidon bands?
Whose chargers are pawing the desert afar.

Stern mockery sits on the leader's dark brow,
On the breeze of the desert his blasphemies die;
The pride of his bosom no mortal may bow,
While vengeance is deep in the flash of his eye.

When Stephen the martyr lay bleeding and low,
He deemed the wild zeal of his bosom divine;
Now prison walls echo dark stories of woe;
Stern tool of the tyrant, those trophies are thine.

On, Pharisee on, to the Damascene's towers,
That gleam in the noon of a Syrian sun ;
On, Pharisee on, with the Sanhedrim's powers,
The temple must triumph, and Christ be undone.

Where,—where is the rider ? why rings not the rein ?
What hand has arrested his onward career ?
Lo ! trembling and pale, he is stretched on the plain,
And mail-covered bosoms are quailing with fear.

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The Damascenes rushed to their thresholds, to gaze—
On the zealot, whose ire was the hurricane's breath ;
And they saw him led onward in peace, with amaze,
Who swept o'er the land amid ruin and death.

The pilgrim of danger, mankind were his foes,
The Jew was behind, and the Gentile before ;
While the wild heaving billows of ocean arose,
And flung him in wrath like a wreck on its shore.

Apostle of truth, as he wandered afar;

To woo the dark nations from guilt, to the sky;
He shone mid his perils like truth's beaming star,
And smiling led on to the mansions on high.

He stood with the sages of Athens, and taught—

Strange eloquent doctrines, and knowledge divine,
That wisdom for ages, from Nature had sought:
Yet gleaned but the shadows of truth at her shrine.

In the home of the Cæsars, salvation he sung,

On the ear of the Roman his eloquence fell;
And the Martyr's last hymn o'er the *Capitol* rung,
'Twas the suffering spirit's triumphant fare vell.

THE FALL OF THE "AULD BIG TREE,"

WEST PORT, LANARK.

THE December morn was dreary and cauld,
And the win' blew loud, and the win' blew bauld ;
While the gloomy clouds, and the dashin' rain,
Swept wildly on over hill and plain ;
The plantins soughed and sighed in the blast,
And bent their heads as the tempest passed ;
But I cared na for woodland, I cared na for lea,
I was watchin' my favourite auld big tree.

There it had stood for mony a year,
To a' the wee laddies o' Lanrik dear,
For there they would jink, and there they would play,
Aye some jinkin' roun' it the lee lang day ;

But the wins cam' thuddin' o're Greenrig braes,
Wi' fate on their wings, like mortal faes ;
Then my auld frien' shivered and shook awee,
Syne, fell wi' a crash did the auld big tree.

I've seen the gray fathers o' Lanrik stan',
While the younkers played roun' it, han' in han',
And it brocht back their youth, and the sunny hours,
When a' things were glowin' wi' sunshine and flowers ;
And the trysts that they made, in the long vanished
 years,
The spring-hour of love, that auld Time never sears ;
When the heart was all hope, and undimmed was
 each ee,
As they whispered their love 'neath the auld big tree.

But the auld tree is gane, as ilk thing maun gang
In this warl o' change, where nocht lingers lang ;
The scenes are aye shiftin' on life's troubled stage,
Now joy, and now sorrow, from childhood to age.

How many look back, from some far distant clime,
To the Craigs and the Clyde, and the once happy time
When they wandered with bosoms all buoyant with
 glee,
Or played merry games roun' the auld big tree.

Some hae gaen east, and some hae gaen west,
Bravely, sodger-like, fechtin' life's battle and blast ;
But a tear dims my ee, over youth that hae gaen,
Wha slumber in peace far frae kindred and hame.
Many sleep their last sleep on Columbia's strand,
Others silent in death in Australia's land,
On the red field of battle, and in the dark sea,
Wha danced in their youth roun' the auld big tree.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY DUNN AND WRIGHT,
WEST NILE STREET.



