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THE

P O E T I C A L W O R K S

OF

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.



THE
P O E T I C A L
WORKS

OF

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



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THE
L I F E
OF

JAMES MACPHERSON, ESQ.

JAMES MACPHERSON was one of those fortunate individuals whom the vigour of mental exertion raised from an obscure to a splendid station in life.

HE was born in the parish of Kingusie, and county of Inverness, towards the close of the year 1738. His father was a farmer of no great affluence: and young Macpherson received the first rudiments of education at a parochial school in the district of Badenoch. He was afterwards sent to the grammar-school of Inverness, where his genius became so con-

spicuous, that his relations, contrary to their original intention, determined to breed him to one of the learned professions. In pursuance of this plan, he was entered as a student of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1752. Here he is said to have displayed more genius than learning, and to have diverted the junior scholars from their studies by his humorous and doggrel rhymes. About two years after his admission into the University, it was enacted, that the annual session of the College to which he belonged should be protracted for the space of two months longer than had formerly been customary. This circumstance induced Macpherson, as well as many others, to remove to the Marischal College, where the same innovation had not taken place. To this step he was undoubtedly impelled by powerful necessity.

His first publication was the *Highlander*, a poem in six cantos, which made its appearance at Edinburgh in the year 1758. Mr Laing has observed, that "when the *Highlander* is examined, its plot exhibits the very outlines of *Fingal*. Swein, King of Norway, invading Scotland with a large fleet and a

numerous army, is opposed by Indulph, its seventy-fifth king. Alpin, a young chieftain from Lochaber, joins the Scottish army; explores the Norwegian camp by night; engages in single combat, and exchanges shields with Haco; and the battle is decided next day by his prowess and address: the Norwegian fleet is burnt, and the invading army destroyed. Haco, overpowered with his band, on retreating to a wood, is generously permitted to depart by Alpin, whom Indulph discovers to be his nephew, the son of Malcolm I. preserved in his infancy from his father's murderers; and on his marriage with Culena, the king's daughter, *Duffus*, by the accidental death of his uncle, succeeds to the throne. It is obvious that Swein is converted into Swaran in Fingal; with this difference only in the plot, that the scene of invasion is transferred from Scotland to Ireland, and the time from the tenth to the third century*."

ABOUT this time, Macpherson also wrote an "Ode on the Arrival of the Earl Marischal in Scot-

* Laing's Dissertation on Ossian.

land," which he calls an attempt in the manner of Pindar. These poems were probably composed when he was schoolmaster at Ruthven in Badenoch. Soon after their publication, he quitted his school, and was received by Mr Graham of Balgowan as domestic tutor to his sons; an employment of which he was not fond, and to which he was not long condemned.

HAVING had occasion to accompany his pupils to Moffat, he found means to be introduced to Mr Home, who was then residing for a short time in that town. To this gentleman he communicated several poetical fragments, which he affirmed were translated from Gaelic originals. Mr Home admired these specimens, and extolled them to his literary friends. A general curiosity being at length excited, Macpherson prepared a small volume, entitled, "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language," which was published under the direction of Dr Blair. This was in 1760, when the translator, or rather author, was a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and oc-

casually employed as a corrector to the press of the late Mr Balfour.

As other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was set on foot by the Faculty of Advocates, to enable him to undertake a mission into the Highlands, for the purpose of securing so precious a treasure. He readily embraced the offer, and soon after produced the compositions concerning whose genuineness so much controversy has arisen.

IN 1762 he went to London, and published "Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in six books, together with several other poems, composed by Ossian the son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic language." The favourable reception of this volume must have exceeded his most sanguine expectations. In the course of the following year, he produced "Temora, an Ancient Epic Poem, in eight books, together with several other poems composed by Ossian, son of Fingal." This collection, though well-received, found the public somewhat less disposed to bestow the same measure of applause. Though the

poems had been examined, and their genuineness asserted, by Dr Blair, yet there were others of equal reputation for critical abilities, who regarded them as spurious productions.

AFTER the publication of these two works, by which there is reason to believe that he gained about twelve hundred pounds, Macpherson was called to an employment which withdrew him for some time from the Muses, and from his native country. In 1764 Governor Johnstone was appointed Chief of Pensacola; and the translator of Ossian accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. It is reported, that some difference arose between the principal and his dependent, and that their connection was dissolved before they returned to Britain. Having contributed his aid to the settlement of the civil government of the colony, he visited several of the West-India islands, and some of the provinces of North-America, and arrived in his native country in 1766.

HE soon resumed his studies, and in 1771 produced "An Introduction to the History of Great

Britain and Ireland." Of this work no very favourable character has been given by a late writer *.

HIS next performance neither advanced his reputation nor his fortune. In 1773 he published a prose translation of "The Iliad of Homer," which was condemned by the critics, ridiculed by the wits, and neglected by the public at large. Some of his friends, and particularly Sir John Elliot, endeavoured to rescue it from contempt, and force it into notice. Their success however was not equal to their exertion.

THE publication of Dr Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands" tended to increase his literary mortifications. The author of this excellent performance declared, that after an accurate inquiry he was convinced, that the poems exhibited as translations from Ossian never existed in any other form than that which we have seen. "The editor or author (says he) never could shew the original; nor can it be shewn by any other. To revenge reasonable incredulity by

* Pinkerton's Enquiry, vol. i. p. lxiv.

refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted; and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt. It would be easy to shew it, if he had it; but whence could it be had? It is too long to be remembered, and the language had formerly nothing written. He has doubtless inserted names that circulate in popular stories, and may have translated some wandering ballads, if any can be found; and the names, and some of the images, being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine, that he has formerly heard the whole.

“ I HAVE yet supposed no imposture but in the publisher; yet I am far from certainty, that some translations have not been lately made, that may now be obtruded as parts of the original work.”

THIS charge of imposture so highly incensed Macpherson, that he was prompted by his evil-genius to send a menacing letter to his illustrious antagonist, which produced a brief, but severe and farcastic reply.

· WHETHER his warmth abated, or whether some of his friends had convinced him of his temerity, I know not : but he did not afterwards attempt to renew the altercation. It is however supposed that the spirit of revenge induced him to insert some abusive passages in Mr Macnicol's "Remarks on Johnson's Journey."

His "History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover," was published in the year 1775. The author appears to have been influenced by some prejudices in favour of the Tory party : but the work is perhaps intitled to a higher degree of praise than it has hitherto obtained. In this performance he certainly acted with fairness ; as along with it he published the proofs upon which his facts were founded, under the title of "Original Papers, containing the Secret History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover : to which are prefixed Extracts from the Life of James II. as written by himself." These papers, which were chiefly collected by Mr Carte, cannot all be received as of equal authority. They however tend to clear up

many obscurities, and to exhibit many distinguished characters in a point of view different from that in which they have usually been contemplated.

MACPHERSON'S talents and industry enabled him to avail himself of every inviting circumstance: and the tide of fortune now began to flow very rapidly in his favour. The resistance of the colonies required the aid of a ready writer to combat the arguments of the Americans, and to enforce the reasons which influenced the conduct of administration. He was selected for the performance of this task. Among other political pamphlets, he published "The Rights of Great Britain asserted against the Claims of the Colonies; being an Answer to the Declaration of the American Congress," 8vo, 1776, and "A Short History of Opposition during the Last Session of Parliament," 8vo, 1779. Such is the merit of the latter of these performances, that upon its first appearance it was by many ascribed to Mr Gibbon.

ABOUT this time a more lucrative employment than that of writing pamphlets was conferred upon him. He was appointed Agent to the Nabob of

Arcot; and, in that capacity, exerted his talents in several appeals to the public in behalf of his client. Among other works, he published "Letters from Mahomed Ali Chan, Nabob of Arcot, to the Court of Directors," 4to, 1777. He was supposed to be the author of "The History and Management of the East-India Company, from its Origin in 1600 to the Present Times: vol. i. containing the Affairs of the Carnatic; in which the Rights of the Nabob are explained, and the Injustice of the Company proved," 4to, 1779.

IN his capacity of Agent to this prince, it was probably thought requisite, that he should enjoy a seat in the British Parliament. In the year 1780 he was accordingly elected member for Camelford: but it does not appear that ever he attempted to speak in the House. He was rechosen in 1784, and in 1790.

TOWARDS the close of his life he purchased an estate in his native parish, and changing its name from Retz to Belville, adorned it with a large and elegant mansion. His health having begun, to de-

cline, he retired to this romantic spot, in the hope of deriving benefit from a change of air. This hope was however delusive. After lingering for some time, he died on the 17th of February, 1796, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

By his will, dated June 1793, he distributed various annuities and legacies to a great amount. He bequeathed the sum of one thousand pounds, for the purpose of defraying the expence of publishing *Offian* in English, Erse, and Latin. He directed that three hundred pounds should be appropriated for the erection of a monument to his own memory, in some conspicuous situation at Belville; and that his remains should be conveyed from Scotland, and interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Church.

THE
HIGHLANDER:

A
P O E M.

THE
HIGHLANDER :

A P O E M.

C A N T O I.

THE youth I sing, who, to himself unknown,
Loft to the world and CALEDONIA'S throne,
Sprung o'er his mountains to the arms of Fame,
And, wing'd by Fate, his fire's avenger, came ;
That knowledge learn'd, fo long deny'd by Fate,
And found that blood, as merit, made him great.

The aged chieftain on the bier is laid,
And grac'd with all the honours of the dead :
The youthful warriors, as the corpe they bear,
Droop the sad head, and shed the gen'rous tear.

For Abria's thore, 'Tay's winding banks they leave,
And bring the hero to his father's grave.

His filial tears the godlike ALPIN sheds,
And tow'rds the foe his gallant warriors leads.
The chief along his silent journey wound,
And fix'd his rainy eyes upon the ground ;
Behind advanc'd his followers sad and flow,
In all the dark solemnity of woe.

Meantime fierce SCANDINAVIA's hostile pow'r
Its squadrons spread along the murm'ring shore ;
Prepar'd, at once, the city to invade,
And conquer CALEDONIA in her head.
His camp, for night, the royal SUENO forms,
Resolv'd with morn to use his Danish arms.

Now in the ocean sunk the flaming day,
And streak'd the ruddy west with setting ray ;
Around great INDULPH, in the senate sat
The noble Chiefs of CALEDONIA's state.
In mental scales they either forces weigh,
And act, before, the labours of the day ;
Arrange in thought their CALEDONIA's might,
And bend their little army to the fight.

Thus they consult. Brave ALPIN's martial gait
Approach'd the portals of the dome of state,

Resolv'd to offer to his king and lord,
The gen'rous service of his trusty sword.

Th' unusual sight the gallant chief admires,
The bending arches and the lofty spires.
On either side the gate, in order stand
The ancient kings of CALEDONIA's land.
'The marble lives; they breathe within the stone,
And still, as once, the royal warriors frown.

The FERGUSES are seen above the gate;
This first created, that restor'd, the state.
In warlike pomp the awful forms appear,
And, bending, threaten from the stone the spear;
While to their side young ALBION seems to rise,
And on her fathers turns her smiling eyes.

And next appears GREGORIUS' awful name,
HIBERNIA's conqu'ror for a gen'rous fame.
Incas'd in arms, the royal hero stands,
And gives his captive all his conquer'd lands.
The filial heart of hapless ALPIN's son
In marble melts, and beats within the stone.
Revenge still sparkles in the hero's eye:
Around, the PICTS, a nameless slaughter, lye.

The youthful warrior thus reviews, with joy,
The godlike series of his ancestry.

'The godlike forms the drooping hero cheer,
 And keen ambition half believes the seer :
 Eager he shoots into the spacious gate ;
 His eye commands ;—without his followers wait.

No frowning spear-man guards the awful door ;
 No borrow'd terror arms the hand of pow'r :
 No cringing bands of sycophants appear,
 To send false echoes to the monarch's ear :
 Merit's soft voice, oppression's mournful groan,
 Advanc'd, unstifled, to th' attentive throne.

The hero, ent'ring, took his solemn stand
 Among the gallant warriors of the land.
 His manly port the staring chiefs admire,
 And half-heard whispers blow the soldier's fire.
 A while his form engag'd the monarch's eyes :
 At length he rais'd the music of his voice :

“ Whence is the youth ? I see fierce DENMARK
 warms

Each gen'rous breast, and fires 'em into arms.
 A face once known is in that youth express'd,
 And mends a dying image in my breast.”

He said : and thus the youth : “ 'Midst rocks
 afar,
 I heard of DENMARK, and of SUENO's war.

My country's safety in my bosom rose ;
 For CALEDONIA's sons should meet her foes.
 We ought not meanly wait the storm at home,
 But rush afar, and break it ere it come.

Few are my foll'wers, but these few are true ;
 We come to serve our country, fame, and you !"

He said : the king retorts : " Thy form, thy
 mind,

Declare the scion of a gen'rous kind.

With SCOTIA's foes maintain the stern debate,
 And spring from valour to the arms of state.

Whoe'er would raise his house in ALBION, should
 Lay the foundation in her en'mies' blood."

'Then to the chiefs : " Supporters of my throne,
 Your fires brought oft the Roman Eagles down.
 Yourself, my lords, have caus'd the haughty

DANE

To curse the land he try'd so oft in vain.
 Norwegian firs oft brought them o'er the waves,
 For ALBION's crown ; but ALBION gave 'em graves.
 Be still the same ; exert yourselves like men,
 And of th' invaders wash our rocks again.
 Tho' few our numbers, these, in arms grown old,
 In ALBION's and in INDULPH's cause are bold.

The brave man looks not, when the clarion sounds,
 To hostile numbers, but his country's wounds ;
 Bold to the last, and dauntless he'll go on,
 At once his country's soldier, and her son."

The monarch thus his royal mind exprest,
 The patriot kindling in each gen'rous breast.
 Each chieftain's mind with pleasure goes before,
 Already mingling with the battle's roar.
 In thought each hero sweeps the bloody plain,
 And deals, in fancy, death upon the Dane.

DUNBAR arose, the brave remains of wars,
 Silver'd with years, o'er-run with honest scars ;
 Great in the senate, in the field renown'd :
 The senior stood ; attention hung around.

He thus : " Fierce DENMARK all the North com-
 mands,
 And belches numbers on our neighb'ring lands ;
 ENGLAND's subdu'd, the SAXONS are o'ercome,
 And meanly own a Danish lord at home.
 Scarce now a blast from SCANDINAVIA roars,
 But wafts a hostile squadron to our shores.
 One fleet destroy'd, another crowns the waves :
 The sons seem anxious for their father's graves :

Thus war returns in an eternal round,
Battles on battles press, and wound on wound.
Our numbers thinn'd, our godlike warriors dead,
Pale CALEDONIA hangs her sickly head.
We must be wise, be frugal of our store,
Add art to arms, and caution to our pow'r.
Beneath the sable mantle of the night,
Rush on the foe, and, latent, urge the fight.
Conduct with few may foil this mighty pow'r,
And DENMARK shun th' inhospitable shore."

The senior spoke : a gen'ral voice approves ;
To arm his kindred-bands each chief removes.
Night from the east the drowsy world invades,
And clothes the warriors in her dusky shades.
The vassal-throng advance, a manly cloud,
And with their sable ranks the chieftains shroud.
Each chief, now here, now there, in armour shines,
Waves thro' the ranks, and draws the lengthen'd
lines.

Thus, on a night when rattling tempests war,
Thro' broken clouds appears a blazing star ;
Now veils its head, now rushes on the fight,
And shoots a livid horror thro' the night.

The full-form'd columns, in the midnight-hour,
Begin their silent journey tow'rd the shore :
Thro' ev'ry rank the chiefs inciting roam,
And rousing whispers hiss along the gloom.

A rising hill, whose night-invelop'd brow
Hung o'er th' incamped squadrons of the foe,
Shoots to the deep its ooze-immantled arm,
And steadfast struggles with the raging storm.
Here ends the moving host its winding road,
And here condenses, like a fable cloud,
Which long was gath'ring on the mountain's brow,
Then broke in thunder on the vales below.

Again the chiefs, in midnight-council met,
Before the king maintain the calm debate :
This waits the equal contest of the day,
That rushes headlong to the nightly fray.

At length young ALPIN stood, and thus begun :
" Great king, supporter of our ancient throne !
Brought up in mountains, and from councils far,
I am a novice in the art of war ;
Yet hear this thought.—Within the womb of night,
Confirm the troops, and arm the youth for fight,
While softly-treading to yon camp I go,
And mark the disposition of the foe ;

Or wakeful arm they for the dismal fight,
Or, wrapt within the lethargy of night,
Are left abandon'd to our Scottish sword,
By sleep's soft hand in fatal chains secur'd.
If DENMARK sleeps in night's infolding arms,
Expect your spy to point out latent storms ;
But, they in arms, too long delay'd my speed,
Then place the faithful scout among the dead."

A gen'ral voice th' exploring thought approves,
And ev'ry wish with youthful ALPIN moves.

The hero slides along the gloom of night :
The camp-fires send afar their gleaming light.
Athwart his side the trusty sabre flies ;
The various plaid hangs, plaited, down his thighs ;
The crested helm waves awful on his head ;
His manly trunk the mail and corslet shade :
The pond'rous spear supports his dusky way ;
The waving steel reflects the stellar ray.

Arriv'd, the dauntless youth, solemnly slow,
Observant mov'd along the silent foe.
Some 'brac'd in arms the midnight vigil keep,
Some o'er the livid camp-fires nod to sleep :
The feeding courser to the stake is bound,
The prostrate horseman stretch'd along the ground :

Extended here the brawny footman lay,
 And dosing wore the lazy night away :
 The watchman there, by sleep's soft hand o'er-
 pow'r'd,
 Starts at the blast, and half-unfheaths his sword.
 Th' exploring youth, thro' night's involving cloud,
 Circling the foe, their disposition view'd.
 At length the hero's dusky journey ends,
 Where HACO feasted with his Danish friends.
 HACO, by more than SUENO's blood was great,
 The promis'd monarch of the triple state.
 The Scandinavian camp the youth secur'd
 With watchful troops, and not unfaithful sword.

Two oaks, from earth by headlong tempests torn,
 Supply the fire, and in the circle burn :
 Around with social talk the feast they share,
 And drown in bowls the Caledonian war.
 O'erpow'r'd at length by slumber's silken hand,
 They press the beach, and cower upon the strand.

A gallant deed the mountain-youth design'd,
 And nurs'd a growing action in his mind.
 Awful the chief advanc'd : his armour bright
 Reflects the fire, and shines along the night.

Hov'ring he stood above the sleeping band,
And shone, an awful column, o'er the strand.

Thus, often to the midnight traveller,
The stalking figures of the dead appear :
Silent the spectre tow'rs before the fight,
And shines, an awful image, thro' the night.
At length the giant phantom hovers o'er
Some grave unhallow'd, stain'd with murder'd
gore.

Thus ALPIN stood : He exiles to the dead
Six warrior-youths ; the trembling remnant fled :
Young HACO starts, unsheaths his shining sword,
And views his friends in iron-chains secur'd.
He rushes headlong on the daring foe ;
The godlike ALPIN renders blow for blow.
Their clatt'ring swords on either armour fell ;
Fire flashes round, as steel contends with steel.
Young ALPIN's sword on HACO's helmet broke,
And to the ground the stagg'ring warrior took.
Leaning on his broad shield the hero bends ;
ALPIN aloft in air his sword suspends :
His arm up-rais'd, he downward bends his brow,
But scorn'd to take advantage of the foe.

Young HACO from his hand the weapon threw,
And from his flaming breast these accents drew :
“ Bravest of men ! who cou’d thro’ night come on,
Who durst attack, and foil an host alone !
I see the man high on the warrior plac’d,
Both mend each other in your noble breast.
Accept, brave man, the friendship of a DANE,
Who hates the SCOT, but yet can love the man.”
He said, while thus the SCOT : “ With joy I find
The man so pow’rful in an en’m’y’s mind ;
Your forces fled, amidst night’s dark alarms,
You both cou’d stand, and use your gallant arms :
Such valiant deeds thy dauntless soul confess,
That I the warrior, tho’ the DANE, embrace.”

His brawny arms he round the hero flung ;
As they embrace the clashing corslets rung.

The DANE resumes : “ With the sun’s rising beam,
We may, in fields of death, contend for fame ;
Receive this shield, that, midst to-morrow’s storms,
HACO may grateful shun his well-known arms.”

He said, and gave the gold-enamel’d round ;
While, as he reach’d, the studded thongs resound.
The amicable colloquy they end,
And, each a foe, clasp’d in his arms a friend.

This to the camp his dusky journey bends ;
While that to ALBION'S chiefs the hill ascends.

Th' exploring journey all with pleasure hear,
And own the valiant scout their noble care.

Dissolv'd the council, the attack declin'd,
Each with the gift of sleep indulg'd his mind ;
And 'midst his kindred-bands supinely laid,
Each softly slumber'd on a mossy bed.

His mind to soft repose young ALFIN bends,
And seeks the humble circle of his friends :
Reclining on a rock the hero lies,
And gradual slumbers steal upon his eyes.
Still to his mind the Danish camp arose,
Hung on his dreams, and hagg'd his calm repose :
Once more he mix'd with HACO in the fight,
And urg'd, impending, on the Danish flight.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE

HIGHLANDER;

A POEM.

CANTO II.

HEAV'N's op'ning portals shot the beam of day ;
Earth chang'd her sable robe to sprightly grey ;
To West's dark goal the humid night is fled,
The sun o'er ocean rears his beamy head :
The splendid gleam from Scottish steel returns,
And all the light reflexive mountains burns.

Deep-founding bag-pipes, gaining on the air,
With lofty voice awake the Scottish war.
The gallant chiefs, along the mountain's brow,
Stand 'cas'd in arms, and low'r upon the foe ;

Or awful thro' the forming squadrons shine,
Build up the ranks, and stretch the lengthen'd line.

Each clan their standards from the beam unbind ;
They float along, and clap upon the wind :
The hieroglyphic honours of the brave
Acquire a double horror as they wave.

The Southern warriors stretch the lines of war
Full on the right, obedient to DUMBAR.
Harden'd to manhood in the school of arms,
He moves along sedately as he forms :
Next deeply stretch their regular array,
To break the iron tempest of the day,
The sons of LENNOX, and their gallant GRAHAME,
Oft honour'd with the bloody spoils of fame.
He tow'rs along with unaffected pride,
Whilst they display their blazing arms aside.

Great SOMERLED possess the middle space,
And rang'd the kindred valour of his race ;
The dauntless sons of MORCHUAN's rocky soil,
And the rough manhood of MULL's sea-girt isle.

The mountain-chiefs, in burning arms incas'd,
And carrying all their country in their breast,

Undaunted rear their useful arms on high,
 Now fought for food, and now for liberty,
 Now met the sport of hills, now of the main,
 Here pierc'd a stag, and there transfix'd a DANE.
 Tho' nature's walls their homely huts inclose,
 To guard their homely huts, tho' mountains rose,
 Yet feeling ALBION in their breasts, they dare
 From rocks to rush and meet the distant war.

The full-form'd lines now crown the mountain's
 brow,

And wave a blazing forest o'er the foe.
 The king commands : down in array they creep ;
 Their clanking arms beat time to ev'ry step ;
 As they descend, they stretch along the strand,
 Restore the ranks, and make a solemn stand.

Before the camp the Danish columns rise,
 And stretch the battle to the clarion's voice.
 Majestic SUENO kept the higher place,
 Great in the war, as in his noble race ;
 And when the sword to milder peace shall yield,
 In council great, as in the thund'ring field.

Behind their king, to either hand afar,
 Rough NORWAY's sons extend the front of war.

He moves, incas'd in steel and majesty,
Along the ranks, and plans them with his eye ;
Speaks his commands with unaffected ease,
And unconcern'd the coming battle sees.
Bent on his purpose, obstinately brave,
To win a kingdom or an honest grave,
He seem'd to look tow'rds Norway's rocky shore,
And say,—I'll conquer, or return no more.

Far to the right fierce MAGNUS' fiery sway
Compels the troops, and rears the quick array :
Haughty he moves, and catching flame from far,
Looks tow'rds the SCOTS, anticipates the war ;
Feels cruel joys in all his fibres rise,
And gathers all his fury to his eyes.

Young HACO on the left the battle rears,
And moves majestic through a wood of spears ;
With martial skill the rising ranks he forms,
No novice in the iron-trade of arms.
Thus form'd, the DANES, in unconfus'd array,
Stretch their long lines along the murm'ring sea.
Their anchor'd ships, a fable wood, behind,
Nod on the wave, and whistle to the wind.

On either side thus stretch'd the manly line ;
With darting gleam the steel-clad ridges shine :

On either side the gloomy lines incede,
Foot rose with foot, and head advanc'd with head.
Thus when two winds descend upon the main,
To fight their battles on the wat'ry plain,
In two black lines the equal waters crowd,
On either side the white-topp'd ridges nod.
At length they break, and raise a bubbling sound,
While echo rumbles from the rocks around.

Thus march the DANES with spreading wings afar,
Thus moves the horror of the Scottish war ;
While drowsy silence droops her mournful head,
Whose calm repose the clanking arms invade.

The mountain-youth, with unaffected pride,
Twice thirty warriors rising by his side,
His native band, precedes the Scottish forms,
A shining column in the day of arms.
In act to throw, he holds the pond'rous spear,
And views with awful smiles the face of war.
Nodding along, his polish'd helmet shines,
And looks superior o'er the subject lines.

On either side, devour'd the narrow ground
The moving troops. The hostile ridges frown'd.
From either host the herald's awful breath
Rung, in the trumpet's throat, the peal of death.

The martial sound foments their kindling rage ;
Onward they rush, and in a shout engage.
The swords thro' air their gleaming journeys fly,
Crash on the helms, and tremble in the sky.
Groan follows groan, and wound succeeds on wound,
While dying bodies quiver on the ground.

Thus, when devouring hatchet-men invade,
With founding steel, the forest's leavy head,
The mountains ring with their repeated strokes ;
The tap'ring firs, the elms, the aged oaks,
Quake at each gash ; then nod the head and yield,
Groan as they fall, and tremble on the field.
Thus fell the men ; blood forms a lake around,
While groans and spears hoarse harmony resound.
The mountains hear, and thunder back the noise,
And echo stammers with unequal voice.

As yet the battle hung in doubtful scales ;
Each bravely fought, in death or only fails.
All, all are bent on death or victory,
Resolv'd to conquer, or with glory die.
Fierce DENMARK's honour kindles fire in these ;
On these pale ALBION bends her parent-eyes.
This sternly says, " Shall DENMARK's children fly ?"
But that, " Or save, or with your country die."

The SCOTS, a stream, would sweep the DANES away,
The DANES, a rock, repell'd the SCOTS array.
They fight alternate, and alternate fly,
Both wound, both conquer, both with glory die.

Thrice HACO strove to break DUMBAR's array,
And thrice DUMBAR impell'd him to the sea.
The fiery MAGNUS, foaming on the right,
Pours on the mountain-chiefs his warrior-might.
The mountain-youths the furious chief restrain,
And turn the battle back upon the DANE.

The ranks of SUENO stand in firm array,
As hoary rocks repel the raging sea.
The hero to the phalanx crowds his might,
And calmly manages the standing fight ;
Not idly madd'ning in the bloody fray,
He wears delib'rately the foe away.

Straight on his spear the godlike ALPIN stood,
His flaming armour 'smear'd with Danish blood.
He casts behind an awe-commanding look,
And to his few, but valiant, followers spoke :
" The cautious DANES, O friends, in firm array,
With perseverance may secure the day ;
Our people fall. Let us their force divide ;
Invade with flame their transports on the tide.

They will defend, the SCOTS restore the day ;
Follow, my friends, your ALPIN leads the way.”
He said, and rush'd upon the phalanx'd DANE ;
The bending ranks beneath his sword complain.
Arms, groans of men, beat time to ev'ry wound,
Nod at each blow, and thunder on the ground.
Behind his friends advance with martial care,
Move step for step, and spread the lane of war.
He low'rs before, and clears the rugged road ;
They rush behind, a rough and headlong flood.

Thus on some eminence the lab'ring swain
Unlocks his sluice to drench the thirsty plain ;
With mattock arm'd, he shapes the water's course ;
The liquid flows behind with rapid force.

Thus valiant ALPIN hews his bloody way,
And thus his friends force thro' their firm array ;
With great effort he seizes on the strand,
Turns to his friends, and issues his command :

“ Thicken your lines, the battle's shock sustain,
And gall with vigour the recoiling DANE.
Brave CALEDONIANS ! face your country's foe ;
Your lives are hers, her own on her bestow.”
He added not. The valiant youths obey ;
The hero shap'd along his rapid way ;

Rush'd to the camp, and seiz'd a flaming brand,
 Then took his lofty seat upon the strand.
 Swift from his arm the crackling ember flies,
 Whizzes along, and kindles in the skies :
 The pitchy hull receives the sparkling fire ;
 The kindling ship the fanning winds inspire.
 Black smoke ascends ; at length the flames arise,
 Hiss through the shrouds, and crackle in the skies.
 The riding fleet is all in darkness lost,
 Its wreathy wings the flame spreads on the blast.
 Red embers, falling from the burning shroud,
 Hiss in the wave, and bubble in the flood.

Great SUENO turns, and sees the flame behind
 Swell its huge columns on the driving wind ;
 Then thus to ERIC : “ Urge your speedy flight,
 Recal the fiery MAGNUS from the right :
 Quick let him come ! th' endanger'd transports save,
 And dash against the burning ship the wave.”

The youth obeys, and, flying o'er the sand,
 Repeats in MAGNUS' ear the king's command.
 The warrior starts, rage sparkling in his eyes,
 He tow'rs along, resounding as he flies.
 He comes : from SUENO's army squadrons fall
 Around the chief, and rear the manly wall ;

Till in their front the stately chief appears,
They wave behind an iron wood of spears;
In all the gloomy pomp of battle low'r,
And beat with founding steps the fatal shore.

Bent to support the flame, his thin array
Young ALPIN draws along the murm'ring sea.
He holds the massy spear in act to throw,
And bends his fiery eyes upon the foe.
Advanc'd,—with awful din the fight began;
Steel speaks on steel, man urges upon man.
Groans, shouts, arms, men, a jarring discord sound,
Gain on the sky, and shake the mountains round.

Fierce MAGNUS here would rush into the main;
Young ALPIN there would keep at bay the DANE.
One pushes the swift boat into the sea;
Thro' his bent back the faulchion cleaves its way:
Another dashes to the ship the wave,
And bends at once into a wat'ry grave;
Spouts with departing breath the bubbling flood,
And dyes the water with his foaming blood.

Thus fought the men.—Behind the flame re-
founds,
Gains on the fleet, and spreads its wasteful bounds.

Great MAGNUS, burning at the dismal sight,
 Advanc'd with rage redoubled to the fight.

“ Degen'rate DANES !” the raging warrior cries,
 “ The day is lost—your fame, your honour, dies !
 Advance,—condense your ranks,—bear on your
 way,

And sweep these daring striplings to the sea.”

The men advance : proceeds their haughty lord,
 And wounds the air with his impatient sword.

Bending, where ALPIN reapt the bloody plain,
 “ Turn, here's a man, turn, stripling, here's a
 DANE !”

He said.—The mountain-warrior turns his eyes,
 Then sternly wheels, and with a blow replies.

Great MAGNUS falling on young ALPIN's shield,
 Adds to the dismal thunder of the field.

Revengeful ALPIN, with descending blade,
 Crashes the shining thunder on his head.

'They aim, defend ; their swords, at ev'ry stroke,
 Talk on the way, and gleam along the smoke.

At length on MAGNUS Fate deals home a wound ;
 He nods to 'death, and thunders on the ground.
 Starting from the wide wound, the bubbling blood
 Sinks through the sand, and rolls a smoking flood.

Prone on the strand, extended ev'ry way,
 Clad o'er with steel, a shining trunk he lay.
 Thus, on its lofty seat, should winds invade
 The statue keeps the mem'ry of the dead,
 It quakes at ev'ry blast, and nods around,
 Then falls, a shapeless ruin, to the ground.

The DANES beholding their commander die,
 Start from their ranks, and in confusion fly.
 The youth pursues: the flames behind him roar,
 Catch all the fleet, and clothe with smoke the shore.
 Mean time great SUENO, DENMARK'S valiant king,
 Round royal INDULPH bends the hostile ring.
 Hemm'd in a circle of invading men,
 They face on ev'ry side the closing DANE;
 Deal blow for blow, and wound return for wound,
 And bring the stagg'ring en'my to the ground.
 Great SOMERLED, ARGYLE'S majestic lord,
 Thro' HARALD'S sounding helmet drives his sword:
 Stagg'ring he falls; his rattling arms resound,
 And in the pangs of death he bites the ground.

Thro' HILRIC'S shield great INDULPH urg'd the
 spear;
 It pierc'd his breast, and smok'd behind in air:

Groaning he sinks ; as when repeated strokes
Bring headlong to the ground the slaughter'd ox.

Brave GRAHAME thro' mighty CANUTE urg'd the
spear,

Where, 'twixt the helm and mail, the neck was
bare.

Prefs'd with the helm his pond'rous head inclin'd,
He nodding falls, as trees o'erturn'd by wind.

While thus the en'my's front the chieftains
wore,

And pil'd with hostile trunks the fatal shore,
By slow degrees their force declines away,
Surrounding DENMARK gains upon the day.

Great INDULPH stood amidst the warrior-ring ;
All give attention to their valiant king :

“ Hear me, ye chiefs,” the mournful monarch cries,
“ We fall to-day, our state, our country dies.

Let us acquit ourselves of ALBION's death,
And yield in her defence our latest breath.”

He said, and rush'd from the surrounding ring,
And 'midst the battle fought the Danish king,
Ready to fight the royal warriors stood,
And long'd to revel in each other's blood ;

While ALPIN, rushing from the flaming shore,
 With wasteful path-pursu'd the flying pow'r,
 Hew'd thro' great SUENO's ring his bloody way,
 And to the desp'rate chieftains gave the day,
 Rush'd 'twixt great INDULPH and bold SUENO's
 sword,

And with his royal life preserv'd his lord.
 Brave SUENO nods, falls to the strand, and cries,
 "O honour! DENMARK lost, undone!" and dies.

But still fierce DENMARK made a broken stand;
 Here stands a squadron, there a gloomy band,
 Rears a firm column on the smoky shore,
 Makes the last efforts of a dying pow'r.

Thus, after fire thro' lanes its way has took,
 A prostrate village lies o'erwhelm'd in smoke;
 But here and there some fable turrets stand,
 And look, a dismal ruin, o'er the land.
 So stood the DANES; but, soon o'erpow'r'd, they fly,
 Stumble along, and in their flight they die.

NORVEGIA's sons, of MAGNUS' fire bereft,
 Fell down before the chieftains of the left.
 The great DUMBAR upon the right repell'd
 Young HACO's force, and swept him off the field:

He winds his hasty march along the coast,
Fights as he flies, and shields his little host.
At length, within a wood o'er shades the sea,
With new-fell'd oaks he walls his thin array ;
Bent on his fate, and obstinately brave,
There mark'd at once his battle-field and grave.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

THE
HIGHLANDER;
A P O E M.

C A N T O III.

AS when, beneath the night's tempestuous cloud,
Embattled winds assail the leafy wood,
Tear on their sable way with awful sound,
And bring the groaning forest to the ground,
The trunks of elms, the shrub, the fir, the oak,
In one confusion sink beneath the shock :
So Death's sad spoils the bloody field bestrow'd ;
The haughty chieftain, the ignoble crowd,
The coward, brave, partake the common wound,
Are friends in death, and mingle on the ground.

Dark night approach'd : the flaming lord of day
Had plung'd his glowing circle in the sea ;

On the blue sky the gath'ring clouds arise,
And tempests clap their wings along the skies ;
The murm'ring voice of heav'n at distance fails,
And eddying whirlwinds howl along the vales ;
The sky inwrapt in awful darkness low'rs,
And threatens to descend at once in show'rs.

The Caledonian chiefs, to shun the storm,
Beneath a leafy oak their council form.
An ancient trunk supports the weary king ;
The nobles bend around the standing ring.
With swords unsheath'd the awful forms appear'd,
Their shining arms with Danish blood besmear'd :
Their eyes shoot fire ; their meins unsettled shew,
The battle frowns as yet upon their brow.
The monarch rose, and leaning on the oak,
Stretch'd out his hand, and to the nobles spoke :
“ My lords ! the DANES, for so just Heav'n de-
 creed,
Ev'n on that shore they thought to conquer, bleed.
In vain Death wrapt our fathers in his gloom,
We raise them, in our actions, from the tomb.
Not infamous their aim, o'er lands afar
To spread destruction and the plague of war ;

To meet the sons of battle as they roam,
Content to ward them from their native home ;
To shew invaders that they dar'd to die,
For barren rocks, for fame and liberty.

In you they live, fall'n DENMARK's host may shew ;
Accept my thanks ; your country thanks you too."

He added not, but turn'd his eyes around,
Till in the ring the valiant youth he found.

" Approach, brave youth !" the smiling monarch
cry'd,

" Your country's foldier, and your country's pride:
SCOTLAND shall thank thee for this gallant strife,
While grateful INDULPH owes to thee his life."

Thus he, advancing ; and with ardour prest
The gallant warrior to his royal breast.

The unpretentious ALPIN bends his eyes,
And mix'd with blushes to the king replies :

" To save our king, our country's ancient throne,
Are debts incumbent on her ev'ry son ;
O monarch ! add it not to ALPIN's praise,
That of this gen'ral debt his part he pays."

Thus said the youth, and modestly retir'd,
While as he moves, the king and chiefs admir'd

Slow to his stand his easy steps he bears,
And hears his praises with unwilling ears.

The king resumes : “ O chiefs, O valiant peers !
Glad CALEDONIA dries her running tears :
The warrior rais'd his faulchion o'er her head
Now sleeps forgotten on an earthen bed.
Fierce SCANDINAVIA'S fatal storms are o'er,
Her thunder-bolts lie harmless on the shore.
But as when, after night has beat a storm,
On the mild morn some spots the sky deform,
The broken clouds from ev'ry quarter fail,
Join their black troops, and all the heavens veil ;
The winds arise, descends the fluicy rain,
The storm, with force redoubl'd, beats the plain :
So, when the youthful HACO shall afar
Collect the broken fragments of the war,
The hero, arm'd with SUEÑO'S death, may come
And claim an expiation on his tomb.
Deep in that wood the gallant warrior lies :
Who shall to-night his little camp surprize,
Surround the martial DANE with nightly care,
And give the final stroke to dying war ?
Hence NORWAY'S ships shall shun our fatal sea,
And point the crooked beak another way ;

If chance they spy where oft their armies fell,
Shall turn the prow, and crowd away the sail."

He said no more : the gen'rous chiefs arise,
Bent on the glory of the enterprize.

Eager to climb thro' dang'rous paths to fame,
The nightly war they severally claim.

One chief observ'd where godlike Haco lay ;
This knew the wood, and that the dusky way :
Another urg'd his more unweary'd friends ;
And ev'ry chieftain something recommends.

Thus for the arduous task the chiefs contest,
While each wou'd grasp the danger to his breast.
Th' attentive monarch heard their brave debates,
And with a secret joy his soul dilates.

Young ALPIN burns to urge the war of night,
To mix again with Haco in the fight.

Eager he stood, and thus the chiefs address,
The warrior lab'ring in his manly breast :

" King ! gallant chiefs ! this enterprize I claim ;
Here let me fix my unestablish'd fame.

Already you have beat her arduous path,
Reap'd glorious harvests in the fields of death :
Repeated feats fix'd fame within your pow'r,
But I gleam once, then sink, and am no more.

Nor am I wholly ign'rant of the fight,
I've urg'd the gloomy battles of the night :
ÆBUDÆ's chief once touch'd on ABRIA's strand,
And swept our mountains with his pilf'ring band ;
All day they drove our cattle to the sea,
I went at midnight, and rescu'd the prey ;
With a poor handful, and a faithful sword,
Dispers'd the robbers and their haughty lord.
'Twas I commanded—these the gallant men !
May we not act that midnight o'er again ?”

The hero spoke : a murm'ring voice ensu'd
Of loud applause : each hero's mind subdu'd,
The glorious danger to the youth resigns :
He tow'rs along, and marshals up his lines.
Some gallant youths to share his fame arise,
And mingle in the glorious enterprise.

The warrior-band move on in firm array ;
He tow'rs before along the sounding sea.
Thro' their tall spears the singing tempest raves,
And falling headlong on the spumy waves,
Pursues the ridgy sea with awful roar,
And throws the liquid mountains on the shore.
In each short pause, before the billow breaks,
The clanking Caledonian armour speaks.

Thus on some night when fable tempests roar,
The watchman wearying of his lonely hour,
Hears some rent branch to squeak 'twixt ev'ry blast,
But in each ruder gust the creak is lost.

The king and gallant chiefs, with wishful eyes,
Pursue the youthful warrior as he flies.

His praise through all the noble circle ran.—
Approach'd the ghastly figure of a man ;
His visage pale, his locks are bleach'd with years ;
His tott'ring steps he onward scarcely bears :
His limbs are lac'd with blood, a hideous sight !
And his wet garment shed the tears of night.

With slow approach he lifts his fading eyes,
And rais'd the squeaking treble of his voice.

“ O king ! I feel the leaden hand of death,
To the dark tomb I tread the gen'ral path :
Hear me, O king ! for this I left the field,
For this to thee my dying form reveal'd :

NORWAY in vain had interpos'd her flood,
I come, alas ! to pay the debt of blood.

Possess of crimes, which the good king pursu'd,
In fell conspiracy, unblest ! I vow'd

With fierce DOVALUS ; that I live to tell !

By us, by us, the great king MALCOLM fell !

Touch'd with remorse, behind my shield I laid
 His smiling child, and wrapt him in my plaid.
 Now to the sea we urge our rapid flight,
 Beneath the guilty mantle of the night.
 Still in my arms I little DUFFUS bear ;
 Behind the voice of men and arms we hear.
 My comrades fly.—I lay the infant down,
 And with my guilty life from vengeance run.
 They found him, sav'd him ; for I knew the voice :
 It was"—He said, and clos'd at once his eyes ;
 Slowly inclin'd, and tumbling headlong down,
 His guilty life breath'd in a feeble groan.

The mournful monarch stood in dumb surprize ;
 The fate of MALCOLM fill'd afresh his eyes.
 He folds his arms, and bends his silent look,
 Then, starting from the gloom of sorrow, spoke :
 " You see, my lords, tho' DENMARK's hostile state
 Long sav'd the traitors from the hand of fate ;
 Yet, heav'n who rules with equal sway beneath,
 Snatch'd from her arms a victim due to death ;
 DOVALUS shall not sink among the dead,
 But with that vengeance hangs o'er treason's head.
 Still, MALCOLM, still, thou gen'rous, and thou best !
 Thy fate hangs heavy on a brother's breast ;

You left a young, you left a helpless son,
But lost to me, to SCOTLAND, and his throne.
Perhaps, oppress'd with hunger and with cold,
He tends some peasant's cattle to the fold ;
Or fights a common soldier on the field,
And bows beneath the sceptre he should wield."

No more he said : the noble circle sigh'd ;
They droop the silent head, nor aught reply'd.

Now dy'd apace the occidental light ;
The subject world receives the flood of night.
The king from ev'ry side his troops recalls ;
They fall around and rear their manly walls.
He issues to return the great command,
They move along, and leave the fatal strand.
The city gain'd, each soldier's weary breast
Forgets the day, and soothes his toil with rest.

The king receives, with hospitable care,
The gallant chiefs, and drowns in wine the war.
Within the royal hall the nobles sat ;
The royal hall in simple nature great.
No pigmy art, with little mimicry,
Distracts the sense, or pains the weary eye :
Shields, spears, and helms, in beauteous order shone,
Along the walls of uncemented stone.

Here all the noble warriors crown the bowl,
And with the gen'rous nectar warm the soul ;
With social talk steal lazy time away,
Recounting all the dangers of the day :
They turn to ALPIN, and the gloomy fight,
And toast the gallant warrior of the night.

Mean time young ALPIN 'girts the fatal wood,
And longs to mix again with Danish blood.
Already HACO had, with martial care,
With walls of oak embrac'd an ample square :
Himself beneath a tree the storm defends,
And keeps in arms around his watchful friends.

The fair AURELIA by the hero's side,
An awful warrior, and a blooming bride,
Who plac'd in martial deeds her virgin-care,
Wields in her snowy hand the ashen spear.
A silver mail hung round her slender waist,
The corset rises on her heaving breast.
On her white arm the brazen buckler shows,
The shining helm embrac'd her marble brows ;
Her twining ringlets flowing down behind,
Sung grateful music to the nightly wind.

Fate was unkind : just as the lovers wed,
Nor yet had tasted of the nuptial bed ;

Great SUENO's trumpet call'd the youth to war,
He figh'd, embrac'd and left the weeping fair.
With love embolden'd, up the virgin rose,
From her soft breast the native woman throws ;
And with the gallant warrior clothes the wife,
Following her HACO to the bloody strife.

She fought her love thro' war's destructive path,
And often turn'd from him the hand of death.
The chief, attentive, all the youth survey'd,
And in the warrior found the lovely maid.
She leans inclining on her martial spear,
And only for the youth employs her fear.

'The valiant SCOT affails the oaken wall :
The bulwark groans, the brave defenders fall.
With founding steel the firm barrier he ply'd,
And pour'd his warriors in on ev'ry side.
The godlike HACO rushing through the night,
Now here, now there, oppos'd th' invaders might ;
To ev'ry corner gave divided aid,
Still, still supported by the martial maid.

Thus when the ocean, swelling o'er the strand,
Invades with billowy troops the subject land,
The sed'lous swains the earthen weight oppose,
And fill the fissures where the tempest flows ;

So valiant HACO flew to ev'ry side,
And stemm'd with pointed steel the manly tide ;
With great effort preserv'd the narrow field,
And 'twixt the fair and danger kept the shield.
She, only she, employs the hero's care ;
HACO forgot, he only thinks on her.
He longs to sink with glory to the dead,
But can he leave in grief the captive maid ?
Her dying image hags his fancy's eyes,
What shou'd he do, if fair AURELIA dies ?
Love, mighty love, arrested all his pow'r ;
He wish'd for flight who never fled before.

But as the lionsess, to save her young,
Despises death, and meets the hunter-throng ;
So starting from the sable maze of care,
He faces death, and shields the lovely fair.
The martial maid with equal love possess'd,
Would dart 'twixt danger and her HACO's breast,
Oppose her buckler to the lifted spear,
And turn from him the iron hand of war.

Now godlike ALPIN hew'd his bloody path
Thro' Danish ranks, and mark'd his steps with death.
Th' inclosed square with desp'rate hand he shears,
And reaps a bloody shield of men and spears.

Groans, crashing steel, and clangour of the fight,
Increase the stormy chorus of the night.

The DANES, diminish'd, meet th' unequal war,
Where two fall'n oaks confine an inner square;
Join their broad shields, the close-wedg'd column
rear,

And on the Scottish battle turn the spear.
On ev'ry side the CALEDONIANS close,
Hemming the desp'rate phalanx of the foes,
To give the final stroke to battle, crowd,
While HACO thus bespoke the DANES aloud:
"Ye sons of North, unfortunate, tho' brave!
Here Fate has marked out our common grave,
Has doom'd our bodies to enrich these plains:
Then die reveng'd—like warriors and like DANES!"

He spoke, and turning to the martial maid,
Embrac'd her softly, and thus sighing said:
"Shall then my spouse, my love, my only joy,
Shall fair AURELIA with her HACO die?
Thy death afflicts me.—I in vain complain;
I'll save AURELIA, or expire—a DANE!"
He said, and, gath'ring up his spacious shield,
Prepar'd to meet the battle in the field.

Young ALPIN heard. It touch'd his feeling
breast,

He stopp'd the war, and thus the DANE address :

“ Our CALEDONIA, now reliev'd of fear,

Feels pity rising in the place of care,

Disdains to tyrannise o'er vanquish'd foes,

And for her steel on them her pity throws.

I now dismiss brave HACO from the field,

And own the gen'rous present of the shield.”

He said : his thanks returns the royal DANE,
Himself escorts them to the sounding main.

A ship escap'd the flame, within a bay,
Where bending rocks exclude the rougher sea,
Secure from stormy winds in safety rides,
And slowly nods on the recoiling tides :
Thither they bend, and launching to the sea,
Plow with the crooked beak the wat'ry way ;
Their fable journey to the North explore,
And leave their sleeping friends upon the shore.

THE
HIGHLANDER:

A P O E M.

C A N T O I V.

THE sprightly morn, with early blushes spread,
Rears o'er the eastern hills her rosy head :
The storm subsides ; the breezes, as they pass,
Sigh on their way along the pearly grass.
Sweet carol all the songsters of the spray ;
Calm and serene comes on the gentle day.

Amidst attendant fair CULENA moves,
CULENA, fruit of INDULPH'S nuptial loves !
'Too soon to fate the beauteous queen resign'd,
But left the image of herself behind.
To the calm main the lovely nymphs repair,
To breathe along the strand the morning-air ;

They brush with easy steps the dewy grass,
Observing beauteous nature as they pass.

Th' imperial maid moves with superior grace ;
Awe mix'd with mildness sat upon her face ;
High inbred virtue all her bosom warms,
In beauty rises, and improves her charms.
Silent and slow she moves along the main,
Behind, her maids attend, a modest train !
Observe her as she moves with native state,
And gather all their motions from her gait.

Thus through IDALIA'S balm-distilling grove,
Majestic moves the smiling Queen of Love :
Her hair flows down her snowy neck behind,
Her purple mantle floats upon the wind ;
The Graces move along, a blooming train !
And borrow all the gestures of their queen.

Thus steal the lovely maids their tardy way
Along the silent border of the sea.
Slow-curling waves advance upon the main,
And often threat the shore, and oft abstain.
A woody mound, which rear'd aloft its head,
Threw trembling shadows o'er a narrow mead :
From a black rock crystalline waters leap,
Arch as they fall, and through the valley creep,

Chide with the murmur'ring pebbles as they pass,
Or hum their purling journey through the grass.

Pleas'd with the scene the wand'ring virgins stood,
The main below, above the lofty wood.
Their eyes they fate with the transporting scene,
And, sitting, press the fair-enamell'd green ;
Enjoy with innocence the growing day,
And steal with harmless talk the time away.

Mean time fierce CORBRED, who prefer'd in vain
His suit to AGNES, fairest of the train,
Who fled from TWEED to shun his hated arms,
Entrusting fair CULENA with her charms ;
Saw the disdainful nymph remote from aid,
And bent his lustful eyes upon the maid.
He rush'd with headlong ruffians from the wood,
And seiz'd the fair : the virgins shriek aloud.
For help, for help, the struggling virgin cries,
And as she shrieks, aloud the wood replies.
ALPIN alone, (his men were sent before),
Stalk'd on his thoughtful way along the shore.
The distant plaint assail'd the hero's ear,
He drew his sword, and rush'd to save the fair.
Before the chief the dastard CORBRED fled,
And to her brave preserver left the maid.

Prostrate on earth the lovely virgin lay,
Her roses fade, and all her charms decay :
In humid rest her bending eye-lids close ;
With slow returns her bosom fell and rose :
At length returning life her bosom warms,
Glow in her cheeks, and lights up all her charms.

Thus, when invading clouds the moon assail,
The landskip fails, and fades the shining vale ;
But soon as CYNTHIA rushes on the sight,
Reviving fields are silver'd o'er with light.

Th' affrighted fair the gallant warrior leads,
To join, upon the sand, the flying maids.
They crowd their cautious steps along the sea,
Quake at each breath, and tremble on their way ;
Their tim'rous breasts unsettled from surprise,
To ev'ry side they dart their careful eyes.

Thus, on the heathy wild the hunted deer
Start at each blast, together crowd through fear,
Tremble and look about, before, behind,
Then stretch along, and leave the mountain-wind.

The gallant youth presents the rescu'd fair,
Confirms their trembling breasts, removes their care ;
The gen'rous story from herself they hear,
And drink his praises with a greedy ear ;

Steal on the youth their eyes, as AGNES spoke,
And pour their flutt'ring souls at ev'ry look.

But fair CULENA feels a keener dart ;
It pierc'd her breast, and sunk into her heart :
She hears attentive, views, admires, and loves,
Her eye o'er all the man with pleasure roves.
With painful joy she feels the flame increase,
Her pride denies it, but her eyes confess :
She starts, and blushing turns her eye aside,
But love steps in, and steals a look from pride.

Thus fair CULENA struggles up the stream,
And 'tempts in vain to quench the rising flame.
At length, with blushing cheek and bending look,
Th' imperial maid the warrior thus bespoke :
“ O gen'rous chief ! for thus your deeds would say,
How shall our gratitude thy kindness pay ?
INDULPH shall hear, and INDULPH shall reward ;
Such gen'rous actions claim a king's regard.”

She said ; and thus the chief : “ Imperial maid,
More than the debt thy approbation paid.
In this I did not strive with gallant men,
Or drive disorder'd squadrons from the plain ;
But frightened from his prey a sensual slave ;
The gloomy sons of guilt are never brave.

Whoe'er would seize on a defenceless fair,
Would shun the sword, and fly amain from war."

He said, and stalk'd away with manly state,
Grandeur, with awe commix'd, inform'd his gait.
His pond'rous mail reflects the trembling day,
And all his armour rings along the way.
'The royal maid observes him as he flies,
In silence stands, and from her bosom sighs,
Slowly moves on before the silent fair,
And in the palace shuts her secret care.

Mean time young ALPIN seeks the king and
peers ;

But fair CULENA in his bosom bears.
In vain against the rising flame he strove,
For all the man dissolv'd at once to love.

Within the high-arch'd hall the nobles sat,
And form'd in council the reviving state ;
For instant peace solicitous prepare,
And raise a bulwark 'gainst the future war.
No high-flown zeal the patriot hurl'd along,
No secret gold engag'd the speaker's tongue ;
No jarring feeds are by a tyrant sown,
Nor cunning senate undermines the throne.

To public good their public thoughts repair,
And CALEDONIA is the gen'ral care.
No orator in pompous phrases shines,
Or veils with public weal his base designs.
'Truth stood conspicuous, undisguis'd by art ;
They spoke the homely language of the heart.

Arriv'd the gallant warrior of the night ;
They hear with eager joy the gloomy fight.
His conduct, courage, and compassion raise,
And ev'ry voice is forward in his praise.

The great DUMBAR his awful stature rears,
His temples whiten'd with the snow of years.
On the brave youth he bends his solemn look,
Then, turning round, thus to the nobles spoke :
" Beneath the royal banner, SCOTS afar
Had urg'd on HUMBER's banks the foreign war ;
My father dead, tho' young I took the shield,
And led my kindred warriors to the field.
The noble Caledonian camp was laid
Within the bosom of a spacious mead.
Green-rising hills encompass'd it around,
And these king MALCOLM with his archers
crown'd ;

Full on the right a spacious wood arose,
 And thither night convey'd a band of foes.
 The king commands a chief to clear the wood,
 And I the dang'rous service claim aloud.
 I went, expell'd the foes, and kill'd their lord,
 And ever since have worn his shining sword.
 I now retire from war, in age to rest ;
 Take it, brave youth, for you can wield it best."

He said, and reach'd the sword. The youth
 reply'd,

Shooting the heavy blade athwart his side :
 " My lord, with gratitude this sword I take,
 Esteem the present for the giver's sake.
 It still may find the way it oft explor'd,
 And glut with hostile blood its second lord ;
 To bloody honour hew its wasteful path,
 A faithful sickle in the fields of death."

He thus. With placid mein great INDULPH rose,
 And spoke : " Thus always meet our ALBION's foes ;
 With foreign blood your native arms adorn,
 And boldly fight for ages yet unborn.
 For us, my lords, fought all our godlike fires ;
 The debt we owe to them our race requires :

Tho' future arms our country should enslave,
She shall acquit our ashes in the grave ;
Posterity degen'rate, as they groan,
Shall bless their fires, and call their woes their own.
Let us, my lords, each virtuous spark inspire,
And where we find it, blow it to a fire.
Thy service, gallant ALPIN, in this war,
Shall both be INDULPH's and the senate's care.
Mean time, with manly sports and exercise
Let us from bus'ness turn the mental eyes :
'The mind relax'd acquires a double force,
And with new vigour finishes the course."

He added not : the godlike chiefs obey ;
All rise at once ; great INDULPH leads the way.
The palace here, and there a virid mound,
Confine a flow'ry spot of grassy ground.
The under-rock, emerging through the green,
Chequers with hoary knobs the various scene.
Thither repair the chiefs and scepter'd king,
And bend upon the plain the hollow ring.
Obedient servants from the palace bear
The horny bow, the helm, the shining spear,
The mail, the corset, and the brazen shield ;
And throw the ringing weight upon the field.

Imperial INDULPH, tow'ring o'er the plain,
 With placid words address'd the warrior-train:
 " Let those who bend the stubborn bow arise,
 And with the feather'd shaft dispute this prize;
 An antique bow a BALEARIAN wore,
 When Romans thunder'd on our ALBION'S shore.
 The skilful archer, dealing death afar,
 Threw on our Scottish host the distant war;
 Great FERGUS springs, a king devoid of fear,
 And through his body shoots the reeking spear;
 The bloody spoil through striving cohorts brings,
 And sends this relique down to after kings."

Thus, grasping the long bow, the monarch said:
 Rose valiant GRAHAME and youthful SOMERLED.
 Next GOWAL in the strife demands a part,
 Fam'd on his native hills to wing the dart.

Full on the mound a helm, their aim, was plac'd;
 And GOWAL drew the nerve first to his breast;
 The bow reluctant yields, then backward springs;
 The nerve resounds, through air the arrow sings.
 Close to the aim, the earth the arrow meets,
 And, as it vibrates, the bright helmet beats.
 Applause ensues. The shaft was sent by GRAHAME,
 And cut its brazen journey through the aim.

The prize on him the murm'ring chiefs bestow,
Till SOMERLED assumes the ancient bow.
The dancing chord the leaping arrow left,
And, rushing, took on end GRAHAME's birchen
shaft ;

Tore on its way, around the shivers fly,
And SOMERLED brings off the prize with joy.
" Who," cries the king, " this shield his prize shall
bear,

And fling with skilful hand the martial spear?
Behind this buckler mighty KENNETH stood,
When TAY, impurpled, ran with Pictish blood."

He said, and plac'd a mark, the knobby round,
And measur'd back with equal steps the ground.
The valiant GRAHAME, the mountain-youth arose ;
GOWAL again his martial stature shows ;
Bent on the knobby splendour of the prize,
First from his hand the singing weapon flies.
The steel-head mark'd a circle as it run,
Flam'd with the splendour of the setting sun.

Thus when the night the weeping sky o'er-veils,
Athwart the gloom the streaming meteor sails,
Kindles a livid circle as it flies,
And with its glory dazzles human eyes.

Thus flew the spear, and sinking in the mound,
 With quick vibrations beat the air around ;
 But miss'd the shield. GRAHAME'S not unpractis'd
 art

Dismisses through the air the murm'ring dart :
 Full on the middle boss it takes the shield ;
 The fighting metals clatter o'er the field :
 From the firm knob the point obliquely flies,
 And on the field the trembling weapon lies.

Next valiant ALPIN takes the pond'rous spear,
 And bending back dismisses it through air :
 The long quick weapon flying o'er the field,
 Falls on the boss, and perforates the shield ;
 The waving shaft is planted on the mound ;
 And with applause the neighb'ring rocks resound.

Young SOMERLED wrench'd from the rock a quoit,
 A huge, enormous, sharp, unwieldy weight ;
 Such now-a-days as many panting swains
 A witness rear on long-contested plains :
 Slow-bending down, at length the hero springs ;
 The rolling rock along the heavens sings ;
 Fallen, it shakes at once the neighb'ring ground,
 And on the face of earth indents a wound,

'Thus when strong winds the aged tow'r invade,
And throw the shapeless ruin from its head ;
It falls, and cleaves its bed into the ground ;
'The valley shakes, and rocks complain around.

All try the mark to reach, but try in vain ;
All falling short, unequal wound the plain.

ALPIN with diffidence assumes the stone,
For such a space had SOMERLED o'erthrown :
Th' unwieldy rock a while he weighs with care,
Then springing sends it whizzing through the air ;
The wond'ring warriors view it as it rolls ;
Far o'er the distant mark the discus falls ;
It shakes the plain, and deals a gaping wound,
Such as when headlong torrents tear the ground.

'Th' applauding chiefs own in the manly game
The hero great, as in the fields of fame.

CULENA, leaning on her snowy arms
Observant from the window points her charms.
Th' imperial virgin saw with pleasant pain,
'The fav'rite youth victorious on the plain :
Sadly she sigh'd, accusing cruel fate,
Which chain'd her in captivity of state.

The veil of night had now inwrapt the pole ;
'The feast renew'd, goes round the sparkling bowl.

Great INDULPH rose with favour-speaking mein ;
Approaching ALPIN thus the king began :
“ Say, will the stranger tell from whence he came
To reap this harvest of unrivall'd fame ?
Nobler the youth, who, though before unknown,
From merit mounts to virtue and renown,
Than he, fet up by an illustrious race,
Totters aloft, and scarce can keep his place !”

The monarch spoke : attentive look the peers,
And long to drink his voice with greedy ears.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

THE
HIGHLANDER :

A P O E M.

C A N T O V.

THE hero, rising from his lofty seat,
Thus unpretentiously accosts the great :
“ The fame of DENMARK pass'd our mountains o'er,
And fill'd our ears on ABRIA's distant shore :
Brave RYNOLD starts : he aged chief alarms,
And kindles all his family to arms.
A hundred youths, who, from the founding wood,
Or tow'ring mountain, brought their living food,
Obey the bag-pipe's voice ; for all in view
Of RYNOLD's feat, the friendly canton grew.
The hoary warrior leads the onward path,
No stranger to the road which led to death.

Behind advancing, I, with martial care,
 Lead on the youthful thunder-bolts of war ;
 With arms anticipate the kindling fire,
 And move to ev'ry motion of my fire.

“ On GRAMPUS night her mantle round us
 throws ;

We slept in heath : the dappled morn arose :
 Descending thence pursue our headlong way,
 And cross the silver errors of the TAX.
 Groans, feeble shrieks, ascending from the vale,
 Speak on the pinions of the southern gale.
 A dismal scene breaks on our distant eyes ;
 Here one pursues, and there another flies.
 This breathes his life through the impurpled wound,
 While his proud villa smokes along the ground.
 That with the foe maintains unequal strife,
 While his dear offspring fly, and dearer wife.

“ The senior saw it with indignant eyes,
 And bid, at once, his kindred ranks arise.
 With hasty steps we seize a virid brow,
 And form a fable cloud above the foe.
 Thus on the mountain's brow, I oft have seen
 The must'ring clouds brew torrents for the plain ;

At length the bluff'ring south begins to roar,
And heav'n descends impetuous in a show'r ;
The bubbling floods foam down the hill, and spread
A swimming deluge on the subject mead.

“ Thus RYNOLD formed on the mountain's brow,
And headlong rush'd into the vale below,
While on the banks of TAY terrific shine
The steel-clad foe, and stretch the hostile line.
They form a wall along the flowing flood,
And awful gleam their arms, an iron wood.
We shout and rush upon the hostile throng :
The echoing fields with iron clangour rung.
Firm stood the foe, nor made they flight their care,
But hand to hand return'd the equal war :
Man close to man, and shield conjoin'd to shield,
They with the stable phalanx keep the field.
With pointed spear I mark'd the stoutest foe,
And Heav'n directed home the happy blow :
He tumbles backward to the groaning flood :
TAY circles round, and mingles with his blood.
My kindred youth their useful weapons wield,
Fomenting the confusion of the field.
DANE fell on DANE, and man transfix'd his man,
Till bloody torrents smok'd along the plain.

At length they fly along the banks of TAY ;
 Their guilty leader points th' inglorious way.
 Eager we follow. Still the foe with art
 Wound as they fly, and shoot th' inverted dart.
 RYNOLD is wounded. Still he urg'd the foe ;
 While down his limbs the crimson torrents flow :
 With eager voice he still foment's the strife,
 Preferring ALBION'S liberty to life.

“ An ancient pile uprear'd its rev'rend head,
 And from its lofty feat survey'd a mead :
 The mould'ring walls confess'd their beauty past ;
 A fragment falls with each invading blast.
 Old arms above the gate time's empire own ;
 The rampant lion moulders in the stone :
 Tall elms around, an old and shatter'd band,
 Their naked arms erect, like sentries stand.

“ Within the ruin'd walls their fear inclose
 The desp'rate squadrons of the flying foes.
 An ancient plane, whose leaf-dismantled weight
 Rude winds o'erturn'd, secures the shapeless gate.
 On ev'ry side my quick array I form,
 Prepar'd at once the muniment to storm.
 Missing my fire, I fly to find the chief,
 And give the wounded all a son's relief.

“ Far on the plain the wounded warrior creeps,
 And scarcely moves along his tott’ring steps ;
 But still, far as his feeble voice could bear,
 He kindles with his words the distant war.
 Quick I approach’d. He first the silence broke ;
 And leaning on his lance the warrior spoke :”

‘ Say, why returns young ALPIN from the fight ?
 Pursue the foe, and urge the Danish flight.
 I sink, my son, I sink into the grave ;
 You cannot me, your country, ALPIN, save.’

“ No more he said. I mournful thus reply,
 Compassion melting in my filial eye :
 ‘ O fire, the DANES, within yon walls secur’d,
 Will share our pity, or must feel our sword :
 Of filial duty what his wants require,
 I come to offer for a dying fire.’

“ He thus returns : ‘ Still good, still gen’rous
 mind !

My wants are, ALPIN, of no earthly kind :
 The world, the fading world, retires from view ;
 Earth cloyes me now, and all it has, but you.
 Go, ALPIN, go ; within that lofty wood
 A hermit lives, a holy man and good !

Relieve, my son, relieve me of my cares,
And for the dying RYNOLD raise his pray'rs.'

“ This said, himself the wounded warrior laid
Within the coolness of a birchen shade :
Some youths around employ their friendly care,
And o'er the dying shed the mournful tear.
Around the ancient fastness guards I sent,
And to the lofty wood my journey bent.
Two rising hills, whose brows tall poplars grace,
With stretching arms a woody plain embrace ;
Along the tree-set vale a riv'let flow'd,
And murmur'd softly through the under-wood :
Along their purling stream my steps I bear,
And seek the lonely mansions of the seer.
Irreg'lar files of tow'ring elms embrace,
In their calm bosom, an enamel'd space.
Full at the end a rock, with sable arms
Stretch'd o'er a moss-grown cave, a grotto forms.
A silver-stream, clear issuing from the stones,
In winding mazes through the meadow runs ;
Depending flow'rs their vary'd colours bind,
Hang o'er the entrance, and defend the wind.
On a green bank the holy seer is laid,
Where weaving branches cloud the chequer'd shade ;

In solemn thought his hoary head's inclin'd,
 And his white locks wave in the fanning wind.

“ With rev'rend steps approaching, I began :
 ‘ O blest with all that dignifies the man !
 Who, far from life, and all its noisy care,
 Enjoy’st the aim of all that wander there :
 Let, holy father, thy propitious aid
 Guide dying RYNOLD through the deathful shade.’

“ I said : the prophet heav’nward lifts his eyes,
 Long fix’d in solemn thought, and thus replies :
 ‘ Vain mortals ! worms of earth ! how can ye dare
 To deem your deeds not Providence’s care ?
 Heav’n looks on all below with equal eye ;
 They long escape, but yet the wicked die.
 With distant time, O youth ! my soul’s impress ;
 Futurity is lab’ring in my breast :
 Thy blood, which rolling down from FERGUS came,
 Passes through time, a pure untainted stream.
 ALBION shall in her pristine glory shine,
 And, blest’d herself, blest the Fergusian line.

‘ But, ah ! I see grim treason rear its head,
 Pale ALBION trembling, and her monarch dead,
 The tyrant wield his sceptre ’smear’d with blood :—
 O base return ! but still great Heav’n is good :

He falls, he falls ; see how the tyrant lies !
 And SCOTLAND brightens up her weeping eyes :
 The banish'd race again resume their own,
 Nor SYRIA boasts her royal faint alone.
 Its gloomy front the low'ring season clears,
 And gently rolls a happy round of years.

‘ Again I see contending chiefs come on,
 And, as they strive to mount, they tear the throne ;
 To civil arms the horrid trumpet calls,
 And CALEDONIA by her children falls.
 The storm subsides to the calm flood of peace ;
 The throne returns to FERGUS' ancient race.
 Glad CALEDONIA owns their lawful sway ;
 Happy in them, in her unhappy they !
 See each inwrapp'd untimely in his shroud,
 For ever sleeping in his gen'rous blood !
 Who on thy mournful tomb refrains the tear ?
 O regal charms, unfortunately fair !
 Dark FACTION grasps her in his sable arms,
 And crushes down to death her struggling charms :
 The rose, in all its gaudy liv'ry drest,
 Thus faintly struggles with the blust'ring west.

‘ Why mention him in whom th' eternal fates
 Shall bind in peace the long-discording states ?

See SCOT and SAXON, coalesc'd in one,
Support the glory of the common crown.
BRITAIN no more shall shake with native storms,
But o'er the trembling nations lift her arms.'

“ He spoke, and in the cave inclos'd his age :
In wonder lost, I leave the hermitage,
Measure with thoughtful steps my backward way,
While to the womb of night retires the day.
Pale doubtful twilight broods along the ground ;
The forest nods its sleeping head around.

“ Before my eyes a ghastly vision stood ;
A mangled man, his bosom stain'd with blood !
Silent and sad the phantom stood confess'd,
And shew'd the streaming flood-gates of his breast.
Then pointing to the dome his tardy hand,
'Thither his eyes my silent way command.
He hands my sword, emits a feeble groan,
And weakly says, ' Revenge me, O my son !'
I to reply—he hiss'd his way along,
As breezes sing through reeds their shrilly song.
I stood aghast, then wing'd me to obey ;
Across the field I sweep my hasty way.
The men I arm ; the firm barrier we ply,
And those who dare dispute the passage die.

With dying groans the lonely walls resound :
 I on the guilty leader deal a wound ;
 Through his bright helm the sword its journey takes ;
 He falls, and thus with dying accents speaks :

‘ Just Heav’n ! in vain the wicked shun thy pow’r ;
 Though late thy vengeance, yet the blow is sure.
 ‘ This earth receiv’d the blood from off my hands ;
 A just return, my own, my own demands !
 In night’s dead hour, when all but treason slept,
 With ruffian bands, a bloody train, I crept.
 ‘ Twas here, ’twas here, oh ! long-deserved death !
 ‘ Twas here the godlike man resign’d his breath :
 ‘ The sleeping fam’ly we with blood surpris’d,
 And send the palace flaming to the skies.
 I fled, but fled, alas ! pursu’d by fate :
 ‘ Tis now I find that I have sinn’d too late.
 O MALCOLM ! O my king ! before my eyes
 He stands confess’d ;—accurs’d DOVALUS dies.’
 ‘ His guilty soul in these dire accents fled ;
 I left with hasty steps the silent dead.
 Beneath the birch my aged fire I found,
 His life was ebbing through the purple wound.
 On me the aged senior lifts his eyes,
 And mixes feeble accents with his sighs :

‘ ALPIN, the commerce of this world I leave ;
 Convey my reliques to my father’s grave.
 Ten friendly youths the homely rites shall pay ;
 Lead thou the rest, my ALPIN, to the fray :
 DENMARK invades : this was a pilf’ring band,
 Who spread divided terror o’er the land.’

“ He said : a qualm succeeds ; tears fill my eyes,
 And woe securely shuts the gates of voice ;
 Silent and sad I hang the dying o’er,
 And with warm tears intenerate his gore.

“ The chief resumes : ‘ My brave, my only
 son !

Yes, ALPIN, I may call thee all my own ;
 I shall not veil a secret in my death ;
 Take then this story of my latest breath :
 The twentieth season liv’ries o’er the year,
 Since on the SEVERN’s banks I met the war ;
 In private feud, against a Saxon lord,
 The great DUMBAR had rais’d his kindred sword :
 I on the foe my bow auxiliar bend,
 And join afar our fam’ly’s ancient friend :
 Returning thence, I next the TAY divide,
 That very night the great king MALCOLM dy’d

My clan in arms might then preserve their king ;
 But fate withstood ; along in arms we ring.
 An infant's cries, at distance, took my ear,
 I went, found thee a helpless orphan there.'

The king, who long infix'd in dumb surprize,
 Run o'er the speaking youth with searching eyes,
 Here stopt him short, his arms around him flung,
 And silent on th' astonish'd warrior hung ;
 My son, my son, at last, perplex'd, he cries,
 My DUFFUS ! tears hung in his joyful eyes :
 The crowding tide of joy his words suppress'd ;
 He clasps the youth, in silence, to his breast.
 Th' astonish'd chiefs, congeal'd in dumb amaze,
 Stiffen'd to silence, on each other gaze.
 Sudden their cheeks are vary'd with surprize,
 And glad disorder darted from their eyes.

As when before the swains, with instant sound,
 The forky bolt descending tears the ground ;
 They stand ; with stupid gaze each other eye :
 So stood the chiefs oppress'd with sudden joy.

At length, relax'd from fetters of surprize,
 " Welcome, brave youth ! " the scepter'd senior
 cries,

“ Welcome to honours justly thine alone,
Triumphant mount, though late, thy father’s
throne.

To thee with joy the sceptre I resign,
And waft the kingdom to the coming line.”

He said : and thus the youth : “ I only know
To shoot the spear, and bend the stubborn bow ;
Unskill’d to stretch o’er nations my command,
Or in the scales of judgement poise a land.
Wield still the sceptre which with grace you wear,
And guide with steadier hand the regal car ;
While, looking up to thee, as I obey,
I first transcribe my future rules of sway ;
Till late enjoy the throne which you bequeath,
And only date dominion from thy death.”

Resolv’d he spoke : bursts of applause around
Break on the chiefs : with joy the halls resound.
As when some valiant youth returns from far,
And leaves the fields of death, and finish’d war ;
Whom time and honest scars another made,
And friendly hope long plac’d among the dead ;
At first his fire looks with indifference on,
But soon he knows, and hangs upon his son :

So all the chiefs the royal youth embrace ;
While joys, tumultuous, rend the lofty place.

While thus the king and noble chiefs rejoice,
Harmonious bards exalt the tuneful voice :
A select band by INDULPH's bounty fed,
To keep in song the mem'ry of the dead !
They handed down the ancient rounds of time,
In oral story and recorded rhyme.

The vocal quire in tuneful concert sings
Exploits of heroes, and of ancient kings :
How first in FERGUS CALEDONIA rose ;
What hosts she conquer'd, and repell'd what
foes.

Through time in reg'lar series they decline,
And touch each name of the Fergusian line ;
Great CARACTACUS, FERGUS' awful sword ;
That bravely lost his country, this restor'd :
HIBERNIA's spoils, GREGORIUS' martial fire ;
The stern avenger of his murder'd fire :
Beneath his sword, as yet, whole armies groan,
And a whole nation paid the blood of one.
At length descend the rough impetuous strains
To valiant DUFFUS, and the slaughter'd DANES :

The battle lives in verse ; in song they wound ;
And fallen squadrons thunder on the ground.

'Thus in the strain the bards impetuous roll,
And quaff the gen'rous spirit of the bowl,
At length from the elab'rate song respire ;
The chiefs remove, and all to rest retire.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

H

THE
HIGHLANDER:
A POEM.

CANTO VI.

NOW in the blushing east the morn arose ;
Its lofty head in grey the palace shows.
Within, the king and valiant chiefs prepare
To urge the chace, and wage the mountain-war.
The busy menials through the palace go ;
Some whet the shaft, and others try the bow ;
This view'd the toils ; that taught the horn to
found ;
Another animates the sprightly hound.
For the fleet chace the fair CULENA arms,
And from the gloom of sorrow 'wakes her charms :

The hero's royal birth had reach'd her ear,
And sprightly hope assum'd the throne of care.
Around her slender waist the cincture slides ;
Her mantle flows behind in crimson tides.
Bright rings of gold her braided ringlets bind ;
The rattling quiver, laden, hangs behind.
She seiz'd, with snowy hand, the polish'd bow,
And mov'd before, majestically slow.
The chiefs behind advance their sable forms,
And with dark contrast heighten all her charms.

Thus, on expanded plains of heav'nly blue,
Thick-gather'd clouds the queen of night pursue ;
And as they crowd behind their sable lines,
The virgin-light with double lustre shines.

The maid her glowing charms thus onward bears ;
His manly height aside young DUFFUS rears.
Her beauty he, his manhood she admires ;
Both mov'd along, and fed their silent fires.

The hunters to the lofty mountains came :
Their eager breasts anticipate the game :
The forest they divide, and sound the horn ;
The gen'rous hounds within their bondage burn,
Struggle for freedom, long to stretch away,
And in the breeze already find the prey.

At the approaching noise the starting deer
Croud on the heath, and stretch away in fear,
Wave, as they spring, their branchy heads on high,
Skim o'er the wild, and leave the aching eye.
The eager hounds, unchain'd, devour the heath ;
They shoot along, and pant a living death :
Gaining upon their journey, as they dart,
Each from the herd selects a flying hart.
Some urg'd the bounding stag a diff'rent way,
And hung with open mouth upon the prey :
Now they traverse the heath, and now assail
The rising hill, now skim along the vale :
Now they appear, now leave the aching eyes ;
The master follows with exulting cries,
Fits, as he flies, the arrow to the string ;
The rest within the rattling quiver ring :
He, as they shoot the lofty mountains o'er,
Pursues in thought, and sends his soul before.
Thus they with supple joints the chase pursue,
Rise on the hills, and vanish on the brow.

On the blue heav'ns arose a night of clouds ;
The radiant lord of day his glory shrouds :
The rushing whirlwind speaks with growling breath,
Roars through the hill, and scours along the heath ;

Deep rolling thunder, rumbling from afar,
Proclaims with murm'ring voice th' aerial war :
Fleet light'nings flash in awful streams of light,
Dart through the gloom, and vanish from the sight :
The blust'ring winds through heav'ns black concave
found,

Rain batters earth, and smokes along the ground.
Down the steep hill the rushing torrents run,
And cleave with headlong rage their journey on ;
The lofty mountains echo to the fall ;
A muddy deluge stagnates on the vale.

CULENA mov'd along the level ground ;
A hart descends before the op'ning hound :
From the recoiling chord she twang'd the dart,
And pierc'd the living vigour of the hart :
He starts, he springs ; but falling as he flies,
Pours out his tim'rous soul with weeping eyes.
As o'er the dying prey the huntress sigh'd,
Before the wind heav'n pours a sable tide,
And low'ring threats a storm : a rocky cave,
Where monks successive hew'd their house and grave,
Invites into its calm recess the fair :
The rev'rend father breath'd abroad his pray'r.

The valiant DUFFUS comes with panting breath,
Faces the storm, and stalks across the heath.
His sleeky hounds, a faithful tribe, before,
Are bath'd with blood, and vary'd o'er with gore.
Drench'd with the rain, the noble youth descends,
And in the cave, the growling storm defends.
Amaz'd, astonish'd, fix'd in dumb surprize;
The lovers stood, but spoke with silent eyes:
At length the distant colloquy they rear,
Run o'er the chace, the mountain, and the deer.
Far from the soul th' evasive tongue departs,
Their eyes are only faithful to their hearts.

The winding volumes of discourse return
To hostile fields by gallant DUFFUS shorn.
Th' imperial maid must hear it o'er again,
How fell DOVALUS was by DUFFUS slain,
How by the son the father's murd'rer fell.
The kindling virgin flames along the tale.
She turns, she quakes, and from her bosom sighs,
And all her soul comes melting in her eyes.
Flames, not unequal, all the youth possess,
He, for the first, hears willingly his praise.
Praise, harshly heard from warriors, kings, and lords,
Came down in balm on fair CULENA's words.

The royal pair thus fed the mutual fire,
Now speak, now pause, when both alike admire.
He longs to vent the passion of his soul,
And she the tempests in her bosom roll.
Now he begun, - but shame his voice oppress'd ;
Loth to offend, his eyes must tell the rest.
At length, upon the headlong passion borne,
He spoke his love, and had a kind return ;
She sigh'd, she own'd, and bent her modest eyes,
While blushing roses on her cheeks arise.
Thus on the vale the poppy's blushing head,
Brim-full of summer-show'rs, to earth is weigh'd,
Fann'd with the rising breeze, it slow inclines,
While o'er the mead the rosy lustre shines.

INDULPH into his cave the hermit led,
Found erring through the mountain's stormy head.
CULENA, starting as the king appears,
Looks ev'ry way, and trembles as she fears ;
On her mild face the modest blushes rise,
And fair disorder darted from her eyes.
The parent-king observ'd the virgin whole,
And read the harmless secret in her soul.
A while the maze of calm discourse they wind ;
At length the king unveils his royal mind.

“Warded from ALBION’S head, the storm is o’er ;
 Her prince is found, her foes are now no more :
 Through time ’tis ours her happiness to trace,
 ’Tis ours to bind the future bands of peace.
 Posterity for ALBION’S crown may fight,
 And couch ambition in the name of right,
 With specious titles urge the civil war,
 And to a crown their guilty journey tear :
 I end these fears : the streams shall run in one,
 Nor struggling kindred strive to mount the throne.
 I shield my daughter with young DUFFUS’ arms,
 And bless the warrior with CULENA’S charms.”

Thus said the king. Their willing hands they
 join,

The rev’rend priest runs o’er the rites divine.
 The solemn ceremony clos’d with pray’r,
 And DUFFUS call’d his own the royal fair.
 The storm is ceas’d ; the clouds together fly,
 And clear at once the azure fields of sky ;
 The mid-day sun pours down his sultry flame,
 And the wet heath waves glist’ring in the beam.

The hunter-chiefs appear upon the brow,
 Fall down the hill, and join the king below ;

Slow through the narrow vale their steps they bear,
Behind advance the spoils of sylvan war.

Far on a head-land point condens'd they stood,
And threw their eyes o'er ocean's fable flood ;

Tall ships advance afar ; their canvas-sails
In their swell'd bosom gather all the gales ;

Floating along the fable back of sea,

Before the wind they cut their spumy way,

Bend in their course, majestically flow,

And to the land their lazy journey plow.

Thus spungy clouds on heav'n's blue vault arise,
And float, before the wind, along the skies ;

Their wings oppos'd to the illustrious sun,

Shine, as they move, majestically on.

Thus godlike HAROLD brought his floating aid,

Unknowing SUENO's number'd with the dead ;

From ANGLIA's coasts he call'd his troops afar,

To aid his brother in the foreign war.

Arriv'd, he in the wave the anchor throws,

Attempts to land ; and ALBION's chiefs oppose,

Wave on the fatal shore the pointed spear,

And send the arrow whizzing through the air.

The DANES return the flying death afar,

And, as they crowd away, maintain the war.

An arrow tore through air its murm'ring path,
 Fell on the king, and weigh'd him down to death :
 Quick from the wound the blood tumult'ous
 sprung,

And o'er the sand the reeking weapon flung ;
 Prone on the strand, an awful trunk he lies,
 While sleep eternal steals upon his eyes.

The mournful chiefs around the dying stood,
 Some raise the body, others stem the blood :
 In vain their care ; the soul for ever fled,

And fate had number'd INDULPH with the dead.

CULENA, whom young DUFFUS set apart,
 With a green bank secur'd the hostile dart.

Her father's fate assail'd her tender ear,
 She beat her snowy breast, and tore her hair :
 Frantic along the sand she run, she flew,

And on the corse distressful beauty threw :
 She call'd her father's shade with filial cries,
 And all the daughter streaming from her eyes.

Bent on revenge the furious DUFFUS strode,
 And ey'd with angry look the fable flood.

A ship, which near had took its nodding stand,
 Fix'd with the pitchy haulser to the strand,

Remains of SUENO's fleet, the hero view'd,
And to the mournful warriors spoke aloud :
“ Let these whose actions are enchain'd by years
Honour the mighty dead with friendly tears ;
While we of youth, descending to the main,
Exact severe atonement of the DANE.”

He thus ; and rushing through the billowy roars,
With brawny arms his rapid journey oars,
Divides with rolling chest the ridgy sea,
Lashing the bubbling liquid in his way.

The boat he seiz'd, and, meas'ring back the deep,
Wafted his brave companions to the ship ;
The haulser broke, unfurl'd the swelling sail,
And caught the vig'rous spirit of the gale :
Before the sable prow the ocean parts,
And groans beneath the vessel as it darts.

Now on the foe the Scottish warriors gain,
Swells on th' approaching eye the floating DANE.
Fierce ULRIC's skill brought up the lazy rear,
Fam'd in the fields of main to urge the war.
Twice seven years, in base pursuit of gain,
He plow'd the waves, the common foe of men ;
At last to HAROLD aiding arms he join'd,
Grasping the spoil with avaricious mind.

At first he shoots the leaping shaft afar,
 And manages with skill the distant war.
 'The chiefs of ALBION, with collected might,
 Bear on the foe, and close the naval fight.
 Deck join'd to deck, and man engag'd with man,
 Sword spoke with sword, and SCOT transfix'd his

. DANE.

'The smoaking oak is cover'd o'er with gore,
 Till the whole pirate-crew are now no more.
 'The empty hull from wave to wave is tost,
 Nods as it floats, the sport of ev'ry blast.

The Caledonian chiefs again pursue :
 The Scandinavian fleet o'er ocean flew.
 T' elude the foe, the DANES fly diff'rent ways,
 And cut with sep'rate prows the hoary seas.
 Some bear to sea, some rush upon the land,
 And fly amain on earth, a trembling band.

As, in pursuit of doves, on rapid wings
 The darting hawk through air his journey sings,
 But when the parting flock divides the sky,
 Hovers, in doubt this way or that to fly :
 So undetermin'd long young DUFFUS stood ;
 At length he sigh'd, and thus began aloud :

“ While thus, O chiefs, we urge the flying DANE,
 Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, lies the mighty slain.
 'Tis ours to grace with woe great INDULPH'S bier,
 And o'er his fallen virtue shed the tear.”

The warrior spoke: the CALEDONIANS sigh'd,
 And with returning prow the waves divide,
 With swelling sail bring on the fatal shore,
 Where o'er the dead the aged chiefs deplore.
 The warriors bear their monarch as they come,
 In sad procession to the silent tomb,
 Forfake with lazy steps the founding main,
 And move a sad and lamentable train.

Behind the dead the tuneful bards appear,
 And mingle with their elegies the tear;
 From their sad hearts the mournful numbers flow
 In all the tuneful melody of woe.

In grief's solemnity CULENA leads
 A mournful train of tear-distilling maids:
 Above the rest, the beauteous queen appears,
 And heightens all her beauties with her tears.

Now in the tomb the godlike INDULPH laid,
 Shar'd the dark couch with the illustrious dead:
 All o'er his grave the mournful warriors sigh,
 And give his dust the tribute of the eye.

Removing, as the night inwrapt the sky,
They share the nuptial feast with solemn joy.
The royal DUFFUS, with a husband's care,
Sooth'd in his martial arms the forrowing fair,
O'er ALBION's rocks exerted his command,
And stretch'd his sceptre o'er a willing land.

END OF THE HIGHLANDER.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MIXED PAPER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FRAGMENT OF A NORTHERN TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORSE.



WHERE fair-hair'd HAROLD o'er SCANDINIA
reign'd,

And held with justice, what his valour gain'd,
SEVO, in snow, his rugged forehead rears,
And o'er the warfare of his storms appears
Abrupt and vast. White wandering down his side
A thousand torrents, gleaming as they glide,
Unite below; and pouring through the plain,
Hurry the troubled TORNO to the main.

Grey, on the bank, remote from human kind,
By aged pines, half-shelter'd from the wind,

A homely mansion rose, of antique form,
For ages batter'd by the polar storm.
To this fierce SIGURD fled, from NORWAY'S lord,
When fortune settled on the warrior's sword,
In that rude field, where SUECIA'S chiefs were slain,
Or forc'd to wander o'er the Bothnic main.
Dark was his life, yet undisturb'd with woes ;
But when the memory of defeat arose,
His proud heart struck his side ; he grasp'd the
 spear,

And wounded HAROLD in the vacant air.

One daughter only, but of form divine,
The last fair beam of the departing line,
Remain'd of SIGURD'S race. His warlike son
Fell in the shock which overturn'd the throne.
Nor desolate the house : FIONIA'S charms
Sustain'd the glory which they lost in arms.
White was her arm, as SEVO'S lofty snow,
Her bosom fairer than the waves below,
When heaving to the winds ; her radiant eyes
Like two bright stars, exulting, as they rise,
O'er the dark tumult of a stormy night,
And gladd'ning heav'n with their majestic light.

In nought is ODIN to the maid unkind :
Her form scarce equals her exalted mind ;
Awe leads her sacred steps where'er they move,
And mankind worship, where they dare not love.
But mix'd with softness was the virgin's pride ;
Her heart had feeling, which her eyes deny'd.
Her bright tears started at another's woes,
While transient darkness on her soul arose.

The chase she lov'd ; when morn, with doubtful
beam

Came dimly wand'ring o'er the Bothnic stream,
On SEVO's founding sides, she bent the bow,
And rous'd his forests to his head of snow.
Nor mov'd the maid alone ; &c.

THE EARL MARISCHAL'S WELCOME TO HIS
NATIVE COUNTRY,

AN ODE,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF PINDAR.

'T WAS when the full-ear'd harvest bow'd
Beneath the merry reaper's hand ;
When here the plenteous sheafs were strew'd,
And there the corns nod o'er the land ;
When on each side the loaden'd ground,
Breathing her ripen'd scents, the jovial season crown'd ;
The villagers, all on the green,
Th' arrival of their lord attend ;
The blythsome shepherds haste to join,
And whistling from the hills descend ;
Nor orphan nor lone widow mourns ;
Ev'n hopeless lovers lose their pains ;

To-day their banish'd lord returns,

Once more to blefs' his native plains.

Each hoary sire, with gladden'd face,

Repeats some ancient tale,

How he with TYRCIS, at the chace,

Hy'd o'er the hill and dale :

Their hoary heads with rapture glow,

While each to each repeats,

How well he knew where to bestow,

Was to oppression still a foe ;

Still mixing with their praise his youthful feats.

Then from the grass MELANTHUS rose,

The arbitrator of the plains,

And silent all stood fix'd to hear

The TITURUS of MERNIA's swains ;

For with the MUSE's fire his bosom glow'd,

And easy from his lips the numbers flow'd.

“ Now the wish'd-for day is come,

Our lord reviews his native home ;

Now clear and strong ideas rise,

And wrap my soul in extasies :

Methinks I see that ruddy morn,
When, waken'd by the hunter's horn,
I rose, and, by yon mountain's side,
Saw TYRCIS and ACHATES ride ;
While, floating by yon craggy brow,
The slowly-scatt'ring mist withdrew ;
I saw the roe-buck cross yon plain,
Yon heathy steep I saw him gain ;
The hunters still fly o'er the ground,
Their shouts the distant hills resound ;
DUNNOTYR's tow'rs resound the peal
That echoes o'er the hill and dale.
At length, what time the ploughman leads
Home from the field his weary steeds,
At yon old tree the roe-buck fell :
The huntsmen's jocund mingled shouts his downfal
tell.

The mem'ry of those happy days
Still in my breast must transport raise ;
Those happy days, when oft were seen
The BROTHERS marching o'er the green,
With dog and gun, while yet the night
Was blended with the dawning light,

When first the sheep begin to bleat,
And th' early kine rise from their dewy feat."

'Thus as he spoke, each youthful breast

Glows with wild extasies ;

In each eye rapture stands confest,

Each thinks he flies along the mead,

And manages the fiery steed,

And hears the beagles' cries.

The sage MELANTHUS now again

Stretch'd forth his hand, and thus resum'd the strain :

" Now my youthful heat returns,

My breast with youthful vigour burns :

Methinks I see that glorious day,

When, to hunt the fallow-deer,

Three thousand march'd in grand array ;

Three thousand march'd with bow and spear,

All in the light and healthy dress

Our brave forefathers wore,

In KENNETH's wars, and BRUCE's days,

And when the ROMANS fled their dreadful wrath of
yore.

O'er ev'ry hill, o'er ev'ry dale,
 All by the winding banks of TAY,
 Refounds the hunter's chearful peal,
 Their armour glitt'ring to the day."

Big with his joys of youth the old man stood ;
 DUNNOTYR'S ruin'd tow'rs then caught his eye ;
 He stopp'd, and hung his head in pensive mood,
 And from his bosom burst th' unbidden sigh.

Then turning, with a warrior look,
 Shaking his hoary curls, the old man spoke :

" Virtue, O Fortune ! scorns thy pow'r,
 Thou can't not bind her for an hour ;
 Virtue shall ever shine ;
 And endless praise, her glorious dow'r,
 Shall bless her sons divine.
 The kings of th' earth, with open arms,
 Th' illustrious EXILES hail :
 See warlike CYRUS, great and wise,
 Demand, and follow their advice,
 And all his breast unveil.

See, pouring from their hills of snow,
 Nations of savages in arms !

A desert lies where'er they go,
 Before them march pale Terror and Alarms.

The Princes of the South prepare
 Their thousand thousands for the war ;
 Against thee, CYRUS, they combine ;
 The North and South their forces join,
 To crush thee in the dust :
 But thou art safe ; ACHATES draws
 His sword with thine, and backs thy cause ;
 Yes, thou art doubly safe, thy cause is just.

With dread the TURKS have oft beheld
 His sword wide waving o'er the field ;
 As oft these sons of carnage fled
 O'er mountains of their kindred dead.

When all the fury of the fight
 With wrath redoubled rag'd ;
 When man to man, with giant-might,
 For all that's dear engag'd ;
 When all was thunder, smoke, and fire ;
 When from their native rocks the frightened springs
 retire ;

'Twas then, through streams of smoke and blood,
ACHATES mounts the city-wall :
Though wounded, like a god he stood,
And at his feet the foes submissive fall.

Brave are the GOTHs, and fierce in fight,
Yet these he gave to rout and flight ;
Proud when they were of victory,
He rush'd on like a storm ; dispers'd and weak they fly.
Thus, from the GRAMPIANS old,
A torrent, deep and strong,
Down rushes on the fold,
And sweeps the shepherd and the flock along.

When, through an aged wood,
The thunder roars amain,
His paths with oaks are strew'd,
And ruin marks the plain :
So many a German field can tell,
How in his path the mighty heroes fell.

When, with their num'rous dogs, the swains
Surprise the aged lion's den,
Th' old warrior rushes to the charge,
And scorns the rage of dogs and men ;

His whelps he guards on ev'ry side;
Safe they retreat. What though a mortal dart
Stands trembling in his breast, his dauntless heart
Glow with a victor's pride.

So the old lion, brave ACHATES, fought,
And miracles of prowess wrought;
With a few piquets bore the force
Of eighty thousand, stopp'd their course,
Till off his friends had march'd, and all was well.
Ev'n he himself could ne'er do more,
Fate had no greater deed in store——
When all his host was safe, the godlike Hero fell."

Thus as he spoke, each hoary sire
Fights o'er again his ancient wars;
Each youth burns with a hero's fire,
And triumphs in his future scars;
O'er bloody fields each thinks he rides,
The thunder of the battle guides;
(Beneath his lifted arm, struck pale,
The foes for mercy cry);
And hears applauding legions hail
Him with the shouts of victory.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

AN OFFICER KILLED BEFORE QUEBEC.

AH me ! what sorrow are we born to bear !
How many causes claim the falling tear !
In one sad tenor life's dark current flows,
And ev'ry moment has its load of woes :
In vain we toil for visionary ease,
Or hope for blessings in the vale of peace ;
Coy happiness ne'er blesses human eyes,
Or but appears a moment, and she flies.

When peace itself can seldom dry the tear,
What floods demand the dreary wastes of war !
Where undistinguish'd ruin reigns o'er all,
At once the truant and the valiant fall ;
Where timeless shrouds inwrap the great and brave,
And DAPHNIS sinks into a nameless grave.

Dear hapless youth, cut off in early bloom,
A fair, but mangled victim for the tomb !
No friendly hand to grace thy fall was near,
No parent's eye to shed one pious tear ;
No favour'd maid to close thy languid eyes,
And send thee mindful of her to the skies :
On some cold bank thy decent limbs were laid ;
Oh ! honour'd living, but neglected dead !

So soon forsake us, dear lamented shade,
To mix obscurely with the nameless dead !
Thus baulk the rising glory of thy name,
And leave unfinish'd an increasing fame !
Thus sink for ever from a parent's eyes !
Wert thou not cruel ? or ye partial, skies ?

But what can bound, O thou by all approv'd !
'The sad, sad sorrows of the friend you lov'd ?
A friend who doted on thy worth before !
A friend who never shall behold thee more !
Who saw combin'd thy manly graces rise,
To please the mind and bless the ravish'd eyes ;
A soul replete with all that's great and fair,
A form which cruel savages might spare.

If, in the midnight hour, lamented shade,
 You view the place where thy remains are laid ;
 If pale you hover o'er your secret grave,
 Or viewless flit o'er *Hofbelega's* * wave ;
 O ! when my troubled soul is sunk in rest,
 And peaceful slumbers sooth my anxious breast,
 To fancy's eyes in all thy bloom appear,
 Once more thy own unfullied image wear ;
 Unfold the secrets of your world to me,
 Tell what thou art, and what I soon shall be.

He comes ! he comes ! but O how chang'd of late !
 How much deforms the leaden hand of fate !
 Why do I see that gen'rous bosom gor'd ?
 Why bath'd in blood the visionary sword ?
 What rudeness ruffled that disorder'd hair ?
 Why, blameless shade, that mournful aspect wear ?
 For sure such virtues must rewarded be,
 And Heav'n itself approve of *WOLFE* and thee.
 Yes, thou art blest'd above the rolling sphere ;
 'Tis for myself, not thee, I shed the tear.
 Where shall I now such blameless friendship find,
 Thou last best comfort of a drooping mind ?

* The river St Lawrence.

To whom the pressures of my soul impart,
Transfer my sorrows, and divide my heart?
Remote is he who rul'd my breast before,
And he shall soothe me into peace no more.

Men born to grief, an unrelenting kind,
Of breasts discordant, and of various mind,
Scarce, 'midst of thousands, find a single friend:
If Heav'n at length the precious blessing send,
A sudden death recalls him from below;
A moment's bliss is paid with years of woe.

What boots the rising sigh? in vain we weep,
We too like him anon must fall asleep;
Life, and its sorrows too, shall soon be o'er,
And the heart heave with bursting sighs no more;
Death shed oblivious rest on ev'ry head,
And one dull silence reign o'er all the dead.

ON
THE DEATH
OF
A YOUNG LADY.

LAMENTED shade ! thy fate demands a tear,
An off'ring due to thy untimely bier ;
Accept then, early tenant of the skies,
The genuine drops that flow from friendship's eyes !
Those eyes which raptur'd hung on thee before,
Those eyes which never shall behold thee more :
So early hast thou to the tomb retir'd,
And left us mourning what we once admir'd.

For this did beauty's fairest hand arise
On all your shape, and kindle in your eyes ?
For this did virtue form your infant mind,
And make thee best as fairest of thy kind ?
Did all the pow'rs for this their gifts bestow,
And only charm us to increase our woe ?

A moment blefs us with celeftial day,
Then envious snatch the facred beam away ?
Recall the beauteous prize they lately gave,
And bid our tears defcend on ANNA'S grave ?

How did the mother fee her daughter rife,
A lovely plant to blefs her aged eyes !
How oft in thought her future pleasure trace,
Appoint her husband, and enjoy her race !
But now no husband fhall enjoy that bloom,
Nor offspring rife from the unfruitful tomb.

An unexpected gift the virgin came,
The laft, but faireft of a falling name ;
A ray to light a father's eve ſhe ſhone,
And heal'd the lofs of many a buried fon :
But ſoon invading darknefs chas'd away
The beauteous fetting of a glorious day ;
Soon Heav'n which gave, again refum'd its own ;
And of his fam'ly he remains alone.

His thoughts in her refin'd no more he'll trace,
Or view his features foften'd in her face ;
No more in ſecret on her beauty gaze,
Or hide his gladnefs when he hears her praiſe :

Mute is the tongue which pleas'd his soul before,
And beauty blushes in that cheek no more.

Peace, gentle shade, attend thy balmy rest,
And earth sit lightly on thy snowy breast ;
Let guardian angels gently hover round,
And downy silence haunt the hallow'd ground :
There let the SPRING its sweetest offspring rear,
And sad AURORA shed her earliest tear.
Some future maid perhaps, as she goes by,
Shall view the place where her cold reliques lie :
Folly for once may sadden into care,
And pride, unconscious, shed one generous tear ;
While this big truth is swelling in the breast,
That death nor spares the fairest nor the best ;
That virtue feels th' unalterable doom,
And beauty's self must moulder in the tomb.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

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WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.







77

