

**The poetical works of Dr. John Leyden : with memoir by Thomas Brown, and portrait from the original pencil sketch by Captain Elliot / [John Leyden].**

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CENTENARY EDITION

*LIFE AND POEMS*  
OF  
*DR. JOHN LEYDEN*



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*John Lyden*



Practical Hymns

OR JOHN LEYDEN

THOMAS LEYDEN

*And Portrait from the original in the Leyden Manuscript*


WILLIAM T. LEYDEN

LONDON: 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, CO. LONDON

AND BIRMINGHAM

1873





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*John Lydgate*

D. G. Crawford  
August 1910

THE  
Poetical Works  
OF  
DR JOHN LEYDEN.

presented by Walter Scott

WITH MEMOIR  
BY  
THOMAS BROWN.

*And Portrait from the Original Pencil Sketch by Captain Elliot.*

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"I knew him, a lamp too early quenched."—SCOTT.

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WILLIAM P. NIMMO,  
LONDON : 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND ;  
AND EDINBURGH.

1875.





" . . . Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore  
 Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,  
 And lonely Colonsay ;—  
 Scenes sung by him who sings no more !  
 His bright and brief career is o'er,  
 And mute his tuneful strains ;  
 Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,  
 That loved the light of song to pour ;  
 A distant and a deadly shore  
 Has Leyden's cold remains.

—SCOTT.

"Leyden caught and poured impassioned strain—  
 Whose ardent spirit rose with soaring wing  
 Of hooded erne that rode the rack, high, dim,  
 OnswEEPing through the sky, 'where Ruberslaw  
 Conceives the mountain storm'—a broken life  
 Was his, alas ! with promise unfulfilled :  
 A man 'mong men, who rose to what he was  
 In pure outcome of free, spontaneous power  
 His God had given, and o'er his early bier  
 Two Muses met—the Muse of Scottish Song,  
 The Muse of Eastern Lore—to mourn him dead,  
 To wail their broken hopes, but yet to joy  
 That he had kept the dearest trust, his prayer—  
 The unselfish heart, the innocence of youth."

—DR JOHN VEITCH.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE present edition of Dr Leyden's Poems has been undertaken by the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, from two distinct motives : first, as a tribute of respect to one whose genius raised him from a humble to a most exalted position ; secondly, to supply what his admirers have long considered a *desideratum*, viz., an issue of his complete Poetical Works, at a price within the reach of every one. The portrait, which forms a frontispiece to the volume, has been taken from the original pencil sketch drawn by Captain Elliot, which was presented by Leyden to Colonel M'Kenzie, who subsequently presented it to Mr James Hare ; and Hare, in writing from Limefield on 23d July 1829, to Andrew Leyden, enclosed him the sketch. Colonel M'Kenzie, in handing it over to Hare, had remarked about the portrait,—“ I send you enclosed the sketch of Dr Leyden ; I think it makes him look too old : but it will be recollected that he was sickly, and at sea when it was taken.” The letter from which this extract has been given, along with the pencil sketch, have been kindly lent by a friend well versed in Border lore, to the Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

In seeking to make our edition as complete as possible, no pains have been spared. Besides the pieces contained in the Rev. J. Morton's edition, published in 1819, and hitherto the most complete, we have been able to gather a few others from the periodicals contemporaneous with Leyden, and these additions, though we cannot characterise them as *gems*, sparkle with a facetiousness and liveliness of tone strictly in keeping with the Poet's character.



The most important of these additions are "The Fairy," "The Dryad's Warning," "Bellicosum Facinus," "The Green Veil," "The Descent of Odin," and the "Parody on the Earl of Buchan's Address to the Duchess of Gordon."

In our arrangement of the poetry, we have classified it according to the *nature of the subject*, rather than according to *time*. Each method has its own advantages. The latter shows the development of the Poet's mind, but the former is more logical, and affords greater facilities for reference to any particular piece.

Leyden's vast linguistic knowledge made him an extensive and ready translator. He early began to cultivate this art, and, in the *Edinburgh* and *Scots Magazines*, appears in this capacity far more frequently than any of his contemporaries. In giving his translations, our aim has been to make a selection from the various languages of which he has left us specimens, and these, although very extensive, represent a very small part of his acquisitions in this department.

The NOTES appended to the volume are mainly illustrative of the "Scenes of Infancy." In trying to elucidate this, the most enduring memorial of his poetic genius, we have withheld notes from the majority of his minor pieces. Our reason for this course is, that this poem comprehends such a wide circle of references to Border scenes, events, and characters, as to render the annotation of his less important pieces unnecessary. The notes which appear are chiefly Leyden's, from the first edition of the "Scenes of Infancy." Those now added are subscribed ED. A few others were supplied by my friend and zealous coadjutor, Mr R. Cochrane, Edinburgh.

But the most important part of the undertaking has been the compilation of a New Memoir, and the main difficulty in this work has arisen from the scatteredness rather than the scarceness of the information regarding the great Borderer. Materials have been gleaned from all available sources. The most important were the Memoirs, by Scott and Morton; the Sketches, by Sir John Malcolm, Mr Constable, Mr Erskine, and Lord Minto; and the many incidental notices of him which occur in the biographies and sketches of his illustrious contemporaries, Dr Thomas Brown, Dr Chalmers, Rev. Alexander Murray, Rev. Sydney Smith, Thomas



Campbell the Poet, &c. These have been largely supplemented by information from private sources, chiefly through the medium of Rev. William Veitch, LL.D., Edinburgh, whose intercourse with the Leyden family was long and intimate ; and Mr R. Murray, Hawick, whose acquaintance with Border worthies and Border antiquities is very accurate and extensive. This has been supplemented by information gleaned from the periodicals contemporaneous with, and subsequent to, Leyden.

If this Edition should be thought to exhibit any merits of its own, perhaps they mainly consist in the greater variety of facts and incidents which the compiler has been able to condense into one consecutive narrative. How far we have been able to accomplish this end, which partly instigated the undertaking, and how far we have failed, we leave to the judgment of the indulgent public.

The only duty which we have now to fulfil is a very pleasant one ; but the readiness and zeal shown by each for the memory of the noble Orientalist and Poet, cannot be fully set forth by any verbal acknowledgment. Our warmest thanks are due, however, to Dr Veitch, Edinburgh, for many facts relating to Dr Leyden and the family to which he belonged, as well as for his supervision of the Memoir during its progress through the Press ; to Mr Thomas Constable, publisher, Edinburgh, for permission to make extracts from his recently published and valuable work, "Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents ;" to Mr R. Cochrane, Edinburgh, and Mr A. Brown, Edinburgh, for their uniform assistance from beginning to end of the undertaking ; to Mr R. Murray, Hawick, for many facts hitherto unpublished ; and to all the Members of the Leyden Committee of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, whose zeal has been most liberal and unflagging.

The Volume is sent forth dedicated to NATIVES OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER by the EDINBURGH BORDERERS' UNION.

T. BROWN.

PORTOBELLO, 14th August 1875.





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## LIFE OF JOHN LEYDEN.

---

IN the annals of the Scottish peasantry we meet with many examples of genius grappling with, and triumphing over the most untoward circumstances. In the long list of these self-made men we find many who have gained the proudest laurels in their respective spheres. Few on this roll have shone out with greater effect than JOHN LEYDEN, whom we wish, in this short Memoir, to accompany through the windings of his brief but chequered career. For the sake of convenience, we shall divide this career into three stages—the first, from birth, on September 8th 1775, till his entrance into Edinburgh University, in 1790 ; the second, from 1790 till his departure for India, on April 7th, 1803 ; the third, from the latter date till his death, August 27th, 1811. These different stages of his career are, as may be observed, only changes in his sphere of action, not in those undercurrents of life which flow deeply and silently through all vicissitudes, and give to the individual character its peculiar form. In tracing his life, therefore, we shall keep in view those unchanging elements of his character which started into view during the years of boyhood, ripened into habits in middle life, during his arduous struggle for knowledge, and ultimately raised him to the highest honours in the fatal land of his adoption. Those particular qualities, in which his great strength lay, will make themselves apparent in the course of the narrative.



The first period, from 8th September 1775 to 1790, embraces what has to be stated of his parentage and early life. His parents each belonged to families of extensive name in Teviotdale. The district of Denholm seems especially to have been fruitful in Leydens, as indicated by the tombstones in Cavers Old Churchyard, for of the few which still remain to tell who sleep below, those bearing the name "Leyden" are most numerous. They were chiefly small farmers, and had, for many generations, leased land from the Douglasses of Cavers. But when the demands of the time called them, they had left their rural occupation for the perils of war, and had even sometimes essayed to lisp their thoughts in rhyme. One of them had distinguished himself by his valour in the struggles of our fathers for religious liberty. He had drawn his sword beneath the banner of the Covenant, whose motto—"Gideon and the Lord"—waved so successfully over the handful of Cameronians, who, under the leadership of Colonel Clelland, so gallantly defended Dunkeld Church on 21st August, 1689. Another Leyden had also transmitted to posterity some spirited rhymes, which his greater descendant was wont to repeat with enthusiasm. By his mother, Isabella Scott, he was also connected with a class of small farmers, and, in this relationship, was an offshoot of one of the most powerful Border clans. Such personal connections with those whose names are associated with times and events that were pregnant with mighty issues, exercised great influence in the formation of Dr Leyden's tastes and eccentricities.

John Leyden and Isabella Scott, his wife, had married and settled in a small house in Denholm, and here it was that their first-born of six—four sons and two daughters—was born on or about the 8th September, 1775. The house where this event took place is still occupied: a small white-washed, low-roofed, thatched cottage, but with an air of comfort and serene peacefulness about it, quite in keeping with the simple manners of our rustic progenitors.

Denholm is a small village situated on a rising ground in the vale of the river Teviot. The scenery with which it is environed is rich and varied. Far along the basin of that enchanted stream, the eye rests on undulating fields, waving woodlands, and towering hills. The river itself rolls on majestically, embowered among trees, fringed with verdant pasturage, and overhung in many places with



high precipitous rocks. Such a sight is, indeed, well fitted to kindle the "fine frenzy" of the poet's eye. When we turn towards the "Dean," from which the village gets its name, we find that here Nature has strewn her beauties around with prodigal hand. The Dean is a deep and densely-wooded glen, through which flows a tortuous mountain runlet, enclosed by steep banks, which are covered with the intertwining boughs of elms, firs, beeches, and gnarled oaks. In summer, these braes present a beautiful carpeting of flowers, while the fond ivy wraps many of the stateliest trees in perennial greenness. Precipitous cliffs and jagged gorges introduce the element of the grand and terrible. The monotonous ripple of the brook, and the mellow notes from a thousand little choristers, fill the glen with sweetest music. It is, indeed, a fitting place for musing men, and we may well conceive the ecstasy that would thrill a soul like that of Leyden amid such scenes. This glen became one of his favourite haunts, and in it he erected a bower, where, in peaceful retirement, he might drink deeply of the mysteries of learning. But this by the way.

He was scarcely a year old when his father removed from Denholm to a house called Henlawshiel, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which lies at the foot of Ruberslaw. His father had gone thither to tend the sheep of Andrew Blythe, Mrs Leyden's uncle, and subsequently he acted as steward when his master became blind. Henlawshiel has long been demolished. A Well long marked the spot, but that also has, within the past year or two, been drained away, and the levelling ploughshare has completed the work of obliteration.

This transition planted the young poet in a region where the full energy of his poetic, independent soul would become most speedily developed. Towering and majestic, and crowned with rugged rocks, rose the bold peak of Ruberslaw. Its grey summit often chafed with storms, and its far sloping sides, swathed in whins and heather, breathed into his expanding mind feelings of awe and wonder. There he laid the foundation of that chivalrous independence, that unswerving resoluteness, which were outstanding features in his whole future career. There, too, he first became imbued with those sentiments of piety, which naturally spring from that simplicity of life and awe of divine things, which prevailed in his father's house-



hold. And, amid the same influences, there sprang up early in his mind a strong thirst for legend and story. This craving was fostered by his mother, who was a woman of singular intelligence, and in possession of a rich fund of traditional lore. And should he have ascended the heath-clad hill that towered above his father's house, he might call up in his vivid imagination the mosstrooper scouring the hills and glens far beneath him; he might sit in the stony pulpit from which Peden is said to have uttered to the persecuted Covenanters the words of eternal life, and picture to himself the congregation dispersing into Denholm Dean, when the pitiless dragoons rushed on them. He could see the spot of many a bloody battle-field and fierce Border foray; and far towards the South he could trace the line which bounds while it binds the sister kingdoms. The whole scene, in short, is not only picturesque, but most abundant in its stories of the dim, heroic past. Among scenes and associations like these, Leyden's youth was spent, varied by lessons from his aged grandmother, and such occasional farm-work as suited his boyish strength.

He had reached his ninth year before he was sent to any regular school, and there was none nearer his moorland home than Kirkton, a quiet village about two miles distant from Henlawshiel. He attended this school for three years, and during that period had the same number of masters. But on account of the death of one, and the removal of another, his attendance was much interrupted. A deep thirst for knowledge had, however, been awakened, and eagerly he set himself to attain proficiency in the usual subjects taught by the parish *dominies* of that time,—reading, writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin.

That rustic schoolhouse, which still stands, linking us to the memorable past, did not count among its inmates a more aspiring, more indefatigable pupil. Whether in the class-room or playground, he could rest in no second place. Like the moorburns of his native hills, which, as soon as they have begun to blaze, rapidly spread, and rush on with irresistible force, this young Hercules began that career of laborious perseverance before which the most stupendous difficulties dwindled into trifles. Every bookshelf within reach, both in his father's house and among the neighbouring peasantry, was well ransacked. He spared no labour



whenever he knew where to find one, and even at that early period he seems to have adopted a principle which his whole after life so fully exemplified,—that severe bodily exertion is amply compensated by the improvement of intellect, and that the demands of our higher Being ought to be gratified at any cost.

A selection was out of the question, he eagerly read and stored his mind with whatever he could lay hands on; and among those read at this period were some odd volumes of Scottish history, the “Arabian Nights,” “Sir David Lindsay’s Poetical Works,” “Paradise Lost,” “Chapman’s Homer,” “Wallace and Bruce,” and a book relating to the tyranny of the later Stuarts. The manner in which he got the Arabian Nights will show the strength of his purpose. A companion had excited his curiosity about this book by telling him of the wonders it contained. The book belonged to an apprentice blacksmith who lived some miles from Henlawshiel, and was the only copy to be had in the district. The determination to get and read this volume for himself was so strong within him, that he resolved to go and get permission to read it beside its owner, as being the only conditions on which it was available. He set out, snow on the ground, and reached the blacksmith’s in the early morning. He found the apprentice absent; but, nothing daunted, he wandered on some miles further to where he was working. He stated his errand, but met with a flat refusal. Not to be overcome, however, he persistently waited till the evening, when he either wearied out or softened the blacksmith, who handed the much coveted volume to him as a present.

Some have supposed that this interesting incident gave a decided bent to all his after studies and the course of his life,—a highly probable conjecture, as we find him many years afterwards, when sailing in the Indian Ocean, referring to the wonderful narrative of Sinbad the Sailor in such a way as showed that the facts were still fresh in his memory. The intense craving for knowledge manifesting itself so early, and grappling so successfully with adverse circumstances, soon gave evidence that its possessor was destined for something higher than the routine duties of a farm. His parents saw this, and determined to give him all the encouragement which their limited means could afford. They accordingly sent him to Denholm, to prosecute the study of the classics, which



he had begun under the supervision of Mr Walter Scott, his Second Teacher at Kirkton. He now came under the tuition of the Rev. James Duncan, Cameronian minister at Denholm, whose sagacity and learning in various departments of knowledge were well known in his own day. Here, in company with four or five other aspirants, John Leyden began that course of linguistic erudition which, during his short life, he carried out to such an amazing extent as to leave him almost without a rival. He seemed already disposed to make almost any sacrifice for this kind of knowledge. An amusing anecdote is told of him, somewhat illustrative of this. When he began to attend Mr Duncan's class, his father proposed to provide him with a donkey. But, from a wide-spread dislike of this animal, the young student flatly refused the offer, till an old book, entitled "*Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue*" was placed in the scales beside it, when all objections immediately vanished. There were other two, at least, of the members of this class who, like himself, sought a home on India's rich but fatal soil. These were James Purvis and Gavin Turnbull, the former of whom he met when there, and to whom he addressed those heart-thrilling reminiscences on page 184 of the poems. He remained with Mr Duncan for two years, preparing for his entry into Edinburgh University. During that short period he not only acquired a sound knowledge of classical literature, but cultivated that enlightened appreciation of and fondness for it, which its richness of matter and philological significance so highly deserve. Homer especially fired his imagination, for he loved to contemplate the terrific rage of Achilles, and traverse the angry deep in company with the godlike Ulysses. The simplicity and valour of primeval times had always a peculiar fascination for him, and in many ways he sought to burst the trammels which fastidious and whimsical minds had imposed and named fashion. This feature of his character will, however, come before us more appropriately in a later part of this sketch. The close of his term with Mr Duncan brings us to the end of what we have marked off as the first period of his life, and here we may look back over these fifteen years.

These were years of paramount interest. During their silent course all the elements of his wonderful character began to develop themselves,—unwavering firmness and perseverance, contempt of



sham, habits of intense application, and desire for pre-eminence. His genius, too, surrounded by so many specimens of the grand and beautiful, and moving in an atmosphere of legend and tradition, had been gradually imbibing that inspiration which gives to his effusions such freshness and vigour of thought. It was then that his soul became filled with those sentiments of honour, integrity, independence, and patriotism, which adorned his character through life, and kept him pure amid the snares which so often entice intellectual greatness from its lofty pinnacle, and prostitute it to the gratification of depraved appetites. The simplicity of life which he learned at his father's home accompanied Dr Leyden to the tomb.

The second period embraces his brilliant career in Edinburgh, and introduces us to the centre of the intellectual activity and energy of the time. John Leyden left Henlawshiel for Edinburgh about the beginning of November, 1790. His father accompanied him half way to town with a horse, on which they rode by turns. After an affecting parting, the poet arrived in town, and applied himself with eagerness to his studies. He matriculated, and was soon earnestly working his way in the Latin and Greek classes, under Professors Hill and Dalzell. He soon became known there by the thoroughness with which he executed his work. From the beginning he bound himself to a strict method of study, and, with unswerving regularity, made himself master of the prescribed portions of Latin and Greek for each day, and whatever time was left over, he spent in plunging deep into the stores of knowledge that were now laid open to him in the University Library. He had now ample scope for gratifying his eager appetite for books, and no one plucked the golden fruits with greater relish and greater diligence. But other peculiarities tended to mark out this earnest student among his companions. He had changed his home without altering his habits. He still preserved the broad accent, the rustic free-born bearing of his native glens. These appeared so prominently, that when first called on to perform his exercise in the Greek class, he routed the gravity of the learned Professor, and threw the students into uproarious laughter. But the practised eye of the Professor quickly discerned and encouraged the bright genius that



revealed itself in all his exercises. Leyden soon learned also how to deal with those who tried to make him the butt of their ridicule. He kept in view those who had particularly annoyed him, and as soon as the class was dismissed, plied them with arguments that affected their feelings, if not their reason, and convinced them that, if he lacked refinement of manners, he lacked not muscular strength.

His progress, as was to be expected, was very rapid, and soon his great talents gathered round him a circle of other aspirants, who also rose high among the dazzling lights that adorned the earlier decades of the present century. Among others, the following were boon companions: Thomas Brown, who filled so well the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University from 1810 till his death in 1820; the brilliant and witty Sydney Smith; the energetic and accomplished Francis Horner; Lord Jeffrey, who afterwards edited the *Edinburgh Review* for twenty-seven years, and attained to the highest honours of the bar; Rev. Alexander Murray, who also rose to such distinction in Oriental literature, and was accounted Leyden's only rival; Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope;" and Lord Brougham, one of the most astute and eloquent of modern legislators, who has done so much to diffuse knowledge among the working classes by Mechanics' Institutes and other organisations. Among these men, Leyden would doubtless find that congeniality of taste which is always so conducive to the growth of genius, and early in his curriculum he associated with them in some of those societies where the most enterprising of the students met for mutual improvement. By dint of perseverance he soon became a leading spirit in them, as is clear both from contemporary notices, and the statement of his excellent Biographer, Rev. James Morton. The society of which he first became a member was called The Literary Society. "His first attempts to speak in the society," says this Biographer, "were very unsuccessful, and more than once procured him the mortification of being laughed at by his associates. But his perseverance was not to be overcome. The resolute and manly spirit which supported him on this and every other similar occasion, may be understood from what he said to one of his friends, a person of great abilities and learning, who belonged to the same society, but who, from an excess of modesty, had never attempted



to make a speech. 'I see what will happen,' said Leyden to him one day, after having in vain exhorted him to overcome his timidity, 'I shall, through constant practice, at last be able to harangue, whilst you, through dread of the ridicule of a few boys, will let slip the opportunity of learning this art, and will continue the same diffident man through life.'—*Memoir of Dr John Leyden*, by the Rev. James Morton, pp. xi. xii. Compare with this the following extract from Hanna's "Life of Dr Chalmers," p. 17. It refers to his connection with a Theological Society at St Andrews during the years 1797-8.

"I find that in session 1798-9, Dr Chalmers took out for the subject of debate, 'Is man a free agent?' and chose the negative side. He appears to have taken his regular turn in the debates, and after the first session of his attendance, to have often volunteered a speech in aid of the speaker, who had been regularly appointed at the previous meeting. I remember that these volunteer speeches were generally delivered, not read, and were made in reply to previous speakers. The other principal speakers in this way were John Campbell, now Lord Campbell, and, during one session, the celebrated Mr John Leyden. The session in which Leyden was a member was that of 1797-8. He was far superior to any other speaker in the society. He had an unlimited command of words, and could speak for any length of time on almost any subject."

We may also mention here, although a chronological digression, his connection with another society, which soon became extinct, however, from a decline of interest on the part of its members. This society named itself the Academy of Physics, and as Dr Thomas Brown was Secretary at its dissolution, all its minutes and transactions were found among his papers. These were collected, and a brief history of the society given by Dr Welsh.

We find in this account an extract from the first *minutes* of the society, which gives a list of the members, and a summary of the objects for which it was instituted. "The following gentlemen have resolved to form themselves into an association for the investigation of Nature, the laws by which her phenomena are regulated, and the history of opinions concerning these laws, and to consider preliminary business. Mr Erskine, President. Mr Brougham, Mr Reddie, Mr Brown, Mr Rogerson, Mr Birbeck, Mr Logan, Mr



Leyden." We find, further, that Leyden and Logan were appointed secretaries for the first year, which was no trivial distinction in a society whose members were so select.

In looking back on these societies, and the names which first began to gather round them a nascent lustre, we might venture, if space allowed, to assert their great influence on the nineteenth century literature. Talents of the highest order seemed to gravitate towards our Modern Athens; another Periclean age was about to dawn. These master souls came into coalition, and infused into each other a more earnest and searching spirit of inquiry, and besides other works of perennial fame, in their respective spheres, they gave to the world the *Edinburgh Review*, which has so long produced within its buff and blue pasteboard covers, so many gems of literary taste and mature erudition. The fact that John Leyden, a self-teaching Border peasant, not only was admitted into the society of such accomplished minds, but became one of their brightest magnates, is no small proof of his extraordinary powers.

In returning again, however, to the first year or two of his course, we have not many important facts to mention, his attention being chiefly taken up with the laying of a more solid foundation in classical literature. Other studies occupied a secondary place. The end of his first session found him high in the estimation of both professors and students. He now returned to Henlawshiel, and spent there the six months of vacation in extending and arranging what he had acquired during the previous session. It was then that, in order to obviate any distractive influence, he formed the bower to which reference is made in our description of Denholm Dean. This bower was erected in a shaded, sequestered spot, where no intruder was ever likely to divert his mind from those studies which so thoroughly captivated the young linguist. Here, in silent monotony, he laboured, till the opening of the next winter session again summoned him to the *Alma Mater* of the Metropolis.

During the session 1791-2, he devoted his attention to Logic and mathematics along with senior classics. The Chair of Logic was at that time filled by Professor Finlayson, whose aptitude for teaching the Aristotelian doctrines is well attested by the brilliant array of vigorous and clear thinkers whom his class prepared for



the arena of public controversy. He recognised the native energy of thought and the assiduity of Leyden, and not only bestowed on him particular notice, but found employment for him in the preparing of other students, and acting as his own amanuensis. His progress in mathematics under Professor Playfair was also considerable; but we do not find that this science presented to his mind so great attractions as those mentioned above. His predilection for languages early appeared; and during his college career, amid the multifarious studies to which he applied himself, he found time to master German, Icelandic, French, Italian, Spanish, Persian, Hebrew, and Arabic. No one in the University, except his warm and constant friend Alexander Murray, could equal him in linguistic science. They are said to have each declared that the other was his only formidable rival in this branch of learning. But his attention to these, and the course prescribed for students who are aiming at the clerical profession, was not exclusive; his inquisitive genius did not rest satisfied till he had visited all the more important departments in the University, and mastered the main topics connected therewith. One of his friends being apprehensive lest such a method might interfere with his real progress in any department, was trying to convince him that he ought to narrow his sphere of study. "Dash it, man, never mind," replied the ardent student, "if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please." It was evidently his method to replenish his mind with everything that savoured of learning. The privations of his early life, when nothing was within his reach but a few old books that tenanted the shelves of a thinly-scattered peasantry, induced a great voracity when he had means of satisfying it. Others who have followed the same course have drifted into hopeless pedantry; but he escaped this quicksand by his native powers of mind and his utter abhorrence of shamming frivolity. We say that he escaped this quicksand; yet we must regard his readiness to show his attainments, on some occasions, as a want of discrimination rather than a silly ambition for display. But this failing arose from a consciousness of power, a feeling of self-esteem, which is one of the noblest sentiments of the human mind, when there is nothing of self-deception in it. Leyden cannot be charged with self-deception; his estimate of his own powers was



not beyond the true and verifiable. That phase of his character which appeared to verge on the pedantic, was like the overflowing of a river whose volume of waters cannot be confined within its proper margin, but must have free course among the plains that surround it.

At the end of his second session he left Edinburgh and went to Clovenfords, a village about four miles from Galashiels, and situated on the Cadan, a small rivulet which runs into the Tweed a little above the Yair. He had been employed to act as assistant in the village school. While there he became acquainted with the Rev. James Nicol, the author of a volume of fair poems, with whom he kept up, for a short time, a poetical correspondence in the Scottish dialect. How long this continued is nowhere stated. It seems, however, not to have been of long continuance. They gave it up, but certainly not from choice, for they were both ardent votaries of the muse, and zealous adherents to their native dialect. The devotion of Leyden to the Scottish dialect is another strong element in his character. It is difficult to fix on the true motive that led him to cling so tenaciously to those provincialisms which grate so harshly on the delicate ears of starched pedantry. Some pronounce it affectation; others make it an excessive straining to keep as far apart as possible from any resemblance to those who, in striving to be fashionable, have become mean-spirited and vicious. His spirit of independence shrunk from identifying himself, in any way, with those who had no higher ambition than to accommodate themselves to every taste however frivolous. We could not aver that such statements are entirely without foundation; but it seems more reasonable, because more in harmony with his general character, to think that he adopted his native dialect because he thought that it represented, in greatest purity, English as spoken by our Saxon ancestors. The following extract from an article written by him when editor of the *Scots Magazine*, in 1802, clearly expresses his opinion on this matter:—

“An attentive examination of the subject for that purpose, convinced me that there is no foundation whatever for supposing the Scottish language to be a dialect of the Icelandic or Scano-Gothic, but that, on the contrary, whether we regard the derivation or the inflection of words, it is more closely allied to the Saxon as



a mother-tongue, than is the English itself. That the English contains more Danish or Icelandic words than the Scotch, will appear from collating and comparing the words in a common dictionary under any letter in the alphabet. The Border and Western dialects of the Scottish are almost purely Saxon in the peculiar vocables."

Leyden's opinion exactly coincides with that of T. L. Oliphant in his admirable work, "The Sources of Standard English." This eminent philologist relates that "a Scotch farmer's wife once said to him—finding him rather slow in following her talk when she spoke at all fast—'I beg your pardon, sir, for my bad English.' He answered, 'It is I that speak the bad English; it is you that speak the true old English. It is delightful to hear the peasantry talk of *sackless* (innocens), and *he coft* (emit)."

Leyden remained through life partial to the broad accent of his forefathers. No circumstances could ever make him abandon it in favour of its more fashionable sister-tongue. This often made him unwelcome to the fastidious; but every one who could appreciate true worth, apart from its trappings, or regard a mind for its own inner strength and greatness, delighted in his company. His friends, indeed, saw that his scorn of etiquette would mar his popularity, and sometimes ventured to persuade him that the current English would be more to his advantage. His reply on one occasion, when General Sir John Malcolm—his warm and disinterested friend in India—was exhorting him to modify his dialect, is characteristic. This illustrious soldier and author thus relates the incident in his letter on Leyden's death to the *Bombay Courier*:—

"When he arrived at Calcutta in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. 'I entreat you, my dear friend,' I said to him the day he landed, 'to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community. For God's sake learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men.' 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never. It was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue if you will make fools hold theirs.'"

But in spite of his perhaps too apparent rusticity, in spite of his



strong Border Scotticisms, Leyden, like Robert Burns, was loved and admired by many who moved in the highest circles of society. In proof of this, we need only mention his intimacy with Lady Charlotte Campbell, Miss Graham of Gartmore, and the Duchess of Gordon.

The third session (1792-3) of his curriculum at college was chiefly devoted to Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, and Natural History. The clear intellect of Dugald Stewart was at that time sifting the problems of ethical science, and infusing its own acuteness and ardour into the minds of those whose high privilege it was to listen to his eloquent prelections. Leyden was one who inhaled that wholesome inspiration, and his large, well-sifted views on moral questions became apparent when, as a preacher, he had an opportunity of expounding moral truth. Mr Thomas Constable, in his sketch of Leyden, as one of his father's literary correspondents, states that "it was impossible to listen to him without being convinced of his great learning, his knowledge of ethics, and sincere zeal for the interests of religion."

Before leaving the class of Moral Philosophy, Leyden had thoroughly trained his mind to that severe critical analysis of mental experience, which must be learned by all who set themselves to investigate the phenomena of that mysterious microcosm—the human soul. He had been so successful, that he was honoured with the particular notice of the Professor. In Rhetoric, too, under Professor Greenfield, he seems to have laboured with his wonted ardour; for we find that when this Chair became vacant in 1801, he was among those who were proposed as competent to fill it. His profound knowledge of language, and his aptitude for philological research, eminently qualified him for such a position; but the appointment was conferred on Andrew Brown, who held it for thirty-four years. His progress in Natural Philosophy under Robison, and in Natural History, under Walker, is nowhere adverted to; but his extensive knowledge in these departments may be safely inferred from his skill in using their facts for the sake of illustration.

With the end of this session, Leyden completed the required attendance in the faculty of Arts. During the vacation he went to Nether Tofts, and stayed chiefly with Andrew Blythe. This vener-



able old man was elated with pride at the success of his young kinsman, for the latter had always been an object of his special regard, and during many a long hour he had fanned his patriotic ardour by relating to him tales of chivalry, and the daring exploits of Border chieftains, whose names had become embalmed in the local traditions. The age of this worthy instructor enabled him to look far back, and retain vivid recollections of stirring times, as well as recapitulate what had been told him in early youth by those who had been cognisant of the bold mosstroopers' raids. Leyden drank in the wild tales with even keener relish than before, and soon a good opportunity occurred for him to give them to the world, in "Scott's Border Minstrelsy," to which he was one of the most enthusiastic contributors. His share in this work will, however, come more directly under our notice in a subsequent part of this sketch.

When the vacation ended, Leyden again returned to college. He now (1793-4) entered the theological part of the course which every one, stupid or otherwise, had to attend four years before he could assume the *bands*, and become a licentiate of the Scottish Church. He studied Divinity and Church History, by attending the lectures of Professors Hunter and Hardie. It was the custom at that time for students of theology to write tentative dissertations at various stages of their course, on subjects prescribed by the professors. These were submitted to the criticism of the other students, whose remarks, along with the essay or discourse, were finally sifted by the professor. Leyden soon distinguished himself for critical acuteness, and as he had already accustomed himself to fluency in extemporaneous speaking, he soon became marked for the lucidity and thoroughness of his analysis. He stated his views with a fearless, unflinching independence; for, such opinions as the scrutiny of his strong intellect approved of, he held with unbending tenacity, deeming a man's conscientious convictions the most sacred part of his whole character.

But Leyden's fame was not capable of being long confined within the walls of the University. He was gradually becoming known as a youth of uncommon penetration and anti-quarian zeal. His poetic faculty was also beginning to bear fruit, not from the reason stated in a criticism of Morton's edition of "Leyden's Poetical Remains," inserted in the *Scots Magazine*



for May, 1819, which avers that he was a poet, "because Scott and Campbell and others of his associates and contemporaries were poets, and Leyden was not a man who would willingly be outdone in anything." We can easily believe how much his intercourse with these poetic minds would fan his own enthusiasm for song; but he had begun to write and publish poetry, before he became acquainted with either of them, and long before they were known as poets. Nature had placed in his mind all that warmth of affection, and those fine susceptibilities which spring from the poetic temperament, and Sir Walter Scott's testimony fully verifies the position, that he was in heart and soul a poet of Nature's own making:—

"John Leyden's feelings were naturally poetical, and he was early led to express them in the language of poetry. Before he visited St Andrews, and while residing there, he had composed both fragments and complete pieces of poetry, in almost every style and stanza which our language affords,—from an unfinished tragedy on the fate of the Darien settlement, to songs, ballads, and comic tales. Many of these essays afterwards found their way to the press, through the medium of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In this Periodical there appeared from time to time poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, from the Arabic, from the Syriac, from the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces, indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed "J. L.," and the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793 and 1794, and the speculations which he formed respecting an author, who, by many indications, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted."

Leyden was not a mere imitator, he had too much independence for that; nor was it a spirit of rivalry that actuated him: he visited the Pierian spring because his inborn sympathy with and love for the muses urged him thither.

During the vacation of 1794 he lived with his father, who had now removed to Cavers, a small village with a picturesque environment of woodland, about three miles from Hawick. This village contains in it the parish church, a somewhat long and un-



pretentious structure, which appears to have been erected, whole or in part, about the year 1662. Around this hallowed spot there hovered many a wierdly tale, springing from the superstition and credulity of the past. The villagers regarded the church with feelings of awe and terror. Scarcely did they dare to step within its walls during week days, for they thought that it was then occupied by the spirit of darkness, who, during the dark, grim hours of night, revelled among the spectral tenants of the surrounding tombs.

The young student was in need of some undisturbed retreat, wherein he might prosecute his various studies, and for this he obtained the use of the church during the week. No place could suit his purpose better. The superstitious notions of the simple peasantry prevented them from breaking in upon his privacy, and when they saw the strange characters of his Hebrew and Persiac books, along with the bottles, spirit-vials, and specimens of Natural History which he used to keep beside him, they had no doubt but that he held unhallowed intercourse with the powers of evil. An opinion also prevailed among them that the "black art" was still taught in the great seats of learning. Leyden did not undeceive them, but rather tried to deepen the mystery with which their ignorance invested him. The manner in which he imposed on their credulity is highly amusing, and we may here cite an instance or two no less suggestive than ludicrous.

He had just returned home from college,—an event which never failed to excite the curiosity of the neighbouring peasantry. His brother Robert conveyed the news to the "Big House" (Mr Douglas's). The butler having great faith in John's powers of application, asked if he could raise the "deil" yet. "No," said Robert, "he hasn't got that length yet." But when Robert went home and told the enterprising student what had passed between him and the butler, John assumed a serious air, and said, "Go back, you stupid fellow, and tell him that I can easily do that." Robert obeyed; the butler drank in the news; a night was fixed; and the church was chosen to be the scene of the strange drama. John gave instructions to his willing brother, and when the night arrived, dressed him with the mortcloth as hideously as fancy could devise, and shut him up in the aisle which opened into the church by a large folding



door. The butler came, and found the young magician pacing up and down with a look of intense thoughtfulness. Leyden at once perceived the unquestioning credulity of the spruce hero, and described a chalk circle at a short distance from the aisle door. "Stand within that circle," he gravely said. "If you stand there you can suffer no harm, but if you once step over it, I can no longer guarantee your safety." The butler took up his position, while John continued to walk to and fro, and to repeat, in a deep, solemn tone, some verses of Latin poetry. The haziness of nightfall intensified the awesomeness of the transaction. His movements quickened, and he began to mutter his dark incantations with deeper fervour. A low, rumbling sound, mingled with the clanking of chains, then issued from the aisle, whereupon John thrice waved a wand in true wizard style, and shouted with a loud, imperious voice, "Satan, come forth!" At that signal the creaking door moved slowly back on its hinges, and forth stalked a tall, gaunt figure, draped in black, and thoroughly equipped with all the appendages which the Evil One usually assumes in fervent imaginations. The butler could not stand a moment longer, but with a cry of terror, made for the door, and slackened not till he found himself safely swaddled in his blankets, from which he was unable, on account of the fright, to venture for several days. The two brothers then retired, thoroughly satisfied with their necromantic joke.

On another occasion, when Leyden wished to strengthen their dread of the grey old edifice, he had recourse to an expedient almost as grotesque as the preceding. There happened to be a black sow feeding among the tombstones beside the church. Leyden waited till night had thoroughly thrown her dusky mantle around the earth. Then, having tied her foot to a rope, whose other end was fastened to the bell-rope, he rubbed her with some phosphoric mixture. Feeling the rope tighten, the poor animal began to pull and tug, and the bell began to ring. People hurried to ascertain what was the matter, but they hurried as quickly back again, when they beheld, among the old haunted sepulchres, an unearthly, luminous prodigy, mixing its vehement squealing with the constant ringing of the bell. None could unravel the terrific phenomenon, and none would venture near enough to satisfy themselves, but



quickly turned the heel, and sought, with palpitating hearts, the nearest way to their own firesides, believing that they had seen no other but the Prince of Darkness.

Although Leyden thus sometimes frightened his quiet neighbours, he was always a great favourite among them,—a welcome guest everywhere. Leyden's caricatures of the Arch Fiend began, however, to make some sober villagers think that either his inclinations or abilities lay mainly in that direction. This appears from a remark made when Leyden first preached in Cavers Church. The young preacher gave out as his text—"Get thee behind me, Satan," when one old rustic whispered to another, "I kenned it wad be something like that; he never could let the Deil alane a' his days."

Another favourite resort of his at that period, was the old school-house at Kirkton. Many a day he spent there, helping Andrew Scott in his arduous duties. As was to be expected, the presence of one who had been so lately a tyro within the same walls, and had now gained such high distinction, kindled keener rivalry among the hardy young Kirktonians, and left impressions on their minds which the cares and crosses of eighty years have, in some cases, failed to eradicate. His reputation as a great scholar was already becoming firmly established in the whole vale of Teviot. But the interest of the old and illustrious family of Cavers seems especially to have been productive of real benefit to him. Mr Douglas, lineal descendant of the renowned hero of Otterburn, placed at his service, during the earlier part of each day, the large family library which had accumulated through the course of many generations, and contained manuscripts and books of great antiquity. There were old tales and treatises in great variety. Some dated far back into the Middle Ages, and furnished him with tales of the Black Prince, and Geoffrey Tête Noir. He also found there Bourcher's (Lord Berner's) translation of Froissart's *Chronykle*, whose thrilling narratives entirely captivated him, by that richness of style and matter which makes Hallam say of Froissart, "He equals Herodotus in simplicity, liveliness, and power over the heart." Leyden found in this valuable collection of old parchment scrolls, manuscripts, pamphlets, and ponderous folios, much valuable information pertaining to his native glens, and to times of chivalrous knight errantry. The feelings of ardent Borderism which this ancient library aroused, and his veneration for the noble gentle-



man who so kindly placed it at his disposal, may be gathered from his elegant and patriotic apostrophe to the family :—

“Green Cavers, hallowed by the Douglas’ name,  
Tower from thy woods ! assert thy former fame !  
Hoist the broad standard of thy peerless line,  
Till Percy’s Norman banner bow to thine !  
The hoary oaks, that round thy turrets stand—  
Hark ! how they boast each mighty planter’s hand !  
Lords of the Border ! where their pennons flew,  
Mere mortal might could ne’er their arms subdue :  
Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mowed a host ;  
Nor Death a triumph o’er the line could boast.”

The study which was now, however, most fully engrossing his attention was Hebrew, and the rapidity with which he mastered this language, which Frederick von Schlegel has called “the summit of the pyramid of human speech,” might well give rise to Gilfillan’s somewhat high-coloured remarks, when referring to Leyden in his “Life of Scott :”—

“He was certainly the most determined of students and most eccentric of men, a Behemoth of capacity and strong purpose, who took in a language ‘like Jordan’ into his mouth.” There was nothing that could bend his iron will when once he resolved to make himself master of a subject, and when his soul became absorbed with it, he explored and practised it in every possible way. When his father, at family worship, read from the English Bible, the resolute student used to follow him with his Hebrew. He also wrote letters, in the same language, to fellow students, and thus, in every way, tried to familiarise himself with its construction. In learning a language, he did not spend much time at its grammar, but immediately began to read some easy work wherein the general rules applicable to most languages are exemplified. The first book which he read in any language was usually the Gospel of St John, which is one of the purest specimens of our own English. The same practice was followed by his distinguished friends, Dr T. Brown, and Alexander Murray, the latter of whom, as stated before, is singled out as standing alone beside Leyden for his powers as a linguist. From the study of these languages,



and from the interest that attaches itself to the remains of Oriental greatness, and with a temperament eager for adventure, Leyden was, perhaps, without being fully conscious of it, turning a longing eye towards those parts of the globe where the human race spent its infancy ; where civilisation first dawned and ripened into empires of colossal magnitude ; and where there are so many relics that lead us back, beyond the confines of history, into sympathy with the primitive ages of the world.

During the session 1794-5 he continued to study theology, and directed the great energy of his mind to Hebrew and other Oriental languages. This class was conducted by William Moodie, who had been appointed professor in the same year. During this session he formed at least two friendships, which exercised a salutary influence on him during the remainder of his Edinburgh life. One of these was Dr R. Anderson, the other was Alexander Murray. Dr Anderson was at that time editing the works of the British Poets, and was also the reputed editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Magazine*, one of the leading monthlies of the period. The benefits that flowed from this intimacy were reciprocal. Leyden's extensive reading had put him in possession of many facts relating to the older poets, and his elevated poetic taste rendered Dr Anderson good service in the process of selection. Leyden, in turn, was directed at the outset of his literary career by the ripe experience of one who had already sustained the heat of the conflict ; he also obtained ready access to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, where, during this same session, some of his poetical effusions were first published ; and, perhaps most important of all, by Dr Anderson's influence he was introduced into the society of the most distinguished Edinburgh *literati*. The benevolence of disposition and readiness to help struggling genius, which were leading features in Dr Anderson's character, soon gained the confidence and strong affections of the ardent young Borderer, and a friendship was formed which both maintained with equal fidelity till Leyden's bright career was eclipsed in the gloom of his early death.

William Erskine, Esq., states in a paper read before the Literary Society at Bombay, that Dr Anderson's advice was always of the greatest service to Leyden, and that no plan was formed which was not instantly carried to his friend's abode ; and, from the first winter



when Leyden arrived in Edinburgh to the moment of his departure from that city, few days passed in which he did not repair for instruction and encouragement to this venerable friend. This gentleman was one of those who tried to dissuade Leyden from going to India, by urging him to be content with a small competence in his native, rather than chase a phantom in a foreign land. The answer which Leyden returned is in keeping with the inborn resoluteness of his character. "It is too late. I go; the die is cast, I cannot recede."

The intimacy which arose between him and Alexander Murray during the same session, was also prolific of great benefits to both. They were of the same age, sprung from the same lowly rank, grappled with and overcame difficulties which others would have deemed insurmountable. They were both striving for the Church, both were ardent votaries of the muse, and were each so profoundly instructed in linguistic science, that Britain had hitherto failed to produce their equal; and, sad coincidence, an early death cut short their bright careers at the very time when both were entering into the enjoyment of those laurels for which they had so energetically struggled. Rev. A. Murray died when only thirty-eight years old, after he had held the Chair of Hebrew in Edinburgh University for nine months. Hence it was that they, drawn together by such strong sympathies, remained warm and constant friends to the last. They never entertained that narrow-minded jealousy which so often causes discord among competitors for literary distinction. Instead of this, each sought to magnify the attainments of the other. They studied together, and to this we may doubtless ascribe their unparalleled proficiency. They had daily intercourse from 1794 till 1802, when Leyden resigned the editorship of the new *Scots Magazine* in favour of his friend, prior to his own departure for India. In the few letters which have survived the changes of nearly three-quarters of a century, we find a mutual interest in each other's welfare and pursuits, when upwards of four thousand miles of water rolled between them. But the strength and beauty of their sympathy and friendship can best be gathered from the calm and sorrowful words of Murray, when he heard of his friend's untimely death. From a letter to Mr Constable, the celebrated publisher, who had been a true and attached friend to both, we quote the following:—



“You must have been among the first to hear the news of the Batavian Expedition, and the subsequent death of our old friend Dr Leyden. I regret that event exceedingly, both from motives of long and intimate friendship, and the loss—the really incalculable loss—which literature has sustained by the death of a man of such accomplishments and views in his interesting situation. We might have expected from him a clear and accurate account of the nations between China and India, and, above all, of the relations in which the tribes of most parts of Asia have stood to one another. His talent for languages might have laid open the way to other adventurers, whose efforts might have been of good service in various respects, though perhaps they would not have been strong enough to have surmounted the difficulties of an unattempted intercourse and untried communication. With the aid of language a man of science is at home in any age of any country; without it he is limited entirely to what he sees.

“If I remember right, you and John did not altogether agree on some points. If, however, you estimate his character fully, now that the trial of it is over, you will agree with me that he had a bold, adventurous mind, not afraid of any labour or the most painful researches; that he had more literature of the classical, antiquarian, and Oriental kind than any man you or I ever knew; that his taste was good, and that he was able to philosophise as well as comment on the history of present and past ages. He would have contributed something to the general stores of useful knowledge in any situation. In India he would have supplied a large blank in the annals of the world, by tracing the ancient state of the nations which have been established in those regions before others were formed, or any way civilised. Alas! that is all over.”

These are the sentiments of one who felt the bereavement with intense grief. And of the posthumous notices which appeared concerning Leyden, most were by the hand of Murray.

By means of Dr Anderson, as above hinted, Leyden got access to the *Edinburgh Magazine*. The pieces which appeared with the signature “J. L., Banks of the Teviot,” were not long in attracting the attention of able critics, as products of one destined to excel. With more energy than elegance, they breathe the rich



melody of a free, unsullied heart. Sometimes they sparkle with vivid flashes of poetic light, but at other times this is bedimmed by a strained elaborateness of expression. The *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1795 contained, among others, the following pieces :—"A Danish Ode," "Elegiac Lines on the Death of a Sister," "The Fairy," and "Ruberslaw."

The vacation of 1795 was spent by Leyden beside his parents, and this was the last of those brief, reviving periods during which, amid the undistracting influences of a pious home, he was able to unbend his mind from the rigorous strain to which he subjected it at college. In the quiet circle it was now his custom to conduct the family devotions, and his prayers abounded in that rich expressive diction in which the true Church has embodied her holiest and most fervent breathings, since Israel's minstrel king and soul-stirring prophets were inspired by the living God. On his return to college, he still attended the theological classes, and devoted some hours to the private tuition of advanced pupils, whom he continued to instruct during the following summer.

About the end of 1796 he was recommended by Professor Dalzel to Mr Campbell of Fairfield, as a fit tutor for that gentleman's sons. He accepted the situation, and became as one of the family, enjoying that respect due to his genius and worth. The engagement lasted for about three years, and was a triennium of supreme interest. When at Fairfield he had much leisure, which was spent in extending his study, not only of antique and abstruse learning, but also in investigating, with keen attention, the questions and commotions of his own day. France was still writhing from the agonies of her self-inflicted torture, during the Reign of Terror, and every throne in Europe was more or less trembling from fear of the levelling mania which had infused its doctrines into every state. Democracy was rampant in Britain, and many societies were actively at work struggling to reform the constitution. Restlessness was characteristic of the period. India had begun to disclose her immense resources. There was a rapidly increasing activity making itself manifest everywhere. The brilliant successes of the British fleet under such admirals as Howe, Duncan, and Nelson, were crowning Britain's naval greatness with the sovereignty of the seas. The explorations and discoveries of Mungo Park throughout the vast



territory of Nigritia, were arousing a spirit of earnest inquiry concerning the immense, unexplored regions of Central Africa. Leyden took a lively interest in all these affairs, but turned the ardour of his enthusiasm especially towards the undefined wastes which stretch beneath the burning zone. The result of this special and congenial study was embodied in a treatise on African discovery, which we shall notice more particularly hereafter.

During the second year of his engagement with Mr Campbell, he accompanied two of his pupils to St Andrews University. There he formed new friendships and new associations. An intimacy sprang up between him and Professor Hunter, whose attainments in classical literature were at that time unsurpassed by any scholar in Scotland. His intercourse with Professor Hunter was highly beneficial to him, for he found not only an inexhaustible wealth of classical knowledge in his new friend, but that frankness of manner and amiability of disposition, which are inseparable from genuine worth. Another congenial spirit, whose friendship Leyden cultivated while at St Andrews, was Thomas Chalmers. Reference has already been made to their connection with the Theological Society. It is also interesting to know that Leyden was at a later date partly instrumental in securing Chalmers' appointment as pastor of Cavers Church.

The new associations of that venerable old city, the rich mine of antique and classical literature afforded by the oldest University in Scotland, the many strange voices that floated, through history and tradition, out of the dusky past, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, "the monastic life of its inhabitants," fascinated the young tutor. Encircled by such incentives, and urged on by the ardour of his own genius, Leyden plunged deeply into his varied studies. Several poetical pieces, the "Ode to Phantasy," &c., issued from the United College, in the early part of 1798. During that year his name occurs in the Poet's Corner of the *Edinburgh Magazine* far more frequently than any other. These contributions were chiefly translations, and embraced a wide circle of languages,—Greek, Hebrew, Ethiopic, Persic, Arabic, and Italian. His facility in translating from one language to another was remarkable; and whether he wished to communicate the songs of warriors or the peaceful strains of shepherds, he did so with equal fidelity.



Leyden left St Andrews in April or May, 1798, not without some longing for the wider field which lay before him in the metropolis. His bosom friends were there, and there, perhaps, was also the maid of his heart. In a sonnet written at St Andrews, in 1798, he thus speaks as one who would fain exchange "Eden's shadowy banks" for "Lothians' daisied plains:"—

“ And often to myself, in whispers weak,  
I breathe the name of some dear gentle maid ;  
Or some loved friend, whom in Edina's shade  
I left when forced these eastern shores to seek !  
And for the distant months I sigh in vain,  
To bring me to these favourite haunts again.”

This wish was soon gratified, for while at St Andrews he completed his trials before the Presbytery as a candidate for the Church, and in May, 1798, gained that laurel for which he had so manfully struggled, by becoming a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. Immediately thereafter he returned to Edinburgh, and preached frequently in the various pulpits of that city. In this capacity, however, he did not shine so brilliantly as his extensive attainments, and the power of his own intellect would lead us to have expected. His utterance was fluent, his sentences full of power, and the thought rich and weighty ; but all these qualities, so essential to a successful preacher, were marred by a voice unmusical and grating, when too much raised, and by a somewhat ungraceful manner of delivery. These defects stood directly opposed to his preferment in the Church. Only such as could look deeper than the embellishments of rhetoric, and follow in the wake of pure, well-reasoned thought, really knew his merits ; but, as it happens, men of that type are rare. Twice had Leyden almost within his reach a vacant parochial charge, and as often failed to gain it. It was not, indeed, want of influence, for several noblemen had offered to assist him, and promised the first vacancy which came under their patronage, while others promised to secure for him some presentation vested in the Crown. He would have become incumbent of his native parish, had there not been a breach in the arrangement, caused, it is alleged, by the opposition of the aged pastor, whose grave humour had no doubt been often severely tested by the tricks of



the adventurous candidate. It was also expected that the Duddingstone parish was to become vacant, and he had the promise of the appointment from the Marquis of Abercorn, its patron. Its pastor, however, remained for a year or two longer, but did ultimately vacate it during the year that preceded Leyden's departure for India; but his mind had already come under the dominion of an irrepressible longing for foreign adventure, and he clung to the motto, "Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead."

From the time when the fame of Mungo Park was rising to its brightest lustre, the mind of Leyden had been gradually nursing a desire to travel. He became so imbued with the passion, that it gave a peculiar colour to his entire activity. In his dreams he penetrated through tropical forests, encountered the dusky hordes of Central Africa, and grappled with the ferocious denizens of the jungle. His conversation loved to revel among the stories of travellers, and his ardour began to burn when he spoke of nations which poured forth such multitudinous armies as dimmed the light of the sun with the density of their arrow charge, or when he narrated the adventures of Brisson, Layard, Park, and others who had ventured into the immense territories traversed by the Niger, Senegal, and Gambia. Sir Walter Scott states that about this time he used to come into company, quite full of extraordinary stories, garnished faithfully with the unpronounceable names of the despots and tribes of Africa, which any one at a distance would have taken for the exorcism of a conjuror. In his researches he accumulated an immense store of valuable information regarding the least known, though perhaps most prolific continent of the Eastern Hemisphere. He published the results of his investigations in 1799, in a small volume entitled, "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the Close of the Eighteenth Century." This volume was well received by the public, inasmuch as it gave a clear, comprehensive, and well-compacted view of the progress of African discovery towards the end of the eighteenth century. The information it contained could only be gleaned from a variety of sources, many of which had already become difficult of access. Its great value may also be inferred from the reception that greeted it on the continent. It was at



once translated into German, and is enumerated by Eichhorn among the most valuable materials for the African part of his learned work, entitled, "History of the Three Last Centuries." M. de la Richarderie also notices it repeatedly in his valuable work, "Bibliothèque des Voyages." The public interest was stimulated by the brilliant array of facts, and the well-narrated adventures which the book contained, and soon the same highly-qualified hand was employed to delineate more fully the progress of discovery in Africa from the earliest times. This work was, however, left unfinished, on account of the author's departure for India. We stated that the general public hailed the above treatise with high approbation; but there arose a feeling of jealousy among the inhabitants of that locality which gave birth to Mungo Park. Some thought that Leyden was endeavouring to tarnish the honours which already encircled the name of the intrepid traveller—an opinion as groundless as it was unjust, as we may easily gather from the high respect with which Leyden always regards him. In treating of Mr Park's first journey into Central Africa, and after enumerating some of his most splendid and successful discoveries, Leyden thus finishes his essay:—"It is impossible, in taking a temporary leave of Mr Park, not to acknowledge the sagacity and prudence with which he prosecuted his design, the intrepidity with which he encountered the most formidable dangers, and the perseverance with which he surmounted the obstacles which presented themselves to his progress."

Zeal, however, often overbalances judgment, and this was evidently the error to be charged against the detachment of Roxburghshire yeomanry, with whom Leyden was, on one occasion, almost entangled in a miniature feud. He happened to be visiting Hawick shortly after the publication of his African researches. Some of those spirited troopers were quartered there at the same time, and while he was quietly retiring homewards, a friend informed him of the antipathy which some of the yeomen (many of whom were influential farmers and gentlemen in Ettrick and Teviotdale) entertained against him. Leyden keenly felt the injustice of such a feeling, and determined to meet his accusers face to face. He was told that threats affecting his personal safety had been freely uttered. Instead of prudently continuing his homeward journey,



and allowing truth to rise, as it so often requires to do, by its own strength, he directed his march to the Tower-Knowe, where the hostile squadron was parading. He nursed his courage by repeating to himself snatches of old heroic ballads, such as the spirited stanzas that narrate an old feud between the Crichtons of Nithsdale and the Johnstones of Wamphray, dwelling with emphasis on the appropriate couplet,—

“ I’ve done nae ill, I’ll thole nae wrang,  
But back to Wamphray I will gang.”

He met the threatening looks of the yeomen with contemptuous defiance, and somewhat sterner compliments might have passed between them, had not some of a more pacific disposition interfered, and cleared away misunderstandings.

Leyden was still, during the earlier part of 1799, engaged in teaching the young Campbells of Fairfield; but men of literary tastes and distinction were already beginning to cultivate his acquaintance. Archibald Constable, fired with the laudable ambition of preserving old Scottish literature, had, for upwards of four years been gradually accumulating scarce old books. Many of the most distinguished *literati* frequented the shop of this amiable gentleman. On his shelves they found a rich collection of antique thought, and in his liberal patronage the highest inducements to literary exertions. Leyden was one of his most frequent visitors, and cultivated an intimacy which continued unchanged till the end of his brief career. He was employed by Mr Constable in various works of great importance, although their opinions in some matters did not coincide. We shall notice such engagements in due order. In this world-famed establishment Leyden met with many kindred tastes. Among the most important was the friendship which he there formed with Richard Heber. This gentleman had come from Brazenose College, Oxford, to investigate the history of Scottish literature, and cultivate the friendship of those by whose names the literary activity of the age was represented. Dr Anderson was the means by which the two congenial minds came into more intimate communion. His sagacious mind had, for some years, been watching Leyden’s movements, and he seized every opportunity of extending and exalting the literary relations and connec-



tions of the young aspirant. How much he esteemed the abilities of the erudite, but unpolished Borderer, may be gathered from the unwearied zeal he always shewed in securing for Leyden literary associates of the highest reputation. Heber, in his search for the records of Scottish literary history, was not disappointed in his youthful coadjutor. He found an ardour and perseverance which no difficulties could withstand; and, as the result of these, a great familiarity with that literature whose interesting fragments had enticed him to the Northern capital. Leyden was ready to sit up night after night to assist his friend in comparing editions, or deciphering the quaint old sentences whose typography had become dim from the damps and fumes of centuries. Leyden also derived great benefit from this new intimacy. The excellence of Heber's attainments, and his wide literary experience, strengthened the intellect and stimulated the enthusiasm of the young antiquarian. Out of this friendship sprung also a rich crop of others, for Heber counted among his literary kinsmen such leading minds as the Rev. Sydney Smith, Lord Woodhouselee, Walter Scott, and Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling." An avenue to the society of these gentlemen was thus laid open to Leyden, and his frankness of disposition, independence of spirit, and integrity of character, soon established the social standing which his genius had acquired.

The next literary enterprise into which he threw the vast energies of his soul, was of still greater magnitude than any before it. Mr Constable had, in his eagerness to disentomb old Scottish writings, resolved to issue a new edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland." On the recommendation of Dr Anderson and Mr Heber, Leyden was appointed to examine it, and write a prefatory note. When he entered, however, into the full consideration of that strange fragment of our earliest Scottish prose, and into the convulsive period which gave it birth, his soul was so kindled with intense curiosity, and sympathy with the theme, that instead of a short preface, he produced a most elaborate, lengthy dissertation, extending over 287 pages, and a glossary of all the antique words used in the tract. This essay abounds with much valuable information, which, before the time of its appearance, was almost inaccessible to the general reader. The "Complaynt" being anonymous, and having been



published more than 250 years before, naturally invited a discussion as to the authorship; and as there are no external data from which the name of the author can be inferred, Leyden made an elaborate analysis of the style of its diction and thought. In this investigation he found a remarkable coincidence in both respects with the extant writings of Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount, who was Lyon King-at-Arms of Scotland about the time (1548-9) when the tract first appeared. J. A. H. Murray, LL.D., the last editor of the "Complaynt," characterises Leyden's argument for Lyndesay as "one of the most successful pieces of special pleading in existence." From other evidence, however, chiefly dialectic, this learned philologist gainsays Leyden's conclusion. The second part of the dissertation contains a thorough analysis of the "Complaynt," interspersed with valuable fragments of antiquarian knowledge. "The intimate acquaintance," says Sir Walter Scott, when treating of the above, "which he has displayed with Scottish antiquities of every kind, from manuscript histories and rare chronicles, down to the traditions of the peasant, and the rhymes even of the nursery, evince an extent of research, power of arrangement, and facility of recollection, which never were equalled in this department."

It is very pleasing to observe the general interest in Leyden which was at that time making its way steadily among all men of literary reputation in Edinburgh. In one of Sir John Graham Dalzell's letters to Mr Constable, it is written, "Let me know if Mackintosh is to do anything for our friend Leyden." In another, "As I expect to go to London in two or three days, let me know if I can do anything for you there. It occurs to me that Mr Leyden may wish some collation of 'The Complaynt of Scotland' with the copy in the British Museum. This I could easily do." The publication of the "Complaynt" also brought him into the friendship of Joseph Ritson, whose knowledge of early English literature and antiquities was very extensive. This gentleman has, especially in the hands of Lockhart (Scott's Biographer), been made all that is ridiculous, fantastical, and silly. Poor Joseph had his faults, and so, perhaps, had Lockhart. After the two antiquarians had become cemented in the bonds of friendship, and enjoyed, to the full, each other's company, it is said that Ritson, who was a fastidious and rigorous vegetarian, and Leyden, who was unscrupulous and omniverous,



were once discussing the propriety of eating animal food. Ritson, from a peculiar acuteness of feeling, which made him recoil with horror from the contemplation of animal suffering, shrunk from the very thought of eating their flesh, as if it were a species of cannibalism. Leyden, on the other hand, in order to exemplify the validity of *his* doctrines, took a piece of raw beef, and, *sans ceremonie*, ate it up before the eyes of the horrified Englishman. The story is, indeed, credible, when we take into account the natural eccentricity of the two actors; but the conflicting statements of Scott and his Biographer make its veracity very uncertain. The former makes it occur at London, on the eve of Leyden's departure for India, and as the outcome of a discussion on the subject; while the latter lays the scene at Lasswade, about the end of 1802, and as rising out of the gruff, obstinate, and uncourteous manner which Ritson assumed when Mrs Scott inadvertently offered him a slice of cold beef. Scott also says that Ritson could never afterwards regard Leyden except as a kind of learned ogre,—a sentiment that ill accords with a letter written by Ritson to Scott himself after Leyden's departure to India. He there speaks of Leyden and Scott as the two persons in the world whom most of all he desired to see, and again mentions Leyden as his amiable and accomplished friend. (See "A. Constable and his Literary Correspondents," vol. i. p. 496, *et seq.*)

But to others than Ritson the "Complaynt" introduced Leyden. Critics, reviewers, compilers, literary curiosity-hunters, and miscellaneous editors, began to regard him with feelings of admiration. It is matter for regret, however, that the fixed price of the book prevented him from completing his dissertation, by an examination of the early language of Scotland, as he had intended—a subject for which he was eminently fitted.

Leyden did not rest satisfied with exploring out-of-the-way books only. During 1800 he made two interesting tours,—one over the Border to Carlisle, Gilsland, the Roman Wall, and the Westmorland Lakes; and another through the Highlands and Western Isles. He undertook his journey into the English side of the Borders for a two-fold purpose. One was to restore his father's health, by accompanying him to the far-famed mineral springs of Gilsland; and the other was to collect those fragments of old songs which commemorate



visits of a much less benevolent character. None could enter more heartily than he into the mosstrooping spirit, which lies embalmed in the stirring strains that have been handed down to us from those wild old times.

In his Highland tour he was accompanied by two young Germans. It was an excursion of much incident and interest. They visited those parts where the Celtic blood was least intermingled with foreign elements, viz.—the Lochs and Bens that stud the north of Argyleshire. Leyden, as usual, had a great variety of tasks on hand. He was, as he wrote to his friend Constable, labouring at Gaelic like a dragon. He was searching for evidence bearing on the Ossianic controversy; and, after patient and laborious research, formed an opinion favourable to the authenticity of Ossian's Poems. He was also collecting fragments of Highland history, examining the relics of former ages, weaving their wild traditions into verse, of which one noble monument remains in "The Mermaid," which is certainly the most finished of his shorter poetical effusions. The diary which he kept during this excursion, was an interesting compendium of legends, historical notices, and poetry. His cruisings among the impetuous currents that lash our western shores, were full of incident. One event, in particular, shows his coolness amid danger, and the high tide of spirits that, in all circumstances, buoyed him up. He was one day sailing near Lismore—a long narrow island at the mouth of Loch Lynne—when a terrific gale swept along the entire coast, and huge, angry billows rolled into the myriad lochs and bays which render that shore unparalleled for its rugged wildness. Their barge was scudding helpless and hopeless before it, threatening every moment to yield itself and the struggling crew to the yawning deep. The fear of a watery grave already held the small company in its chill grasp, when our hero, to the utter consternation of all, began to sing, as he says, his death-song, and to shout, "Lochaber no more." But fate had not decreed that they should so perish. They managed to land on Lismore in safety, but thoroughly drenched. Having visited Inverary and several other places of universal interest, such as the Isles of Iona and Skye, they returned homewards by Inverness and the east coast. At Aberdeen they stayed for some time, and there Leyden was happily introduced to some of the Professors. As elsewhere, his



busy pen was soon flying across the pages. By the influence of Professor Glennie, he obtained from the celebrated Dr Beattie the perusal of a scarce old poem, "Albania," which he published, along with Wilson's "Clyde," during the year 1802, comprehending them both under the title, "Scottish Descriptive Poems." "Albania," a spirited poem, written in blank verse, had evidently been the outburst of some patriotic mind of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. The "Clyde" was printed from a manuscript copy written by the author himself. Leyden supplemented it by a biographical sketch of him. We may here notice, although the fact is chronologically in advance of our plan, that this was the last editorial transaction which he ever engaged in before he left for India.

These wanderings over the opposite extremities of his native land, replenished the mind of Leyden with a rich fund of traditional lore, and amply fitted him to be the ablest coadjutor of Mr (afterwards Sir) Walter Scott, in the compilation of his "Border Minstrelsy." This was a work into which he threw all the energies of his enthusiastic and patriotic mind, and Scott, with his usual frankness, acknowledges the assistance which he received as follows:—"He employed himself earnestly in the congenial task of procuring materials for the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' the first publication of the editor of that collection. In this labour he was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden, to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him, burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad, with the most enthusiastic gestures, and all the energy of the *saw-tones* of his voice already commemorated. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."



Leyden had been introduced to Scott by their mutual friend Mr Heber, and the strong attachment by which they were bound to one another was fostered by that strong, genuine sympathy of feeling and sentiment which filled the life of each with beauty and dignity. Though far separate in social position, their kindred tastes drew them much together. Leyden found in his new friend a large, generous soul; a memory that loved to treasure up the traditions, songs, and records of a cruder and less artistic age; a love of country, that clung to the "brown heath and shaggy wood" of old Scotland with all the devotion of a religioso; and a fountain of originality, that scattered its refreshing virtues wide around him. Scott discovered in his young associate all those qualities out of which the purest and warmest friendship springs—a sincerity and frankness of disposition, which at once laid the avenues to his heart wide open; an unquenchable thirst for knowledge of every kind, but especially antiquarian and linguistic; an exuberance of vigorous spirit, which made him sometimes offensive to the more insipid and tame; and an independence of mind which, in disdaining to crouch to the conventional forms of society, sometimes overstepped the bounds of moderation in the opposite direction; and there was joined to these a Herculean strength of purpose, which carried him in triumph over the most gigantic difficulties. Though four years younger than Scott, Leyden had, when they first became acquainted, gained more extensive scholarship, notwithstanding the fact that he had been called on to encounter forms of adversity which the other, from his more favourable circumstances, never needed to grapple with. And if, moreover, we weigh them in the scales of authorship, whether for the quantity or quality of work produced, the balance certainly inclines to Leyden's side. Scott had added little to the magnificent wealth of English literature, except a few ephemeral German translations, and the fine ballads, "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St John," and "The Fire King;" while Leyden had been a regular contributor to the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine*; had compiled a work on African Travel, of such merit as to find a high place in the libraries of some of the most learned foreigners; and by expounding and editing the "Complaynt of Scotland," he had evinced a talent for research, and a familiarity with former times, equalled by few of his own day. His whole career in Edinburgh,



previous to his introduction to Scott, had been one of rapidly growing fame, which the great Minstrel can scarcely be said to have reached, previous to the issue of his heroic strains, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion," which appeared for the first time in 1805 and 1808 respectively. It was after Leyden's death that the powers of the "Great Unknown" blazed forth in all their peerless splendour, and with a fulness which the inaccurate Goetz von Berlichingen would never have led us to expect. This comparison between two of the most famous Borderers does not in any way attempt to derogate from the well-won reputation which embalms the memory of Scott, and will hand it down to posterity, as a household name, long after the corroding rust of time has eaten away all that was known of Dr Leyden. But such a comparison is useful, as it shows what the linguist might have attained to had he remained in his native land, and continued to persevere in the struggle which he had so auspiciously begun. Few knew his merits better than Scott, or acknowledged them with greater fairness; and although we would deprecate his too severely-coloured picture of Leyden's faults, we cannot but admire the manner in which he invariably tries to give his friend full justice.

Leyden's share in searching out material for the "Border Minstrelsy" was very considerable. His enthusiasm was backed by unsurpassed ability for the task, and these were sustained by an unwavering determination to accomplish whatever he undertook. The "Essay on Fairy Superstitions," prefixed to the tale of Tamlane, was mainly his; and in this, his extent of research was so remarkable as to make Scott say of it, that "it abounded with instances of such curious reading as Leyden alone had read." To Leyden's connection with this work we may attribute much of its success, not only for what the editor states in the introduction regarding his share in the matter, but for the ultimate extent of the work. This may be gathered from a conversation which took place between him and Mr Ballantyne, the printer, when the latter hinted that a volume of small size would contain all the materials that Scott had ready. "Does Mr Scott," said the enthusiastic Borderer, "mean another slim thing like Goetz of Berlichingen? I have more than that in my own head. We shall turn out three or four such volumes at least." While thus collecting the remains of former ages, Leyden



came into intercourse with some of the most brilliant minds of his own day. He worked hand in hand with the fastidious but learned Ritson; he also came into contact, and afterwards into intimacy with Robert Jamieson, from whose large fund of antiquarian learning issued the well-known "Dictionary of the Scottish Language," as well as several works of lesser note, chiefly concerned with antiquarian research. We also find in the case of Jamieson, an instance of Leyden's readiness to assist, by his own labour, any literary enterprise of a friend. Mr Jamieson was engaged in the compilation of a volume of popular ballads and songs, and was desirous of procuring some that were to be found only in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. For this he needed a critical transcriber, and soon was supplied by the willing hand of the young antiquary. A letter from Mr Jamieson to Mr Constable will best testify how highly his services were appreciated. In one part he says, "Will you have the goodness in the mean time to present my kindest and most grateful respects to Mr Leyden, who, Mr Scott tells me, has had the politeness to undertake to transcribe some things for me in the Advocates' Library. Tell him how sensible I am of the kindness he does me, but that I am ashamed to think he should have such drudgery on my account. It would be particularly agreeable to me if Mr Leyden would have the goodness to point out any lyrical pieces yet unedited in the Bannatyne MSS. or elsewhere worth preserving, to commit them to some careful transcriber, and glance over the copy, allowing for the writing out whatever he may think reasonable, and an amanuensis may agree to do it for." The above extract, while showing Leyden's promptness to give help to friends, shows also the high esteem in which his critical sagacity was held by those who could best discern it.

Another meeting no less interesting, if less productive of fruit, sprang from Leyden's connection with the "Border Minstrelsy." In his rambles along with Scott through Ettrickdale, the cradle of wild tradition and martial song, and as they sought for old ballads and legends, he met the Ettrick Shepherd. Scott had now been for some time Sheriff-Depute of Selkirk, and had become aware of the wealth of legendary story which was treasured up in the minds of the peasantry within the domains of his sherifffdom. He therefore determined to make a raid into it, accompanied by Leyden, so that



he might glean there what he required for a third volume. They first went to Blackhouse, a farm about two miles from St Mary's Loch. There they were entertained with all that free hospitality for which the peasantry of the hilly districts in Scotland are so distinguished. But what was more in the direct line of their pursuit, Mr Laidlaw, the tenant, was both a collector of old ballads and a maker of new. He had also enlisted the services of James Hogg, who was already beginning to give to literature the deep, wild impulses of his large poetic soul. While staying at Blackhouse they were able to collect many fragments of old songs. Perhaps the most important was the well-known "Auld Maitland," which lashes the Southrons with such unsparing severity. When this was presented to the two ballad-hunters, the scene which took place between them was most exciting. Each was eager to obtain it first and scan its contents. Scott seized it and read aloud, his soul moved with the spirit of the poem, and his features changed with every wave of his inner emotion. But still more obstreperous was his friend, whose strong feelings could not be controlled. "Leyden," to use the words of Dr Carruthers, "was like a roused lion. He paced the room from side to side, clapped his hands, and repeated such expressions as echoed the spirit of hatred to King Edward and the Southrons, or as otherwise struck his fancy."

Their visit to the banks of Ettrick not only rewarded them with many a rare relic of the past, but it introduced them to a district of superb scenery. Scott and Leyden were equally struck with the magnificent landscape that stretches around St Mary's Loch. As they entered this beautiful and enchanted region, the former was able to retain his seat and preserve silence, but the latter sprang from his saddle as if to fix his attention more steadily, and drank in, amid exclamations of intense wonder, the unparalleled richness of the prospect.

During these excursions, Scott, Leyden, and Hogg, met together—the three minstrels on whom the poetic reputation of the Scottish Borders chiefly rests. It was the first time that Hogg ever saw his great patron; the first and perhaps last time that ever he saw Leyden. The Shepherd himself thus speaks of their meeting: "I had been out among the hills, engaged in some rural occupation, when one of the servant lasses came running out, and told me 'That I bud come



hame as fast as ever I could, for Willie Laidlaw, wi' twa gentlemen, were wanting to see me.' This interview lasted for some hours, and when Scott left he declared that he had never met one who possessed more originality of genius than the humble shepherd. Hogg measured Leyden with a keen eye, and could not help being struck with his eccentricities, which, on such an interesting occasion, became most prominent. But that he gathered the main outlines, and scanned the inner motions of his compeer's peculiar character, may be seen from the following tribute of affection, which Hogg penned after Leyden's death.—

“Leyden came from Borderland,  
With dauntless heart and ardour high,  
And wild impatience in his eye.  
Though false his tones at times might be,  
Though wild notes marred the symphony;  
Between the glowing measure stole,  
That spoke the bard's inspir'd soul.  
Sad were those strains, when hymned afar,  
On the green vales of Malabar :  
O'er seas beneath the golden morn,  
They travelled, on the monsoon borne,  
Thrilling the heart of Indian maid,  
Beneath the wild banana's shade,  
Leyden ! a shepherd wails thy fate,  
And Scotland knows her loss too late.”

But if Leyden lived on terms of such intimacy with Scott and Hogg, he was not equally attached to one of the other bright poetic luminaries of that period. Campbell and he lived in bitter hostility : they regarded each other with a sullen animosity, mingled with but not mollified by a sort of admiration for each other's distinguishing merits. This is well shown by a somewhat amusing conversation, of which Scott was made the intercommunicator.

Scott, whose mild disposition kept him on friendly terms with every one, was, on one occasion, repeating “Hohenlinden” to Leyden, when the latter, charmed by the heroic stanzas, exclaimed : “Dash it, man ! tell the fellow that I hate him ; but, dash him ! he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty



years." Scott says that he delivered the message as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and received for answer: "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation." The two poets had something in their temperament radically different. Campbell had an element of sourness, which, when it permeated his moods, made him regard everything and everybody with a jaundiced eye. Leyden had an impetuous tide of energy and fervour of disposition, which, ejecting sourness from itself, loathed it in others. But something more than this appears to have severed them at first. Beattie, the Biographer of Campbell, states that it arose from a report which Leyden had originated concerning him. Previous to the publication of his immortal poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," Campbell had sunk into such indigence and misery that he became imbued with the dreadful resolution to commit suicide. His intention did not remain in his own breast only. It became known to a few, of whom Leyden is said to have been one. He happened one day to be hurrying along Princes Street, with a wild, miserable expression of countenance. Some one who saw him is said to have inquired of Leyden what such haste, such looks could mean; when Leyden suggested that he might be on his way to drown himself. From this a report spread, which, when it came to Campbell's ears, much enraged him. He set himself to discover the originator, and pounced on Leyden, for whom, ever afterwards, he entertained a most bitter hatred. Another, and more credible version of the story is as follows:—Campbell had been associating with young men of infidel principles, who, vain enough to imagine that they could undermine religious institutions and truth, started a publication, which they named *The Clerical Review*. Campbell's connection with it gave rise to the suspicion that some of his other associates, such as Dr Anderson and Leyden, were the prime movers in the work, at the very time these were exerting themselves to crush it. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, spread the false report, till it came, as a subject demanding inquiry, before the Presbytery. Meanwhile the real authors became known, and Campbell among them. His conduct fired with indignation those whom he had caused to be so unjustly scandalised. He tried to explain away what he had done, but unsatisfactorily, and thus lost their confidence. This version of the story is strongly corroborated



by the learned Dr Irvine, who states that it was the account which he received when the facts were recent, and that he never heard of the other before the publication of Dr Beattie's Life of Campbell. What was the cause of quarrel, and who was most to be blamed, are disputable points; but it is evident that, at least on Leyden's side, nobler sentiments were on the ascendancy when he departed for India. A short time before he left, Leyden was spending the evening, along with his unwavering friend, Alexander Murray, at the hospitable hearth of their generous patron, Mr Constable. The conversation turned on Campbell. Leyden repeated the following verse from "Lochiel," which was then still in manuscript:—

"Lochiel! Lochiel! my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God will reveal;  
'Tis the sunset of life lends me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."

And to shew his admiration of Campbell's powers as a poet, he gave utterance to this high eulogium: "That fellow, after all we may say, is king of us all, and has the genuine root of the matter in him."

But although Campbell's rage subsided a little, he never seems to have been able to stifle his rancorous feelings to the same extent. Once indeed he wished well of Leyden, when he heard that the latter had obtained a church; but the underflowing spleen cannot be concealed. He thus writes from Altona to Dr Anderson, Leyden's warm and steady friend, on 14th November 1800:—"I am glad to hear that Leyden has got a church. My best wishes attend him, for all his *crankishness* of character." But about the time of Leyden's departure for India, he dipped his pen in gall, and wrote thus:—"London, March 7, 1803.—John Leyden is still in London. An infectious influenza is going about, and the north wind is freezing one's heart."  
"March 27, 1803.—London has been visited in one month by John Leyden and the influenza! Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands. They are both raging with great violence. John has been dubbed Dr Leyden, and the influenza has been called La Grippe. The latter complaint has confined Telford and myself for a week or so,—the former has attacked us several times." "April 1, 1803.—Leyden has gone at last to diminish the population of India."



Campbell seems, indeed, in all his thoughts about Leyden, to have cherished, with peculiar fondness, any image which could represent him in some dire, draconic form,—slaying, or threatening to slay. His fervent imagination was sometimes baffled in trying to make the colouring strong enough, as when he said to Scott, “When Leyden comes back from India, what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces.” But he who loved to indulge in the Pleasures of Hope, had his hope disappointed in this matter. His illustrious foe never returned, to startle the world by the narrative of his achievements.

But if Campbell was ejecting bitter and venomous sarcasm, there were many exerting themselves to make Leyden's path to honour and fortune easy. Mr Constable gave him the editorship of a new series of the *Scots Magazine*, which he retained till near the time of his leaving for India. During his tenure of this important office, that magazine contained many articles of great literary ability. In this task he was ably assisted by his learned friend, Alexander Murray, who became editor immediately after him. The versatility of his genius was now becoming more and more apparent. A strong, struggling intellect, feeling itself rising with a greater momentum of inborn power, as work after work proceeded from it. But he must have felt—as did his friends—that something was wanting in his life to give it greater steadiness of purpose. Preacher, Tutor, Ballad-collector, Editor, Author, was too multiform a channel for any one to succeed well in. Crabbe, Goldsmith, and many others of great fame, had gained their high honours by struggling daily against seas of trouble; by doing whatever would bring them the necessary subsistence for each day. The same severe course has still to be followed by many an earnest student, who has more courage in his breast than money in his pocket. Leyden at all times fought bravely to be self-supporting. With that noble independence which rises everywhere into the foreground of his career, and which can never be contemplated without admiration, he disdained to appropriate for his own use, longer than was absolutely necessary, what his father had to toil for every day. It is stated in the *New Scots Magazine* for 1828-9, that he drew from his father's purse, during his entire course, only £40. This sum would probably be required during the first and second sessions, after



which he appears to have been employed, for the most part, as a tutor.

He had now attained his twenty-seventh year, and was longing to enter some sphere wherein his abilities might, by concentration, raise him to eminence. Some of his friends urged him to enter the ministry, for which he had already become licensed, and obtained the good-will of several patrons. But a career involving wider diversity of action appears to have become more congenial to his adventurous disposition. From the time when the African discoveries of Mungo Park sent a thrill of admiration through the breasts of his fellow-countrymen, Leyden seems to have been fired with the high ambition of developing the resources of the long neglected continent. He thought more of the prizes than the perils, and would fain have embarked for the exuberant regions that skirt the dazzling sands of Sahara. He had, in fact, begun to negotiate with the Sierra Leone Company, which in all likelihood would soon have concluded an arrangement with him, as his fitness for such an undertaking was already well known. The work that he had produced on the subject, as well as his daily conversation, showed his extensive knowledge of it, and none who knew him could for a moment doubt of his perseverance and enthusiasm. He had thus the three essential qualities for a successful explorer. But his friends, better aware than himself of the extreme hazard that attends the carrying out of such a scheme, tried to direct his travelling propensity towards another region. They represented to him the vast field for research that lay before him in the languages of the East,—a far-stretching field of enquiry,—leading him into the history and relations of those once powerful nations, whose colossal strength still inspires us with wonder, as they stand out in the pages of history, majestic and grand, after the lapse of more than twenty centuries. This was a scheme no less congenial to his tastes, and more likely to reward him with original discovery.

He now bent himself towards India, where so many have found a fortune, and so many an early grave. That rich peninsula was not so accessible then as now. The East India Company monopolised its resources, and an entrance could only be obtained by official influence. Leyden and his friends exerted themselves to secure this, and soon obtained the powerful patronage of the Right Hon.



Mr Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville), who was Minister for India, and always prompt to help his fellow-countrymen, who were struggling for an appointment in that land. As soon as he became aware of Leyden's abilities, he entered, with all his wonted liberality, into the task of finding him a suitable position. But it happened that, at that time there was no vacancy at his disposal, except that of a surgeon's assistant. Fortunately, the eager student had intermingled his theology with snatches of experimental science. The *scaffolding*, as he called the multifarious learning which he collected from all quarters, was of service now. His capacious memory recalled the fragmentary knowledge of medicine which he had accumulated by occasional attendance at the classes of the medical faculty, to which he had luckily devoted some of his time and money, after coming from St Andrews, that he might fall back on the medical profession if he failed to secure a ministerial charge. With this as a ground-work, he now directed his extraordinary power of intellect to take a surgeon's diploma within the short period of six months. He was ready long before the expiry of the time. Some have said that he learned the whole art of medicine during that period. He had, certainly, very remarkable powers of mind, but the statement requires modification. For three years he had been more or less gathering together the facts and instances of that which is, in many respects, the most difficult of all sciences. His quick observation and comprehensive memory had no doubt made him master of more, in that time, than ordinary students could possibly retain; but being much intermingled with other ingredients, it required to be separated and arranged. This, I think, would be the main work on which he would require to fix his attention during the half-year allowed for preparation. With the kind assistance of Mr Bell, an eminent physician in Edinburgh, he creditably passed the examination and gained his diploma,—a feat seldom paralleled,—and more especially, when we take into consideration the immense quantity of other work which passed through his hands, from the time when he began to give some attention to the study, to that when he was deemed qualified to practise it. But the secret of his amazing success is easily found. When he saw the ground which it was necessary for him to pass over, he did not spend much time in surveying it; but, bracing all his powers,



and fixing them on the one object, he set himself to work. And such working! It was not of that spasmodic, hot-and-cold kind. His soul went into it, and made it like the bone and blood of his existence. He carried it with him wherever he went; he lived in the atmosphere of it; no privations discouraged, and no continuance of application wearied out his patience. He felt, in short, that the mind, when properly and continuously concentrated, can rise over the most gigantic difficulties. We had occasion to observe, when referring to the way in which he studied the Hebrew language, how he made it the medium of communications to other students, how he read from the Hebrew Scriptures, as his father read from the English version, and how thoroughly he made use of every way by which it was possible for him to impress it on his mind. Nor was it otherwise in the present instance. He never let slip an opportunity of practising his new art. When a lady fainted in a crowded assembly, he gallantly and gravely applied the necessary restoratives. He even carried along with him fragments of the human body, and could scarcely be prevented, on one occasion, from exhibiting a human hand at an evening party, when a dispute arose about the action of the muscles. Such a method of study is, indeed, unique, but it only reflects the more perfectly the character of the man. He was wont to think and act in a way peculiarly his own, and both forms of activity were supplemented by a boldness of speech which sometimes retarded his free progress. An instance of this occurred when he had taken his diploma for a surgeon, and was seeking to obtain the degree of M.D. He appears to have been telling too freely how easily he had qualified himself for the medical profession. His boasting came to the ears of the faculty, and, according to Scott, they refused to grant him the degree at the Edinburgh University. He was, therefore, under the necessity of getting it elsewhere. On making application for it at St Andrews, he was immediately successful.

Thus equipped—with diploma, degree, a strong will, and a clear intellect—the young Doctor now found himself ready to enter into the full exercise of that adventurous disposition which had so long held the chief sway in his mind. The laurels of India now hung before him; her vast treasures of literature which had, chiefly by the labours of his great predecessor, Sir William Jones, been



but lately opened up, as well as immense hoards of what he afterwards addressed as "Slave of the dark and dirty mine." It was resolved that he should leave London for India about the middle of January 1803; but when the appointed hour arrived, it happily found him prostrated with "cramp in the stomach." We say happily, for the *Hindostan*, which sailed at that time, was wrecked, and many lives lost, as its passengers were still straining their eyes to catch a last glimpse of the massive structures that stud the great metropolis.

Meanwhile he was steadily preparing for the great change which was now so near. The most of his time was spent in making himself familiar with Hindostani. But while thus looking forward to his own future movements, he did not forget the many hearts that would be filled with sadness when he went far away from them. He therefore determined to leave them a memorial in the form of a poem. Out of this resolution issued the longest and most ambitious of his efforts in poesy—the ill-named "Scenes of Infancy." This excellent poem was not, however, as the reader of it may perceive, the offspring of one continuous inspiration; but rather the combination of fragmentary effusions, elegantly arranged, and knit together by bonds woven out of the author's peculiar circumstances. It is essentially descriptive, and, from the completeness with which it portrays the scenery and local traditions that enrich the vale of the Teviot, it presents itself to the tourist as a most instructive and pleasant companion. Its descriptions sometimes rise to a point of rich elegance unsurpassed in poems of the same class; but many passages are too strained for the *teretes aures* of the present age. There is, however, a central idea running through, and giving colour to the whole—love for his native land—to which sentiment he frequently gives expression in most dignified and patriotic terms:—

"Land of my fathers! though no mangrove here,  
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,  
Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot,  
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,  
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree,  
Land of dark heaths and mountains! thou art free!"

*Scenes of Infancy, p. 44, et seq.*



The plan of the poem is simple and complete. It carries the reader to the tiny "burn" which emerges from the Cheviot Hills, and widens into a foaming river, under the name of Teviot. He mentions the various places of interest that lie in its basin, or along the course of its tributaries. These are interwoven with a great variety of allusions to the customs, legends, and heroes of his own and other lands, events that lie beyond the pale of history, and those that agitated the stirring period in which he lived. It is altogether a poem of a very high class, and needs only to become better known and more accessible in order to be more read.

The title of the poem seems, however, to have been ill-chosen. It lingers, no doubt, with apparent partiality among the haunts of the author's early life, but the range of its plan is much wider; for it embraces in the details, scenes that were not familiar to him at that stage of his career, and events that happened after he had attained to manhood. The title, "Scenes of Infancy," moreover, suggests to many minds, the drowsy outpourings of one whose fretful moods always carry him back to those delicious hours when he used to lie on his mother's lap, or listlessly dream away the moments beside some limpid stream. But this is so far from the spirit of Leyden's poem that the reading of any single page would at once dispel the delusion. From beginning to end it bears the stamp of his own chivalrous character. It moves as his own soul did, in an atmosphere of freedom and heroic self-reliance, and breathes uniformly a manly piety and resoluteness of purpose, which can only be found among Nature's own nobility. Yet it is difficult to find a designation which would convey an idea of the whole poem. The name by which it was advertised, "The Vale of Teviot," seems preferable to that which it subsequently received and now bears.

Leyden did not get this farewell tribute to his friends completed till after he had left Scotland to return no more. The last sheets reached him shortly before he left London. The gentlemen into whose hands he committed the editing of it, stirred up his anger by their unsparing use of the critic's knife. Scott gives a letter in his *Memoir of Leyden*, which the latter wrote to his friend, Ballantyne, who was printing and publishing it, and at the same time correcting, with Dr Thomas Brown, any faults which they might notice. As that letter is a



faithful transcript of its writer, in a moment when he thought his own freedom somewhat infringed upon, we shall give it here. It is, also, according to the above author, no bad picture of his manner in conversation. The letter is dated from the Isle of Wight, where he was waiting to be taken on board the *Hugh Inglis*, bound for Madras:—

“I fancy,” he says, “you expect to receive a waggon-load at least of thanks for your midwife skill, in swaddling my bantling so tight, that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you, and your razor-witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate, whose tastes I do not pretend to think anything like equal to my own. Though before I left Scotland, I thought them amazingly acute, but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere which greatly brightens the understanding, and furbishes the taste. This is all the vengeance you have unfortunately left in my power; for I sincerely am of opinion that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you have retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the Spectre Ship, in the whole poem, and I defy you and ——, and the whole *Edinburgh Review*, to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding-sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother’s repining tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode,—so you have curtailed what I liked, and left what I did not care a sixpence about, for I would not have been half so enraged, if you had omitted the whole episode; and, what is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching! By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. But my only revenge is to triumph over your bad tastes. When —— showed me this part, I tore the sheet in wrath, and swore I would have a Calcutta edition, for the mere purpose of exposing your spurious one. But you need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, understands music, has a fine taste for ornamenting, and perhaps for printing, but he has too fat brains for originality. Now, my dear Ballantyne, though I lift up my voice like a trumpet against



your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken, only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors—razors of scarification ! Now, my dear fellow, farewell ; commend me warmly to your good *motherly mother*, and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you, and from you, in my exile, and believe me, my dear Ballantyne, to be, yours most sincerely, JOHN LEYDEN.”

But although Leyden thus seemed to disparage the kind services of his friends, we must not be too ready to take it as the bitter raillery of one in earnest. When any one began to make sport of *his* foibles or carp at *his* eccentricities, he was always among the first to carry the banter to the utmost verge of ridiculousness. He was wont, therefore, to indulge himself in such sallies of cutting sarcasm when he knew that it would not be received amiss.

But with all its tight swaddling and strangling, the new poem met with a very favourable reception. A critic in the *Scots Magazine* for 1806 speaks of it as a “delightful poem.” Another in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1812, states, that “in genuine feeling and fancy, as well as in harmony and elegance of composition, it can encounter very few rivals in the English language. It touches so many genuine strings of the lyre, with the hand of inspiration ; it draws forth so many tender notes, and carries our eyes and our hearts so utterly among those scenes with which the real bard is conversant, that we, for a moment, enjoy some portion of the creative powers of the poet himself.” Another writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1819, though less profuse in his praises, avers that “if he had given his whole soul to that divine art (poetry) he might, at least, have been the Ben Johnson of modern times, if some of his great compeers came nearer the full and flowing character of the muse of Shakspeare.”

In December 1802, he visited his native glen for the last time. His father's house was filled with sorrow, softened only by the confidence they had in his great abilities, and the hope that he would return, crowned with honours. Many a sad pang thrilled his own breast ; but his strong desire still urged him onward, even though, at times, he seemed to have a dim presentiment that another clime was destined to contain his mouldering remains.



It was his intention to proceed direct from Cavers to London, and he had already bid farewell to his Edinburgh friends. But some circumstances caused him to return thither, and his abrupt appearance among a company of companions who had come together to drink his "bonallie," was characteristic of the man. While they were sitting and recalling, in affectionate terms, the virtues and attainments of him whose frank and generous nature had so often enlivened their society, and while they were in the very act of draining the final cup to his health, a snow-covered, wild-looking intruder stepped in among them, and with a sharp accent, shouted out, "Dash it, boys! here we are again." On finding that it was no other than the intrepid young Doctor himself, the house was filled with peals of laughter.

He soon, however, left Edinburgh for London, where his wide reputation had already procured many friends for him. There he found Ritson, who, with all his fastidiousness, took pleasure in the society of Dr Leyden. But Ritson's was too narrow a soul to render him much assistance.

There were two others, however, whose kindness and attention never wavered. George Ellis, well known for his "Specimens of Early English Poets," and Richard Heber, whom he had already counted among his Edinburgh friends. The latter was in Paris when Leyden arrived at London; but a letter from Scott introduced him to the large-hearted hospitality of the former, who, although in the midst of severe family affliction, stretched out at once a helping hand. The opportune assistance of this gentleman is best described in a letter which Leyden sent to a friend in Edinburgh, dated January 13th, 1803 :—

"You will, no doubt, be surprised at my silence, and indeed I cannot account for it myself; but I write you now from the lobby of the East-India House, to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for without his interference I should certainly, this precious day, have been snug in Davy's locker. On my arrival in town, or rather on my journey, I was seized with violent cramps in the stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to



this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid*, told me either to proceed to the Downs or to vacate the appointment. Neither of these alternatives was much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least £50 or £60 sterling, which I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the water, would not return even after many days. I, however, passed the principal forms, and was examined by Dr Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success, but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from ten till four every day, that Dr Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Tamalic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the *Hindostan*, without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence out of town, and Ellis, even in the distressed state of his family—as Lady Parker is just dying, and several others dangerously unwell of his relations—was my only resource. That resource, however, succeeded, and I have just got permission to go in the *Hugh Inglis* for Madras, and am at the same time informed that the *Hindostan*, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About fifty individuals have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb, ‘He that is born to be hanged,’ &c. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever.”

When Mr Heber returned from France, he conducted Dr Leyden to Oxford. Here, among the venerable halls where learning has so long, like a stately tree, spread out her exuberant branches, laden with the ripest and richest fruits, he spent many pleasant days. He was introduced to several of its distinguished professors,



and enjoyed especially the society of Bishop Cleaver, and the Professors White, Ford, and Winstanley. He did not allow the golden opportunity to pass without gathering some fruit from this prolific tree of knowledge. Its vast library, the many links that connect it with the past history of the nation, and the long list of illustrious names that have perpetuated its fame from age to age, were themes too congenial to his mind to let him rest in quietness. Through the influence of his two friends, he was further entertained by being introduced to many of the most distinguished literary men in London, among whom Mr Heber was distinguished for his immense collection of books, and sound general knowledge; and Mr Ellis for his familiarity with the poetical and romance literature of the Middle Ages. He was also cordially received by several of the eminent noblemen, whose names were household words at that time,—such as Lord Castlereagh, the Earl of Warwick, and the Marquis of Abercorn. They all exerted their powerful influence to secure for him a direct channel to the attainment of those ends for which he was ready to sacrifice so much. They supplied him with recommendations to Lord Bentick, who had recently been appointed Governor of Madras.

His three months' sojourn in London was thus profitable and pleasant to Dr Leyden before he launched forth to the climes of the East. It was a brief respite between the labours to which he had applied all his energies and strength before he left Scotland, and those with which he had to grapple for eight years longer beneath the sultry sky of India. The kindness which was shown to him by the two gentlemen whom we have frequently named, filled him with gratitude. His own bearing among them, no doubt, conduced much to make them so attentive, for we find Ellis saying,—“When Leyden first appeared at my villa, his whole air and countenance told us, ‘I am come to be one of your friends,’ and we immediately took him at his word.”

That which enabled him to find a welcome entrance into so many homes, and a place in the hearts of men whose dispositions were so various, was his own frankness of manner. He did not strive to please; but the open, unvarnished character which he invariably displayed, had that virtue in it, which at once gains friends by force of its own simplicity and truthfulness. But he had soon to



bid adieu to this congenial society, and in a letter sent to Scott, dated April 1st, 1803, he draws the contrast briefly and vividly, "I have been two days on board, and you may conceive what an excellent change I made from the *politest* society of London to the *brutish* skippers of Portsmouth."

Scott, with all his warmth of friendship, had hastened to London, as soon as the court suspended its sittings for the spring vacation, in order that he might see Leyden once more before his departure, but he arrived there too late. The *Hugh Inglis* had sailed, and his friend was already tossing on the Atlantic breakers.

It is stated, moreover, that Leyden was further indebted to Scott as well as to Rev. Sydney Smith, and several others, for his outfit for India. From the former he received £100, and from the latter £40. It is impossible now, however, to ascertain how far these donations were gratuitous, and how far they merely recompensed work done by Leyden. If it be true that Scott cleared £600 by his "Border Minstrelsy," and did not make some allowance for Leyden at the time, £100 came far short of what he ought to have received. With reference to the £40 which he is said to have received from Sydney Smith, it is difficult to form a decided opinion. According to the testimony of this amiable gentleman's daughter and biographer, Lady Holland, Mr Smith was, at that time, in straitened circumstances, and yet he was able to place such a handsome gift in the hands of one who had merely been an associate at college. There seems to be some inaccuracy, and this surmise is not weakened by a statement contained in the same paragraph which asserts that Leyden, *was sent to college by subscription*. This is never so much as hinted at by any of his biographers; and his father's circumstances—an overseer on the farm of a near relative who loved the young aspirant intensely—rendered such a course unnecessary.

Another item which increases our doubt still more, is the fact that Mr Smith was altogether opposed to Leyden's going to India, as we find in the following extract of a letter to Francis (afterwards Lord) Jeffrey:—

"Broomgrove, 1801.—I think Leyden had better take Scotch preferment first, which will leave his chance for Indian appointments *in statu quo*, and put a hundred pounds a year in his pocket" (*Sydney Smith's Letters, by Mrs Austin*). We would not venture to



deny, however, that Leyden actually received these sums. The beneficence of the two donors was of a primitive type ; they would willingly subject themselves to any privations, for the purpose of helping a friend. Leyden did require the assistance of some to equip him for the new enterprise, for with all his care and industry, he had never been able to accumulate much. Somehow assisted, and somehow fitted out, our adventurous linguist left for ever the shores of England on 7th April, 1803.

The time of his departure for India brings us to the end of the second of the three periods into which we have divided his life. We may pause here and gather together a few of those peculiar traits which marked him out from among his fellows. The second period, with its thirteen years of unremitting toil, embraces the most interesting part of his career. His university course, full of hard struggling, and proud distinction ; his exertions to qualify himself for a profession, and his disappointments ; his appearance in the various forms of authorship ; his intercourse with the most active minds of a most active era ; and the development of a strong desire to extend human knowledge in various directions, all fall within this period. Before our mind there rises up a life which no one can contemplate without admiration. A power working within, raising its owner upward in the social scale with steady progress. A mind given to the elevating pursuit of knowledge, beautiful in its earnestness, and still more in the preservation of that purity which springs from a healthy conscience. He possessed a mind strong in every respect. He had not merely a great capacity for thinking, without those other properties which make men amiable and confidential. His affections were equally susceptible, and his desires, but for the authority of a good will, were strong and impelling. He had, also, a very tenacious memory. Whatever he had once carefully deposited in its chambers, remained ready for all coming necessities. If he heard an old ballad repeated once or twice, it forthwith became his own property. Among others there is one remarkable instance of its great retentiveness. The anecdote is related by Sir John Malcolm, as follows :—

“ His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English history. It was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated *verbatim* the whole



of an Act of Parliament in the reign of James, relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this Act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained the whole in his memory."

This was a feat of memory to which we can find few parallels, and we cannot doubt but that his early training had conduced much to the strengthening of this faculty. Notes help us to recollect events, but dependence on them ruins the memory. Leyden early learned this, and preferred the wiser course of engraving accurately on the tablet of his memory whatever he wished to retain.

He had great facility in composition. What Ovid said of himself, might frequently have been said of Leyden, when he sat down to write verse :—

"Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,  
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat."  
(Unforced and free, the measured numbers came,  
And *verse* conveyed whate'er my mind did frame).

Many of his poems were the product of a single sitting, and when he preached his last trial sermon before the Edinburgh Presbytery, he had devoted only a few hours to it during the earlier part of the day on which it was delivered.

There is another feature of his character wherein much of his success lay. He could fix his attention steadily on any subject, and patiently keep it there, till he gained what he desired. To this power of continuous attention, more, perhaps, than to his superior intellect, we may ascribe his high attainments. Men who could abstract themselves from surrounding objects, and concentrate their mind on what they wished to comprehend, have, invariably, been light-bringers to the world. Sir Isaac Newton is an illustrious example. Attention is spoken of by Sir William Hamilton as "the better half of all intellectual power;" and some philosophers, such as Helvetius, Buffon, and Cuvier, even make this faculty and genius mean the same thing. Charles Dickens pointed to the wise use of this power as the secret of his success, first as a newspaper reporter, and



afterwards as a novelist. And the great advantage that arises from the full exercise of it stands clearly out in the case of Dr Leyden. Not only did he make his way through difficulties from which others would have shrunk at first sight, but he rose to an eminence in some departments which left him almost without an equal, at least without a superior. We have thus adverted to some of the more distinguishing characteristics of his mind. We may now view him as he appeared among men. His lineaments have been traced by several observers. Scott, Morton, Professor Pillans, Lord Cockburn, and others have, more or less, provided us with a portrait of him. All agree in describing his general appearance as handsome. His features well proportioned; lively dark eyes, bright with intelligence; a clear complexion, somewhat ruddy; light brown hair. "His countenance," said Professor Pillans, more than sixty years after he had seen it—"his countenance impressed me from the first moment I saw Leyden, and has lived in my memory to this day. It was a very handsome face, and might have served as a model for the statue of Apollo." He was of middle stature, rather thin, but muscular and active. In form he was, indeed, well fitted for athletic exercises, in which he took boundless delight. His ambition to excel in these was almost as strong as it was to outstrip his associates in learning. He had imbibed so much of the bold, unyielding spirit of a bygone chivalry, that his bearing was oftentimes more like that of a sturdy moss-trooper than that of a studious book-lover. It was no uncommon thing for him to stir up in his soul the same feelings as filled the breasts of his ancestors towards those that dwelt beyond the Borders. A strong patriotic sentiment took hold of his mind, that the English had, from the earliest times, carried their greater resources too haughtily, and that they did not concede to Scotland that honour and position which her merits deserve.

Leyden, however, from an excessive ardour of disposition, sometimes carried his gymnastics to a reckless extent. He was always ready to accept a challenge, or verify any statement he might make anent his athletic feats. An instance of his rash intrepidity occurred, on one occasion, in the Indian seas. Two gentlemen, named Elliot and Stewart, were sailing in the same vessel with him. They seemed inclined to make sport of his boasted agility, and with purse-proud significance, drew from their bank-book a cheque for sixty gold



mohurs, if he would mount aloft. *Dictum factum*, he soon scaled the main-top, and from his lofty perch, looked triumphantly down upon the bewildered instigators of the act. He saw that these were not idle, however, but that they had already despatched some nimble sailors to *seize him up*—*i. e.* fasten him till he should purchase his liberty by paying a fine. He did not await their arrival, but grasping a coir-rope, glided rapidly down till he stood on deck, with the skin torn from his hands, but conqueror in the challenge. The gentlemen handed him the stipulated sum, but when he saw their dismayed looks, he tore it in pieces and cast it into the sea. Much has been said about Leyden's manners, and the testimony of such as Scott who knew his life and habits so well, must be taken as, in the main, trustworthy. We cannot believe with some that this writer *intentionally* exaggerated his defects. He had too sincere a respect for him. But his own mild disposition was often severely tested by his friend's vehemence. He did not feel in his element amid wrangling and loud debate, and hence he would often regard with a kind of horror the impetuous *saw-tones* of Leyden's voice. For when the latter became heated, amid "the clash of arguments and jar of words," his demeanour became excited, and his voice, at no time pleasant, rose to a grating shrillness. As in the acquisition of knowledge, and as in athletic exercises, so in the field of disputation he could not suffer defeat. When words failed, he did not hesitate sometimes to enforce his arguments in stronger terms. It is said that when he was, on one occasion, measuring his powers of controversy with Henry (afterwards Lord) Brougham, he found the latter too strong, and perceived that something else than words would be required to bend him. He thereupon started up, and with remarkable coolness, bent his eloquent opponent beneath the grate. Leyden, however, with all his vehemence, never gave way to anger when engaged in discussion.

He is accused, and perhaps justly, of ignoring the set forms of etiquette; of alarming the delicate and fastidious; and of egotism. The first fault is simply in keeping with the bearing of an original and independent mind. Such regard custom as merely conventional; and fashion as frivolous. Minds truly independent refuse to be bound down to the mechanical and artistic, and seek for guidance in action, not among the dry formalities of outward



ceremony, but from the light of reason and the dictates of common sense. Rules of etiquette, however plausible, often cramp the full development of a man, and leave him nothing more than an accomplished valet. But while we say this, we do not uphold a disregard of the common civilities of life. These are necessary ; they make the wheels of social intercourse revolve smoothly ; and Leyden was a strict observer of them. We need no further proof of this, than the fact that he was always greeted with a hearty welcome into the most refined society, and was always a great favourite among ladies of the highest accomplishments and taste. The second fault charged against him was not his own. If some people are so sensitive that they feel annoyed at the manner of every one whom Nature has made of better metal than themselves, they ought to keep within their glass cases, and not mar the energies of a soul with which theirs cannot possibly associate. Some men can accommodate themselves to all dispositions ; but it plucks the crest from manhood when it is made to stoop to the whims of the scrupulously nice. It was by this class especially that the character of Leyden was most depreciated. The third fault is blameworthy under certain circumstances. Nothing is more disagreeable than to listen to the conversation of one who can speak about nothing but himself, and what he has done, and it becomes doubly burdensome when the egotist is or has done nothing worth speaking of. Occasionally, but mostly among his more intimate companions, Leyden was rather addicted to self-glorification. His boasting usually turned on what he had achieved in his studies, or his feats of strength and agility, or what he had the power to achieve. In many cases it was merely an outburst of "high talk" pleasantry more than anything else ; yet some were credulous enough to drink it in as his sincere belief, and from this mistake we think that Lord Cockburn has not quite escaped, in his interesting work, "Memorials of his Time." "His conspicuous defect," says this writer, "used to be called affectation, but, in reality, it was pretension,—a pretension, however, of a very innocent kind, which, without derogating, in the least, from the claim of any other, merely exaggerated, not his own merits, nor what he had done, but his capacity and ambition to do more. Ever in a state of excitement, ever ardent, ever panting for things unattainable by ordinary



mortals, and successful to an extent sufficient to rouse the hopes of a young man ignorant of life, there was nothing that he thought beyond his reach ; and not knowing what insincerity was, he spoke of his powers and his visions as openly as if he had been expounding what might be expected of another person. According to himself, John Leyden could easily, in a few months, have been a great physician, or surpassed Sir William Jones in Oriental literature, or Milton in poetry. Yet at the very time he was thus exposing himself, he was not only simple, but generous and humble."

In tracing Dr Leyden's career in India, we are not provided with many authentic records apart from his own letters ; but these are interesting little histories in themselves. We shall, therefore, give much of this part of his life in his own words, intermingling them with such incidental notices as have been taken of him by his distinguished friends, Lord Minto, General Sir John Malcolm, and William Erskine.

He sailed from Portsmouth, as stated above, on the 7th April, 1803, and after a voyage of 134 days, arrived at Madras. The time seemed to pass by with unwonted speed, for he had fortunately met with companions who shared his tastes, and sympathised with the object of his mission. Besides several others, with whom he afterwards maintained a correspondence on points of interest, connected with the language and resources of India, there also sailed with him Robert, brother of Rev. Sydney Smith, who, with his lady, was bound for Bengal. This congenial society rendered the voyage far from tedious. And one point especially of their course had something of peculiar interest to the young traveller. This was the coast of Senegambia, and the fertile wastes of Soudan, to which he had, before resolving on India, often turned a longing eye. And could we follow him as he still moved southward, we may well picture to ourselves with what ecstasy a mind like his would view the terrific ocean scenery which presents itself at the Cape, when the mountainous breakers from the Pacific dash against it. He had always a quick sense of the beautiful in Nature ; and when she enveloped herself in scenery of the awe-inspiring kind, it exercised a corresponding influence on him. As Cowper says—



“A terrible sagacity informs  
The poet's heart.”

During the voyage a mutiny arose in the vessel, which was soon suppressed by the officers and passengers. Leyden conducted himself throughout with great coolness and intrepidity.

His arrival at Madras, and his first experiences in that city, are graphically depicted by his own hand, as follows :—

“We landed, after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray. We were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore with a loud huzza, tumbling half a dozen of them on the sand. But the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palanquin, and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palanquin, by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar as long as you are reckoned a *griffin*, or new-comer. I then saw a number of jugglers, and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal ; and among the rest, I saw a fellow swallow a sword. You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broadsword, or even a horseman's sabre ; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town, in the self-same palanquin. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendour. The animals differed a good deal from ours. The dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen, and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house leeks, in their leaves ; and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tapeworms than anything else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic, as quite to confuse you ; and their complexions, of all kinds of motley hues, except the healthy European



red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied, that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented, that my head ached, and my ears tingled, and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me on every side, that, to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad-flies, I took to the water, and got again on ship-board, with more satisfaction than I had descried land, after a five months' voyage.

“The first night I slept ashore, I was waked by my side smarting very severely, and, rolling myself on my side, discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the smart was occasioned by a large animal, which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little bustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and, with great *sang froid*, lay down to sleep again, as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a *blood-sucker* here, which nods with its head when you look at it; and it saluted me with a nod from the window, like Xailoun's cousin, the Karduwan, in the Arabian Tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation.”

Leyden, however, outlived the persecuting beggary of the blacks, as well as the somewhat startling visit of the blood-sucker. He had the good fortune to find, on his arrival, a kind friend in the Physician-General, Dr James Anderson. In the house of this celebrated naturalist he found a pleasant home, and stayed for about a month, till he found his health sufficiently recruited to begin his appointed work. He was presented with almost the sole management of the General Hospital at Madras, which office he occupied for upwards of four months. During this time he devoted himself with his wonted enthusiasm to the study of the Eastern languages, which, as hinted above, was the chief object of his going to India.

The recommendations sent to Sir William Bentinck by Lord Castlereagh, and the other noblemen to whom Leyden was introduced during his stay at London, excited the interest of the Governor-General. He was not long in securing an appointment



for the persevering explorer, which would bring him into the very heart of his philological and ethnological investigations. He nominated him surgeon and naturalist to the Commissioners, who, towards the middle of 1804, were sent to survey the extensive provinces of Mysore and Travancore. He entered upon this new sphere of action with high hopes and his wonted energy; but the fatigues, damps, and noxious exhalations of a tropical climate, were already beginning to influence his formerly robust constitution. He was, however, able to draw up several papers relating to the manners and languages of the various classes of the natives, the natural productions of their soil, and the endemic diseases, with their remedies. But he was under the necessity, towards the end of the year, of leaving the surveyors, and betaking himself to Seringapatam, from an illness which had been brought on by the hardships related in the following letter:—

“I was one day sent to a great distance to take charge of a sick officer who had been seized by the jungle fever, in the depth of one of the vast forests and wildernesses of Mysore. After travelling for two days, as fast as horse and men could carry me, I arrived about one o'clock at the bank of a large river, in the midst of a forest. The river was a flood, and roared terribly, and seemed very rapid. I sent in a palanquin boy that could swim, and he frequently got out of his depth. At a little distance stood a village, within these three years notorious for being a nest of robbers. I, with great difficulty, knocked up some of the villagers, who were nearly as much afraid as Christie's Will at the visit of a *sirdar*. After a great deal of discussion in Canara and Hindostani, in order to induce them to show me a ford, or make a raft to cross the water on, as no time was to be lost, three of them at last undertook to convey me over alone. I got into a large brass kettle, with three ears, and sat down in the bottom of it, balancing myself with great accuracy; each of the three swimmers laid hold of one of the ears, and then we swam round and round in a series of circles, till we reached the opposite bank. Had it been light I should have been quite giddy. Now did you ever hear a more apocryphal story in your life? and yet it is merely fact. I have only to add that after crossing the river, I found myself in a wilder jungle than ever, and was dogged by a monstrous tiger for nearly three miles.”



During this period, however, when, from a severe liver complaint and slow fever, he was unable to attend to the duties to which he had been appointed, he contracted a friendship which greatly brightened the remainder of his eventful life. An intimacy sprang up between him and General Sir John Malcolm, who was Resident at the Court of Mysore. This happy connection with one who combined in himself all the qualities which constitute a general, an author, and a gentleman, proved most beneficial to Leyden; and the bond became closer when it was discovered that they had both sprung from the same part of the same country. Both were imbued with that independence of feeling which seems to have some connection with the blue Cheviot peaks which arrest the Borderer's eye for miles around. General Malcolm conducted Leyden to his own house at Mysore, and amid the congenial society which he there found, the invalid gradually recovered his usual health.

The following incident will show the element in which he moved, and how well suited it was to a mind like his. He had shown to his kind host a copy of the "Scenes of Infancy." After that the latter had carefully read it, he returned it to its owner, with the following verses written on the title-page:—

"Thy muse, O Leyden, seeks no foreign clime,  
For deeds of fame, to twine her brow with bays;  
But finds at home whereon to build her rhyme,  
And patriot virtues sings in patriot lays.

'Tis songs like thine that lighten labour's toil,  
That rouse each generous feeling of the heart,  
That bind us closer to our native soil,  
And make it death from those we love to part.

'Tis songs like thine that make each rugged wild,  
And barren heath, to Scotia's sons more dear,  
Than scenes o'er which fond Nature partial smiled,  
And robed in verdure through the varied year.

'Tis songs like thine that spread the martial flame,  
'Mid Scotia's sons, and bid each youth aspire



To rush on death, to gain a deathless name,  
And live in story like his glorious sire.

While the clear Teviot through fair meads shall stray,  
And Esk still clearer seeks the Western main ;  
So long shall Border maidens sing thy lay,  
And Border youths applaud the patriot strain."

On reading the lines of Sir John Malcolm, a feeling of proud satisfaction rushed through our poet's mind, and this was immediately succeeded by that other feeling which we have frequently had occasion to notice—viz., the determination not to be second in anything. With this resolution, he sat down, and, in the space of half an hour, penned the following verses, exclaiming, at the same time, that he would neither eat nor drink till he had answered the fine compliment :—

" Bred 'mid the heaths and mountain swains,  
Rude Nature charmed my early view ;  
I sighed to leave my native plains,  
And bid the haunts of youth adieu.

Soft as I traced each woodland green,  
I sketched its charms with parting hand ;  
That Memory might each fairy scene  
Revive within this Eastern land.

Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,  
The simple strains spontaneous sprung,  
For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,  
For Border maids my songs I sung.

Enough for me if these impart  
The glow to patriot virtue dear ;  
The free-born soul, the fearless heart,  
The spirit of the mountaineer.

Torn from my native wilds afar,  
Enough for me if souls like thine,  
Unquenched beneath the Eastern star  
Can still applaud the high design."



When Leyden had so far regained his strength as to be able to visit the sea-coast, he obtained permission to take a voyage. The incidents of this trip, and other events that occurred during the first two years of Leyden's Indian life, are well related in two letters sent by him, in October 1805, to Mr Constable and Mr Ballantyne respectively. These letters, which are of considerable length, give an outline of his experience during that period :—

“Prince of Wales' Island, *alias* Puloo Penang, Oct. 23, 1805.—Dear Constable,—I would with great pleasure apologise for not answering sooner your very brief note, accompanying a vol. of the *Edinburgh Review*, but really it is not a couple of months since I received it, and the last of these has been spent at sea, between Travancore and Achin. I had almost forgot, that it is very probable these names are not quite so familiar to you as York and Newcastle, or any other two places one might pitch on between Edinburgh and London, on the great high road. Be it therefore known to you, that the one is the name of a kingdom on the Malabar coast, and the other of a sultanship on the western coast of Sumatra, the sultan of which styles himself ‘Lord of heaven and earth, and of the four-and-twenty umbrellas.’ But how came you to be so long in receiving my card and volume? You will say, Why so? Because I have been stationed in Mysore during the greater part of the time I have been in India, and during a considerable part of the time amid the jungles of Coimbatore, and on the confines of the Wynaad, where neither mail-coach nor post-chaise ever come at all; and during a considerable part of that time, the communication between Mysore and Madras has been cut off by the Gentoo Polygars, and between Mysore and Malabar by the Nairs of the Wynaad, into whose hands I nearly fell about five months ago, when I descended into Malabar through the passes of Coory. Besides all these obstacles, you must take into consideration that ever since I left Madras, which was a few months after my arrival, it has seldom been an easy matter to tell where I should be in a few days, or even within a few hundred miles of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

“You say you will be glad to hear that I have found Madras according to my wish. Why then rejoice *therefor*, as ancient Pistol says. I assure you that I have found it exactly the field for me,



where, if I stretch out my arms, I may grasp at anything—no fear but I show you I have long hands. There is, to be sure, one terrible drawback with all this—the pestilent state of health I have enjoyed, or rather suffered under, ever since I came to the country. This, however, I think I may expect to triumph over, though it has, even at this very time, brought me from Mysore to Puloo Penang. In spite of all this I think I may venture safely to say, that no person whatever has outstripped me in the acquisition of country languages, whether sick or well. I have, nevertheless, been given up by the physicians three or four times within these last eleven months, as any one might very well be, afflicted at once with the four most formidable diseases of India—*i. e.* liver, spleen, bloody flux, and fever of the jungles, which is reckoned much akin to the African yellow fever. Notwithstanding all that, I am the old man, a pretty tough chap, with a heart as sound as a roach, and, moreover, as merry as a grig,—

‘So let the world go as it will,  
I’ll be free and easy still.’

I shall only add that my first medical appointment has been worth more than any possessed by three-fourths of the medical men on the Madras establishment. I have been extremely successful in all my medical and surgical practice, so that at Madras my medical reputation is at least as high as my literary character. This I may say without vanity, after some of the services I have been employed in.

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“I have forgot two things which ought to have been mentioned. The first is, when you are disposed to remember old friends, and my name comes athwart you, direct to the care of Messrs Binnie and Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and consequently always better apprised of my motions than others; else your letters may chance not to reach me in a couple of years, or perhaps never come within a thousand miles of me. I should be well pleased if you were to send the *Scots Magazine*, from the time I was first connected with it to the present, and continue. I lost the copy in London of the first year; send also the *Edinburgh Review*, for I have only odd numbers of it, and Murray’s ‘Bruce’s Travels,’ when published. Let this, however, be entirely at your own pleasure.



I cannot transmit you the value till I have opened a communication with London direct, which cannot be till I revisit Madras, which may perhaps be some time, as after the Mysore survey is closed, I am to be employed, I understand, as a Mahratta interpreter, as well as physician and surgeon, at one of the Mahratta residences or courts. So you see I cannot immediately answer that you will be paid for them ; therefore, do as you think fit : if they come in my way I shall provide myself. Is 'Sir Tristram' published ? I have not seen a *Review* less than a year and ten months old. The wars of Wynaad are nearly finished. When I was there the Nairs could not venture to show themselves, though they sometimes kept up a rattling fire from the bushes. The rebellion of the Nairs in Travancore has been quashed by the skill of Colonel Macaulay, the resident. The war in Ceylon goes badly on, from our own misconduct. We lately took Candy a second time, and were obliged to leave it from not having provided magazines. The wars with the Mahrattas are more glorious than advantageous : had the Marquis Wellesley remained half a year longer, they would have been crushed to pieces. But M. Cornwallis is unfit for such active service, and besides, he is just dying of the dropsy in the chest. We are tigers among hares here."

The following letter was sent by Leyden from Puloo Penang to Mr Ballantyne :—"My dear Ballantyne,—Finding an extra Indiaman, *The Revenge*, which has put into this harbour in distress, bound to Europe, I take another opportunity of attempting to revive, or rather commence, an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have never received a single letter from one of them—Proh Deum !—Mr Constable excepted ; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay, that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensive, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have despatched from Mysore, especially during my confinement for the liver disease at Seringapatam, where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the palace of Tippoo's prime minister. I descended into Malabar in the beginning of May, in order to proceed to Bombay, and perhaps eventually up the Persian Gulf as far as Bassorah, in order to try



the effect of a sea voyage. I was, however, too late, and the rains had set in, and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the Cutwall, and the Admiral, so famous in the *Lusiad* of Camoens; but only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered, and the tables turned with respect to both these sublime characters. The Cutwall is only a species of borough-bailiff, while the Admiral—God help him—is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I journeyed to Paulgancherry, which signifies, in the Tamal language, 'the town of the forest of palms,' which is exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon—not for the Queen of Sheba, but, as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Thus having demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamal language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner: 'Solomon understood the Tamal language, and he was wise: I understood the Tamal language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon!' I fear your logical lads of Europe will be very little disposed to admit the legitimacy of the conclusion; but, however the matter may stand in Europe, I can assure you it's no bad reasoning for India. At Paulgancherry I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, changed my climate—an elegant periphrasis for dying, however—had I not obstinately resolved on living, to have the pleasure of being *revenged* on all of you for your determined silence and perseverance therein to the end.

"Hearing about the middle of August, that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppo, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin rajah's country, in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Anybody else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves outright. I did neither one nor the other, but 'tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o' Badenyon!' after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of



brass, preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methuselah. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than decyphering the brazen tablet on any door of Princes or Queen Street. But here I beg your pardon ; for, so far from any body, Jew, Pagan, or Christian, having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has for a long time been as much despaired of as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. So much was the diwan—or grand vizier, if you like it—of Travancore astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to *pass through the Sacred Cow* in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Brahmins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for unluckily Phalaris' bull and Moses' calf presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the Ram-rajah's cow might be a beast of the breed. Apprehensive of a severe attack of the liver, I was forced to leave Travancore with great precipitation, in the first vessel that presented itself, which, as the devil would have it, was a Mapilla brig, bound to Puloo Penang, the newly-erected presidency on the Straits of Malacca, where I have just arrived, after a perverse pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. We have had a very rough passage, the cabin very often all afloat, while I have been several times completely drenched. In addition to this, we have been pursued by a Frenchman, and kept in a constant state of alarm and agitation ; and now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with the vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea-oaths, and the rattling of the dice-box. However, I flatter myself I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious and disgusting and vexatious as it has been. Thank God, my dear fellow, that you have nothing to do with tedious, tiresome semi-savages, who have no idea of the value of time whatsoever, and who will dispute even more keenly about a matter of no importance whatsoever, than one that deserves the highest consideration. Not knowing where to



begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles and traverses in Mysore, or elsewhere ; of course, if no person has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider, that all this is utterly out of my power to prevent, if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me ; for how is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their destination, and which do not ? I have now despatched for Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth, for at least a couple of years, and wrote Erskine to that effect, when he informed me in return, that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for some time before leaving London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete ; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why then farewell, till we meet . . . . I write no more, except in crook-backed characters, and this I swear by all petty oaths that are not dangerous.

“ Now, my friend, the situation in which I am placed by this most vexatious silence is extremely odd and perplexing. I am actually afraid to enquire for any body, lest it should turn out that they have for a long time been *dead, damned, and straughted*. It is all in vain that I search for every obituary, and peruse it with the utmost care, anxiety, and terror. There are many of you good Scotch folks that love to slip slily out of the world, like a knotless thread, without ever getting into any obituary at all ; and, besides, it is always very nearly a couple of years before any review, magazine, or obituary, reaches the remote, and almost inaccessible regions in which my lot has been long cast. To remedy a few of these inconveniences, I propose taking a short trip to Bengal, as soon as I have seen how the climate of Puloo Penang agrees with my health ; and, as in that region they are generally better informed with regard to all European matters, and better provided with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I shall probably be able to discover that a good many of you have gone ‘ to kingdom come,’ since I bade adieu to Auld Reekie.

“ When I arrived in Madras, I first of all reconnoitred my ground, when I perceived that the public men fell naturally into two



divisions. The mercantile party, consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedlar, nor in their views a whit more enlarged ; in short, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and who have no name for such phrases as national honour, and would not scruple to sell their country's credit to the highest bidder. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party, for whom I am more at a loss to find a name. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others ; but they have discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors, and they assert that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first, as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us everywhere in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities, as well as principles, that have been drafted from the common professional routine for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression, so much so, that the commander-in-chief had assumed all the powers of the medical board, over whom a court-martial was at that very time impending. The medical line had been from time immemorial shut out from every appointment, except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a person's choice : first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and, by strict economy, endeavour to amass a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years ; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation somewhat more respectable in addition to those of the line itself. You know when I left Scotland, I had determined at all events to become a furious Orientalist, *nemini secundus*,



but I was not aware of the difficulty. I found the expense of native teachers would prove almost insurmountable to a mere assistant surgeon, whose pay is seldom equal to his absolutely necessary expenses ; and, besides, that it was necessary to form a library of MSS. at a most terrible expense, in every language to which I should apply, if I intended to proceed beyond a mere smattering. After much consideration I determined on this plan at all events, and was fortunate enough in a few months to secure an appointment, which furnished me with the means of doing so, though the tasks and exertions it imposed on me were a good deal more arduous than the common duties of a surgeon, even in a Mahratta campaign. I was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore survey, and at the same time ordered to carry on inquiries concerning the natural history of the country, and the manners and languages, &c., of the natives of Mysore. This, you would imagine, was the very situation I wished for, and so it would, had I previously had time to acquire the country languages. But I had them now to acquire after severe marches and counter-marches in the heat of the sun, night-marches and day-marches, and, amid the disgusting details of a field-hospital, the duties of which were considerably arduous. However, I wrought incessantly and steadily, and without being discouraged by any kind of difficulty, till my health absolutely gave way, and when I could keep the field no longer, I wrought on my couch, as I generally do still, though I am much better than I have been. As I had the assistance of no intelligent Europeans, I was obliged long to grope my way ; but I have now acquired a pretty correct idea of India in all its departments, which increases in geometrical progression as I advance in the languages. The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persic, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canary, Sanskrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian. You will be ready to ask where the devil I picked up these hard names, but I assure you it is infinitely more difficult to pick up the languages themselves ; several of which include dialects as different from each other as French or Italian from Spanish or Portuguese ; and in all these, I flatter myself, I have made considerable progress. What would you say, were I to add the Maldivian and Mapella languages to these ? Besides, I have



decyphered the inscriptions of Mavalipoorani, which were written in an ancient Canara character, which had hitherto defied all attempts at understanding it ; and also several *Lada Lippi* inscriptions, which is an ancient Tamal dialect and character ; in addition to the Jewish tablets of Cochin, which were in the ancient Malayalam, generally termed Malabar. I enter into these details merely to show you that I have not been idle, and that my time has neither been dissipated nor without plan, though that plan is not sufficiently unfolded. To what I have told you of, you are to add constant and necessary exposure to the sun, damps and dews from the jungles, and putrid exhalations of marshes, before I had been properly accustomed to the climate ; constant rambling in the haunts of tigers, leopards, bears, and serpents of thirty or forty feet long, that make nothing of swallowing a buffalo, by way of demonstrating their appetite, in a morning, together with smaller and more dangerous snakes, whose haunts are dangerous, and bite deadly—and you have a faint idea of a situation, in which, with health, I lived as happy as the day was long. It was diversified with rapid jaunts of a hundred miles or so, as fast as horses or bearers could carry me, by night or day, swimming through rivers, afloat in an old brass kettle, at midnight ! Oh, I could tell you adventures to outrival the Witch of Endor, or any witch that ever swam in egg-shell or sieve ; but you would undoubtedly imagine I wanted to impose on you were I to relate what I have seen and passed through. No ! I certainly shall never repent of having come to India. It has awakened energies in me that I scarcely imagined I possessed, though I could gnaw my living nails with pure vexation to think how much I have been thwarted by indisposition. If, however, I get over it, I shall think the better of my constitution as long as I live. It is not every constitution that can resist the combined attack of liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is much akin to the plague of Egypt and yellow fever of America. It is true I have been five times given up by the most skilful physicians in these parts ; but in spite of that, I am firmly convinced that ‘my doom is not to die this day,’ and that you shall see me emerge from this tribulation like gold purified in the fire ; and when that happens, egad, I may boast that I have been refined by the very same menstruum too, even the universal solvent



mercury, which is almost the only cure for the liver, though I have been obliged to try another, and make an issue on my right side. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down, and write me a letter a mile long, and tell me of all our common friends, and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, say to them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust, if they have received my letters. But, particularly, you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener; and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake, to play 'Jingling Johnnie' on his flageolet. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourself drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our Eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water* (ohon a ree!), having abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity."

No one can regard the excessive ardour of Dr Leyden without feelings both of admiration and sadness. With zeal too great for his strength, and by his own intense thirst for promotion in the sphere upon which he had entered, he hastened to undermine that strong constitution which, in his native land, no amount of labour had been able to affect. The one passion, laudable in itself, of rising to the highest place among the many celebrated Orientalists, seems to have put him entirely under its control. His persistence in study at Mysore, when suffering from liver complaint, was most blameworthy. Sir John Malcolm tells us that he had become so ill, that the physician, Dr Anderson, despaired of his life. He still continued to study, however, and when unable to sit upright, had himself propped up with pillows. Sir John happened to be beside the invalid one day, when Dr Anderson entered. "I am glad you are here," said the latter: "you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and now I repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet." "Very well, doctor," exclaimed Leyden, "you have done your duty, but you must now hear me: *I cannot be idle*; and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last." And he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.



From this and other incidents of his life, it is evident that Dr Leyden was one of those men who, when surcharged with *one* idea, become semi-oblivious of every other thing. This was well illustrated by another event which occurred about the same time as the preceding. General Malcolm had got a letter from some of his friends at home, and it contained an account of the heroic manner in which the Borderers rushed to arms at the "false alarm," on January 31st, 1804. Leyden had been confined to bed for several days. Many gentlemen were beside him, but when the gallant officer entered, and told the patriotic Borderer the gist of the letter—that the volunteers had flocked together from all parts with a readiness and rapidity which proved that the stern, heroic character of former days had in no way abated, and that they had marched into Hawick to the tune of "Wha daur meddle wi' me"—his illness for the time disappeared. He started from his bed, and, with wild tones, and wilder gestures, sang, or rather shrieked, the defiant old war-song,—

"Wha daur meddle wi' me ?  
Oh, wha daur meddle wi' me ?  
My name 'tis little Jock Elliot,  
An' wha daur meddle wi' me ?"

The spectators of this patriotic outburst were so astounded, that they at once concluded that the fever had seized his brain, and brought on delirium.

These letters to the two most distinguished Edinburgh publishers of that period, bring us to the end of the year 1805, and the time of Leyden's sojourn in Puloo Penang. This, otherwise called Prince of Wales' Island, lies off the west coast of the long Malaya peninsula, from which it was separated by a strait about two miles wide. The island is very fertile, and from its excellent accommodation for vessels, has long attracted a great variety of races. Its resources had been but recently laid open when Leyden visited it. Yet it had so rapidly increased in importance, that in 1805 its population amounted to 14,000—rather more than double what it contained eight years before. In such a thriving and energetic community, Leyden soon began to feel himself at home, and to cultivate friendship with some of the more distinguished residents,



especially Philip Dundas, Esq., the Governor of the island, and Mr Raffles, who afterwards became Governor of Java. While staying in this island he prosecuted his philological researches with great diligence and success; and the result of his labours was condensed into a "Dissertation on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations." The familiarity which the author shows with his subject is truly surprising, when we consider the short time he had spent among the natives of the Malayan peninsula. It illustrates a peculiar aptness for tracing a nation's history in its language. But the task to which he set himself was even more complex than this. It was to mark the relations between the various tribes and nations that people the peninsula, and the islands of the Oriental Archipelago adjacent to it—such as Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and Java, and also what connection they have with the Hindoos. His habits of exact observation are well exemplified in it; for it was not a compilation of materials at second-hand, but a collection of observed and sifted facts, relating to the customs, languages, and other characteristics of those who inhabit the above islands. It was published in the tenth volume of the "Asiatic Researches." He had now reached the principal goal to which his noble ambition had long been urging him. He was now an independent explorer in a province well suited to his abilities and tastes. His zeal and unwavering ardour therein had no precedent. Every town he visited, every collection of MSS., every library within his reach, was ransacked for its literary treasures. With the materials which he gathered at that time he also compiled a Malay Grammar.

Much improved in health, and with his knowledge of eastern men and manners greatly enlarged, he left Puloo Penang about the beginning of 1806, and proceeded to Calcutta. He spent this year in the vast Indian capital, at no specific occupation, on account of the infirm state of his health. This sad calamity cramped the full exercise of his great energies, but never chilled their warmth.

While laid aside from his more active duties in the Presidency of Madras, he remained at Calcutta, and prosecuted his linguistic researches with unabated devotion. The fruit of this year's labours was similar in nature to what he had produced during the previous year at Puloo Penang. It was an essay of about 200 pages, which



sought to elucidate some of the mongrel dialects that hang on the skirts of Hindostani. Those to which he applied himself were the Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekkani. The paper was presented to the Government at Calcutta, which submitted it to the inspection of the college council. This learned body returned it with a very high eulogium, and recommended unanimously that its author should be immediately enrolled on the college staff, with a salary, and be in readiness for the first vacant professorship. He did not require to wait long, as a vacancy soon occurred in the Hindostani department, and the persevering Doctor became a professor. This promotion laid open to him another avenue to honour. He was enrolled among the members of the Asiatic Society, which he greatly revived by his exertions and example, and where he enjoyed the friendship of Mr Henry Colebrooke, a most accomplished Orientalist, who was at that time president of the society. Mr Erskine, one of his warmest Indian friends, speaks of his influence therein as something wonderful. In a letter to Mr A. Constable, this gentleman says that "he was restless in suggesting topics of research, and in urging those best qualified to undertake them. He quite revived the Asiatic Society, which for some time before had slumbered, and infused new life into it by what he did himself, and still more by what he was the cause of others doing. There was no work of learning or utility projected in his time, in which he did not take an active part."

After holding this professorship for some time, another office of a very responsible character presented itself. This was the judgeship of the twenty-four Pargunnahs of Calcutta. The appointment was in the hands of Lord Minto, his noble patron and friend, who was Governor-General at that time. It was an office for which there was difficulty in finding one well qualified, inasmuch as it required the combination of extensive learning and a fearless spirit. The shrewd Governor-General quickly discerned the fitness of his fellow-Borderer, and soon had him holding the scales, and handling the sword of justice; for he had both to dispense justice among the inhabitants of the city, who were more immediately under control, and those who frequented the extensive regions of Bengal for purposes of plunder. The latter duties being attended with much danger and adventure, were quite in keeping with his temperament.



They brought back to his mind those scenes of Border warfare and depredation which had from boyhood charmed his fervent imagination. He acquitted himself with great credit, and for his success in clearing the district of Nuddya especially, he was presented publicly with the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government. The stirring and adventurous life of a banditti-hunter suited his humour so well that he continued in office for two years. In 1809 he left it for another which his kind patron, Lord Minto, had secured for him. He now became one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests. His duties here were scarcely less arduous than the preceding. Three days' attendance required to be given every week to its harassing business; and it was necessary that he should be able to speak several Eastern languages. Those days when he was not engaged in his professional labours were wholly devoted to his favourite study. And he now grasped at the Eastern languages and literature with greater eagerness than ever, for he had at length regained good health, and occupied a position where the knowledge he was seeking for was indispensable. His work now brought him a large income. But his manners and mode of living remained unaltered. He still preserved those frugal, almost abstemious habits which had been necessary at college. Yet he did not hoard up his money; but devoted it to the advancement of his own learning, to the accumulation of Eastern manuscripts, and—noblest of all duties!—to the comfort and assistance of his parents, who had denied themselves many comforts for the sake of gratifying his strong appetite for knowledge.

He remained in this office for upwards of a year, and, on resigning it, was promoted by Lord Minto to be Assay Master at the Calcutta Mint. In speaking of this change in a letter to his father, he said, "I have laid aside the scales of justice for those of Mammon; and instead of trying men and their causes, I have only to try the baser, but much less refractory, metals of gold and silver."

This occupation, besides increasing his finances, allowed him much more leisure than those he had hitherto held. But in like measure, as the demands of public business became less urgent, the voice of his own desires became more imperious. The wheel still continued to go round; and that its speed was in no way slackened,



we can easily gather from a few of his works at that time. According to the "Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society," from 1811 to 1813, he performed for missionary enterprise a most important task. He translated the Gospel, within a very short period, into no fewer than five of the most difficult languages, and his zeal for the diffusion of Christian truth would have led him to still more extensive labours in this department, had death not cut him off so suddenly and prematurely. The British and Foreign Bible Society looked to him as its chief coadjutor in Eastern parts, and cherished the hope that at an early period his efforts would bring the Divine message to all the principal nations that lie between the Red and the Yellow Seas. Their report runs thus:—

"Your committee have the satisfaction to lay before the members of the society, a prospect of a still more ample diffusion of the holy Scriptures, in various Eastern dialects, which have not been enumerated, and in which they have never appeared. Dr Leyden, whose extensive knowledge of these dialects is *unrivalled*, has submitted to the corresponding committee of Calcutta, proposals for procuring versions in the following languages: Siamese, Macassar, Bugis, Afghan, Rakheug, Maldivian, and Jagatai, comprehending the colloquial dialects in use, from the eastern boundary of Bengal to the islands of Borneo and Celebes inclusive."

In the short space of a year after the proposal was made, the progress of the undertaking was reported thus:—

"Dr Leyden has delivered to the secretary the following gospels in manuscript,—viz. 1st, Pushtu or Afghan—Matthew and Mark; 2d, Maldivian—the four Gospels; 3d, Baloch—Mark's Gospel; 4th, Macassar—Mark's Gospel; 5th, Bugis—Mark's Gospel: in all, nine Gospels."

This memorial is, indeed, one of the proudest that he has left behind him in the East, although it was, to a great extent, the product of his leisure hours. The indefatigable linguist also compiled a Practice Grammar about this period, at the suggestion of Mr Colebrooke. But while Dr Leyden was thus engaged, the course of events changed. His own schemes, and the high hopes of the Bible Society and his many friends, were suddenly thwarted. He was required by Lord Minto in the expedition against Java, to act as interpreter, and assist in settling the country when conquered.



Having placed the management of the Mint in the hands of his assistant, he left Calcutta for the fatal isle on March 9th, 1811. The voyage thither was somewhat tedious, but this was relieved by their calls at the more important stations on the route. These are mentioned in a letter, the last he ever sent, to his father, which breathes that spirit of filial affection and daring which were always strong points in his character.

“Ship *Phoenix*, in the latitude of Masulipatam, 20th March, 1811.—My dear Father,—After what I wrote you in my last letter, of the probability of my confining my wanderings to Calcutta for the time I may stay in India, you will probably be not a little surprised to find me again at sea. However, you need not, I hope, be the least alarmed, for I am in company with Lord Minto, and not in the least likely to be more exposed than his lordship. We left Calcutta on the 9th of this month for Madras, where there is an army collected of about 10,000 men, black and white, ready to sail the instant his lordship arrives, against the Dutch and French in the islands of Java, Summatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the other Malay countries which are under the celebrated Batavia. We expect to reach Madras in four days, where we do not mean to stay more than three days. From Madras we set sail for Malacca and Puloo Penang, or Prince of Wales’ Island, which we expect to reach in twenty days more. In three weeks further we expect to be off Batavia, which is now very much deserted by the Dutch, from its unhealthy situation. For that reason we shall not stop there, but advance to the centre of the island of Java, which is reckoned the healthiest country in the East, and where the Dutch and French army are encamped about 20,000 strong; but we have no fear of beating them with half their force, as we will be joined by all the Malays and Javanese, which make the greatest part of their force. I take the advantage of the ship *Georgiana*, which goes part of the way in our company, to send you the duplicate of the £100, of which I sent the first in the end of last month. I shall send the duplicate of the same for fear the first or second miscarry from Madras, and it is my intention to remit another £100 by the first ship which leaves Java.

“I accompany Lord Minto on this occasion, to assist in settling



the country when conquered, and as interpreter for the Malay language, which I acquired when I was among the Eastern Isles, four years ago ; and I hold myself highly honoured on the occasion, as his lordship has taken very few persons to accompany him, and those who have volunteered, and been refused, are very numerous. It is not my intention, however, to take up my residence in Java, but to return with his lordship to Bengal. I therefore do not resign my appointment of Assay Master of the Mint, but my assistant is appointed to supply my place till my return, which I expect to be in eight or ten months from the present. I am highly delighted at the prospect, for I shall have the opportunity of seeing a very curious and very fine country, with which the English are very little acquainted.

“I hope you will not think of being anxious about me on this occasion, as I do not consider it as more dangerous than a common journey, of which I have not taken a few. Moreover, if there were any dangers, I should not hesitate a particle more than as it is ; for I should think all paternal and other feelings most unworthily exerted in endeavouring to detain me from the clear and obvious path of duty, if ever it called me to expose myself to danger for my country, or for my benefactors. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, I am only sorry there appears to be no danger whatever, for I should certainly think it my duty to encounter it if it were, and I am not a man to shrink from dangers of any kind, especially if it were to be on Lord Minto’s account. About 6000 or 7000 have already sailed from Bengal, but we shall probably overtake them at Malacca. The Madras army is chiefly that which has returned from the boasted Isle of France, which did not cost us 200 men killed and wounded, though about two months before the arrival of the fleet, four of our frigates were driven on the rocks and compelled to surrender. However, the crews were all recovered when the island was taken, and as soon as our army had landed, the French surrendered after a slight skirmish. Java is now the last place that remains to them in the East. I will let you know how we come on by the first ships. Tell my mother not to be so frightened as she generally is.—I am, dear father, your most affectionate son, JOHN LEYDEN.”

They arrived at Java on the 4th of August, and on the 7th

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entered Batavia, its capital, without resistance. The enemy had retired to Fort Cornelis, a stronger position some miles inland. After a hard-fought battle, the British troops remained masters of the field.

Leyden meanwhile busied himself in exploring the captured city. Its fragments of literature especially attracted his attention, and it was while one day searching for a valuable library, that he entered into a low, unventilated house which contained some interesting manuscripts and books. He inadvertently neglected to allow the fresh air to pass through it, but went in and breathed its pestiferous particles for some hours. On leaving he was seized with sickness and shivering. He felt from the first that the end of his career was approaching, and that the poison of Batavia's noxious air was deadly for a frame that had frequently been, for some years, on the very brink of death. The fever increased for three days, and cut short his useful and laborious life on the 27th of August, 1811, when he was within ten days of completing his thirty-sixth year. Lord Minto and Mr Raffles performed the last sad services to his remains, and communicated the sad tidings to his parents. The news produced universal sorrow among his friends at home, for they were in the full hope of seeing him again among them at a very early date.

We have thus arrived at the premature end of a noble and virtuous life. We have noticed the lofty aim which led it onward and upward. We have marked the struggling, the success, and the great achievements of an earnest soul ; and, as if to warn us of life's uncertainty, the dark pall of death come over it when the prospect was brightest, and the hopes one by one becoming realised. Much might remain to us to draw from that short, but well-spent life, lessons of great practical use ; but if we have represented the man as he was, and his movements in this world, we have gained our end. In a few sentences we shall try to indicate the quantity and quality of his learning, his position as a linguist, as a poet, his prevailing moods, and, finally, his character.

His general learning was very extensive. It had been his study to make it so from the very commencement of his regular training. The opinion of Lord Minto is very clear and conclusive on this



point, and was given in a letter written by that nobleman about four months before Leyden's death:—"Dr Leyden's learning is stupendous, and he is also a very universal scholar. His knowledge, extensive and minute as it is, is always in his pockets, at his finger ends, and on the tip of his tongue. He has made it completely his own, and it is all ready-money. All his talent and labour, indeed, which are both excessive, could not, however, have accumulated such stores without his extraordinary memory. I begin, I fear, to look at that faculty with increasing wonder, I hope without envy, but something like one's admiration of young eyes. It must be confessed that Leyden has occasion for all the stores which application and memory can furnish to supply his tongue, which would dissipate a common stock in a week. I do not believe so great a reader was ever so great a talker before. . . . I must say, to his honour, that he has as intimate and profound a knowledge of the geography, history, mutual relations, characters and manners of every tribe in Asia, as he has of their language. On the present occasion, there is not an island or petty state in the multitude of islands and nations amongst which we are going, of which he has not a tolerably minute and accurate knowledge. . . . His pen is sober, steady, concise, lucid, and well fed with useful as well as curious matter. His reasoning is just, his judgment extremely sound, and his principles always admirable."

Leyden's learning was, however, thought by some to be superficial and imperfect. We cannot doubt but that much of it was so, but a still greater part of it was well sifted and solid. What he did learn, he learned accurately; but it often happened that he had merely the outlines of a science, when either inclination or necessity carried him away to another subject. The rapidity with which he acquired whatever he set himself to, leaves the impression that he had only skimmed over its surface. But this is a judgment based on what the majority of other students are able to accomplish. In coming to a decision we must bear in mind that his powers of application and strength of memory were far beyond the ordinary, for a proof of which we need only point to his success, when he required to master the medical profession. Rarely have so many accomplishments been found in a single individual. Few, with a lifetime twice as long, have become familiar, as he was, with the



many questions that have long vexed theology and philosophy ; the relics of antiquity ; the disclosures of experimental science, the science of medicine, and such a wide circle of languages.

His attainments as a linguist were especially great, for this was the channel into which his energies mainly flowed. Before he had long applied himself to this study, he had acquired quite sufficient to single him out from all his fellow-students, Alexander Murray, perhaps, excepted ; and when he left for India, he is said to have had at command no fewer than seventeen languages. But his reputation in this department attained to such an unprecedented height, that he afterwards became a standard according to which any remarkable proficiency was tested. This is well shown by the documents relative to the Rev. Alexander Murray, when this amiable and distinguished Orientalist became a candidate for the Hebrew Chair of the Edinburgh University. Alexander Christison, Professor of Humanity, in his testimonial, thus writes :—" His knowledge of languages appears to me to equal that of Sir William Jones, and that of my friend Dr Leyden, who lately died in the East, of whom Lord Minto said in public—"The late Dr Leyden's knowledge of languages resembled more the ancient gift of tongues than the slow acquisitions of ordinary men."

Sir Walter Scott, in a testimonial sent by him in favour of Mr Murray, says :—"The late Dr Leyden, whose extensive researches into Oriental Languages and Antiquities exceeded that of any man (Sir William Jones not excepted), who ever made them his study, introduced Mr Murray to me some time before his departure for India, as one of the most profound Oriental scholars in Britain, of which he shortly after gave the public convincing proofs in one of the most laborious and learned books of this period."

There were other eminent scholars of that period, particularly Dr Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Dr Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic, whose recommendations were couched in similar terms. In judging his powers as a linguist and philologist, we must bear in mind that he prosecuted his researches to a great extent on ground that had not been traversed before. His devoted friend, Mr Erskine, who was himself a most learned Orientalist, states this fact very clearly. He said "that though Leyden had been cut off in the midst of his plans, and while he had



only cleared the way for his future exertions, if he died too soon for the world and his friendship, he had yet, by the originality of his researches and discoveries, formed an era in Oriental literature, and thereby lived long enough to attain one object of his noble ambition, and to leave behind him a name that would never die."

We thus place him in the first rank of linguists, but when we come to his *poetry*, we must fall back somewhat. No mind has yet been first in everything. His poetry, in some cases, is inspired with a melody of expression which is seldom surpassed; but the greater part of it is strained and heavy. "The Scenes of Infancy" rank him beside Campbell, but it has not the finish of "The Pleasures of Hope." It bears the marks of having been hurriedly pieced together, and, like Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," composed of a number of shorter poems, afterwards collected, and united under one title. Some of his minor pieces are truly beautiful. "The Mermaid," "Address to an Indian Gold Coin," are the products of an imagination which could have risen into a very high position among our chief lyric poets. But throughout all that has been transmitted to us, we find a purity of thought, a studied manliness of sentiment, and an energy of flight, altogether in keeping with the character of the poet himself. Having thus glanced at Leyden's attainments and position as a scholar and man of letters, we naturally wish to get nearer the man himself. What were his prevailing moods? his character?

To the first question, if we speak of his appearance among men, there is only one answer. *Cheerfulness* beamed in his countenance, mingled with his raillery, softened his controversial vehemence, and attended him at the banquets of the great. *Hope*, like a ministering angel, buoyed him up through the long course of study, by which he accumulated his stupendous learning. In the carrying out of his projects he had, therefore, little time for *ennui* or melancholy. Yet this element does occasionally infuse itself into the usually placid current of his life, but not more as a disturbing than as a beautifying element. It is never allowed to predominate, for his life was directed in harmony with the principle that activity is the best antidote to melancholy. We should not have known that this mood ever beclouded that happy temperament which made him always a welcome guest and congenial companion among the learned and worthy, except for



his poetry. In the Sonnets especially, there frequently starts up a tendency to paint life's varied aspects in the dingy hues of a contemplative melancholy. This tendency grew upon him from the time, 1793, when his strong brotherly affections passed through an ordeal of fire, beside the bier of a beloved sister. His own note prefixed to the beautiful Elegy, which he penned about a year after, (see page 187), clearly shows the commencement, his sonnets the continuation, and his "Dirge on the Departed Year," addressed to Mrs Raffles, when he was in Puloo Penang, the deepening intensity of this feeling. But, as stated before, it only found expression in his poetry ; it was banished from his conversation and dealings with his fellow-men.

After what we stated concerning his character at the end of the second period of Dr Leyden's life, we need to add little here. It was a character that changed not. From beginning to end he always preserved habits of the strictest integrity, temperance, and perseverance. He had much of that solidity which characterises a true Scotchman everywhere ; but it was mixed with, and mollified by a cheerful vivacity. His independence of spirit was, on all occasions, most characteristic ; and that pure simplicity of life, which he had learned at the humble hearth of his father, never left him. Much of what makes Dr Leyden's character worthy of admiration was indeed learned at the same all-important school. He always breathed there an atmosphere of peacefulness, contentment, and piety. And of the illustrious Linguist's father, Dr Thomas Brown used to say that "in all his experience he had never met with any man who came so near his ideal of a Scottish peasant as old John Leyden." This sentiment of Dr Brown is nowhere more beautifully exemplified than in a conversation which took place between Sir John Malcolm and the noble-minded peasant. It is recorded by Mr Morton as follows :—

"Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and, though his feelings were much agitated, he rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J.



Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realising the little property that had been left, said he was authorised by Mr Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed) to say, that such as were likely to produce a profit should be published as soon as possible for the benefit of the family. 'Sir,' said the old man, with animation, and with tears in his eyes, 'God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! As it is, I beg of Mr Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age; but, thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore of you and Mr Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame.'"

There is one difficulty which all must experience in trying to form an estimate of Dr Leyden's genius and attainments. It arises from the circumstance that he was cut off before his purpose was realised. But he has left enough to prove that his mind was cast in no ordinary mould, and that by the powers of his own moral and intellectual nature, he rose to an elevation which has rarely been equalled in the same space of time.











## Scenes of Infancy.

### PART I.

Ben sanno i verdi poggi, e le sonanti  
Selve romite, e l'acque  
Che son le mie ricchezze inni soavi :  
Alor la cetra consacrar mi piacque.

MENZINI.

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,  
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear,  
When, in the softened light of summer skies,  
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !  
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !  
I come to trace your soothing haunts again,  
To mark each grace that pleased my stripling prime.  
By absence hallowed, and endeared by time,  
To lose, amid your winding dells, the past :—  
Ah ! must I think ~~this~~ lingering look the last ?  
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view !  
How soft ye smiled, when Nature's charms were new !  
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,  
And every opening grace had power to charm ;



While, as each scene in living lustre rose,  
Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

Even as I muse, my former life returns,  
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.  
Like music melting in a lover's dream,  
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream :  
The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,  
Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;  
While, through inverted alder boughs below,  
The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks, thine ancient bards no more,  
Enchanting stream ! their melting numbers pour ;  
But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,  
Sigh the soft airs they learned when time was young  
And those who tread, with holy feet, the ground,  
At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound ;  
When river breezes wave their dewy wings,  
And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

What earthly hand presumes, aspiring, bold,  
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,  
With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his head,  
And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead—  
He round the poplar's base shall nightly strew  
The willow's pointed leaves of pallid blue,  
And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,  
When round him deepen sighs from shapes unseen,  
And o'er his lonely head, like summer bees,  
The leaves self-moving tremble on the trees.  
When morn's first rays fall quivering on the strand,  
Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,  
And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,  
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.



If thou, Aurelia ! bless the high design,  
And softly smile, that daring hand is mine.  
Wild on the breeze the thrilling lyre shall fling  
Melodious accents from each elfin string.  
Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin threw,  
When from his dreams the mountain sprites withdrew ;  
While, trembling to the wires that warbled shrill,  
His apple-blossoms waved along the hill.  
Hark ! how the mountain-echoes still retain  
The memory of the prophet's boding strain !

“Once more, begirt with many a martial peer,  
Victorious Arthur shall his standard rear,  
In ancient pomp his mailèd bands display ;  
While nations, wond'ring, mark their strange array,  
Their proud commanding port, their giant form,  
The spirit's stride, that treads the northern storm :  
Where fate invites them to the dread repast,  
Dark Cheviot's eagles swarm on every blast ;  
On Camlan bursts the sword's impatient roar ;  
The war-horse wades, with champing hoofs, in gore ;  
The scythèd car on grating axle rings ;  
Broad o'er the field the ravens join their wings ;  
Above the champions, in the fateful hour,  
Floats the black standard of the evil power.”

Though many a wondrous tale of elder time  
Shall grace the wild traditionary rhyme,  
Yet, not of warring hosts and falchion wounds,  
Again the harp of ancient minstrels sounds :  
Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile groves,  
And silver streams, which dear Aurelia loves.

From wilds of tawny heath, and mosses dun,  
Through winding glens, scarce pervious to the sun,



Afraid to glitter in the noon-tide beam,  
The Teviot leads her young, sequestered stream ;  
Till, far retiring from her native rills,  
She leaves the covert of her sheltering hills,  
And, gathering wide her waters on their way,  
With foamy force emerges into day.

Where'er she sparkles o'er her silver sand,  
The daisied meads in glowing hues expand ;  
Blue osiers whiten in their bending rows ;  
Broad o'er the stream the pendent alder grows ;  
But, more remote, the spangled fields unfold  
Their bosoms, streaked with vegetative gold ;  
Grey downs, ascending, dimple into dales ;  
The silvery birch hangs o'er the sloping vales ;  
While, far remote, where flashing torrents shine,  
In misty verdure towers the tapering pine,  
And dusky heaths in sullen languor lie,  
Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky.

As every prospect opens on my view,  
I seem to live departed years anew ;  
When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,  
Each flower, self-sown, my heedless hours beguiled :  
The wabret leaf \* that by the pathway grew,  
The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful hue,  
The thistle's rolling wheel of silken down,  
The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,  
The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,  
That, like a living pea-flower, skimmed the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-grey stone,  
Where oft, at eve, I wont to muse alone,

\* The plantain leaf.



And vex, with curious toil, mine infant eye,  
To count the gems that stud the nightly sky ;  
Or think, as playful fancy wandered far,  
How sweet it were to dance from star to star !

Again I view each rude romantic glade,  
Where once, with tiny steps, my childhood strayed  
To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,  
Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,  
Who saw her nest, close thatched with ceaseless toil,  
At summer eve become the woodman's spoil.

How lightly then I chased, from flower to flower,  
The lazy bee, at noon-tide's languid hour,  
When, pausing faint beneath the sweltering heat,  
The hive could scarce their drowsy hum repeat !

Nor scenes alone with summer beauties bright,  
But winter's terrors brought a wild delight,  
With fringed flakes of snow that idly sail,  
And windows tinkling shrill with dancing hail ;  
While, as the drifting tempest darker blew,  
White showers of blossoms seemed the fields to strew.

Again, beside this silver rivulet's shore,  
With green and yellow moss-flowers mottled o'er,  
Beneath a shivering canopy reclined,  
Of aspen leaves, that wave without a wind,  
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir  
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir ;  
Or wander 'mid the dark-green fields of broom,  
When peers, in scattered tufts, the yellow bloom ;  
Or trace the path, with tangling furze o'errun,  
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,  
And pittering grasshoppers, confusedly shrill,  
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.



Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie  
Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye,  
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,  
Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy rest !  
Oft have I, listening, mused the sultry day,  
And wondered what thy chirping song might say ;  
When nought was heard along the blossomed lea,  
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Since, with weak step, I traced each rising down,  
Nor dreamed of worlds beyond yon mountains brown,  
These scenes have ever to my heart been dear ;  
But still, Aurelia ! most, when thou wert near.

On Eden's banks, in pensive fit reclined,  
Thy angel features haunted still my mind ;  
And oft, when ardent fancy spurned control,  
The living image rushed upon my soul,  
Filled all my heart, and, 'mid the bustling crowd,  
Bade me, forgetful, muse or think aloud ;  
While, as I sighed thy favourite scenes to view,  
Each lingering hour seemed lengthening as it flew :  
As Ovid, banished from his favourite fair,  
No gentle melting heart his grief to share,  
Was wont, in plaintive accents, to deplore  
Campania's scenes, along the Getic shore ;  
A lifeless waste, unfanned by vernal breeze,  
Where snow-flakes hung, like leaves, upon the trees :  
The fur-clad savage loved his aspect mild,  
Kind as a father, gentle as a child ;  
And though they pitied, still they blessed the doom  
That bade the Getæ hear the songs of Rome.

Sweet scenes, conjoined with all that most endears  
The cloudless morning of my tender years !



With fond regret, your haunts I wander o'er,  
And, wondering, feel myself the child no more :  
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same ;—  
But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

Aurelia ! mark yon silver clouds unrolled,  
Where far, in ether, hangs each shining fold  
That on the breezy billow idly sleeps,  
Or climbs, ambitious, up the azure steeps !  
Their snowy ridges seem to heave and swell  
With airy domes, where parted spirits dwell ;  
Untainted souls, from this terrestrial mould  
Who fled, before the priest their names had told.

On such an eve as this, so mild and clear,  
I followed to the grave a sister's bier.  
As sad, by Teviot, I retired alone,  
The setting sun with silent splendour shone ;  
Sublime emotions reached my purer mind :  
The fear of death—the world was left behind.  
I saw the thin-spread clouds of summer lie,  
Like shadows, on the soft cerulean sky ;  
As each its silver bosom seemed to bend,  
Rapt fancy heard an angel voice descend  
Melodious, as the strain which floats on high  
To soothe the sleep of blameless infancy ;  
While, soft and slow, aerial music flowed,  
To hail the parted spirit on its road.  
“ To realms of purer light,” it seemed to say,  
“ Thyself as pure, fair sufferer, come away !  
The moon, whose silver beams are bathed in dew,  
Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue ;  
Her watery light, that trembles on the tree,  
Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me.”



As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,  
A wilder influence charmed and awed my soul;  
Each graceful form, that vernal nature wore,  
Roused keen sensations never felt before;  
The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,  
The haunted mountain-streams that murmured near,  
The antique tombstone, and the churchyard green,  
Seemed to unite me with the world unseen.  
Oft, when the eastern moon rose darkly red,  
I heard the viewless paces of the dead,  
Heard, on the breeze, the wandering spirits sigh,  
Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by.  
The lyre of woe, that oft had soothed my pain,  
Soon learned to breathe a more heroic strain,  
And bade the weeping birch her branches wave,  
In mournful murmurs, o'er the warrior's grave.

Where rising Teviot joins the Frostylee  
Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree.  
No verdant woodbine wreaths their age adorn;  
Bare are the boughs, the gnarled roots upturn.  
Here shone no sun-beam, fell no summer-dew,  
Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,  
Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,\*  
True to his country, as a traitor died.

Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters placed,  
Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,  
Mark where the gallant warriors lie:—but long  
Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song;  
The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones  
Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,

\* Johnnie Armstrong.



When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,  
The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,  
Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain  
Swells its bold notes triumphant o'er the slain.

Such themes inspire the Border shepherd's tale,  
When, in the grey thatch, sounds the fitful gale,  
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,  
As, by red ember-light, the damsels spin :  
Each chaunts, by turns, the song his soul approves,  
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,  
In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,  
With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallowed ground ;  
While narrowing still the circle closes round,  
Till, shrinking pale from nameless shapes of fear,  
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

What minstrel wrought these lays of magic power  
A swain once taught me in his summer-bower,  
As, round his knees, in playful age I hung,  
And eager listened to the lays he sung.

Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,  
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,  
Through slaty hills whose sides are shagged with thorn,  
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark-green corn,  
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale ;  
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.  
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,  
The SCOTT, to rival realms a mighty bar,  
Here fixed his mountain-home ;—a wide domain,  
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain ;  
But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,  
From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.



The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright ;  
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night ;  
And, as the massy portals wide were flung,  
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.  
What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,  
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall ?  
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,  
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.  
Amid the piles of spoil that strewed the ground,  
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound ;  
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,  
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew :  
Scared at the light, his little hands he flung  
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung ;  
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,  
His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster-child.  
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,  
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view.  
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,  
He shunned the fearful, shuddering joy of war ;  
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,  
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill  
The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill,  
When evening brings the merry folding-hours,  
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.  
He lived, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,  
To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier ;  
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,  
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom :  
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,  
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.



Nursed in these wilds, a lover of the plains,  
I sing, like him, the joys of inland swains  
Who climb their loftiest mountain-peaks, to view,  
From far, the cloud-like waste of ocean blue.  
But not, like his, with unperceived decay,  
My days in fancy's dreams shall melt away ;  
For soon yon sun, that here so softly gleams,  
Shall see me tossing on the ocean-streams.  
Yet still 'tis sweet to trace each youthful scene,  
And conjure up the days which might have been,  
Live o'er the fancied suns which ne'er shall roll,  
And woo the charm of song to soothe my soul,  
Paint the fair scenes which charmed when life began,  
And, in the infant, stamped the future man.

From yon green peak, black haunted Slata brings  
The gushing torrents of unfathomed springs :  
In a dead lake, that ever seems to freeze,  
By sedge enclosed from every ruffling breeze,  
The fountains lie ; and shuddering peasants shrink  
To plunge the stone within the fearful brink ;  
For here, 'tis said, the fairy hosts convene,  
With noisy talk, and bustling steps unseen ;  
The hill resounds with strange, unearthly cries ;  
And moaning voices from the waters rise.  
Here oft, in sweetest sounds, is heard the chime  
Of bells unholy, from the fairy clime ;  
The tepid gales that in these regions blow,  
Oft, on the brink, dissolve the mountain-snow ;  
Around the deep that seeks the downward sky,  
In mazes green the haunted ringlets lie.  
Woe to the upland swain who, wandering far,  
The circle treads beneath the evening star !



His feet the witch-grass green impels to run  
Full on the dark descent he strives to shun ;  
Till, on the giddy brink, o'erpowered by charms,  
The fairies clasp him in unhallowed arms,  
Doomed, with the crew of restless foot, to stray  
The earth by night, the nether realms by day ;  
Till seven long years their dangerous circuit run,  
And call the wretch to view this upper sun.  
Nor long the time, if village-saws be true,  
Since in the deep a hardy peasant threw  
A ponderous stone ; when, murmuring from below,  
With gushing sound he heard the lake o'erflow.  
The mighty torrent, foaming down the hills,  
Called, with strong voice, on all her subject rills ;  
Rocks drove on jagged rocks with thundering sound,  
And the red waves, impatient, rent their mound ;  
On Hawick burst the flood's resistless sway,  
Ploughed the paved streets, and tore the walls away,  
Floated high roofs, from whelming fabrics torn ;  
While pillared arches down the wave were borne.

Boast ! Hawick, boast ! Thy structures, reared in blood,  
Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood,  
Still doomed to prosper, since, on Flodden's field,  
Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,  
Fell with their martial king, and—(glorious boast !)  
Gained proud renown, where Scotia's fame was lost.

Between red ezlar banks, that frightful scowl,  
Fringed with grey hazel, roars the mining Roull ;  
Where Turnbolls once, a race no power could awe,  
Lined the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw.  
Bold was the chief, from whom their line they drew,  
Whose nervous arm the furious bison slew ;



The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,  
Whose bounding course outstripped the red deer's speed.  
By hunters chafed, encircled on the plain,  
He, frowning, shook his yellow lion-mane,  
Spurned with black hoof, in bursting rage, the ground,  
And fiercely tossed his moony horns around.  
On Scotia's lord he rushed with lightning speed,  
Bent his strong neck, to toss the startled steed ;  
His arms robust the hardy hunter flung  
Around his bending horns, and upward wrung,  
With writhing force his neck retorted round,  
And rolled the panting monster on the ground,  
Crushed, with enormous strength, his bony skull ;  
And courtiers hailed the man who *turned the bull*.

How wild and harsh the moorland music floats,  
When clamorous curlews scream with long-drawn notes,  
Or, faint and piteous, wailing plovers pipe,  
Or, loud and louder still, the soaring snipe !  
And here the lonely lapwing whoops along,  
That, piercing, shrieks her still-repeated song,  
Flaps her blue wing, displays her pointed crest,  
And, cowering, lures the peasant from her nest.  
But if, where all her dappled treasure lies,  
He bend his steps, no more she round him flies ;  
Forlorn, despairing of a mother's skill,  
Silent and sad, she seeks the distant hill.

The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow ;  
The russet moor assumes a richer glow ;  
The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,  
Fling from their scented cups a sweet perfume ;  
While, from their cells, still moist with morning dew,  
The wandering wild bees sip the honied glue :



In wider circle wakes the liquid hum,  
And, far remote, the mingled murmurs come.

Where, panting, in his chequered plaid involved,  
At noon, the listless shepherd lies dissolved,  
'Mid yellow crow-bells, on the rivulet's banks,  
Where knotted rushes twist in matted ranks,  
The breeze, that trembles through the whistling bent,  
Sings, in his placid ear, of sweet content,  
And wanton blows, with eddies whirling weak,  
His yellow hair across his ruddy cheek.  
His is the lulling music of the rills,  
Where, drop by drop, the scanty current spills  
Its waters o'er the shelves that wind across,  
Or filters through the yellow, hairy moss.  
'Tis his, recumbent by the well-spring clear,  
When leaves are broad, and oats are in the ear,  
And marbled clouds contract the arch on high,  
To read the changes of the fleckered sky :  
What bodes the fiery drake, at sultry noon ;  
What rains or winds attend the changing moon,  
When circles, round her disk, of yellowish hue  
Portentous close, while yet her horns are new ;  
Or, when the evening sky looks mild and grey,  
If crimson tints shall streak the opening day.  
Such is the science to the peasant dear,  
Which guides his labour through the varied year ;  
While he, ambitious, 'mid his brother swains,  
To shine, the pride and wonder of the plains,  
Can, in the pimpernel's red-tinted flowers,  
As close their petals, read the measured hours,  
Or tell, as short or tall his shadow falls,  
How clicks the clock within the manse's walls.



Though with the rose's flaring crimson dye  
The heath-flower's modest blossom ne'er can vie,  
Nor to the bland caresses of the gale  
Of morn, like her, expand the purple veil,  
The swain, who, 'mid her fragrance, finds repose,  
Prefers her tresses to the gaudy rose,  
And bids the wild bee, her companion, come  
To soothe his slumbers with her airy hum.

Sweet, modest flower, in lonely deserts dun !  
Retiring still for converse with the sun,  
Whose sweets invite the soaring lark to stoop,  
And from thy cells the honied dew-bell scoop,  
Though unobtrusive all thy beauties shine,  
Yet boast, thou rival of the purpling vine !  
For once thy mantling juice was seen to laugh  
In pearly cups, which monarchs loved to quaff ;  
And frequent wake the wild inspired lay,  
On Teviot's hills, beneath the Pictish sway.

When clover-fields have lost their tints of green,  
And beans are full, and leaves are blanched and lean,  
And winter's piercing breath prepares to drain  
The thin green blood from every poplar's vein,  
How grand the scene yon russet down displays,  
While far the withering heaths with moor-burn blaze !  
The pillared smoke ascends with ashen gleam ;  
Aloft in air the arching flashes stream ;  
With rushing, crackling noise, the flames aspire,  
And roll one deluge of devouring fire ;  
The timid flocks shrink from the smoky heat,  
Their pasture leave, and in confusion bleat,  
With curious look, the flaming billows scan,  
As whirling gales the red combustion fan.



So, when the storms through Indian forests rave,  
And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,  
Grind their silicious joints, with ceaseless ire,  
Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,  
A brazen light bedims the burning sky,  
And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye;  
The forest roars, where crimson surges play,  
And flash through lurid night infernal day;  
Floats, far and loud, the hoarse, discordant yell  
Of ravening pards, which, harmless, crowd the dell;  
While boa-snakes to wet savannahs trail,  
Awkward, a lingering, lazy length of tail;  
The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,  
To lap, with torturing pause, his victim's gore;  
Curbed of their rage, hyenas gaunt are tame,  
And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

But, far remote, ye careful shepherds! lead  
Your wanton flocks, to pasture on the mead,  
While from the flame the bladed grass is young,  
Nor crop the slender spikes that scarce have sprung;  
Else, your brown heaths to sterile wastes you doom,  
While frisking lambs regret the heath-flowers bloom.  
And ah! when smiles the day, and fields are fair,  
Let the black smoke ne'er clog the burthened air!  
Or soon, too soon! the transient smile shall fly,  
And chilling mildews ripen in the sky,  
The heartless flocks shrink shivering from the cold,  
Reject the fields, and linger in the fold.

Lo! in the vales, where wandering riv'lets run,  
The fleecy mists shine, gilded, in the sun,  
Spread their loose folds, till now the lagging gale  
Unfurls no more its lightly-skimming sail,



But, through the hoary flakes, that fall like snow,  
Gleams, in ethereal hue, the watery bow :  
'Tis ancient Silence, robed in thistle-down,  
Whose snowy locks its fairy circles crown ;  
His vesture moves not, as he hovers lone,  
While curling fogs compose his airy throne ;  
Serenely still, self-poised, he rests on high,  
And soothes each infant breeze that fans the sky.  
The mists ascend ;—the mountains scarce are free,  
Like islands floating in a billowy sea ;  
While, on their chalky summits, glimmering dance  
The sun's last rays, across the grey expanse :  
As sink the hills in waves that round them grow,  
The hoary surges scale the cliff's tall brow ;  
The fleecy billows o'er its head are hurled,  
As ocean once embraced the prostrate world.

So, round Caffraria's cape the polar storm  
Collects black spiry clouds of dragon form :  
Flash livid lightnings o'er the blackening deep,  
Whose mountain-waves in silent horror sleep ;  
The sanguine sun, again emerging bright,  
Darts through the clouds long watery lines of light ;  
The deep, congealed to lead, now heaves again,  
While foamy surges furrow all the main ;  
Broad shallows whiten in tremendous row ;  
Deep gurgling murmurs echo from below ;  
And, o'er each coral reef, the billows come and go.

Oft have I wandered, in my vernal years,  
Where Ruberslaw his misty summit rears,  
And, as the fleecy surges closed amain,  
To gain the top have traced that shelving lane,  
Where every shallow stripe of level green,



That, winding, runs the shattered crags between,  
Is rudely notched across the grassy rind,  
In awkward letters, by the rural hind.  
When fond and faithful swains assemble gay,  
To meet their loves on rural holiday,  
The trace of each obscure, decaying name  
Of some fond pair records the secret flame.  
And here the village maiden bends her way,  
When vows are broke, and fading charms decay,  
Sings her soft sorrow to the mountain gale,  
And weeps, that love's delusions e'er should fail.  
Here, too, the youthful widow comes, to clear  
From weeds, a name to fond affection dear :  
She pares the sod, with bursting heart, and cries,  
" The hand that traced it, in the cold grave lies ! "

Ah ! dear Aurelia ! when this arm shall guide  
Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,  
When I, to pine in Eastern realms, have gone,  
And years have passed, and thou remain'st alone,  
Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,  
Regard the turf, where first I carved thy name,  
And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,  
False to his heart, was ever true to thee ?  
Why bend, so sad, that kind, regretful view,  
As every moment were my last adieu ?  
Ah ! spare that tearful look, 'tis death to see,  
Nor break the tortured heart, that bleeds for thee !  
That snowy cheek, that moist and gélid brow,  
Those quiv'ring lips, that breathe th' unfinished vow,  
These eyes, that still with dimming tears o'erflow,  
Will haunt me, when thou can'st not see my woe.  
Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,



Mine eyes, reverted, linger o'er the main ;  
But, sad, as he that dies in early spring,  
When flowers begin to blow, and larks to sing,  
When Nature's joy a moment warms his heart,  
And makes it doubly hard with life to part,  
I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,  
And, fearful, listen for the flapping sail,  
Seek, in these natal shades, a short relief,  
And steal a pleasure from maturing grief.

Yes ! in these shades, this fond, adoring mind  
Had hoped, in thee, a dearer self to find,  
Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,  
And wonder it so long remained unseen ;  
Hoped, those seducing graces might impart  
Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,  
While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,  
Fond thought ! should borrow manlier beams from mine.  
Ah ! fruitless hope of bliss that ne'er shall be !  
Shall but this lonely heart survive to me ?  
No ! in the temple of my purer mind,  
Thine imaged form shall ever live enshrined,  
And hear the vows, to first affection due,  
Still breathed—for love that ceases, ne'er was true.







## PART II.

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,  
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers ;—  
I write of groves, of twilight ; and I sing  
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy-King :  
I write of youth, of love, &c.

HERRICK'S *Hesperides*.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day !  
Whose op'ning flower invites the morning ray,  
From thy moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold,  
To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold !  
Sweet daisy ! flower of love ! when birds are paired,  
'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,  
Smiling in virgin innocence serene,  
Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.  
The lark, with sparkling eye and rustling wing,  
Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring ;  
And, as he prunes his plumes of russet hue,  
Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true.

When May-day comes, the morning of the year,  
And from young April dries the gélid tear ;  
When, as the verdure spreads, the bird is seen  
No more that sings amid the hawthorns green,



In lovelier tints thy swelling blossoms blow,  
The leaflets red between the leaves of snow.  
The damsel now, whose love-awakened mind  
First hopes to leave her infancy behind,  
Glides o'er th' untrodden mead at dawning hour,  
To seek the matin-dew of mystic power,  
Bends o'er the mirror-stream with blushful air,  
And weaves thy modest flower amid her hair.

Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,  
Which for the parting sun-beams seemed to grieve,  
And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,  
Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again :  
Nor he, who sung, "The daisy is so sweet,"  
More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet ;  
When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,  
And dames at tourneys shone with daisies crowned,  
And fays forsook the purer fields above,  
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

Ne'er have I chanced, upon the moon-light green,  
In May's sweet month, to see the daisy queen,  
With all her train, in emerald vest arrayed ;  
As Chaucer once the radiant show surveyed—  
Graceful and slow advanced the stately fair ;  
A sparkling fillet bound her golden hair ;  
With snowy florouns was her chaplet set,  
Where living rubies raised each curious fret,  
Sweet as the daisy, in her vernal pride ;  
The god of love attendant by her side :  
His silken vest was purpled o'er with green,  
And crimson rose-leaves wrought the sprigs between ;  
His diadem, a topaz, beamed so bright,  
The moon was dazzled with its purer light.



This Chaucer saw ; but Fancy's power denies  
Such splendid visions to our feebler eyes :  
Yet sure, with nymphs as fair, by Teviot's strand,  
I oft have roamed to see the flower expand ;  
When, like the daisy-nymph, above the rest,  
Aurelia's peerless beauty shone confest.  
Lightly we danced in many a frolic ring,  
And welcomed May, with every flower of spring :  
Each smile, that sparkled in her artless eye,  
Nor owned her passion, nor could quite deny ;  
As blithe I bathed her flushing cheek with dew,  
And, on the daisy, swore to love her true.

Still, in these meads, beside the daisy-flower,  
I love to see the spiky rye-grass tower ;  
While o'er the folding swathes the mowers bend,  
And sharpening scythes their grating echoes send  
Far o'er the thymy fields. With frequent pause,  
His sweepy stroke the lusty mower draws ;  
Impels the circling blade, with sounding sway,  
Nods to the maids that spread the winnowing hay ;  
Draws from the grass the wild-bee's honied nest,  
And hands to her he prizes o'er the rest.

Again the ruthless weapon sweeps the ground ;  
And the grey corn-craik trembles at the sound.  
Her callow brood around her, cowering, cling—  
She braves its edge—she mourns her severed wing.  
Oft had she taught them, with a mother's love,  
To note the pouncing merlin from the dove,  
The slowly floating buzzard's eye to shun,  
As o'er the meads he hovers in the sun,  
The weazel's sly imposture to prevent,  
And mark the martin by his musky scent :—



Ah! fruitless skill, which taught her not to scan  
The scythe afar, and ruthless arm of man!  
In vain her mate, as evening shadows fall,  
Shall, lingering, wait for her accustomed call;  
The shepherd-boys shall oft her loss deplore,  
That mocked her notes beside the cottage-door.

The noon-breeze pauses now, that lightly blew;  
The brooding sky assumes a darker hue;  
Blue watery streaks, diverging, downwards run,  
Like rays of darkness from the lurid sun;  
The shuddering leaves of fern are trembling still;  
A horrid stillness creeps from hill to hill;  
A conscious tremor Nature seems to feel,  
And silent waits the thunder's awful peal.  
The veil is burst;—the brazen concave rends  
Its fiery arch;—one lurid stream descends:  
Hark! from yon beetling cliff, whose summit rude,  
Projecting, nods above the hanging wood,  
Rent from its solid base, with crashing sound,  
Downward it rolls, and ploughs the shelving ground.  
The peasants, awe-struck, bend with reverent air,  
And, pausing, leave the half-completed prayer;  
Then, as the thunder distant rolls away,  
And yellow sunbeams swim through drizzly spray,  
Begin to talk, what woes the rock portends,  
Which from its jutting base the lightning rends:  
Then circles many a legendary tale,  
Of Douglas' race, foredoomed without a male  
To fade unblest, since, on the churchyard green,  
Its lord o'erthrew the spires of Hazel-dean;  
For sacred ruins long respect demand,  
And curses light on the destroyer's hand.



Green Cavers, hallowed by the Douglas name!  
Tower from thy woods! assert thy former fame!  
Hoist the broad standard of thy peerless line,  
Till Percy's Norman banner bow to thine!  
The hoary oaks that round thy turrets stand—  
Hark! how they boast each mighty planter's hand!  
Lords of the Border! where their pennons flew,  
Mere mortal might could ne'er their arms subdue:  
Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mowed a host;  
Nor Death a triumph o'er the line could boast.

Where rolls, o'er Otter's dales, the surge of war,  
One mighty beacon blazes, vast and far.  
The Norman archers round their chieftain flock;  
The Percy hurries to the spearmen's shock:  
"Raise, minstrels! raise the pealing notes of war!  
Shoot, till broad arrows dim each shrinking star!  
Beam o'er our deeds, fair sun! thy golden light;  
Nor be the warrior's glory lost in night!"  
In vain!—his standards sink—his squadrons yield;—  
His bowmen fly:—a dead man gains the field.

The song of triumph Teviot's maids prepare—  
Oh! where is he? the victor Douglas, where?  
Beneath the circling fern he bows his head,  
That weaves a wreath of triumph o'er the dead.

In lines of crystal, shine the wandering rills,  
Down the green slopes of Minto's sunbright hills,  
Whose castled crags, in hoary pomp sublime,  
Ascend the ruins of primeval time.  
The peasants, lingering in the vales below,  
See their white peaks with purple radiance glow,  
When setting sunbeams on the mountains dance,  
Fade, and return to steal a parting glance.



So, when the hardy chamois-hunters pass  
O'er mounds of crusted snows and seas of glass,  
Where, far above our living atmosphere,  
The desert rocks their crystal summits rear,  
Bright on their sides the silver sunbeams play,  
Beyond the rise of morn and close of day :  
O'er icy cliffs the hunters oft incline,  
To watch the rays that far through darkness shine ;  
And, as they gaze, the fairy radiance deem  
Some Alpine carbuncle's enchanted gleam.

Mark, in yon vale, a solitary stone,  
Shunned by the swain, with loathsome weeds o'ergrown !  
The yellow stonecrop shoots from every pore,  
With scaly sapless lichens crusted o'er :  
Beneath the base, where starving hemlocks creep,  
The yellow pestilence is buried deep,  
Where first its course, as aged swains have told,  
It stayed, concentered in a vase of gold.

Here oft, at sunny noon, the peasants pause,  
While many a tale their mute attention draws ;  
And, as the younger swains, with active feet,  
Pace the loose weeds, and the flat tombstone mete,  
What curse shall seize the guilty wretch, they tell,  
Who drags the monster from his midnight cell,  
And, smit by love of all-alluring gold,  
Presumes to stir the deadly tainted mould.

From climes, where noxious exhalations steam  
O'er aguey flats by Nile's redundant stream,  
It came. The mildew'd cloud, of yellow hue,  
Drops from its putrid wings the blis't'ring dew ;  
The peasants mark the strange discoloured air,  
And from their homes retreat, in wild despair ;



Each friend they seek, their hapless fate to tell ;—  
But hostile lances still their flight repel.  
Ah ! vainly wise, who soon must join the train,  
To seek the help your friends implored in vain !  
To heaths and swamps the cultured field returns ;  
Unheard-of deeds retiring virtue mourns :  
For, mixed with fell diseases, o'er the clime  
Rain the foul seeds of every baleful crime ;  
Fearless of fate, devoid of future dread,  
Pale wretches rob the dying and the dead :  
The sooty raven, as he flutters by,  
Avoids the heaps where naked corpses lie ;  
The prowling wolves, that round the hamlet swarm,  
Tear the young babe from the frail mother's arm ;  
Full gorged, the monster in the desert bred,  
Howls, long and dreary, o'er the unburied dead.

Two beauteous maids the dire infection shun,  
Where Dena's valley fronts the southern sun ;  
While Friendship sweet, and Love's delightful power,  
With fern and rushes thatched their summer-bower.  
When Spring invites the sister-friends to stray,  
One graceful youth, companion of their way,  
Bars their retreat from each obtrusive eye,  
And bids the lonely hours unheeded fly ;  
Leads their light steps beneath the hazel spray,  
Where moss-lined boughs exclude the blaze of day,  
And ancient rowans mix their berries red  
With nuts, that cluster brown above their head.  
He, 'mid the writhing roots of elms, that lean  
O'er oozy rocks of ezlar, shagged and green,  
Collects pale cowslips for the faithful pair,  
And braids the chaplet round their flowing hair,



And for the lovely maids alternate burns,  
As Love and Friendship take the sway by turns.  
Ah! hapless day, that from this blest retreat  
Lured to the town his slow unwilling feet!  
Yet, soon returned, he seeks the green recess,  
Wraps the dear rivals in a fond caress;  
As heaving bosoms own responsive bliss,  
He breathes infection in one melting kiss;  
Their languid limbs he bears to Dena's strand,  
Chafes each soft temple with his burning hand:  
Their cheeks to his the grateful virgins raise,  
And fondly bless him as their life decays;  
While o'er their forms he bends, with tearful eye,  
And only lives to hear their latest sigh.  
A veil of leaves the redbreast o'er them threw,  
Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.  
There the blue ring-dove coos with ruffling wing,  
And sweeter there the throstle loves to sing;  
The woodlark breathes, in softer strain, the vow;  
And Love's soft burthen floats from bough to bough.

But thou, sweet minstrel of the twilight vale!  
Oh! where art thou, melodious nightingale?  
On their green graves shall still the moonbeams shine,  
And see them mourned by every song but thine?  
That song, whose lapsing tones so sweetly float,  
That love-sick maidens sigh at every note!

Oh! by the purple rose of Persia's plain,  
Whose op'ning petals greet thine evening strain,  
Whose fragrant odours oft thy song arrest,  
And call the warbler to her glowing breast;  
Let pity claim thy love-devoted lay,  
And wing, at last, to Dena's vale thy way!



Sweet bird ! how long shall Teviot's maids deplore  
Thy song, unheard along her woodland shore ?  
In southern groves thou charm'st the starry night,  
Till darkness seems more lovely far than light ;  
But still, when vernal April wakes the year,  
Nought save the echo of thy song we hear.  
The lover, lingering by some ancient pile,  
When moonlight meads in dewy radiance smile,  
Starts at each woodnote wandering through the dale,  
And fondly hopes he hears the nightingale.  
Oh ! if those tones, of soft enchanting swell,  
Be more than dreams which fabling poets tell ;  
If e'er thy notes have charmed away the tear  
From beauty's eye, or mourned o'er beauty's bier ;  
Waste not the softness of thy notes in vain,  
But pour, in Dena's vale, thy sweetest strain !

Dena ! when sinks at noon the summer breeze,  
And moveless falls the shadework of the trees,  
Bright in the sun thy glossy beeches shine,  
And only Ancrum's groves can vie with thine ;  
Where Ala, bursting from her moorish springs,  
O'er many a cliff her smoking torrent flings,  
And broad, from bank to bank, the shadows fall  
From every Gothic turret's mouldering wall,  
Each ivied spire, and sculpture-fretted court ;  
Where plummy Templars held their gay resort,  
Spread their cross-banners in the sun to shine,  
And called green Teviot's youth to Palestine.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Alemoor's lake,  
And nightly bids her gulfs unbottomed quake ;  
While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,  
Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue.



The water-birds, with shrill discordant scream,  
Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream :  
He dreads to raise his slow unclosing eye,  
And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry :  
The timid mother, clasping to her breast  
Her starting child, by closer arms caressed,  
Hushes, with soothing voice, his murmuring wail,  
And sighs to think of poor Eugenia's tale.

By alders circled, near the haunted flood,  
A lonely pile, Eugenia's dwelling stood ;  
Green woodbine wandered o'er each mossy tower,  
The scented apple spread its painted flower ;  
The flower that in its lonely sweetness smiled,  
And seem'd to say, " I grew not always wild !"  
In this retreat, by memory's charm endeared,  
Her lovely boy the fair Eugenia reared,  
Taught young affection every fondling wile,  
And smiled herself to see her infant smile.

But, when the lisping prattler learned to frame  
His faltering accents to his father's name,—  
(That hardy knight, who first from Teviot bore  
The crosiered shield to Syria's palmy shore),—  
Oft to the lake she led her darling boy,  
Marked his light footsteps, with a mother's joy,  
Spring o'er the lawn with quick elastic bound,  
And, playful, wheel in giddy circles round,  
To view the thin blue pebble smoothly glide  
Along the surface of the dimpling tide :  
How sweet, she thought it still, to hear him cry,  
As some red-spotted daisy met his eye,  
When stooping low, to touch it on the lea,—  
" The pretty flower ! see, how it looks at me !"



Bright beamed the setting sun ; the sky was clear,  
And sweet the concert of the woods to hear ;  
The hovering gale was steeped in soft perfume ;  
The flow'ry earth seemed fairer still to bloom ;  
Returning heifers lowed from glade to glade ;  
Nor knew the mother that her boy had strayed.  
Quick from a brake, where tangled sloethorns grew,  
The dark-winged erne impetuous glanced to view ;  
He, darting, stooped, and, from the willowy shore,  
Above the lake the struggling infant bore ;  
Till, scared by clamours that pursued his way,  
Far in the wave he dropped his helpless prey.  
Eugenia shrieks, with frenzied sorrow wild,  
Caresses on her breast her lifeless child,  
And fondly hopes, contending with despair,  
That Heaven for once may hear a mother's prayer.  
In her torn heart distracting fancies reign,  
And oft she thinks her child revives again ;  
Fond fluttering hope awhile suspends her smart :—  
She hears alone the throb that rends her heart,  
And, clinging to the lips, as cold as snow,  
Pours the wild sob of deep, despairing woe.

From Ala's banks to fair Melrose's fane,  
How bright the sabre flashed o'er hills of slain,—  
(I see the combat through the mist of years)—  
When Scott and Douglas led the Border spears !  
The mountain-streams were bridged with English dead ;  
Dark Ancrum's heath was dyed with deeper red ;  
The ravaged abbey rung the funeral knell,  
When fierce Latoun and savage Evers fell ;  
Fair bloomed the laurel-wreath, by Douglas placed  
Above the sacred tombs by war defaced.



Hail ! dauntless chieftain ! thine the mighty boast,  
In scorn of Henry and his Southern host,  
To 'venge each ancient violated bust,  
And consecrate to fame thy father's dust.

So, when great Ammon's son to Ister's banks  
Led, in proud bannered pomp, his Grecian ranks,—  
(Bright blazed their falchions at the monarch's nod,  
And nations trembled at the earthly god),—  
Full in his van he saw the Scythian rear,  
With fierce, insulting shout, the forward spear :  
“ No fears,” he cried, “ our stubborn hearts appal,  
Till heaven's blue starry arch around us fall !  
These ancient tombs shall bar thy onward way ;  
This field of graves thy proud career shall stay !”

Deserted Melrose ! oft, with holy dread,  
I trace thy ruins mouldering o'er the dead ;  
While, as the fragments fall, wild fancy hears  
The solemn steps of old departed years,  
When beamed young Science in these cells forlorn,  
Beauteous and lonely as the star of morn.  
Where gorgeous panes a rainbow-lustre threw,  
The rank green grass is cobwebbed o'er with dew ;  
Where pealing organs, through the pillared fane,  
Swelled, clear to heaven, devotion's sweetest strain,  
The bird of midnight hoots with dreary tone,  
And sullen echoes through the cloisters moan.

Farewell ! ye moss-clad spires ! ye turrets gray !  
Where Science first effused her orient ray !  
Ye mossy sculptures, on the roof embossed,  
Like wreathing icicles congealed by frost !  
Each branching window, and each fretted shrine,  
Which peasants still to fairy hands assign !



May no rude hand your solemn grandeur mar,  
Nor waste the structure long revered by war!

From Eildon's cairns no more the watch-fire's blaze,  
Red as a comet, darts portentous rays;  
The fields of death, where mail'd warriors bled,  
The swain beholds with other armies clad,  
When purple streamers flutter high in air,  
From each pavilion of the rural Fair.  
The rural Fair! in boyhood's days serene,  
How sweet to fancy was the novel scene,  
The merry bustle, and the mixed uproar,  
While every face a jovial aspect wore,  
The listening ear that heard the murmurs run,  
The eye that gazed, as it would ne'er have done!

The crafty pedlars, first, their wares dispose,  
With glittering trinkets in alluring rows;  
The toy-struck damsel to her fondling swain  
Simpers, looks kind, and then looks coy again;  
Pleased, half-unwilling, he regards the fair,  
And braids the ribbon round her sun-burnt hair.

Proud o'er the gazing group his form to rear,  
Bawls from his cart the vagrant auctioneer;  
While many an oft-repeated tale he tells,  
And jokes, adapted to the ware he sells.

But when the fife and drum resound aloud,  
Each peopled booth resigns its motley crowd.  
A bunch of roses dangling at his breast,  
The youthful ploughman springs before the rest,  
Throngs to the flag that flutters in the gale,  
And eager listens to the sergeant's tale,  
Hears feats of strange and glorious peril, done  
In climes illumined by the rising sun,



Feels the proud helmet nodding o'er his brow,  
And soon despises his paternal plough.  
His friends to save the headless stripling haste ;—  
A weeping sister clings around his waist ;—  
Fierce hosts, unmarshalled, mixed with erring blows,  
And saplings stout to glittering swords oppose,  
With boisterous shouts, and hubbub hoarse and rude,  
That faintly picture days of ancient feud.

Broad Eildon's shivery side, like silver, shines,  
As in the west the star of day declines :  
While o'er the plains the twilight, vast and dun,  
Stalks on to reach the slow-retiring sun,  
Bright twinkling ringlets o'er the valleys fly,  
Like infant stars that wander from the sky.

In thin and livid coruscations roll  
The frosty lightnings of the wintry Pole ;  
Lines of pale light the glimmering concave strew  
Now loosely flaunt with wavering sanguine hue,  
Now o'er the cope of night, heavy and pale,  
Shoots, like a net, the yellow chequered veil ;  
The peasants, wondering, see the streamers fly,  
And think they hear them hissing through the sky  
While he, whom hoary locks and reverend age.  
And wiser saws, proclaim the rural sage,  
Prophetic tells, that still, when wars are near,  
The skies portentous signs of carnage wear.  
Ere dark Culloden called her clans around,  
To spread for death a mighty charnel-ground,  
While yet unpurpled with the dews of fight,  
Their fate was pictured on the vault of night.  
So Scotia's swains, as Fancy's dreams prevail,  
With looks of mimic wisdom shape the tale.



But, 'mid the gloomy plains of Labrador,—  
(Save the slow wave that freezes on the shore,  
Where scarce a sound usurps the desert drear,  
Nor wild-wood music ever hails the year),—  
The Indian, cradled in his bed of snow,  
Sees heaven's broad arch with flickering radiance glow;  
And thinks he views, along the peopled sky,  
The shades of elks and rein-deer glancing by;  
While warriors, parted long, the dance prepare,  
And fierce carousal o'er the conquered bear.

By every thorn along the woodland damp,  
The tiny glow-worm lights her emerald lamp;  
Like the shot-star, whose yet unquench'd light  
Studs, with faint gleam, the raven vest of night.  
The fairy ring-dance now, round Eildon-tree,  
Moves to wild strains of elfin minstrelsy:  
On glancing step appears the Fairy Queen;  
The printed grass beneath springs soft and green;  
While, hand in hand, she leads the frolic round,  
The dinning tabor shakes the charm'd ground;  
Or, graceful mounted on her palfrey gray,  
In robes that glister like the sun in May,  
With hawk and hound she leads the moonlight ranks  
Of knights and dames to Huntly's ferny banks,  
Where Rymour, long of yore, the nymph embraced,  
The first of men unearthly lips to taste.  
Rash was the vow, and fatal was the hour,  
Which gave a mortal to a fairy's power!  
A lingering leave he took of sun and moon—  
(Dire to the minstrel was the fairy's boon!)—  
A sad farewell of grass and green-leaved tree,  
The haunts of childhood doomed no more to see.



Through winding paths that never saw the sun,  
Where Eildon hides his roots in caverns dun,  
They pass,—the hollow pavement, as they go,  
Rocks to remurmuring waves that boil below.  
Silent they wade, where sounding torrents lave  
The banks, and red the tinge of every wave;  
For all the blood, that dyes the warrior's hand,  
Runs through the thirsty springs of Fairyland.  
Level and green the downward region lies,  
And low the ceiling of the fairy skies;  
Self-kindled gems a richer light display  
Than gilds the earth, but not a purer day.  
Resplendent crystal forms the palace wall;  
The diamond's trembling lustre lights the hall.  
But where soft emeralds shed an umbered light,  
Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight;  
A raven plume waves o'er each helm'd crest,  
And black the mail which binds each manly breast,  
Girt with broad falchion, and with bugle green—  
Ah! could a mortal trust the Fairy Queen?  
From mortal lips an earthly accent fell,  
And Rymour's tongue confessed the numbing spell:  
In iron sleep the minstrel lies forlorn,  
Who breathed a sound before he blew the horn.

So Vathek once, as Eastern legends tell,  
Sought the vast dome of subterranean hell,  
Where, ghastly, in their cedar-biers enshrined,  
The fleshless forms of ancient kings reclined,  
Who, long before primeval Adam rose,  
Had heard the central gates behind them close.  
With jarring clang the ebon portals ope,  
And, closing, toll the funeral knell of hope.



A sable tap'stry lined the marble wall,  
And spirits cursed stalked dimly through the hall.  
There, as he viewed each right hand ceaseless prest,  
With writhing anguish, to each blasted breast,  
Blue, o'er his brow, convulsive fibres start,  
And flames of vengeance eddy round his heart.  
With a dire shriek he joins the restless throng,  
And vaulted hell returned his funeral-song.

Mysterious Rymour! doomed, by Fate's decree,  
Still to revisit Eildon's lonely tree,  
Where oft the swain, at dawn of Hallow-day,  
Hears thy black barb with fierce impatience neigh!  
Say, who is he, with summons strong and high,  
That bids the charm'd sleep of ages fly,  
Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,  
While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,  
His horn, his falchion, grasps with mighty hand,  
And peals proud Arthur's march from Fairyland?  
Where every coal-black courser paws the green,  
His printed step shall evermore be seen:  
The silver shields in moony splendour shine:—  
Beware, fond youth! a mightier hand than thine,  
With deathless lustre, in romantic lay  
Shall Rymour's fate and Arthur's fame display.  
O SCOTT! with whom, in youth's serenest prime,  
I wove, with careless hand, the fairy rhyme,  
Bade chivalry's barbaric pomp return,  
And heroes wake from every mouldering urn!  
Thy powerful verse, to grace the courtly hall,  
Shall many a tale of elder time recall,  
The deeds of knights, the loves of dames proclaim,  
And give forgotten bards their former fame.



Enough for me, if Fancy wake the shell,  
To Eastern minstrels strains like thine to tell,  
Till saddening Memory all our haunts restore,  
The wild-wood walks by Esk's romantic shore,  
The circled hearth, which ne'er was wont to fail  
In cheerful joke, or legendary tale ;  
Thy mind, whose fearless frankness nought could move,  
Thy friendship, like an elder brother's love.  
While from each scene of early life I part,  
True to the beatings of this ardent heart,  
When, half-deceased, with half the world between,  
My name shall be unmentioned on the green,  
When years combine with distance, let me be,  
By all forgot, remembered yet by thee !







### PART III.

Heureux qui dans le sein de ses dieux domestiques  
Se derobe au fracas des tempetes publiques,  
Et, dans un doux abri, trompant tous les regards,  
Cultive ses jardins, les vertus, et les arts !

DELILLE.

BLEST are the sons of life's sequestered vale :  
No storms of fate their humble heads assail.  
Smooth as the rivulet glides along the plain,  
To lose its noiseless waters in the main,  
Unheard, unnoted, moves the tranquil stream  
Of rural life, that haunts each waking dream ;  
When fond regret for all I leave behind,  
With sighs unbidden, lingers o'er my mind.

Again, with youth's sensations wild, I hear  
The Sabbath chimes roll sweetly on mine ear,  
And view, with solemn gait and serious eye,  
Long moving lines of peasants churchward hie.  
The rough-toned bell, which many a year hath seen,  
And drizzling mists have long since crusted green,  
Wide o'er the village flings its muffled sound ;  
With quickened pace they throng the burial ground ;  
As each selects his old paternal seat,  
Bright flash the sparkles round their iron feet ;



From crowded pews, arranged in equal row,  
The dirge-like music rises, soft and slow ;  
Uncultured strains ! which yet the warmth impart  
Of true devotion to the peasant's heart.

I mark the preacher's air, serene and mild :  
In every face he sees a listening child,  
Unfolds, with reverend air, the sacred Book,  
Around him casts a kind paternal look,  
And hopes, when all his mortal toils are past,  
This filial family to join at last.  
He paints the modest virtues of the swains,  
Content and happy on their native plains,  
Uncharmed by pomp, by gold's refulgent glare,  
Or Fame's shrill clarion, pealing through the air,  
That bids the hind a heart untainted yield  
For laurels, crimsoned in the gory field.  
" Beyond this life, and life's dark barrier stream,  
How bright the rays of light celestial gleam,  
Green fields of bliss, and heavens of cloudless blue,  
While Eden spreads her flowery groves anew !  
Farewell the sickening sigh, that virtue owes  
To mortal life's immedicable woes,  
Sweet pity's tear, that loves to fall unseen,  
Like dews of eve on meads of tender green !  
The trees of life, that on the margin rise  
Of Eden's stream, shall calm the sufferer's sighs,  
From the dark brow the wrinkle charm away,  
And soothe the heart whose pulses madly play ;  
Till, pure from passion, free from earthly stain,  
One pleasing memory of the past remain,  
Full tides of bliss, in ceaseless circles, roll,  
And boundless rapture renovate the soul."



When mortals, vainly wise, renounce their God,  
To vaunt their kindred to the crumbling clod,  
Bid o'er their graves the blasted hemlock bloom,  
And woo the eternal slumber of the tomb,  
The long, long night, unsoothed by Fancy's dream ;—  
Unheard the vultures, o'er their bones, that scream—  
Though mimic pity half conceals their fear,  
Awed, to the good man's voice they lend an ear.  
But, as the father speaks, they, wondering, find  
New doubts, new fears infest the obdurate mind ;  
Wild scenes of woe, with ghastly light, illumine  
The sullen regions of the desert tomb ;  
His potent words the mental film dispart,  
Pierce the dark crust that wraps the atheist's heart,  
And stamp, in characters of livid fire,  
The fearful doom of Heaven's avenging ire.  
But, when he saw each cherished bosom-sin,  
Like nestling serpents, gnaw the breast within,  
To soothe the softened soul his doctrine fell,  
Like April-drops, that nurse the primrose-bell  
Whose timid beauty first adorns the mead,  
When spring's warm showers to winter's blights succeed.

As home the peasants move with serious air,  
For sober talk they mingle, pair and pair ;  
Though quaint remark unbend the steadfast mien,  
And thoughts less holy sometimes intervene,  
No burst of noisy mirth disturbs their walk ;  
Each seems afraid of worldly things to talk,  
Save yon fond pair, who speak with meeting eyes ;—  
The sacred day profaner speech denies.

Some love to trace the plain of graves, alone,  
Peruse the lines that crowd the sculptured stone,



And, as their bosoms heave at thoughts of fame,  
Wish that such homely verse may save their name,  
Hope that their comrades, as the words they spell,  
To greener youth their ploughman skill may tell,  
And add, that none sang clearer at the ale,  
Or told, at winter's eve, a merrier tale,  
When drowsy shepherds, round the embers, gaze  
At tiny forms that tread the mounting blaze,  
And songs and jokes the laughing hours beguile,  
And borrow sweetness from the damsels' smile.  
Vain wish ! the lettered stones that mark his grave,  
Can ne'er the swain from dim oblivion save ;  
Ere thrice yon sun his annual course has rolled,  
Is he forgotten, and the tales he told.

At fame so transient, peasants, murmur not !  
In one great book your deeds are not forgot :  
Your names, your blameless lives, impartial Fate  
Records, to triumph o'er the guilty great,  
When each unquiet grave upheaves the dead,  
And awful blood-drops stain the laurelled head.

See, how each barbarous trophy wastes away !  
All, save great Egypt's pyramids, decay.  
Green waves the harvest, and the peasant-boy  
Stalls his rough herds within the towers of Troy ;  
Prowls the sly fox, the jackal rears her brood,  
Where once the towers of mighty Ilium stood.  
And you, stern children of the Northern sun,  
Each stubborn Tartar, and each swarthy Hun,  
Toumen, and Mothe, who led your proud Monguls,  
And piled in mountain-heaps your foemen's skulls !  
Broad swarmed your bands, o'er every peopled clime,  
And trod the nations from the rolls of time.



Where is your old renown?—On Sibir's plain,  
Nameless and vast, your tombs alone remain.  
How soon the fame of Niger's lord decayed,  
Whose arm Tombuto's golden sceptre swayed!  
Dark Izkia! name, by dusky hosts revered,  
Who first the pile of negro-glory reared!  
O'er many a realm, beneath the burning zone,  
How bright his ruby-studded standard shone!  
How strong that arm, the glittering spear to wield,  
While sabled nations gathered round his shield!  
But chief, when, conquest-crowned, his radiant car  
From Niger's banks repulsed the surge of war,  
When rose, convulsed in clouds, the desert gray,  
And Arab lances gleamed in long array!  
At every shout, a grove of spears was flung,  
From cany bows a million arrows sprung;  
While, prone and panting, on the sandy plain  
Sunk the fleet barb, and weltered 'mid the slain.  
Niger, exulting o'er her sands of gold,  
Down her broad wave the Moorish warriors rolled;  
While each dark tribe, along her sylvan shore,  
Gazed on the bloody tide, and arms unseen before.—  
Unknown the grave where Izkia's ashes lie:—  
Thy fame has fled, like lightning o'er the sky.  
Even he, who first, with garments rolled in blood,  
Reared the huge piles by Nile's broad moon-horned flood,  
Swore that his fame the lapse of time should mock,  
Graved on the granite's everlasting rock,  
Sleeps in his catacomb, unnamed, unknown;—  
While sages vainly scan the sculptured stone.  
So fades the palm, by blighting blood-drops stained,  
The laurel wreath, by ruffian War profaned;



So fades his name, whom first the nations saw  
Ordain a mortal's blind caprice for law,  
The fainting captive drag to slavery's den,  
And truck for gold the souls of free-born men.  
But hope not, tyrants ! in the grave to rest,—  
The blood, the tears of nations unredressed,—  
While sprites celestial mortal woes bemoan,  
And join the vast creation's funeral groan !  
For still, to Heaven when fainting Nature calls,  
On deeds accursed the darker vengeance falls.

Nor deem the negro's sighs and anguish vain,  
Who, hopeless, grinds the hardened trader's chain ;  
As, wafted from his country far away,  
He sees Angola's hills of green decay.  
The dry harmattan flits along the flood,  
To parch his veins, and boil his throbbing blood ;  
In dreams he sees Angola's plains appear ;  
In dreams he seems Angola's strains to hear ;  
And, when the clanking fetter bursts his sleep,  
Silent and sad, he plunges in the deep.

Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore  
That first the freight of bartered captives bore ;  
Bedimmed with blood, the sun, with shrinking beams,  
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean streams ;  
But, ere the moon her silver horns had reared,  
Amid the crew the speckled plague appeared.  
Faint and despairing, on their watery bier,  
To every friendly shore the sailors steer ;  
Repelled from port to port, they sue in vain,  
And track, with slow unsteady sail, the main.  
Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen,  
To streak, with wandering foam, the sea-weeds green,



Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree ;  
Till, self-impelled, amid the waveless sea,  
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,  
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,  
Fixed, as a rock, amid the boundless plain,  
The yellow steam pollutes the stagnant main ;  
Till, far through night, the funeral flames aspire,  
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.

Still, doomed by fate, on weltering billows rolled,  
Along the deep their restless course to hold,  
Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide  
The prow, with sails opposed to wind and tide ;  
The spectre ship, in livid glimpsing light,  
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,  
Unblest of God and man !—Till time shall end,  
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

Land of my fathers ! though no mangrove here,  
O'er thy blue streams, her flexile branches rear,  
Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot,  
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,  
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree,  
Land of dark heaths and mountains ! thou art free !

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot ! runs,  
With unatonèd blood of Gambia's sons :  
No drooping slave, with spirit bowed to toil,  
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil ;  
Nor cringing vassal, on these pamsied meads,  
Is bought and bartered, as the flock he feeds.  
Free as the lark that carols o'er his head,  
At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,  
Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,  
And, whistling loud, directs the mining share ;



Free, as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,  
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain ;  
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,  
And vain of Scotia's old unconquered might.

Dear native valleys ! may ye long retain  
The chartered freedom of the mountain swain !  
Long 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,  
May rural innocence and beauty meet !  
And still be duly heard at twilight calm,  
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm !  
Then, Jedworth ! though thy ancient choirs shall fade,  
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade ;  
From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,  
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie ;  
Still, in these vales shall angel-harps prolong,  
By Jed's pure stream a sweeter even-song,  
Than long processions, once, with mystic zeal,  
Poured to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

Oh ! softly, Jed ! thy sylvan current lead  
Round every hazel copse and smiling mead,  
Where lines of firs the glowing landscape screen,  
And crown the heights with tufts of deeper green.  
While, 'mid the cliffs, to crop the flowery thyme,  
The shaggy goats with steady footsteps climb,  
How wantonly the ruffling breezes stir  
The wavering trains of tinsel gossamer ;  
In filmy threads of floating gold, which slide  
O'er the green upland's wet and sloping side,  
While, ever varying in the beating ray,  
The fleeting network glistens bright and gay !  
To thee, fair Jed ! a holier wreath is due,  
Who gav'st thy THOMSON all thy scenes to view,



Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,  
And mould to harmony his ductile soul ;  
Till Fancy's pictures rose, as nature bright,  
And his warm bosom glowed with heavenly light.

In March, when first, elate on tender wing,  
O'er frozen heaths the lark essays to sing ;  
In March, when first, before the lengthening days,  
The snowy mantle of the earth decays,  
The wreaths of crusted snows are painted blue,  
And yellowy moss assumes a greener hue ;  
How smiled the bard, from winter's funeral urn,  
To see, more fair, the youthful earth return !

When morn's wan rays with clearer crimson blend,  
And first the gilded mists of spring ascend,  
The sun-beams swim through April's silver showers,  
The daffodils expand their yellow flowers ;  
The lusty stalk, with sap luxuriant swells,  
And, curling round it, smile the bursting bells ;  
The blowing king-cup bank and valley studs,  
And on the rosiers nod the folded buds ;  
Warm beats his heart to view the mead's array,  
When flowers of summer hear the steps of May.

But, when the wintry blast the forest heaves,  
And shakes the harvest of the ripened leaves ;  
When brighter scenes the painted woods display  
Than Fancy's fairy pencil can portray ;  
He, pensive, strays, the saddened groves among,  
To hear the twittering swallow's farewell song.  
The finch no more on pointed thistles feeds,  
Pecks the red leaves, or crops the swelling seeds ;  
But water-crows by cold brook-margins play,  
Lave their dark plumage in the freezing spray,



And, wanton, as from stone to stone they glide.  
Dive at their beckoning forms beneath the tide ;  
He hears at eve the fettered bittern's scream,  
Ice-bound in sedgy marsh or mountain stream,  
Or sees, with strange delight, the snow-clouds form,  
When Ruberslaw conceives the mountain storm ;  
Dark Ruberslaw, that lifts his head sublime,  
Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time !  
On his broad misty front the giant wears  
The horrid furrows of ten thousand years ;  
His aged brows are crowned with curling fern,  
Where perches, grave and lone, the hooded erne,  
Majestic bird ! by ancient shepherds styled,  
The lonely hermit of the russet wild,  
That loves, amid the stormy blast to soar,  
When through disjointed cliffs the tempests roar,  
Climbs on strong wing the storm, and, screaming high,  
Rides the dim rack that sweeps the darkened sky.

Such were the scenes his fancy first refined,  
And breathed enchantment o'er his plastic mind ;  
Bade every feeling flow, to virtue dear,  
And formed the poet of the varied year.

Bard of the Seasons ! could my strain, like thine,  
Awake the heart to sympathy divine ;  
Sweet Osna's stream, by thin-leaved birch o'erhung,  
No more should roll her modest waves unsung.  
Though now thy silent waters, as they run,  
Refuse to sparkle in the morning sun ;  
Though dark their wandering course, what voice can tell  
Who first for thee shall strike the sounding shell,  
And teach thy waves, that dimly wind along,  
To tune to harmony their mountain-song !



Thus Meles rolled a stream, unknown to fame,  
Not yet renowned by Homer's mighty name ;  
Great sun of verse, who, self-created, shone,  
To lend the world his light, and borrow none !

Through richer fields, her milky wave that stain,  
Slow Cala flows o'er many a chalky plain ;  
With silvery spikes of wheat, in stately row,  
And golden oats, that on the uplands grow ;  
Gray fields of barley crowd the water edge,  
Drink the pale stream, and mingle with the sedge.

Pure blows the summer breeze o'er moor and dell,  
Since first in Wormiswood the serpent fell :  
From years, in distance lost, his birth he drew,  
And with the ancient oaks the monster grew,  
Till venom, nursed in every stagnant vein,  
Shed o'er his scaly sides a yellowy stain,  
Save where, upreared, his purpled crest was seen,  
Bedropt with purple blots and streaks of green.  
Deep in a sedgy fen, concealed from day,  
Long ripening, on his oozy bed he lay ;  
Till, as the poison-breath around him blew,  
From every bough the shrivelled leaflet flew,  
Gray moss began the wrinkled trees to climb,  
And the tall oaks grew old before their time.

On his dark bed the grovelling monster long  
Blew the shrill hiss, and launched the serpent prong,  
Or, writhed on frightful coils, with powerful breath,  
Drew the faint herds to glut the den of death,  
Dragged, with unwilling speed, across the plain,  
The snorting steed, that gazed with stiffened mane ;  
The forest bull, that lashed, with hideous roar,  
His sides indignant, and the ground uptore.



Bold as the chief, who, 'mid black Lerna's brake,  
With mighty prowess quelled the water-snake,  
To rouse the monster from his noisome den,  
A dauntless hero pierced the blasted fen :  
He mounts, he spurs his steed ;—in bold career,  
His arm gigantic wields a fiery spear ;  
With aromatic moss the shaft was wreathed,  
And favouring gales around the champion breathed ;  
By power invisible the courser drawn,  
Now quick, and quicker, bounds across the lawn ;  
Onward he moves, unable now to pause,  
And, fearless, meditates the monster's jaws ;  
Impels the struggling steed, that strives to shun,  
Full on his wide unfolding fangs to run ;  
Down his black throat he thrusts the fiery dart,  
And hears the frightful hiss that rends his heart  
Then, wheeling light, reverts his swift career.  
The writhing serpent grinds the ashen spear ;  
Rolled on his head, his awful volumed train,  
He strains, in tortured folds, and bursts in twain.  
On Cala's banks, his monstrous fangs appal  
The rustics, pondering on the sacred wall,  
Who hear the tale, the solemn rites between,  
On summer Sabbaths, in the churchyard green.

On Yeta's banks the vagrant gipsies place  
Their turf-built cots ; a sun-burned swarthy race !  
From Nubian realms their tawny line they bring,  
And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of King ;  
With loitering steps, from town to town they pass,  
Their lazy dames rocked on the panniered ass :  
From pilfered roots, or nauseous carrion fed ;  
By hedge-rows green they strew the leafy bed,  
While scarce the cloak, of tawdry red, conceals



The fine turned limbs, which every breeze reveals :  
Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine,  
Around their necks their raven tresses twine ;  
But chilling damps, and dews of night, impair  
Its soft sleek gloss, and tan the bosom bare.  
Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,  
Or read the damsel's wishes in her face ;  
Her hoarded silver store they charm away,  
A pleasing debt for promised wealth to pay.

But, in the lonely barn, from towns remote,  
The pipe and bladder opes its screaming throat,  
To aid the revels of the noisy rout,  
Who wanton dance, or push the cups about :  
Then for their paramours the maddening brawl,  
Shrill, fierce, and frantic, echoes round the hall.  
No glimmering light to rage supplies a mark,  
Save the red firebrand, hissing through the dark ;  
And oft the beams of morn, the peasants say,  
The blood-stained turf, and new-formed graves, display.  
Fell race, unworthy of the Scotian name !  
Your brutal deeds your barbarous line proclaim ;  
With dreadful Galla's linked in kindred bands,  
The locust brood of Ethiopia's sands,  
Whose frantic shouts the thunder blue defy,  
And launch their arrows at the glowing sky.  
In barbarous pomp, they glut the inhuman feast  
With dismal viands man abhors to taste ;  
And grimly smile, when red the goblets shine,  
When mantles red the shell—but not with wine.

Ye sister streams, whose mountain waters glide,  
To lose your names in Teviot's crystal tide !  
Not long, through greener fields, ye wander slow,  
While heavens of azure widen as ye grow ;



For soon, where scenes of sweeter beauty smile  
Around the mounds of Roxburgh's ruined pile,  
No more the mistress of each lovely field,  
Her name, her honours, Teviot soon must yield.

Roxburgh! how fallen, since first, in Gothic pride,  
Thy frowning battlements the war defied,  
Called the bold chief to grace thy blazoned halls,  
And bade the rivers gird thy solid walls!  
Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,  
In gloomy grandeur, waves yon hanging wood;  
Crushed are thy halls, save where the peasant sees  
One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees;  
The still-green trees, whose mournful branches wave,  
In solemn cadence, o'er the hapless brave.  
Proud castle! Fancy still beholds thee stand,  
The curb, the guardian of this Border land,  
As when the signal flame that blazed afar,  
And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,  
While, in the lion's place, the leopard frowned,  
And marshalled armies hemmed thy bulwarks round.

Serene in might, amid embattled files,  
From Morven's hills, and the far Western Isles,  
From barrier Tweed, and Teviot's border tide,  
See through the host the youthful monarch ride!  
In streaming pomp, above each mailed line,  
The chiefs behold his plummy helmet shine,  
And, as he points the purple surge of war,  
His faithful legions hail their guiding star.

From Lothian's plains, a hardy band uprears,  
In serried ranks, a glittering grove of spears:  
The Border chivalry more fierce advance;  
Before their steeds projects the bristling lance;  
The panting steeds that, bridled in with pain,



Arch their proud crests, and ardent paw the plain :  
With broad claymore and dirk, the Island clan  
Clang the resounding targe, and claim the van,  
Flash their bright swords, as stormy bugles blow,  
Unconscious of the shaft and Saxon bow.

Now sulphurous clouds involve the sickening morn,  
And the hoarse bombal drowns the pealing horn ;  
Crash the disparted walls, the turrets rock,  
And the red flame bursts through the smouldering smoke.  
But, hark ! with female shrieks the valleys ring !  
The death-dirge sounds for Scotia's warrior-king ;  
Fallen in his youth, ere, on the listed field,  
The tinge of blood had dyed his silver shield ;  
Fallen in his youth, ere, from the bannered plain  
Returned his falchion, crimsoned with the slain.  
His sword is sheathed, his bow remains unstrung,  
His shield unblazoned, and his praise unsung :  
The holly's glossy leaves alone shall tell,  
How on these banks the martial monarch fell.

Lo ! as to grief the drooping squadrons yield,  
And quit, with tarnished arms, the luckless field,  
His gallant consort wipes her tears away,  
Renews their courage, and restores the day.  
“ Behold your king ! ” the lofty heroine cried,  
“ He seeks his vengeance where his father died.  
Behold your king ! ”—rekindling fury boils  
In every breast ;—the Saxon host recoils ;—  
Wide o'er the walls the billowy flames aspire,  
And streams of blood hiss through the curling fire.

Teviot, farewell ! for now thy silver tide,  
Commixed with Tweed's pellucid stream, shall glide.  
But all thy green and pastoral beauties fail  
To match the softness of thy parting vale.



Bosomed in woods where mighty rivers run,  
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun :  
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,  
And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell ;  
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,  
And Tempë\* rises on the banks of Tweed ;  
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,  
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise ;  
Where Tweed her silent way majestic holds,  
Float the thin gales in more transparent folds :  
New powers of vision on the eye descend,  
As distant mountains from their bases bend,  
Lean forward from their seats to court the view,  
While melt their softened tints in vivid blue.  
But fairer still, at midnight's shadowy reign,  
When liquid silver floods the moonlight plain,  
And lawns, and fields, and woods of varying hue,  
Drink the wan lustre, and the pearly dew ;  
While the still landscape, more than noontide bright,  
Glistens with mellow tints of fairy light.

Yet, sure, these pastoral beauties ne'er can vie  
With those which fondly rise to Memory's eye.  
When absent long, my soul delights to dwell  
On scenes, in early youth, she loved so well.  
'Tis fabling Fancy, with her radiant hues,  
That gilds the modest scenes which Memory views ;  
And softer, finer tints she loves to spread,  
For which we search in vain the daisied mead,  
In vain the grove, the rivulet's mossy cell—  
'Tis the delusive charm of Fancy's spell.

\* A name given to any valley noted for the beauty of its scenery.  
So called from Tempë, a valley formed by the Peneus between  
Mount Olympus and Ossa in Thessaly.





## PART IV.

Merveilleuses histoires racontées autour du foyer, tendres epanchemens du cœur, longues habitudes d'aimer si nécessaires à la vie, vous avez rempli les journées de ceux qui n'ont point quitté leur pays natal. Leurs tombeaux sont dans leur patrie, avec le soleil couchant, les pleurs de leurs amis et les charmes de la religion.

ATALA.

ONCE more, inconstant shadow ! by my side  
I see thee stalk, with vast gigantic stride,  
Pause when I stop, and where I careless bend  
My steps, obsequiously their course attend :  
So, faithless friends, that leave the wretch to mourn,  
Still with the sunshine of his days return.  
Yet oft, since first I left these valleys green,  
I, but for thee, companionless had been.  
To thee I talked, nor felt myself alone,  
While summer suns and living moon-beams shone.  
Oft, while an infant, playful in the sun,  
I hoped thy silent gambols to outrun,  
And, as I viewed thee ever at my side,  
To overleap thy hastening figure tried ;  
Oft, when with flaky snow the fields were white,  
Beneath the moon I started at thy sight,



Eyed thy huge stature, with suspicious mien,  
And thought I had my evil genius seen.  
But, when I left my father's old abode,  
And thou, the sole companion of my road,  
As sad I paused, and fondly looked behind,  
And almost deemed each face I met unkind,  
While kindling hopes to boding fears gave place,  
Thou seemedst the ancient spirit of my race.  
In startled Fancy's ear I heard thee say,  
"Ha! I will meet thee after many a day,  
When youth's impatient joys, too fierce to last,  
And Fancy's wild illusions, all are past;  
Yes! I will come, when scenes of youth depart,  
To ask thee for thy innocence of heart,  
To ask thee, when thou bid'st this light adieu,  
Ha! wilt thou blush thy ancestors to view?"

Now, as the sun descends with westering beam,  
I see thee lean across clear Teviot's stream:  
Through thy dim figure, fringed with wavy gold,  
Their gliding course the restless waters hold;  
But, when a thousand waves have rolled away,  
The incumbent shadow suffers no decay.  
Thus wide, through mortal life, delusion reigns;  
The substance changes, but the form remains:  
Or, if the substance still remains the same,  
We see another form, and hear another name.

So, when I left sweet Teviot's woodland green,  
And hills, the only hills mine eyes had seen,  
With what delight I hoped to mark anew,  
Each well-known object rising on my view!  
Ah, fruitless hope! when youth's warm light is o'er,  
Can aught to come its glowing hues restore?



As lovers, absent long, with anguish trace  
The marks of time on that familiar face,  
Whose bright and ripening bloom could once impart  
Such melting fondness to the youthful heart,  
I sadly stray by Teviot's pastoral shore,  
And every change with fond regret deplore.  
No more the black-cock struts along the heath,  
Where berries cluster blue the leaves beneath,  
Spreads the jet wing, or flaunts the dark green train,  
In laboured flight the tufted moors to gain;  
But, far remote, on flagging plume he flies,  
Or shuts in death his ruddy sparkling eyes.  
No more the screaming bittern, bellowing harsh,  
To its dark bottom shakes the shuddering marsh  
Proud of his shining breast and emerald crown,  
The wild-drake leaves his bed of eider-down,  
Stretches his helming neck before the gales,  
And sails on winnowing wing for other vales.

Where the long heaths, in billowy roughness, frown,  
The pine, the heron's ancient home, goes down,  
Though wintry storms have tossed its spiry head,  
Since first, o'er Scotia's realm, the forests spread.

The mountain ash, whose crimson berries shine;  
The flaxen birch, that yields the palmy wine;  
The gean, whose luscious, sable cherries spring,  
To lure the blackbird 'mid her boughs to sing;  
The shining beech, that holier reverence claims,  
Along whose bark our fathers carved their names;  
Yield to the ponderous axe, whose frequent stroke  
Re-echoes loudly from the ezlar rock,  
While frightened stock-doves listen, silent long,  
Then from the hawthorn crowd their gurgling song.



Green downs, ascending, drink the moorish rills,  
And yellow corn-fields crown the heathless hills,  
Where to the breeze the shrill brown linnet sings,  
And prunes, with frequent bill, his russet wings.  
High, and more high, the shepherds drive their flocks,  
And climb, with timid step, the hoary rocks ;  
From cliff to cliff the ruffling breezes sigh,  
Where idly on the sun-beat steeps they lie,  
And wonder that the vale no more displays  
The pastoral scenes that pleased their early days.

No more the cottage roof, fern-thatched and gray,  
Invites the weary traveller from the way,  
To rest, and taste the peasant's simple cheer,  
Repaid by news and tales he loved to hear ;  
The clay-built wall, with woodbine twisted o'er,  
The house-leek, clustering green above the door,  
While, through the sheltering elms that round them grew,  
The winding smoke arose in columns blue ;—  
These all have fled ; and, from their hamlets brown,  
The swains have gone to sicken in the town,  
To pine in crowded streets, or ply the loom ;  
For splendid halls deny the cottage room.  
Yet, on the neighbouring heights, they oft convene,  
With fond regret, to view each former scene,  
The level meads, where infants wont to play  
Around their mothers, as they piled the hay,  
The hawthorn hedge-row, and the hanging wood,  
Beneath whose boughs their humble cottage stood.

Gone are the peasants from the humble shed,  
And with them, too, the humble virtues fled :  
No more the farmer, on these fertile plains,  
Is held the father of the meaner swains ;



Partakes, as he directs, the reaper's toil,  
Or with his shining share divides the soil,  
Or in his hall, when winter nights are long,  
Joins in the burthen of the damsel's song,  
Repeats the tales of old heroic times,  
While BRUCE and WALLACE consecrate the rhymes.  
These all are fled—and, in the farmer's place,  
Of prouder look, advance a dubious race,  
That ape the pride of rank, with awkward state,  
The vice, but not the polish of the great,  
Flaunt, like the poppy 'mid the ripening grain,  
A nauseous weed that poisons all the plain.  
The peasant, once a friend, a friend no more,  
Cringes, a slave, before the master's door;  
Or else too proud, where once he loved, to fawn,  
For distant climes deserts his native lawn,  
And fondly hopes, beyond the Western main,  
To find the virtues here beloved in vain.

So the Red Indian, by Ontario's side,  
Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide,  
Who, like the bear, delights his woods to roam,  
And on the maple finds, at eve, a home,  
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees  
The white man's cottage rise beneath his trees,  
While, o'er his vast and undivided lawn,  
The hedge-row and the bounding trench are drawn,  
From their dark beds his agèd forests torn,  
While round him close long fields of reed-like corn:—  
He leaves the shelter of his native wood,  
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,  
And, forward rushing, in indignant grief,  
Where never foot has trod the fallen leaf,



He bends his course, where twilight reigns sublime,  
O'er forests, silent since the birth of time ;  
Where roll, on spiral folds, immense and dun,  
The ancient snakes, the favourites of the sun,  
Or in the lonely vales, serene repose ;  
While the clear carbuncle its lustre throws  
From each broad brow, star of a baleful sky,  
Which luckless mortals only view to die !  
Lords of the wilderness since time began,  
They scorn to yield their ancient sway to man.

Long may the Creek, the Cherokee, retain  
The desert woodlands of his old domain,  
Ere Teviot's sons, far from their homes beguiled,  
Expel their wattled wigwams from the wild !  
For ah ! not yet the social virtues fly,  
That wont to blossom in our Northern sky,  
And, in the peasant's free-born soul, produce  
The patriot glow of Wallace and of Bruce ;  
Like that brave band, great Abercromby led  
To fame or death, by Nile's broad swampy bed,  
To whom th' unconquered Gallic legions yield  
The trophied spoils of many a stormy field :  
Not yet our swains, their former virtues lost,  
In dismal exile roam from coast to coast :  
But soon, too soon, if lordly wealth prevail,  
The healthy cottage shall desert the dale,  
The active peasants trust their hardy prime  
To other skies, and seek a kinder clime.  
From Teviot's banks I see them wind their way :  
“ *Tweedside*,” in sad farewell, I hear them play :—  
The plaintive song, that wont their toils to cheer,  
Sounds to them doubly sad, but doubly dear ;



As slowly parting from the osiered shore,  
They leave these waters to return no more,  
But ah! where'er their wandering steps sojourn,  
To these loved shores their pensive thoughts shall turn,  
There picture scenes of innocent repose,  
When, garrulous, at waning age's close,  
They to their children shall securely tell  
The hazards which in foreign lands befel.

Teviot! while o'er thy sons I pour the tear,  
Why swell thy murmurs sudden on my ear?  
Still shall thy restless waters hold their way,  
Nor fear the fate that bids our race decay!  
Still shall thy waves their mazy course pursue,  
Till every scene be changed that meets my view:  
And many a race has traced its narrow span,  
Since first thy waters down these valleys ran!  
Ye distant ages that have passed away,  
Since dawned the twilight of creation's day!  
Again to Fancy's eye your course unroll,  
And let your visions soothe my pensive soul!

And lo! emerging from the mist of years,  
In shadowy pomp a woodland scene appears;  
Woods of dark oak, that once o'er Teviot hung,  
Ere on their swampy beds her mosses sprung.  
On these green banks the ravening wolf-dogs prowl,  
And, fitful, to the hoarse night-thunder howl;  
Or, hunger-gnawn, by maddening fury bold,  
Besiege the huts, and scale the wattled fold.  
The savage chief, with soul devoid of fear,  
Hies to the chase, and grasps his pliant spear,  
Or, while his nervous arm its vigour tries,  
The knotted thorn a massy club supplies.



He calls his hounds ; his moony shield afar,  
With clanging boss, convokes the sylvan war ;  
The tainted steps his piercing eyes pursue  
To some dark lair which sapless bones bestrew :  
His foamy chaps the haggard monster rears,  
Champs his gaunt jaws which clotted blood besmears,  
Growls surly, rolls his eyes that sparkle fire,  
While hounds and hunters from his fangs retire ;  
Till, writhing on the tough, transfixing lance,  
With boisterous shouts the shrinking rout advance ;  
His shaggy fur the chieftain bears away,  
And wears the spoils on every festive day.

Not his the puny chase, that from her lair  
Urges, in safe pursuit, the timorous hare,  
Detects her mazes, as she circling wheels,  
And, venturous, treads on her pursuers' heels ;  
Through fields of grain the laggard harriers guides,  
Or, plunging through the brake, impetuous rides,  
Whoops the shrill view-halloo, to see her scud  
The plain, and drinks the tremulous scream of blood.  
Hark ! the dark forest rings with shrill alarms :  
Another foe invites the chieftains' arms.  
Where Teviot's damsels late, in long array,  
Led the light dance beneath the moonlight spray,  
Lords of the earth, the Roman legions wheel  
Their glittering files, and stamp with gory heel,  
Bathe the keen javelin's edge in purple dew ;  
While Death smiles dimly o'er the falchion blue.  
Wake the hoarse trumpet, swell the song of war,  
And yoke the steed to the careering car,  
With azure streaks the warrior's visage stain,  
And let the arrowy clouds obscure the plain !



The bards, as o'er their sky-blue vestures flow  
Their long redundant locks of reverend snow,  
Invoke their ancestors of matchless might,  
To view their offspring in the toil of fight.

“ Let the wide field of slain be purpled o'er,  
One red capacious drinking-cup of gore !  
Blest are the brave that for their country die !  
On viewless steeds they climb the waste of sky :  
Embrued in blood, on eagles' wings they soar,  
Drink, as they rise, the battle's mingled roar ;  
Their deeds the bards on sculptured rocks shall grave,  
Whose marble page shall Northern tempests brave.  
E'en Time's slow-wasting foot shall ne'er erase  
The awful chronicle of elder days :  
Then drink the pure metheglin of the bee,  
The heath's brown juice, and live or perish free ! ”

In vain !—for, wedged beneath the arch of shields,  
Where'er the legions move, the combat yields ;  
Break the dark files, the thronging ranks give way,  
And o'er the field the vacant chariots stray.  
Woe to the tribes who shun the falchion's stroke,  
And bend their necks beneath the captive's yoke !  
The rattling folds of chains that round them fall,  
They madly grind against the dungeon wall.  
Die ! cowards, die ! nor wait your servile doom,  
Dragged in base triumph through the streets of Rome !  
The night descends : the sounding woods are still :  
No more the watchfire blazes from the hill :—  
The females now their dusky locks unbind,  
To float dishevelled in the midnight wind :  
Inspired with black despair they grasp the steel,  
Nor fear to act the rage their bosoms feel :



Then maids and matrons dare a fearful deed,  
And recreant lovers, sons, and husbands bleed :  
They scan each long-loved face with ghastly smile,  
And light with bloody hands the funeral pile,  
Then, fierce retreat to woods and wilds afar,  
To nurse a race that never shrunk from war.

Long ages, next, in solemn gloom go by,  
And desert still these barrier-regions lie :  
While oft the Saxon raven, poised for flight,  
Receding, owns the British dragon's might :  
Till, rising from the mixed and martial breed,  
The nations see an iron race succeed.  
Fierce as the wolf, they rushed to seize their prey ;  
The day was all their night, the night their day ;  
Or, if the night was dark, along the air  
The blazing village shed a sanguine glare.  
Theirs was the skill, with venturous pace, to lead  
Along the sedgy march the floundering steed,  
To fens and misty heaths conduct their prey,  
And lure the bloodhound from his scented way.  
The chilly radiance of the harvest-moon  
To them was fairer than the sun at noon ;  
For blood pursuing, or for blood pursued,  
The palaced courtier's life with scorn they viewed,  
Pent, like the snail, within the circling shell ;  
While hunters loved beneath the oak to dwell,  
Roused the fleet roe, and twanged their bows of yew,  
While staghounds yelled, and merry bugles blew.

Not theirs the maiden's song of war's alarms,  
But the loud clarion, and the clang of arms,  
The trumpet's voice, when warring hosts begin  
To swell impatient battle's stormy din,



The groans of wounded on the blood-red plain,  
And victor-shouts exulting o'er the slain.  
No wailing shriek, no useless female tear  
Was ever shed around their battle-bier ;  
But heaps of corpses on the slippery ground  
Were piled around them, for their funeral mound.

So rose the stubborn race, unknown to bow ;  
And Teviot's sons were, once, like Erin's now :—  
Erin, whose waves a favoured region screen !  
Green are her valleys, and her mountains green ;  
No mildews hoar the soft sea-breezes bring,  
Nor breathe envenomed blasts the flowers of spring,  
But, rising gently o'er the wave, she smiles ;  
And travellers hail the emerald Queen of Isles.

Tall and robust, on Nature's ancient plan,  
Her mother-hand here frames her favourite man :  
His form, which Grecian artists might admire,  
She bids awake and glow with native fire ;  
For, not to outward form alone confined,  
Her gifts impartial settle on his mind.  
Hence springs the lightning of the speaking eye,  
The quick suggestion, and the keen reply,  
The powerful spell, that listening senates binds,  
The sparkling wit of fine elastic minds,  
The milder charms which feeling hearts engage,  
That glow unrivalled in her Goldsmith's page.

But kindred vices, to these powers allied,  
With ranker growth their shaded lustre hide.  
As crops, from rank luxuriance of the soil,  
In richest fields defraud the farmer's toil,  
And when, from every grain the sower flings  
In earth's prolific womb, a thousand springs,



The swelling spikes in matted clusters grow,  
And greener stalks shoot constant from below,  
Debarred the fostering sun ; till, crude and green,  
The milky ears 'mid spikes matured are seen :  
Thus, rankly shooting in the mental plain,  
The ripening powers no just proportion gain :  
The buoyant wit, the rapid glance of mind,  
By taste, by genuine science unrefined ;  
For solid views the ill-poised soul unfit,  
And *bulls* and blunders substitue for wit.  
As, with swift touch, the Indian painter draws  
His ready pencil o'er the trembling gauze,  
While, as it glides, the forms in mimic strife  
Seem to contend which first shall start to life ;  
But careless haste presents each shapeless limb,  
Awkwardly clumsy, or absurdly slim :  
So rise the hotbed embryos of the brain,  
Formless and mixed, a crude abortive train,  
Vigorous of growth, with no proportion graced,  
The seeds of genius immatured by taste.

Such, sea-girt Erin ! are thy sons confest ;  
And such, ere order lawless feud redrest,  
Were Teviot's sons, who now, devoid of fear,  
Bind to the rush by night the theftless steer.  
Fled is the bannered war, and hushed the drum ;  
The shrill-toned trumpet's angry voice is dumb ;  
Invidious rust corrodes the bloody steel ;  
Dark and dismantled lies each ancient peel :  
Afar, at twilight grey, the peasants shun  
The dome accursed, where deeds of blood were done.  
No more the staghounds, and the huntsman's cheer,  
From their brown coverts rouse the startled deer ;



Their native turbulence resigned, the swains  
Feed their gay flocks along these heaths and plains ;  
While, as the fiercer passions feel decay,  
Religion's milder mood assumes its sway.

And lo ! the peasant lifts his glistening eye,  
When the pale stars are sprinkled o'er the sky !  
In those fair orbs, with friends departed long,  
Again he hopes to hymn the choral song ;  
While, on his glowing cheek, no more remains  
The trace of former woes, of former pains.  
As o'er his soul the vision rises bright,  
His features sparkle with celestial light ;  
To his tranced eye, the mighty concave bends  
Its azure arch to earth, and heaven descends.

Cold are the selfish hearts that would control  
The simple peasant's grateful glow of soul,  
When, raising with his hands his heart on high,  
The sacred tear-drops trembling in his eye,  
With firm, untainted zeal, he swears to hold  
The reverend faith his fathers held of old.—  
Hold firm thy faith ! for, on the sacred day,  
No Sabbath-bells invite thy steps to pray ;  
But, as the peasants seek the churchyard's ground,  
Afar they hear the swelling bugle's sound,  
With shouts and trampling steeds approaching near,  
And oaths and curses murmuring in the rear.  
Quick they disperse, to moors and woodlands fly,  
And fens that, hid in misty vapours, lie :  
But, though the pitying sun withdraws his light,  
The lapwing's clamorous whoop attends their flight,  
Pursues their steps, where'er the wanderers go,  
Till the shrill scream betrays them to the foe.



Poor bird ! where'er the roaming swain intrudes  
On thy bleak heaths and desert solitudes,  
He curses still thy scream, thy clamorous tongue,  
And crushes with his foot thy moulting young :  
In stern vindictive mood, he still recalls  
The days when, by the mountain waterfalls,  
Beside the streams with ancient willows gray,  
Or narrow dells, where drifted snow-wreaths lay,  
And rocks that shone with fretted ice-work hung,  
The prayer was heard, and Sabbath-psalms were sung.

Of those dire days the child, untaught to spell,  
Still learns the tale he hears his father tell ;  
How from his sheltering hut the peasant fled,  
And in the marshes dug his cold damp bed ;  
His rimy locks by blasts of winter tossed,  
And stiffened garments rattling in the frost.

In vain the feeble mother strove to warm  
The shivering child, close cradled on her arm ;  
The cold that crept along each freezing vein,  
Congealed the milk the infant sought to drain.

Still, as the fearful tale of blood goes round,  
From lips compressed is heard a muttering sound ;  
Flush the warm cheeks, the eyes are bright with dew,  
And curses fall on the unholy crew ;  
Spreads the enthusiast glow :—with solemn pause,  
An ancient sword the aged peasant draws,  
Displays its rusty edge, and weeps to tell  
How he that bore it for religion fell,  
And bids his offspring consecrate the day,  
And dress the turf that wraps the martyr's clay.

So when, by Erie's lake, the Indians red  
Display the dismal banquet of the dead,



While streams descend in foam, and tempests rave,  
They call their fathers from the funeral cave.  
In that green mount, where virgins go to weep  
Around the lonely tree of tears and sleep,  
Silent they troop, a melancholy throng,  
And bring the ancient, fleshless shapes along,  
The painted tomahawks, embrowned with rust,  
And belts of wampum, from the sacred dust,  
The bow unbent, the tall unfurbished spear,  
Mysterious symbols ! from the grave they rear.  
With solemn dance and song the feast they place,  
To greet the mighty fathers of their race :  
Their robes of fur the warrior youths expand,  
And silent sit, the dead on either hand :  
Eye with fixed gaze the ghastly forms, that own  
No earthly name, and live in worlds unknown :  
In each mysterious emblem round them, trace  
The feuds and friendships of their ancient race ;  
With awful reverence, from the dead imbibe  
The rites, the customs sacred to the tribe,  
The spectre-forms, in gloomy silence, scan,  
And swear to finish what their sires began.

By Fancy rapt, where tombs are crusted grey,  
I seem, by moon-illumined graves, to stray,  
Where, 'mid the flat and nettle-skirted stones,  
My steps remove the yellow, crumbling bones.  
The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,  
Looks sad and silent o'er yon western hill ;  
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,  
Reared on the confines of the world below.  
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream ?  
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,



By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,  
The old deserted church of Hazel-dean,  
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,  
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?  
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—  
“Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,  
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?  
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,  
The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,  
And Teviot's stream, that long has murmur'd by?  
And we—when Death so long has closed our eyes—  
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,  
And bear our mouldering bones across the main  
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?  
Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,  
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!”







## [B A L L A D S.]

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### Lord Soulis.

THE subject of the following ballad is a popular tale of the Scottish Borders. It refers to transactions of a period so important, as to have left an indelible impression on the popular mind, and almost to have effaced the traditions of earlier times. The fame of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—always more illustrious among the Scottish Borderers, from their Welsh origin, than Fin Maccoul and Gow Macmorne, who seem not, however, to have been totally unknown—yielded gradually to the renown of Wallace, Bruce, Douglas, and the other patriots, who so nobly asserted the liberty of their country. Beyond that period, numerous, but obscure and varying legends refer to the marvellous Merlin, or Myrrdin *the Wild*, and Michael Scott, both magicians of notorious fame. In this instance the enchanter has triumphed over the *true man*. But the charge of magic was transferred from the ancient sorcerers to the objects of popular resentment of every age; and the partisans of the Baliols, the abettors of the English faction, and the enemies of the Protestant and of the Presbyterian Reformation, have been indiscriminately stigmatised as necromancers and *warlocks*. Thus, Lord Soulis, Archbishop Sharpe, Grierson of Lagg, and Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, receive from tradition the same supernatural attributes. According to Dalrymple,\* the family of Soulis seem to have been powerful during the contest between Bruce and Baliol; for adhering to the latter of whom they incurred forfeiture. Their power extended over the South and West Marches;

\* Dalrymple's "Collection Concerning the Scottish History," p. 395.



and near Deadrigs,\* in the parish of Eccles, in the East Marches, their family bearings still appear on an obelisk. William de Soulis, Justiciarius Laodoniæ, in 1281, subscribed the famous obligation, by which the nobility of Scotland bound themselves to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Maid of Norway, and her descendants (Rymer, tome ii. pp. 266, 279); and in 1291, Nicholas de Soulis appears as a competitor for the crown of Scotland, which he claimed as the heir of Margery, a bastard daughter of Alexander II., and wife of Allan Durward, or Chuissier (Carte, vol. ii. p. 219; Dalrymple's "Annals," vol. i. p. 203.

But their power was not confined to the Marches; for the barony of Saltoun, in the shire of Haddington, derived its name from the family, being designed Soulistoun, in a charter to the predecessors of Nevoy of that Ilk, seen by Dalrymple; and the same frequently appears among those of the benefactors and witnesses in the chartularies of abbeys, particularly in that of Newbattle. Ranulphus de Soulis occurs as a witness in a charter, granted by King David, of the teinds of Stirling; and he, or one of his successors, had afterwards the appellation of *Pincerna Regis*. The following notices of the family and its decline, are extracted from Robertson's "Index of Lost Charters."† Various repetitions occur, as the index is copied from different rolls, which appear to have never been accurately arranged.

Charter to the Abbacie of Melross, of that part of the barony of Westerker, quhilk pertaint to Lord Soulis—a Rob. I. in vicecom—Melrose.

———— To the Abbey of Craigelton, quhilkis pertaint to Lord Soulis—ab eodem—Candidæ Casæ.

———— To John Soulis, knight, of the lands of Kirkanders and Brettalach—ab eodem—Dumfries.

———— To John Soulis, knight, of the baronie of Torthorald—ab eodem—Dumfries.

———— To John Soulis, of the lands of Kirkanders—ab eodem—Dumfries.

———— To John Soulis, of the barony of Kirkanders—quæ fuit quondam Johannis de Wak, Militis—ab eodem.

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\* "Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland," vol. i. p. 269.

† Index of many records of charters granted between 1309 and 1413, published by W. Robertson, Esq.



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Charter to James Lord Douglas, the half-lands of the barony of Westerker, in valle de Esk, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit—ab eodem.

——— To Robert Stewart, the son and heir of Walter Stewart, the barony of Nisbit, the barony of Longnewton and Mertoun, and the barony of Cavariton, in vicecomitatu de Roxburgh, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit.

——— To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, whilk was William Soullis, in vicecom. de Edinburgh—ab eodem.

——— To Robert Bruce, of the lands of Liddesdale, whilk William Soullis erga nos forisfecit—ab eodem.

——— To Robert Bruce, son to the king, the lands of Liddesdail, quhilk William Soullis forisfecit erga nos—ab eodem—anno regni 16

——— To Archibald Douglas, of the baronie of Kirkanders, quhilk were John Soullis, in vicecom. de Dumfries.

——— To Murdoch Menteith, of the lands of Gilmerton, quhilk Soullis forisfecit, in vicecom. de Edinburgh.

——— Waltero Senescallo Scotiæ of Nesbit (exceptand the valley of Liddell), the barony of Langnewton and Maxtoun, the barony of Cavertoun, in vicecom. de Roxburgh, quas Soullis forisfecit.

——— To William Lord Douglas, of the lands of Lyddal, whilkis William Soullis forisfecit—a Davide secundo.

——— To James Lord Douglas, of the barony of Westerker, quam Willielmus de Soullis forisfecit.

The hero of tradition seems to be William Lord Soulis, whose name occurs so frequently in the foregoing list of forfeitures; by which he appears to have possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfries-shire, the lands of Gilmertoun, near Edinburgh, and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun, and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. He was of royal descent, being the grandson of Nicholas de Soulis, who claimed the crown of Scotland, in right of his grandmother, daughter to Alexander II.; and who, could her legitimacy have been ascertained, must have excluded the other competitors. The elder brother of William was John de Soulis, a gallant warrior, warmly attached to the interests of his country, who, with fifty Borderers, defeated and made prisoner Sir Andrew Harclay, at the head of three hundred Englishmen; and was himself slain fighting in the cause of Edward the Bruce, at the battle of Dundalk in Ireland, 1318. He had been joint-warden of the king-



dom with John Cummin, after the abdication of the immortal Wallace, in 1300 ; in which character he was recognised by John Baliol, who, in a charter granted after his dethronement, and dated at Rutherglen, in the ninth year of his reign (1302), styles him *Custos regni nostri*. The treason of William, his successor, occasioned the downfall of the family. This powerful baron entered into a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, in which many persons of rank were engaged. The object, according to Barbour, was to elevate Lord Soulis to the Scottish throne. The plot was discovered by the Countess of Strathearn. Lord Soulis was seized at Berwick, although he was attended, says Barbour, by three hundred and sixty squires, besides many gallant knights. Having confessed his guilt in full Parliament, his life was spared by the king ; but his domains were forfeited, and he himself confined in the castle of Dumbarton, where he died. Many of his accomplices were executed ; among others, the gallant David de Brechin, nephew to the king, whose sole crime was having concealed the treason in which he disdained to participate.\* The Parliament, in which so much noble blood was shed, was long remembered by the name of the *Black Parliament*. It was held in the year 1320.

From this period the family of Soulis makes no figure in our annals. Local tradition, however, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of their chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering ; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty,

\* As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfreville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. "Why press you," said he, "to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death." With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and, repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. "My heart," said Umfreville, "will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner." With the king's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, book xix.



avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate that the Scottish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished, by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years by that demon, to which, when he left the castle, never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow, inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled or stripped of its bark when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity about one mile in breadth, and four in length, descending upon the water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed



out as those which supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scott to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their taskmaster to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditional hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea.

*Redcap* is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species.

LORD SOULIS he sat in Hermitage Castle,

And beside him Old Redcap sly ;—

“ Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,  
The death that I must die ! ”

“ While thou shalt bear a charmèd life,  
And hold that life of me,  
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,  
I shall thy warrant be.

“ Nor forgèd steel, nor hempen band,  
Shall e'er thy limbs confine,  
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand  
Around thy body twine.

“ If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,  
With rusty padlocks bound ;  
Turn away your eyes when the lid shall rise,  
And listen to the sound.”



Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,  
And Redcap was not by ;  
And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,  
To go to the barmkin\* high.

“ And look thou east, and look thou west,  
And quickly come tell to me  
What troopers haste along the waste,  
And what may their livery be.”

He looked o'er fell, and he looked o'er flat,  
But nothing, I wist, he saw,  
Save a pyot on a turret that sat  
Beside a corby crow.

The page he looked at the skreigh† of day,  
But nothing, I wist, he saw,  
Till a horseman grey, in the royal array,  
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

“ Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss ? ”  
So loudly cried the page.  
“ I tidings bring, from Scotland's king,  
To Soulis of Hermitage.

“ He bids me tell the bloody warden,  
Oppressor of low and high,  
If ever again his lieges complain,  
The cruel Soulis shall die.”

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,  
Before he rode or ran,

\* The Rampart.

† *Skreigh*—Peep.



And through the key-stone of the vault  
They plunged him, horse and man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, May she came, and May she gaed,  
By Goranberry green;  
And May she was the fairest maid  
That ever yet was seen.

Oh, May she came, and May she gaed,  
By Goranberry Tower;  
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis  
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle grey,  
By Hermitage's side;  
Says, "Be content, my lovely May;  
For thou shalt be my bride."

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,  
She dried the trickling tear;  
She sighed the name of Branhholm's heir,  
The youth that loved her dear.

"Now, be content, my bonnie May,  
And take it for your hame;  
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day  
You heard young Branhholm's name.

"O'er Branhholm Tower, ere the morning hour,  
When the lift \* is like lead sae blue,

\* *Lift*—Sky.



The smoke shall roll white, on the weary night,  
And the flame shine dimly through."

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red—  
A sturdy kemp was he ;  
From friend or foe, in Border feid,  
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led  
Up Goranberry slack ; \*  
Ay, many a wight, unmatched in fight,  
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,  
And bloody rose he up ;  
But little thought young Branhholm's heir  
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roe-buck on the lee,  
The dun-deer on the law ;  
The glamour † sure was in his e'e  
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,  
He sped till day was set ;  
And he thought it was his merry-men true,  
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief ;  
His men were far away ;

\* *Slack*—A mountain pass.

† *Glamour*—Magical delusion.



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Through Hermitage slack they sent him back,  
To Soulis's castle gray ;  
Syne onward fure for Branxholm Tower,  
Where all his merry-men lay.

"Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir !  
Thrice welcome," quoth Soulis, "to me !  
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,  
My wedding guest to be ?  
And lovely May deserves, per fay,  
A brideman such as thee !"

And broad and bloody rose the sun,  
And on the barmkin shone ;  
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,  
Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,  
As he lighted at the wall ;  
Says, "Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,  
And where do they tarry all ?"

"We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir—  
We stabled them sure," quoth he :  
"Before we could cross the quaking moss,  
They all were lost but me."

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,  
And he heard a stifled groan ;  
And at the third knock each rusty lock  
Did open one by one.



He turned away his eyes, as the lid did rise,  
And he listened silentlie;  
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,  
“Beware of a coming tree!”

In muttering sound the rest was drowned;  
No other word heard he;  
But slow as it rose, the lid did close,  
With the rusty padlocks three.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now rose with Branhholm's ae brother,  
The Teviot, high and low;  
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,  
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped  
The fame of his array,  
And that Teviotdale would soon assail  
His towers and castle grey.

With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,  
And again he heard a groan;  
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,  
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,  
And it murmured sullenlie,  
“Shut fast the door, and for evermore  
Commit to me the key.

“Alas! that ever thou raised'st thine eyes—  
Thine eyes to look on me!



Till seven years are o'er, return no more,  
For here thou must not be."

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield  
His warlock chamber o'er :  
He took the keys from the rusty lock,  
That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,  
With meikle care and pain ;  
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,  
Till he returned again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,  
Is heard the jarring sound,  
When slowly opes the charm'd door  
Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door  
Have cast a curious eye ;  
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,  
The fearful sights they spy.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Soulis thought on his merry-men now,  
A woeful wight was he :  
Says, " Vengeance is mine ; and I will not repine,  
But Branxholm's heir shall die."

Says, " What would you do, young Branxholm,  
Gin ye had me, as I have thee ?"



"I would take you to the good greenwood,  
And gar your ain hand wale\* the tree."

"Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,  
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;  
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,  
A scrog bush thee beside."

They carried him to the good greenwood,  
Where the green pines grew in a row;  
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,  
Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,  
The spiry boughs below.  
"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,  
To feed the hooded crow?"

"The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,  
When the night-blast stirs the tree;  
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine  
I loved in infancie."

Young Branxholm turned him, and oft looked back,  
And aye he passed from tree to tree:  
Young Branxholm peeped, and puirly† spake,  
"Oh, sic a death is no for me!"

And next they passed the aspen grey,  
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie;  
"Now, choose thee, choose thee, Branxholm gay!  
Say, wilt thou never choose the tree?"—

\* *Wale*—Choose.

† *Puirly*—Softly.



“ More dear to me is the aspen grey,  
More dear than any other tree ;  
For beneath the shade that its branches made  
Have passed the vows of my love and me.”

Young Branhholm peeped, and purily spake,  
Until he did his ain men see,  
With witches’ hazel in each steel cap,  
In scorn of Soulis’ gramarye ;  
Then shoulder-height for glee he lap,  
“ Methinks I spy a coming tree !”

“ Ay, many may come, but few return,”  
Quo’ Soulis, the lord of gramarye ;  
“ No warrior’s hand in fair Scotland  
Shall ever dint a wound on me !”

“ Now, by my sooth,” quo’ bauld Walter,  
“ If that be true we soon shall see.”  
His bent bow he drew, and his arrow was true,  
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,  
He was the lord of Ersyltoun :  
“ The wizard’s spell no steel can quell,  
Till once your lances bear him down.”

They bore him down with lances bright,  
But never a wound or scar had he ;  
With hempen bands they bound him tight,  
Both hands and feet, on the Nine-stane Lee.

That wizard accursed, the bands he burst ;  
They mouldered at his magic spell ;



And, neck and heel, in the forgèd steel  
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accursed, the bands he burst ;  
No forgèd steel his charms could bide ;  
Then up bespake true Thomas,  
“ We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide.”

The black spae-book from his breast he took,  
Impressed with many a warlock spell ;  
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,  
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,  
That mortal man might never it see ;  
But Thomas did save it from the grave,  
When he returned from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,  
And turned the leaves with curious hand ;  
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,  
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane Burn,  
And shaped the ropes so curiouslie ;  
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,  
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,  
And again he turned it with his hand ;  
And he bade each lad of Teviot add  
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.



The barley chaff to the sifted sand,  
They added still by handfuls nine;  
But Redcap sly unseen was by,  
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane Burn,  
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,  
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,  
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took;  
Again its magic leaves he spread;  
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,  
The wizard must be boiled in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,  
On a circle of stones but barely nine;  
They heated it red and fiery hot,  
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

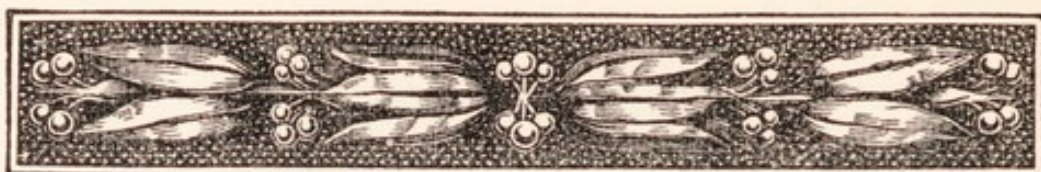
They rolled him up in a sheet of lead—  
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;  
They plunged him in the cauldron red,  
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still  
The men of Liddesdale can show;  
And on the spot, where they boiled the pot,  
The spreat\* and the deer-hair† ne'er shall grow,

\* *Spreat*—The spreat is a species of water-rush.

† *Deer-hair*—The deer-hair is a coarse species of pointed grass, which, in May, bears a very minute but beautiful yellow flower.





## The Cout of Keilder.

THE tradition on which the following ballad is founded, derives considerable illustration from the argument of the preceding. It is necessary to add, that the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis was the Chief of Keilder (a Northumbrian district, adjacent to Liddesdale), who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat ; but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died ; and the eddy, in which he perished, is still called the Cout of Keilder's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord Soulis, his memory is revered ; and the popular epithet of *Cout*—*i.e.*, *Colt*—is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. Tradition likewise relates, that the young chief of Mangerton, to whose protection Lord Soulis had, in some eminent jeopardy, been indebted for his life, was decoyed by the faithless tyrant into his castle of Hermitage, and insidiously murdered at a feast.

The Keilder Stone, by which the Northumbrian chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed Forest and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins*\* around it. Keilder Castle is now a hunting-seat, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

\* *Widdershins*—German, *Widdersins*. A direction contrary to the course of the sun.



The *Brown Man of the Muirs* is a fairy of the most malignant order—the genuine *duergar*. Walsingham mentions a story of an unfortunate youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull during his sleep by this malicious being. Owing to this operation he remained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station.

THE eiry blood-hound howled by night,  
The streamers\* flaunted red,  
Till broken streaks of flaky light  
O'er Keilder's mountains spread.

The lady sighed as Keilder rose ;  
“ Come tell me, dear love mine,  
Go you to haunt where Keilder flows,  
Or on the banks of Tyne ? ”

“ The heath-bell blows, where Keilder flows,  
By Tyne the primrose pale ;  
But now we ride on the Scottish side,  
To hunt in Liddesdale. ”

“ Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,  
Sore must thy Margaret mourn ;  
For Soulis abhorred is Lyddall's lord,  
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

“ The axe he bears, it hacks and tears ;  
'Tis formed of an earth-fast flint ;  
No armour of knight, though ever so wight,  
Can bear its deadly dint.

\* *Streamers*—Northern Lights.



“ No danger he fears, for a charmed sword he wears,  
Of adderstone the hilt ;  
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,  
But his heart-blood was spilt.”

“ In my plume is seen the holly green,  
With the leaves of the rowan-tree ;  
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid's hand,  
Was formed beneath the sea.

“ Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear !  
That bodes no ill to me,  
Though never a knight, by mortal might,  
Could match his gramarye.”

Then forward bound both horse and hound,  
And rattle o'er the vale ;  
As the wintry breeze through leafless trees  
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells  
In deepening blue retire ;  
Till soon before them boldly swells  
The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reached the Redswire high,  
Soft beamed the rising sun ;  
But formless shadows seemed to fly  
Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reached the Redswire high,  
His bugle Keilder blew ;  
And round did float, with clamorous note  
And scream, the hoarse curlew.



The next blast that young Keilder blew,  
The wind grew deadly still;  
But the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,  
Waved wildly o'er the hill.

The third blast that young Keilder blew,  
Still stood the limber fern;  
And a Wee Man, of swarthy hue,  
Upstarted by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath  
That clothes the upland fell;  
And the hair of his head was frizzly red,  
As the purple heather-bell.

An urchin,\* clad in prickles red,  
Clung cowering to his arm;  
The hounds they howled, and backward fled,  
As struck by fairy charm.

“Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,  
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?  
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,  
Without the leave of me?”

“Brown Dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,  
Thy name to Keilder tell!”  
“The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays  
Beneath the heather-bell.

\* *Urchin*—Hedgehog.



“ ’Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,  
To live in autumn brown ;  
And sweet to hear the lav’rocks swell  
Far, far from tower and town.

“ But woe betide the shrilling horn,  
The chase’s surly cheer !  
And ever that hunter is forlorn,  
Whom first at morn I hear.”

Says, “ Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,  
In thee we hope nor dread.”  
But, ere the bugles green could blow,  
The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward hound and horse,  
Young Keilder’s band have gone ;  
And soon they wheel, in rapid course,  
Around the Keilder Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,  
A powerful seed that bore ;  
And oft, of yore, its channels deep  
Were stained with human gore.

And still when blood-drops, clotted thin,  
Hang the gray moss upon,  
The spirit murmurs from within,  
And shakes the rocking-stone.

Around, around, young Keilder wound,  
And called, in scornful tone,  
With him to pass the barrier ground,  
The Spirit of the Stone.



The rude crag rocked : " I come for death—  
I come to work thy woe !"  
And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath  
That murmured from below.

But onward, onward, Keilder passed,  
Swift as the winter wind,  
When, hovering on the driving blast,  
The snow-flakes fall behind.

They passed the muir of berries blae,  
The stone cross on the lee ;  
They reached the green, the bonny brae,  
Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonny brae, the green,  
Yet sacred to the brave,  
Where still, of ancient size, is seen,  
Gigantic Keilder's grave.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark  
The daisy springing fair,  
Where weeps the birch of silver bark  
With long dishevelled hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread  
The curling lady-fern ;  
That fatal day the mould was red,  
No moss was on the cairn.

And next they passed the chapel there ;  
The holy ground was by,  
Where many a stone is sculptured fair,  
To mark where warriors lie.



And here, beside the mountain flood,  
A massy castle frowned,  
Since first the Pictish race in blood  
The haunted pile did found.

The restless stream its rocky base  
Assails with ceaseless din ;  
And many a troubled spirit strays  
The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied  
A knight across the vale :  
“ I greet your master well,” he cried,  
“ From Soulis of Liddesdale.

“ He heard your bugle’s echoing call,  
In his green garden bower ;  
And bids you to his festive hall,  
Within his ancient tower.”

Young Keilder called his hunter train ;—  
“ For doubtful cheer prepare !  
And, as you open force disdain,  
Of secret guile beware.

“ ’Twas here for Mangerton’s brave lord  
A bloody feast was set,  
Who, weetless, at the festal board,  
The bull’s broad frontlet met.

“ Then ever, at uncourteous feast,  
Keep every man his brand ;  
And, as you ’mid his friends are placed  
Range on the better hand.



“ And, if the bull’s ill-omened head  
Appear to grace the feast,  
Your whingers, with unerring sped,  
Plunge in each neighbour’s breast.”

In Hermitage they sat at dine,  
In pomp and proud array ;  
And oft they filled the blood-red wine,  
While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting-song they sung,  
And song of game and glee ;  
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,  
“ Of Scotland’s luv and lee.”

To wilder measures next they turn :  
“ The Black, Black Bull of Noroway ! ”  
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,  
The minstrels cease to play.

Each hunter bold, of Keilder’s train,  
Sat an enchanted man ;  
For cold as ice, through every vein,  
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger rung,  
Each gazed with glaring eye ;  
But Keilder from the table sprung,  
Unharm’d by gramarye.

He burst the doors ; the roofs resound ;  
With yells the castle rung ;  
Before him, with a sudden bound,  
His favourite blood-hound sprung.



Ere he could pass, the door was barred ;  
And, grating harsh from under,  
With creaking, jarring noise, was heard  
A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,  
Announce the dire sword-mill ;  
The piteous howlings of the hound  
The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew  
Stood listening to the yell ;  
And greater still their wonder grew,  
As on their ear it fell.

They listened for a human shriek  
Amid the jarring sound ;  
They only heard, in echoes weak,  
The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung  
The castle gates amain ;  
While hurry out the arméd rout,  
And marshal on the plain.

Ah ! ne'er before in Border feud  
Was seen so dire a fray !  
Through glittering lances Keilder hewed  
A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,  
No lethal brand could dint ;  
No other arms could e'er withstand  
The axe of earth-fast flint.



In Keilder's plume the holly green,  
And rowan leaves, nod on ;  
And vain Lord Soulis's sword was seen,  
Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,  
By Soulis of Liddesdale :  
"In vain," he said, "a thousand blows  
Assail the charmèd mail.

"In vain by land your arrows glide,  
In vain your falchions gleam—  
No spell can stay the living tide,  
Or charm the rushing stream."

And now young Keilder reached the stream,  
Above the foamy linn ;  
And Border lances round him gleam,  
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,  
And the leaf of the rowan pale ;  
Alas ! no spell could charm the tide,  
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keilder's course  
Along the lily lee ;  
But home came never hound nor horse,  
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,  
Without the holy ground,  
Between two old grey stones is seen  
The warrior's ridgy mound.



And the hunters bold, of Keilder's train,  
Within yon castle's wall,  
In a deadly sleep must aye remain,  
Till the ruined towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb arrayed,  
Each holds his bugle horn ;  
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,  
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

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## The Mermaid.

THE following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad, called *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin*. The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the Mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the Mermaid of the northern nations resembles the siren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a Mermaid, while passing the gulf above mentioned : that they resided together in a grotto beneath the sea for several years, during which time she bore him five children ; but finally, he tired of her society, and having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One bears, that a very beautiful Mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek much frequented by these marine people. She



frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion or the disappointment so highly, that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt from that moment the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days (Waldron's "Works," pp. 176, 177).

Another tradition of the same island affirms that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net, and brought to land by some fishers who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shaped like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail, with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak (though they knew she had the power of language), they became apprehensive that the island would be visited with some strange calamity, if she should die for want of food; and, therefore, on the third night they left the door open that she might escape. Accordingly, she did not fail to embrace the opportunity; but, gliding with incredible swiftness to the sea-side, she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to inquire what she had seen among the natives of the earth? "Nothing wonderful," she answered, "except that they were silly enough to throw away the water in which they had boiled their eggs."

Collins, in his notes upon the line,

"Mona, long hid from those who sail the main,"

explains it by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems a mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man who walked upon the beach, that she made love to him; and, being rejected with scorn, she excited by enchantment a mist which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another Mankish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of a Hebridean tale. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man (for there were living witnesses of the legend when he was upon the island), a project



was undertaken to fish treasures up from the deep by means of a diving-bell. A venturous fellow accordingly descended, and kept pulling for more rope till all they had on board was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skilful mathematician who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared that the adventurer must have descended at least double the number of leagues which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer when drawn up to the air.

“After I had passed the region of fishes,” said he, “I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the serenest and most unclouded day, through which, as I passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world paved with coral and a shining kind of pebble, which glittered like the sunbeams reflected on a glass. I longed to tread the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight than when the machine I was enclosed in grazed upon it.

“On looking through the little windows of my prison, I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful buildings, not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and embossed in various figures with shells of all colours. The passage which led to one of those magnificent apartments being open, I endeavoured with my whole strength to move my enclosure towards it; which I did, though with great difficulty and very slowly. At last, however, I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs round of the same. The floor of it was composed of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it was pleasant; for, could I have brought with me but a few of these, they would have been of more value than all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by time, that they were not to be unfastened. I saw several chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious stones finely cut, and set after our manner, which, I suppose, had been the prize of the winds and waves: these were hanging loosely on the jasper walls, by strings made of rushes, which I might easily



have taken down ; but as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them, I was unfortunately drawn back through your want of line. In my return I saw several comely *mermen* and beautiful *mermaids*, the inhabitants of this blissful realm, swiftly descending towards it ; but they seemed frightened at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created species " (Waldron, *ibid*).

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction, by quoting a variety of authors concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the "Telliamed" of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist system of geology, has collected a variety of legends respecting mermen and mermaids (p. 230 *et sequen.*). Much information may also be derived from Pontopiddan's "Natural History of Norway," who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race.\* An older authority is to be found in the "Kongs skugg-sio," or Royal Mirror, written, as it is believed, about 1170. The mermen there mentioned are termed *hafstrambur* (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race ; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state positively whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *mar-gygga* (sea-giantess), and is averred certainly to drag a fish's train. She appears generally in the act of devouring fish which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretend to guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempests which always followed her appearance ("Speculum Regale," 1768, p. 166).

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. Resenius, in his "Life of Frederick II.," gives us an account of a siren, who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

The mermaid of Corrivrekin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train ; and the Celtic tradition bears, that

\* I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's "Geographical Grammar"—a work which, though in general as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively upon the subject of the seas of Norway ; the author having thought meet to adopt the Right Reverend Erick Pontopiddan's account of mermen, sea-snakes, and krakens.



when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage, her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course, she warned her lover not to come into her presence when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

The beauty of the sirens is celebrated in the old romances of chivalry. Doolin, upon beholding for the first time in his life a beautiful female, exclaims, "*Par saint Marie, si belle creature ne vis je oncque en ma vie ! Je crois que c'est un ange du ciel, ou une seraine de mer ; je crois que homme n'engendra oncque si belle creature*" ("La Fleur des Battailles").

I cannot help adding, that some late evidence has been produced, serving to show either that imagination played strange tricks with the witnesses, or that the existence of mermaids is no longer a matter of question. I refer to the letters written to Sir John Sinclair by the spectators of such a phenomenon, in the bay of Sandside, in Caithness.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,\*  
WITH  
THE MERMAID.

To brighter charms depart, my simple lay,  
Than graced of old the Maid of Colonsay,  
When her fond lover, lessening from her view,  
With eyes reverted o'er the surge withdrew ;  
But happier still, should lovely Campbell sing  
Thy plaintive numbers to the trembling string,  
The mermaid's melting strains would yield to thee,  
Though poured diffusive o'er the silver sea.

\* Daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyle—now Lady Charlotte Bury.



Go boldly forth—but ah! the listening throng,  
Rapt by the siren, would forget the song!  
Lo! while they pause, nor dare to gaze around,  
Afraid to break the soft enchanting sound,  
While swells to sympathy each fluttering heart,  
'Tis not the poet's but the siren's art.

Go forth, devoid of fear, my simple lay!  
First heard, returning from Iona's bay,  
When round our bark the shades of evening drew,  
And broken slumbers pressed our weary crew.  
While round the prow the sea-fire, flashing bright,  
Shed a strange lustre o'er the waste of night;  
While harsh and dismal screamed the diving gull,  
Round the dark rocks that wall the coast of Mull;  
As through black reefs we held our venturous way,  
I caught the wild traditional lay;—  
A wreath, no more in black Iona's isle  
To bloom—but graced by high-born Beauty's smile.

---

## THE MERMAID.

ON Jura's heath how sweetly swell  
The murmurs of the mountain bee!  
How softly mourns the writhed shell  
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,  
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,



That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,  
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,  
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,  
From Morven's wars the seamen brave  
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail  
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay ;  
For her he chid the flagging sail,  
The lovely Maid of Colonsay.

And " Raise," he cried, " the song of love,  
The maiden sung with tearful smile,  
When first o'er Jura's hills to rove,  
We left afar the lonely isle !

" ' When on this ring of ruby red  
Shall die,' she said, ' the crimson hue,  
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,  
Or proves to thee and love untrue.' "

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar  
Disperses wide the foamy spray,  
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,  
Resounds the song of Colonsay :

" Softly blow, thou western breeze,  
Softly rustle through the sail,  
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,  
Before my love, sweet western gale !



“ Where the wave is tinged with red,  
And the russet sea-leaves grow,  
Mariners, with prudent dread,  
Shun the shelving reefs below.

“ As you pass through Jura’s Sound,  
Bend your course by Scarba’s shore,  
Shun, oh shun, the gulf profound,  
Where Corrivrekin’s surges roar !

“ If, from that unbottomed deep,  
With wrinkled form and wreathèd train,  
O’er the verge of Scarba’s steep,  
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

“ Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,  
Sea-green sisters of the main,  
And, in the gulf, where ocean boils,  
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

“ Softly blow, thou western breeze,  
Softly rustle through the sail,  
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,  
Before my love, sweet western gale !”

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain’s woe,  
Far from the maid he loved so dear,  
The song arose, so soft and slow,  
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o’er,  
Impatient for the rising day,  
And still, from Crinan’s moonlight shore,  
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.



The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,  
That streaks with foam the ocean green;  
While forward still the rowers urge  
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,  
Was whiter than the downy spray,  
And round her bosom, heaving bright,  
Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,  
She reached amain the bounding prow,  
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,  
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feign'd bier,  
The monks the prayers of death shall say,  
And long, for thee, the fruitless tear  
Shall weep the Maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,  
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;  
He only heard the moaning hoarse  
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;  
No more the surges round him rave;  
Lulled by the music of the seas,  
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,  
Nor dares his tranc'd eyes uncloze,  
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,  
Far in the crystal cavern, rose;



Soft as that harp's unseen control,  
In morning dreams which lovers hear,  
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,  
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,  
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,  
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,  
And fields, that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell ;  
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray :  
“ Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell ? ”  
“ Ah ! 'tis the song of Colonsay.”

Like one that from a fearful dream  
Awakes, the morning light to view,  
And joys to see the purple beam,  
Yet fears to find the vision true,—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,  
Which bade his torpid languor fly ;  
He feared some spell had bound his feet,  
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

“ This yellow sand, this sparry cave,  
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway ;  
Can'st thou the Maiden of the Wave  
Compare to her of Colonsay ? ”

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,  
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,  
And, glancing wild his eyes around,  
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,



No form he saw of mortal mould ;  
It shone like ocean's snowy foam ;  
Her ringlets waved in living gold,  
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,  
And, careless, bound her tresses wild ;  
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,  
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,  
Again she raised the melting lay :  
" Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,  
And leave the Maid of Colonsay ?

" Fair is the crystal hall for me,  
With rubies and with emeralds set,  
And sweet the music of the sea  
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

" How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,  
Along the level tide so green,  
Responsive to the cadence sweet,  
That breathes along the moonlight scene.

" And soft the music of the main  
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,  
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,  
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

" How sweet, when billows heave their head,  
And shake their snowy crests on high,  
Serene in ocean's sapphire bed,  
Beneath the tumbling surge, to lie ;



“To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,  
Where pearly drops of frozen dew  
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,  
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

“Then shall the summer sun, from far,  
Pour through the wave a softer ray,  
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,  
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

“Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,  
That o’er the angry ocean sweep,  
Shall e’er our coral groves assail,  
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

“Through the green meads beneath the sea,  
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray—  
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,  
And leave the Maid of Colonsay!”

“Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,  
Fair maiden of the foamy main!  
Thy life-blood is the water cold,  
While mine beats high in every vein.

“If I, beneath thy sparry cave,  
Should in thy snowy arms recline,  
Inconstant as the restless wave,  
My heart would grow as cold as thine.”

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast;  
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;  
His hand she to her bosom pressed:

“Is there no heart for rapture here?”



“ These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,  
Does no warm blood their currents fill,  
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,  
To joy, to love’s delirious thrill ? ”

“ Though all the splendour of the sea  
Around thy faultless beauty shine,  
That heart, that riots wild and free,  
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

“ These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,  
They swim not in the light of love :  
The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,  
Her eyes are milder than the dove !

“ E’en now, within the lonely isle,  
Her eyes are dim with tears for me ;  
And can’st thou think that siren smile  
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee ? ”

An oozy film her limbs o’erspread ;  
Unfolds in length her scaly train :  
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,  
And lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

“ Dwell here, alone ! ” the mermaid cried,  
“ And view far off the sea-nymphs play ;  
Thy prison wall, the azure tide,  
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

“ Whene’er, like ocean’s scaly brood,  
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,  
Far from the daughter of the flood,  
Conceal thee in this coral cave.



“ I feel my former soul return ;  
It kindles at thy cold disdain :  
And has a mortal dared to spurn  
A daughter of the foamy main !”

She fled,—around the crystal cave  
The rolling waves resume their road,  
On the broad portal idly rave,  
But enter not the nymph’s abode.

And many a weary night went by,  
As in the lonely cave he lay ;  
And many a sun rolled through the sky,  
And poured its beams on Colonsay ;

And oft, beneath the silver moon,  
He heard afar the mermaid sing ;  
And oft, to many a melting tune,  
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring :

And when the moon went down the sky,  
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain ;  
And oft he thought his love was by,  
And charmed him with some tender strain ;

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,  
When ceased that voice of silver sound,  
And thought to plunge him in the deep,  
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,  
Retained its vivid crimson hue,  
And each despairing accent fled,  
To find his gentle love so true.



When seven long lonely months were gone,  
The mermaid to his cavern came,  
No more misshapen from the zone,  
But like a maid of mortal frame.

“ Oh, give to me that ruby ring,  
That on thy finger glances gay,  
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing  
The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay.”

“ This ruby ring, of crimson grain,  
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,  
If thou wilt bear me through the main,  
Again to visit Colonsay.”

“ Except thou quit thy former love,  
Content to dwell for aye with me,  
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,  
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.”

“ Then bear me swift along the main,  
The lonely isle again to see,  
And, when I here return again,  
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.”

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,  
While slow unfolds her scaly train,  
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,  
She lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,  
As, with broad fin, she oars her way ;  
Beneath the silent moon she glides,  
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.



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Proud swells her heart! she deems, at last,  
To lure him with her silver tongue,  
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,  
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,  
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,  
When light to land the chieftain sprung,  
To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

Oh, sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,  
And sadly sink remote at sea!  
So sadly mourns the writhed shell  
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,  
The charm-bound sailors know the day;  
For sadly still the mermaid mourns  
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.

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### The Elfin King.

"OH swift, and swifter far he speeds  
Than earthly steed can run;  
But I hear not the feet of his courser fleet,  
As he glides o'er the moorland dun."

Lone was the strath where he crossed their path,  
And wide did the heath extend:



The Knight in Green on that moor is seen  
At every seven years' end.

And swift is the speed of his coal-black steed,  
As the leaf before the gale ;  
But never yet have that courser's feet  
Been heard on hill or dale.

But woe to the wight who meets the Green Knight  
Except on his falchion arm  
Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St Clair,  
The holy trefoil's charm ;

For then shall fly his gifted eye  
Delusions false and dim ;  
And each unblessed shade shall stand portrayed  
In ghostly form and limb.

Oh, swift, and swifter far he speeds  
Than earthly steed can run :  
"He skims the blue air," said the brave St Clair,  
"Instead of the heath so dun.

"His locks are bright as the streamer's light,  
His cheeks like the rose's hue ;  
The Elfin King, like the merlin's wing  
Are his pinions of glossy blue."

"No Elfin King, with azure wing,  
On the dark brown moor I see ;  
But a courser keen, and a Knight in Green,  
And full fair, I ween, is he.



“Nor Elfin King, nor azure wing,  
Nor ringlets sparkling bright,”  
Sir Geoffry cried, and forward hied  
To join the stranger knight.

He knew not the path of the lonely strath  
Where the Elfin King went his round;  
Or he never had gone with the Green Knight on,  
Nor trod the charmèd ground.

How swift they flew! no eye could view  
Their track on heath or hill;  
Yet swift across both moor and moss,  
St Clair did follow still.

And soon was seen a circle green,  
Where a shadowy wassail crew  
Amid the ring did dance and sing,  
In weeds of watchet blue.

And the windlestrae,\* so limber and grey,  
Did shiver beneath the tread  
Of the courser's feet, as they rushed to meet  
The morrice of the dead.

“Come here, come here, with thy green feere,  
Before the bread be stale;  
To roundel dance with speed advance,  
And taste our wassail ale.”

Then up to the knight came a grizzly wight,  
And sounded in his ear:

\* Rye-grass.



“Sir Knight, eschew this goblin crew,  
Nor taste their ghostly cheer.”

The tabors rung, the lilt was sung,  
And the knight the dance did lead;  
But the maidens fair seemed round him to stare  
With eyes like the glassy bead.

The glance of their eye, so cold and so dry,  
Did almost his heart appall;  
Their motion is swift, but their limbs they lift  
Like stony statues all.

Again to the knight came the grizzly wight,  
When the roundel dance was o'er:  
“Sir Knight, eschew this goblin crew,  
Or rue for evermore.”

But forward pressed the dauntless guest  
To the tables of ezlar red,  
And there was seen the Knight in Green,  
To grace the fair board head.

And before that knight was a goblet bright  
Of emerald smooth and green;  
The fretted brim was studded full trim  
With mountain-rubies sheen.

Sir Geoffry the Bold of the cup laid hold,  
With heath-ale mantling o'er:  
And he saw as he drank that the ale never shrank,  
But mantled as before.



Then Sir Geoffry grew pale as he quaffed the ale,  
And cold as the corpse of clay ;  
And with horny beak the ravens did shriek,  
And fluttered o'er their prey.

But soon throughout the revel rout  
A strange commotion ran ;  
For beyond the round they heard the sound  
Of the steps of an uncharmed man.

And soon to St Clair the grim wight did repair,  
From the midst of the wassail crew :  
“ Sir Knight, beware of the revellers there,  
Nor do as they bid thee do.”

“ What woeful wight art thou,” said the knight,  
“ To haunt this wassail fray ? ”  
“ I was once,” quoth he, “ a mortal like thee,  
Though now I'm an elfin grey.

“ And the knight so bold as a corpse lies cold,  
Who trod the green-sward ring :  
He must wander along with the restless throng,  
For aye with the Elfin King.

“ With the restless crew, in weeds so blue,  
The hapless knight must wend ;  
Nor ever be seen on haunted green,  
Till the weary seven years' end.

“ Fair is the mien of the Knight in Green,  
And bright his sparkling hair ;  
'Tis hard to believe how malice can live  
In the breast of aught so fair.



“ And light and fair are the fields of air,  
Where he wanders to and fro ;  
Still doomed to fleet from the regions of heat  
To the realms of endless snow.

“ When high over head fall the streamers\* red,  
He views the blest afar ;  
And, in stern despair, darts through the air  
To earth, like a fallen star.

“ With the shadowy crew in weeds so blue  
That knight for aye must run ;  
Except thou succeed in a perilous deed,  
Unseen by the holy sun.

“ Who ventures the deed, and fails to succeed,  
Perforce must join the crew.”  
“ Then brief declare,” said the brave St Clair,  
“ A deed that a knight may do.”

“ ’Mid the sleet and the rain thou must here remain,  
By the haunted green-sward ring,  
Till the dance wax slow, and the song faint and low,  
Which the crew unearthly sing.

“ Then, right at the time of the matin chime,  
Thou must tread the unhallowed ground,  
And, with mystic pace, the circles trace,  
That enclose it, nine times round.

“ And next must thou pass the rank green grass  
To the table of ezlar red ;

\* Northern lights.



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And the goblet clear away must thou bear,  
Nor behind thee turn thy head.

“And ever anon, as thou tread'st upon  
The sword of the green charmed ring,  
Be no word expressed in that space unblest  
That 'longeth of holy thing.

“For the charmed ground is all unsound,  
And the lake spreads wide below,  
And the Water Fiend there with the Fiend of Air  
Is leagued for mortals' woe.”

'Mid the sleet and the rain did St Clair remain  
Till the evening star did rise ;  
And the route so gay did dwindle away  
To the eldritch dwarfy size.

When the moon-beams pale fell through the white hail,  
With a wan and watery ray,  
Sad notes of woe seemed round him to grow,  
The dirge of the elfins grey.

And right at the time of the matin chime  
His mystic pace began,  
And murmurs deep around him did creep,  
Like the moans of a murdered man.

The matin-bell was tolling farewell,  
When he reached the central ring,  
And there he beheld to ice congealed  
That crew with the Elfin King.



For aye, at the knell of the matin-bell,  
When the black monks wend to pray,  
The spirits unblest have a glimpse of rest  
Before the dawn of day.

The sigh of the trees and the rush of the breeze  
Then pause on the lonely hill ;  
And the frost of the dead clings round their head,  
And they slumber cold and still.

The knight took up the emerald cup,  
And the ravens hoarse did scream,  
And the shuddering elfins half rose up,  
And murmured in their dream :

They inwardly mourned, and the thin blood returned  
To every icy limb ;  
And each frozen eye, so cold and so dry,  
'Gan roll with lustre dim.

Then as brave St Clair did turn him there,  
To retrace the mystic track ;  
He heard the sigh of his lady fair,  
Who sobbed behind his back.

He started quick, and his heart beat thick,  
And he listened in wild amaze ;  
But the parting bell on his ear it fell,  
And he did not turn to gaze.

With panting breast as he forward pressed,  
He trode on a mangled head ;  
And the skull did scream, and the voice did seem  
The voice of his mother dead.



He shuddering trod ;—On the great name of God  
He thought,—but he nought did say ;  
And the green-sward did shrink as about to sink,  
And loud laughed the elfins grey.

And loud did resound o'er the unblest ground  
The wings of the blue Elf King ;  
And the ghostly crew to reach him flew ;—  
But he crossed the charmèd ring.

The morning was grey, and dying away  
Was the sound of the matin-bell ;  
And far to the west the fays that ne'er rest  
Fled where the moon-beams fell.

And Sir Geoffry the Bold on the unhallowed mould  
Arose from the green-witch grass ;  
And he felt his limbs like a dead man's cold,  
And he wist not where he was.

And that cup so rare, which the brave St Clair  
Did bear from the ghostly crew,  
Was suddenly changed from the emerald fair  
To the ragged whinstone blue ;  
And instead of the ale that mantled there,  
Was the murky midnight dew.

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### Ruberslaw.

OF dizzy beetling cliffs which frown,  
O'er heathy wastes of aspect brown,  
Which heave their hoary heads sublime,  
Ragged with the wrecks of time,  
The shepherd sings; ye russet fays,  
Aid the shepherd's rural lays,  
And smooth and clear the verse shall glide,  
Like gentle Teviot's crystal tide.

Hail, Ruberslaw! thy tawny wild,  
And cairns of yore full rudely piled,  
Heaths where hums the mountain bee,  
These are dearer still to me  
Than all the golden, bloomy pride,  
Which borders Teviot's verdant side.  
Hail! the heath and moss-grey stone,  
Where oft I used to sit alone,  
When Sleep's soft sluggish mists arise  
To brood o'er rustic Labour's eyes,  
With every rude romantic glade,  
Where once my devious footsteps strayed,  
When to the heedless infant view  
Nature appeared in youthful hue.

While the burnished car of day  
Flames along the western way,  
And burning rays the mowers shun,



Let me seek the summit dun,  
Where Melancholy loves to go,  
At grey-eyed twilight musing slow ;  
Whene'er she leaves yon rivulet's shore,  
With green and yellow mottled o'er,  
Dim shaded by the hazel spray,  
Where never peeps the eye of day.

On the western side ascend,  
Where his bending arms extend,  
Where spreads the solitary fir  
Which the breezes ceaseless stir,  
And quivering aspen of the vale  
Sighs along the dying gale ;  
The tangled briars intertwine  
Their rosy flowerets with the spine,  
And from the dark green tufts of broom  
Peers the shrivelled yellow bloom,  
Furze thin scattered o'er the heath,  
Along the shepherd's half-worn path,  
In his chequered plaid involved,  
There the shepherd lies dissolved,  
Listless, on the rushes rank  
That wave adown yon sloping bank ;  
Where the shallow trickling rill,  
Down from its urn the waters spill,  
Which weep their oozy channel's loss  
Filtering through the hairy moss ;  
Not a care his heart annoys,  
Scarce a thought his mind employs,  
Each breeze that whistles o'er the bent  
Sings in his ear of sweet content ;



And tosses still, with breath so weak,  
His yellow hair across his cheek.

How the ruffling breezes stir  
The trains of tinsel gossamer !  
In filmy yellow threads which slide  
Up the green hill's sloping side ;  
Full beneath the beating ray  
Fleets the glistening net-work gay.

Powdered heath-bells in the bloom  
Fling from their cups a sweet perfume,  
Which, when the ruddy twinkling ray  
Is blending with the blue-eyed day,  
Sweetly scents the breath of morn  
On new-waked zephyrs' pinions borne :  
See from the cups still moist with dew,  
The wild-bee sips the honied glue ;  
Afar the mingled murmurs come,  
And wider wakes the liquid hum.

Heath-bell emblem, so repose !  
Yields thy beauty to the rose,  
Which in the gardens of the great  
Flaunts in all the pride of state ?  
True thy purple cannot vie  
With the rose's crimson die ;  
Nor canst thou, like the rose, expand  
In the smooth gale the tresses bland ;  
Yet no thorn or canker-worm  
Dare thy purple bloom deform ;  
Once, too, thy mantling juice did laugh,



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In cups which princes loved to quaff ;  
And waked the wild inspired lay  
Beneath the ancient Pictish sway.

Onward o'er the rugged slant  
With weary trembling step I pant ;  
The ridge is rough with clotted rocks  
Shorn of its shaggy, russet locks.  
By yon thorn that flowers beneath,  
Oft have I sat, and seen the heath,  
Kindle at first with ashy gleam,  
Then wide the arch'd flashes stream,  
The winds, with hollow blustering tone,  
Roll the red combustion on ;  
Aloft the hovering god of flame  
Shrouds the distant solar beam ;  
Wide his sooty wings displays,  
And fans the rapid crackling blaze.

Here, too, the lapwing whoops along,  
And shrieks her shrill repeated song ;  
And oft displays her dappled breast—  
Curses blast her sable crest !  
From Etna's gulf a fury came,  
Breathing wide the wasting flame ;  
Gore her writhed arm distains,  
Which heaves a hundred cumbrous chains ;  
And persecution o'er our land,  
High brandishes her burning brand :  
In vain the mists roll from on high,  
To bloat the monster's blood-shot eye ;  
While the shrill shrieking lapwings trace  
The wanderings of a peaceful race.



But let me breathe and rest awhile,  
Beside the ruins of that pile,  
Which the green sward contiguous strow,  
Where fern and rank green nettles grow ;  
O'er crumbled heaps whence crawl abroad  
At eve, the esk and speckled toad :  
The moss is on the mouldered wall,  
The blast howls through the roofless hall,  
Where steel-clad warriors thronged the courts,  
Now the timid hare resorts :  
The grasshopper, with voice so shrill,  
Pipes upon the glowing hill ;  
And hops athwart with lively bound,  
The ruins of the agèd mound.

But see that silver cloud unrolled  
In many a twisted winding fold,  
Aloft the gradual mazes creep,  
And climb upon the azure steep,  
Its snowy bosom seems to swell  
With airy domes where spirits dwell :  
Infant souls whose purer flame  
Quickly burst their earthly flame :  
And purer regions to behold,  
Soon forsook their grosser mould.

Now, mark that rock of figure rude,  
Projecting o'er the hanging wood ;  
Scarce the eye can bear to gaze,  
For time has sapped his solid base  
With silent dint, and soon will thrust  
His massy columns to the dust :



On his furrowed front he bears  
The wrinkles of ten thousand years ;  
His brows are crowned with curling fern,  
Where perches grave the hooded ern ;  
By the watchful shepherd styled  
The Hermit of the Lonely Wild.

Now, by this pent and winding lane,  
The topmost towering heights I gain ;  
Where every stripe of level green,  
That lies the shattered crags between,  
Is notched across the grassy rind,  
Full rudely, by the rural hind,  
Each half-obliterated name  
The record marks of rustic fame ;  
And those described not long ago,  
Already can be seen by none ;  
Thus all beneath the waning moon  
Fades on Fame's transient records soon.

The varied prospect opens gay,  
Where Teviot winds her pebbled way ;  
By many a gentle sloping dale  
Green swelling hill and dimpled vale ;  
Yet sure these beauties cannot vie  
With those which rise to Memory's eye,  
When the fond mind delights to dwell  
On scenes she long has loved so well :  
'Tis Fancy with her varying hues  
That gilds the scene which Memory views,  
And softer tints she loves to spread  
For which we search in vain the mead :



In vain the grove or mossy cell,  
'Tis the effect of Fancy's spell.

Turn then from the beating sun  
Eastward to the landscape dun,  
Heaths of which the straining eye  
Hardly can the bounds descry ;  
The hazel fring'd banks of Rule,  
Where o'er the lazy eddying pool,  
Red with elemental war,  
Lours aloft the hanging scar ;  
Onward rolls the impatient dye  
On to the top of Cheviot high :  
By Nature placed a mighty bar,  
When contending nations jar.

What clear blue streaks are those which run  
Downward from the darkened sun ?  
Black the bellying clouds extend,  
And now the rushing showers descend :  
Now, how sweet the golden ray,  
Swimming through the drizzly spray !  
Anon the breeze forgets to sing,  
The thunder claps his hurtling wing :  
How it delights my soul to gaze  
On the lightning's livid blaze ;  
And after each successive flash,  
To listen to the echoing crash ;  
Till the flaming bolt is shot,  
Let me gaze and startle not :  
Hark ! from its base I heard it rift  
With horrid shock, yon nodding clift,



Crushing, leaping down, abrupt,  
Its course the marshes interrupt.  
No more the rattling rain descends,  
Yet still that black-swollen cloud impends,  
And though its ridge be tinged with red,  
Seems just bursting overhead.

A hill by earth-born giants thrown,  
To dash the thunderer's burnished throne,  
Now slowly sails the floating mist  
In curling wreaths which forward twist;  
And from their locks as on they wind,  
Shake the hoar and clammy rind.  
Ere the gray confusion blend,  
Down this shaggy slope I bend.

Pent within the circling haze,  
What bodes to trace the wildering maze;  
Then wait until the lagging gale  
Unfurl its lightly skimming sail.

Beside this white encrusted stone  
Lies the yellow crumbling bone;  
For here oft raged the battles' storm  
And corpses did the field deform:  
The warrior of the Sable Mail  
Lives in the rustic's storied tale;  
From the clash of whose bright glaive  
Never mortal might could save:  
Wizard of the sword-proof spell,  
Sink beneath his arm to hell;  
Mournful ever was the day,



Along these glens, he urged the fray :  
Strewed the corpses of the dead,  
And dyed the heath with deeper red ;  
Yet, when the chief, by Fate laid low,  
And matrons raised the wail of woe ;  
No bard was near of tuneful lays  
To strike the harp in Arch'bald's praise :  
Long set his glory's living beam :  
Yet on the silent gliding stream  
Of time shall float his honoured name,  
Before the equal breath of Fame.

But see the sun's declining glance  
Begins to gild the vapour dense ;  
Scarce the melting colours glow  
In the dim-contracted bow ;  
Or do these fairy circles crown  
Old Silence, robed in thistle down ?  
Which moves not as he hovers slow,  
For not a breath of wind dare blow ;  
He rolls his mists adown the hill,  
And glens and woods and vales are still ;  
Save where in trains that linger slow,  
Homeward winds the carking crow ;  
Or where the soaring curlew floats,  
And screams in loud and clamorous notes ;  
Shrill the wailing plover's pipe,  
Loud and louder yet the snipe :  
On the light breeze of evening borne,  
Winds her mellow-twittering horn.

Phœbus down the western steep



Dives the red-reflecting deep ;  
And o'er the heath, the shadow dun  
Stalks after the retreating sun :  
Which now forsakes the blackening plains,  
And but the mountain top retains ;  
Where still the yellow streamers dance,  
And vibrate quick with glimmering glance.

Now the hovering lustres fade,  
Yet still along the dusky glade  
Faint-twinkling ringlets seem to fly,  
And sunbeams quiver in the eye.

Right above the evening star  
Luna lifts her silver car ;  
And darts her rays so cold and wan,  
In varying glances o'er the lawn.

Now her paly crescent shrouds  
Behind yon heavy leaden clouds ;  
And leaves the starry fires to glow,  
To the night-hours sailing slow.

On the lea with dew-drops damp  
The glow-worm lights her glimmering lamp :  
Appearing through the gloom of night  
Like some fallen star's departing light.

In thin and livid volumes roll,  
The frozen lightnings of the pole ;  
And flash a momentary glare,  
Through the thick and murky air ;



Mark their wavering bloody hue  
Which bodes that War shall still embrue  
In smoking blood his ruthless arm,  
Fraught with woe and human harm ;  
Unvarying thus from age to age,  
Gravely spells the rustic sage.

But as I wander headless on,  
Lo ! every twinkling star is gone ;  
My labouring eyelids, sore oppressed  
With leaden slumber, call to rest.

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## The Celtic Paradise;

OR,

GREEN ISLE OF THE WESTERN WAVES.

ON Flannan's rock, where spring perennial smiles,  
Beyond the verge of cold Ebuda's isles,—  
Where, as the labourer turns the sainted ground,  
The relics of a pigmy race are found ;  
A race who lived before the light of song  
Had poured its beams o'er days forgotten long,—  
A Druid dwelt—at whose unclosing gate  
The spirits of the winds were wont to wait :  
Whether he bade the Northern blasts disclose  
The ice-piled storehouse of the feathery snows ;  
Or the soft Southern breezes fan the deep,



And wake the flower-buds from their infant sleep :  
Whether he bade the clammy Eastern rime  
Clog the young floweret in its silken prime ;  
Or round his isle the fleecy sea-mists wreath,  
Till e'en the wild-wood music ceased to breathe.

Oft on the tempest's blackening wings he rode,  
And oft the deep's unsteady plain he trode ;  
Or, pillowed on some green foam-crested surge,  
Securely slept within the ocean-verge.

In his deep grot of green transparent spar,  
He marked the twinkling path of every star ;  
And, as new planets met his wondering gaze,  
Sighed o'er the narrow circle of his days.  
And when hoarse murmurs echoed through the wood,  
He blamed the billows of the restless flood,  
Whose heaving wastes and weltering waves enclose  
The Western Isle, where ancient chiefs repose.

One day, while foaming white the waters rave,  
And hurl on high the hoarse-resounding wave,  
A pitch-black cloud above the surges hung ;  
Hoarse in its skirts the moaning tempest sung ;  
Skimming the deep it reached the Druid's grot,  
When its dark womb displayed a living boat.  
An hundred oars, self-moving, brush the seas,  
The milk-white sails bend forward to the breeze ;  
No human forms the glistening cordage bound,  
But shapes like moon-light shadows glancing round.  
Unusual terror seized the aged seer,



And soon these whispered accents reached his ear :  
“ The boat of heroes see,—no longer stay—  
Come to the fair Green Isle of those long passed away ! ”

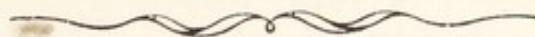
He heard :—strange vigour strung each aged limb,  
He treads the air to ocean's echoing brim ;  
Embarked, the breezes blow, o'er surges loud  
He rides ; while round him clings the pitchy cloud.  
Now seven times Night had raised her ebon brow,  
And seven long days the sun shone dimly through ;  
On either side the wind's dull murmur passed,  
And voices shrill rolled wildly on the blast :  
But he no answer gave the shrieking dead,  
And closed in sleep his eye's unwearied lid.  
But when the next revolving morn drew nigh,  
The mountain foam-hills swell to touch the sky,  
They heave, they plunge, their shouldering heights divide,  
And rock the reeling barge on every side :  
With pausing glimpse the dim uncertain light  
Fades, and loud voices rend the veil of night ;  
Shouts each exulting voice : “ The Isle ! the Isle ! ”  
Again in light the curling billows smile ;  
They part, and sudden on the sage's eyes  
The calm green fields of the departed rise.

Mild glanced the light with no sun-flaring ray,  
A clear, a placid, and a purer day ;  
No flickering cloud betrayed the lurking storm,  
No shade bedimmed each object's faultless form ;  
Before his sight, as dreams celestial smile,  
Spreads the green bosom of the Western Isle ;  
Where nearest objects glare not on the view,



Nor distant dwindle indistinct and blue.  
Green sloping hills in spring eternal dressed,  
Where fleecy clouds of bright transporence rest,  
Whose lucid folds the humid course reveal  
Of trickling rills, that from their bosoms steal,  
And down through streaks of deeper verdure glide,  
Melodious tinkling o'er the mountain's side ;  
While echo wafts their music wild and clear,  
Like breeze-touched harpings to the distant ear.  
As through the fragrant vales they linger slow,  
They feel no sultry suns of summer glow ;  
Nor rapid, flooded by the pearly rain,  
Impel the foamy deluge o'er the plain.  
As dews of morn distend the lily's bell,  
High in their beds the murmuring riv'lets swell,  
Beneath the whisper shade of orange trees,  
Where sloping valleys spread to meet the seas.

While round the crystal marge undazzling play,  
With softened light, the amber beams of day ;  
The lingering sun, from his meridian height,  
Strews on these fair green fields his golden light,  
In Western billows shrouds no more his head,  
Nor streaks again the morning sky with red.







[ODES, ELEGIES, & c.]

---

Ode to Fantasy.

WRITTEN DURING AN ATTACK OF THE AGUE.

I.

AVAUNT the lark's clear thrilling note  
That warbles sweet through ether blue,  
While on the sloping sun-beam float  
Her waving pinions wet with dew!  
Too dire the power whose sullen sway  
My torpid nerves and breast obey.—  
But, from the stump of withered oak,  
Let me hear the raven croak,  
And her sooty pinions flap  
At the night thunder's startling clap,  
As perched aloft she mutters hoarse  
O'er an infant's mangled corse;  
When, drunk with blood, her sharp, short scream  
Shall wake me from my wayward dream,  
To see the blood spontaneous flow  
Through the half-opened sod below.



## II.

Avaunt the cheerful village throng,  
With all the sprightly sports of youth,  
The mazy dance, and maiden song !  
Be mine to roam through wilds uncouth ;  
To talk by fits at dusky eve  
With Echo in her rock-hewn cave,  
And see the fairy people glide  
Down the cavern's rugged side ;  
Or dive into the wood profound,  
Where red leaves rustle strangely round ;  
Where through the leaf-embower'd way,  
The star-light sheds a sickly ray.—  
And then the dead-man's lamp I spy,  
As twinkling blue it passes by,  
Soon followed by the sable pall,  
And pomp of shadowy funeral.

## III.

Beside yon hoary shapeless cairn,  
That points the shepherd's lonely path,  
Mantled with frizzly withered fern,  
And skirted by the blasted heath ;—  
By the slow muddy streams which lave  
The suicide's unhallowed grave,  
Where flaunts around in loose array,  
The withered grass that looks so gray ;  
Whence aloof the travellers go,  
And curse the wretch that lies below ;—  
I'll sit at midnight's fearful hour,



When the wan April moon has power,  
Poring o'er a mossy skull,  
Till my blue swollen eyes be dull;  
While the unsheeted spectre loud  
Bewails his interdicted shroud.

## IV.

When wintry thaws impel the wave  
Beyond the channel's pebbled bounds,  
And hoarse the red-gorged rivers rave,  
To mine their arching icy mounds;  
Though they rush against the shore,  
Waves successive tumbling o'er;  
While clouds like low-browed mountains lower,  
And pour the chilling sleety shower:—  
Then let me by the torrent roam  
At night to watch the churning foam.  
And then a wailing voice I hear  
By solemn pauses strike the ear;  
A river-wrecked unhappy ghost  
Shrieks doleful, "Lost, for ever lost!"  
And the rocky banks around  
Echo back the dreary sound.

## V.

But on St John's mysterious night,  
Sacred to many a wizard spell,  
The time when first to human sight  
Confessed the mystic fern-seed fell;  
Beside the sloe's black knotted thorn,  
What hour the Baptist stern was born—  
That hour when heaven's breath is still,—



I'll seek the shaggy fern-clad hill,  
Where time has delved a dreary dell,  
Befitting best a hermit's cell;  
And watch 'mid murmurs muttering stern,  
The seed departing from the fern,  
Ere wakeful demons can convey  
The wonder-working charm away,  
And tempt the blows from arm unseen,  
Should thoughts unholy intervene.

## VI.

Or let me watch the live-long night  
By some dark murderer's bed of death,  
Whose secret crimes his soul affright,  
And clog his sighs and parting breath.  
Pale-sheeted spectres seem to rise  
Before his fixed and glaring eyes,  
That dimly glance with stone-set stare,  
The rueful hue of black despair.  
A death-head slowly to his view  
Presents its withering grisly hue,  
And grins a smile with aspect grim—  
Cold horror thrills his every limb,  
His half-formed accents die away,  
And scarce the glimmering sense convey :  
He owns the justice of his doom,  
And muttering sinks to endless gloom.

## VII.

Or, in some haunted Gothic hall  
Whose roof is mouldered, damp, and hoar,  
Where figured tapestry shrouds the wall,



And murder oft has dyed the floor ;  
With frantic fancies sore oppressed,  
My weary eyes shall sink to rest—  
When sudden from my slumbers weak  
Aroused in wild affright I break ;  
A death-cold hand shall slowly sleek  
With icy touch my shuddering cheek.  
Soft as the whispers of the gale,  
Forth steals an infant's feeble wail,  
From some far corner of the dome ;  
Approaching still my haunted room,  
A spirit then seems the floor to trace,  
With hollow-sounding, measured pace.—

## VIII.

I heard it ! Yes ; no earthly call !  
Repeated thrice in dismal tone ;  
And still along the echoing wall  
Resounds the deep continuous moan ;  
Responsive to my throbbing heart,  
Stung with Fear's incessant smart,  
How creeps my blood in every vein,  
While desperate works my maddening brain—  
See there ! where vibrates on my view  
That visage grim of ashen hue ;  
Glaring eyes that roll so red,  
Starting from the straining lid ;  
At each horrid death-set stare  
He bristles up his hoary hair,  
And shows his locks so thin and few,  
Dropping wet with crimson dew.



## IX.

Hence fleets the orm, while hushed the sound—

'Tis past—till sleep resumes her reign.

But soon as wakeful sense is drowned

Fantastic visions rise again.

Then borne on tempest wings I go

O'er the deep that foams below :

In whirling eddies raves the tide,

While piping winds its thunders chide.

The mass of waters heaves on high,

Till surging billows dash the sky ;

White they burst around my ear,

Down the West they bear me far,

Far beyond the setting sun,

Where ever brood the shadows dun,

Where bends the welkin to the wave,

And ocean's utmost waters lave.

## X.

The eddying winds along the shore

Clash rudely with opposing rage

Where never mortal touched before,

Save the far-wandering Grecian sage.

By ocean's hoar-fermenting foam,

Darkly lowers the airy dome ;

By brown substantial darkness walled

Whence bold Ulysses shrunk appalled ;

Where ghosts, half seen by glances dim,

With shadowy feet the pavement skim.

But soon the feeble-shrieking dead

Are scattered by the Gorgon's head ;



Whose withering look, so wan and cold,  
No frame can bear of mortal mould ;  
While snaky wreaths of living hair,  
With crests red-curling, writhe in air.

## XI.

Anon, with sound, confused and shrill,  
The thin embodied forms decay ;  
And, like the grey mist of the hill,  
The airy mansion fleets away.—  
When Fantasy transports the scene,  
Where glows the starry sky serene ;  
And then I seem in wild vagary,  
Roving with the restless fairy ;  
Round and round the turning sphere,  
To chase the moon-beam glancing clear.  
Where ocean's oozy arms extend,  
There our gliding course we bend ;  
Our right feet brush the billows hoar,  
Our left imprint the sandy shore ;  
While mermaids comb their sea-green locks  
By moonlight on the shelving rocks.

## XII.

But while these scenes I pleased survey,  
They vanish slow with giddy hum,  
And visions rise, of dire dismay,  
That Fancy's plastic power benumb.  
The last dread trumpet stuns the ear  
Which central Nature groans to hear :  
And seems to shrink with rueful throes,  
To see her ancient offspring's woes.—



---

Quick start to life the astonished dead ;  
Old heroes heave the helm'd head ;  
Again the sons of war return ;  
No more their red-flamed eye-balls burn ;  
While scroll-shrunk skies around them blaze,  
In mute despair around they gaze ;  
Then frightful shrieks the welkin rive—  
As I, with rapture, wake alive.

## XIII.

Avaunt ! ye empty notes of joy,  
Ye vain delusive sounds of mirth ;  
No pleasure's here without alloy,  
No room for happiness on earth.  
To calm my breast's impatient glow,  
Arise, ye scenes of fancied woe !  
That I may relish while they stay  
Such joys as quickly fleet away.  
And still let Fantasy renew  
Her antic groups of sombre hue,  
Where every unconnected scene  
Combines to rouse emotions keen,  
And far transcending judgment's law,  
Astounds the wondering breast with awe :  
Till all this dream of life be o'er,  
And I awake to sleep no more.

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## R e v e n g e.

### AN ODE.

IN black Monaghan's vale of heath,  
Wild shouts assail the startled ear;  
Assassins raise the yell of death,  
'Mid broken shrieks of shuddering fear;  
While mingles deep the dying groan,  
Their chief insults in sullen tone,  
High waving o'er his bristly head,  
Yon blade with murder crusted red.

Since vengeance formed the dark design,  
In murdered Cormac's haunted hall;  
The sun has rolled o'er races nine,  
And seen them sink beneath the pall;  
While vengeance still, from sire to son,  
Descended till the deed was done:  
Like Cormac's ghost with blood besmeared,  
Revenge unsated still appeared.

Grim fiend! that first when ancient night  
Commixed with hell's rebellious king,  
Sprung from eternal gloom to light,  
Exulting fierce on dragon wing!  
"Tis mine!" he cried; "the world shall know,  
To stir the last extremes of woe,  
The gnawing worm of guilt to nurse,  
Till man his loathed existence curse."



Hence Pleasure's harp the warrior spurns,  
And frowns the warbling syren dumb ;  
While in his breast black vengeance burns,  
He listens to the surly drum :  
Revenge his haughty bosom fires,  
Till gashed with wounds the chief expires,  
When floats his corse in tepid gore,  
Amid the battle's thundering roar.

Revenge, by Erie's lake immense,  
The red Oneidas oft has led,  
To triumph o'er each tortured sense,  
Or welter in the gory bed ;  
No mark betrays each printless heel,  
As o'er the leaf-strewn wild they steal,  
Beneath the maple's ancient shade,  
Or 'mid the river's current wade.

When now the desert path is passed,  
They summon round the hags of hell ;  
While frightened nature starts aghast,  
To hear the whoop's tremendous yell ;  
With headlong fury on the foe,  
Beneath the arrowy arch they go,  
Till rolled in blood they yield their life,  
And gasp beneath the scalping knife.

*Revenge !* the savage victor's claim,  
Restraint their vengeful bosoms spurn ;  
And wrapt in slow consuming flame,  
Behold yon valiant captive burn !



'Mid peals of mingling joy and wrath,  
High swells his dauntless song of death,  
Stern defiance on his foes,  
While lingering life remains, he throws.

“ Base cowards, mark the crimson blood  
That gushes from the fevered vein ;  
Once it poured its purple flood,  
From the hearts of warriors slain ;  
Dastards ! 'tis your father's gore  
Oozes from each wounded pore,  
Drink—but it shall ne'er impart  
Courage to the dastard heart.

“ Torture, tear this bloody breast—  
Does it palpitate for fear ;  
This hand hath hewn your chieftain's crest,  
'Tis his flesh you mangle here.  
I soar beyond these mountains blue,  
While you to shun each warrior's view,  
As skulk obscene the reptile shoals,  
Sneak to the land of little souls.”

Amid the Southern Ocean's isles,  
Where roams uncurbed the rude Malay,  
The youthful Nature fairest smiles,  
Triumphs Revenge with horrid sway ;  
And often gluts the brutal feast,  
With viands man abhors to taste,  
While red the mantling goblets shine,  
Red the shell—but not with wine.



Revenge, by foaming Liddel's side,  
In Hermitage with blood defiled,  
Has dressed the feast with pompous pride,  
While fair the treacherous master smiled :  
With horror, as the youthful lord  
Surveys upon the festive board,  
The frontlets of the frowning bull ;  
The murderous hatchet cleaves his skull.

Away ! from high-souled sons of fame,  
Protectors of our sea-girt isle !  
No bard shall raise the hero's name,  
That stoops to gloomy arts of guile ;  
Seek soft Italia's heartless race ;  
Well-skilled with counterfeited grace,  
To hide the vengeful coward soul,  
While venom drugs the faithless bowl.

Away ! to Afric's burning sands  
Wherever glows the torrid soil,  
And prompt to blood the swarthy hands  
Of Moors, whose veins with sulphur boil ;  
There fester in the fervid breast,  
As in the serpent's purpled crest,  
And rouse the rank remorseless rage,  
Which pity's tears can ne'er assuage.



## Ode to Virtue.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOTLE.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL FRAZER, KILLED AT THE  
BATTLE OF DEEG.

STERN Virtue, unappalled by toil,  
To mortal man the noblest prize !  
For thee the chiefs of Albion's soil  
By envied death to glory rise.  
Inspired by thee, their souls disdain  
Intolerable toil and pain,  
Beneath the noontide's sultry star :  
When fell Mahrattas, on the fervid plain,  
Bend, fainting, o'er each fervid courser's mane,  
They rush impetuous to the charge of war.

For thee, the sons of Albion bore  
Woes that no mortal tongue can tell ;  
For thee, on India's dusky shore  
They nobly fought and proudly fell.  
For thee, brave Frazer sunk below ;—  
For him no more the sunbeams glow ;  
Yet lives his worth on India's strand ;  
And long on Albion's shore the warrior's fame  
To future ages, shall bequeath his name,  
The pride, the glory of his native land.

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## Scottish Music.

AN ODE.

TO IANTHE.

AGAIN, sweet siren ! breathe again  
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain !  
Whose melting tones of tender woe  
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,  
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue  
Which in the vales of Teviot blow.

Such was the song that soothed to rest,  
Far in the Green Isle of the West,\*  
The Celtic warrior's parted shade :  
Such are the lonely sounds that sweep  
O'er the blue bosom of the deep,  
Where shipwrecked mariners are laid.

Ah ! sure, as Hindu legends tell,†  
When music's tones the bosom swell,  
The scenes of former life return ;  
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,  
We left our parent climes afar,  
Immured in mortal forms to mourn.

\* The *Flathinnis*, or Celtic Paradise.

† The effect of music is explained by the Hindus, as recalling to our memory the airs of Paradise, heard in a state of pre-existence.—  
*Vide* SACONTALA.



Or if, as ancient sages ween,  
Departed spirits, half unseen,  
Can mingle with the mortal throng;  
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll  
The deep-toned music of the soul,  
That warbles in our Scottish song.

I hear—I hear, with awful dread,  
The plaintive music of the dead!  
They leave the amber fields of day:  
Soft as the cadence of the wave  
That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,  
They mingle in the magic lay.

Sweet siren, breathe the powerful strain!  
*Lochroyan's Damsel*\* sails the main;  
The crystal tower enchanted see!  
“Now break,” she cries, “ye fairy charms!”  
As round she sails with fond alarms—  
“Now break, and set my true love free!”

Lord Barnard is to greenwood gone,  
Where fair *Gil Morrice* sits alone,  
And careless combs his yellow hair.  
Ah! mourn the youth, untimely slain!  
The meanest of Lord Barnard's train  
The hunter's mangled head must bear.

Or, change these notes of deep despair,  
For love's more soothing tender air;

\* The Lass of Lochroyan.



Sing how, beneath the greenwood tree,  
*Brown Adam's*\* love maintained her truth,  
Nor would resign the exiled youth  
For any knight the fair could see.

And sing *the Hawk of pinion grey*,†  
To Southern climes who winged his way,  
For he could speak as well as fly;  
Her brethren how the fair beguiled,  
And on her Scottish lover smiled,  
As slow she raised her languid eye.

Fair was her cheek's carnation glow,  
Like red blood on a wreath of snow;  
Like evening's dewy star her eye;  
White as the sea-mew's downy breast,  
Borne on the surge's foamy crest,  
Her graceful bosom heaved the sigh.

In youth's first morn, alert and gay,  
Ere rolling years had passed away,  
Remembered like a morning dream.  
I heard these dulcet measures float  
In many a liquid winding note  
Along the banks of Teviot's stream.

Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest  
The sorrows of my guileless breast,  
And charmed away mine infant tears:

\* See the ballad entitled, "*Brown Adam*."

† See the "*Grey Goss Hawk*."



Fond memory shall your strains repeat,  
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,  
That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus, the exiled Scotian maid,  
By fond alluring love betrayed  
To visit Syria's date-crowned shore,  
In plaintive strains that soothed despair,  
Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair,"  
And scenes of early youth, deplore.

Soft siren, whose enchanting strain  
Floats wildly round my raptured brain,  
I bid your pleasing haunts adieu!  
Yet, fabling Fancy oft shall lead  
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,  
Through scenes that I no more must view.

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## Ode on Scottish Scenery and Manners.

ADDRESSED TO MR GEO DYER.

### I.

DYER! whom late on Lothian's daisied plains,  
We hailed a pilgrim-bard, like minstrel old,  
Such as our younger eyes no more behold,  
Though still remembered by the aged swains,  
Sleeps thy shrill lyre where Cam's slow waters lave  
Her sedgy banks o'erhung with oziers blue?



Or does romantic Tweed's pellucid wave  
Still rise in fancy to the poet's view?  
Her moors, that oft have seen the hostile throng  
Of warriors mingle in encounter dire;—  
Her meads, that oft have heard the shepherd's song  
Carol of youthful love's enchanting fire;—  
Lomond's proud mountains, where the summer snow,  
In faint blue wreaths, "congeals the lap of May;"—  
And Teviot's banks, where flowers of fairy blow,—  
Could'st thou with cold unraptured eye survey,  
Nor wake to bardish notes the bosom-thrilling lay?

## II.

What though by Selma's blazing oak, no more  
The bards of Fingal wake the trembling string;  
Still to the sea-breeze sad they nightly sing  
The dirge forlorn on ancient Morven's shore;  
And still, in every hazel-tangled dell,  
The hoary swain's traditionary lay  
Can point the place where Morven's heroes fell,  
And where their mossy tombs are crusted grey.  
The mountain rock, to shepherds only known,  
Retains the stamp of Fingal's giant heel;  
The rough round crag, by rocking stones o'erthrown,  
The swain misdeems some ancient chariot wheel.  
On those brown steeps, where the shy red deer play,  
And wanton roes, unscared by hunter, roam,  
Sat Morven's maids o'er the smooth dimpling bay,  
To see their barks, from Lochlin oaring home,  
Rush like the plunging whale through ocean's bursting  
foam.



## III.

The heath, where once the venom-bristled boar  
Pierced by the spear of mighty Dermid fell—  
The martial youth secured by many a spell,\*  
Who long in fight the shaggy goatskin wore.  
Him, far in Northern climes, a female bore,  
Where the red heath slopes gradual to the main,  
Where boreal billows lash the latest shore,  
And murky Night begins her sullen reign.  
So soft the purple glow his cheek could boast,  
It seemed the spiky grass might grave a scar,  
Yet, foremost still of Fingal's victor host,  
He strode tremendous in the van of war.  
He sunk not till the doubtful field was won,  
Though life-blood steeped his shaggy vest in gore,  
When, to a clime between the wind and sun,  
Him, to his weird dame, the heroes bore,  
Whose plastic arts did soon her valiant son restore.

## IV.

The magic shores of Ketterin's silver lake,†  
Where shuddering beauty struggles to beguile  
The frown of horror to an awful smile,  
May well thy harp's sublimest strains awake.  
There the Green Sisters of the haunted heath  
Have strewed with mangled limbs their frightful den ;  
And work with rending fangs the stranger's death,  
Who treads with lonely foot dark Finlas' glen.

\* Alluding to the Gaelic legend of the Celtic Ladbrog.

† *Vide* Scott's Glenfinlas.



Lured from his wattled shiel on Ketterin's side,  
The youthful hunter trod the pathless brake,  
No pilot star, impetuous love his guide,  
But ne'er returned to Ketterin's fatal lake.  
Still one remains his hapless fate to tell,  
The visionary chief of gifted eye,  
Wild on the wind he flings each potent spell,  
Which ill-starred mortals only hear to die—  
Far from his wizard notes the fell Green Sisters fly.

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## Ode to Scenes of Infancy.

1801.

MY native stream, my native vale,  
And you, green meads of Teviotdale,  
That after absence long I view !  
Your bleakest scenes, that rise around,  
Assume the tints of fairy ground,  
And infancy revive anew.

Thrice blest the days I here have seen,  
When light I traced that margin green,  
Blithe as the linnet on the spray ;  
And thought the days would ever last,  
As gay and cheerful as the past ;—  
The sunshine of a summer's day.

Fair visions, innocently sweet !  
Though soon you passed on viewless feet,  
And vanished to return no more ;



Still, when this anxious breast shall grieve,  
You shall my pensive heart relieve,  
And every former joy restore.

When first around mine infant head  
Delusive dreams their visions shed,  
To soften or to soothe the soul;  
In every scene, with glad surprise,  
I saw my native groves arise,  
And Teviot's crystal waters roll.

And when religion raised my view  
Beyond this concave's azure blue,  
Where flowers of fairer lustre blow,  
Where Eden's groves again shall bloom,  
Beyond the desert of the tomb,  
And living streams for ever flow,

The groves of soft celestial dye  
Where such as oft had met mine eye,  
Expanding green on Teviot's side;  
The living stream, whose pearly wave  
In Fancy's eye appeared to lave,  
Resembled Teviot's limpid tide.

When first each joy that childhood yields  
I left, and saw my native fields,  
At distance, fading dark and blue,  
As if my feet had gone astray,  
In some lone desert's pathless way,  
I turned, my distant home to view.



---

Now tired of Folly's fluttering breed,  
And scenes where oft the heart must bleed,  
Where every joy is mixed with pain ;  
Back to this lonely green retreat,  
Which Infancy has rendered sweet,  
I guide my wandering steps again.

And now, when rosy sun-beams lie  
In thin streaks o'er the Eastern sky,  
Beside my native stream I rove ;  
When the gray sea of fading light  
Ebbs gradual down the western height,  
I softly trace my native grove.

When forth at morn the heifers go,  
And fill the fields with plaintive low,  
Re-echoed by their young confined ;  
When sun-beams wake the slumbering breeze,  
And light the dew-drops on the trees,  
Beside the stream I lie reclined,

And view the water-spiders glide  
Along the smooth and level tide,  
Which, printless, yields not as they pass ;  
While still their slender frisky feet  
Scarce seem with tiny step to meet  
The surface blue and clear as glass.

Beside the twisted hazel bush  
I love to sit and hear the thrush,  
Where clustered nuts around me spring ;



While, from a thousand mellow throats  
High thrill the gently-trembling notes,  
And winding woodland echoes ring.

The shadow of my native grove,  
And wavy streaks of light I love,  
When brightest glows the eye of day;  
And sheltered from the noon-tide beam,  
I pensive muse beside the stream,  
Or by the pebbled channel stray.

Where little playful eddies wind,  
The banks with silvery foam are lined,  
Untainted as the mountain snow;  
And round the rock, incrustated white,  
The rippling waves in murmurs light,  
Reply to gales that whispering blow.

I love the riv'let's stilly chime,  
That marks the ceaseless lapse of time,  
And seems in Fancy's ear to say :  
" A few short suns, and thou no more  
Shalt linger on thy parent shore,  
But like the foam-streak pass away."

Dear fields, in vivid green arrayed !  
When every tint at last shall fade  
In Death's funereal cheerless hue,  
As sinks the latest fainting beam  
Of light that on mine eyes shall gleam,  
Still shall I turn your scenes to view.

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Ode to Spring.

WRITTEN WHILE RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

How softly now the vernal gales  
Caress the blossoms on the trees,  
How bright the glistening vapour sails,  
And floats and wantons on the breeze

Sweet Spring in vest of emerald hue,  
With daisy buds embroidered fair,  
Calls the grey sky-lark to renew  
Her morning carols, high in air.

Soft as she treads the dewy vale,  
She listens oft in silence deep,  
To hear her favourite primrose pale  
Awaking from her winter sleep.

The fostering gales, the genial skies,  
My languid frame to health restore;  
And every sun appears to rise  
More bright than e'er it rose before.

Soul of the world! thy cheering rays  
Bid my full heart with transport burn!  
Again on nature's charms I gaze,  
And youth's delightful days return.

Sure he that bids thy radiance glance  
On numerous orbs that round thee wheel,



Awakes each secret slumbering sense,  
The heavenly breath of Spring to feel.

I see the hazel's rough notched leaves  
Each morning wide and wider spread ;  
While every sigh that zephyr heaves,  
Sprinkles the dew-drops round my head.

The yellow-moss, in scaly rings,  
Creeps round the hawthorn's prickly bough :  
The speckled linnet pecks and sings,  
While snowy blossoms round her blow.

The gales sing softly through the trees,  
Whose boughs in green waves heave and swell ;  
The azure violet scents the breeze  
Which shakes the yellow crow-foot's bell.

The morning sun's soft trembling beams  
Shoot brighter o'er the blue expanse,  
And red the cottage-window gleams,  
As o'er its crystal panes they glance.

But you, dear scenes ! that far away  
Expand beyond these mountains blue,  
Where Fancy sheds a purer day,  
And robes the field in richer hue,—

A softer voice in every gale  
I 'mid your woodlands wild should hear ;  
And Death's unbreathing shades would fail  
To sigh their murmurs in mine ear.



---

Ah! when shall I, by Teviot's stream,  
The haunts of youth again explore?  
And muse, in melancholy dream,  
On days that shall return no more?

Dun heathy slopes, and valleys green,  
Which I so long have loved to view,  
As o'er my soul each lovely scene  
Unfolds, I bid a fond adieu!

Yet, while we mark with pitying eye  
The varied scenes of earthly woe,  
Why should we grieve to see them fly;  
Or fondly linger as they go?

Yes! friendship sweet, and tender love,  
The fond reluctant soul detain;  
Or all the whispers of the grove,  
With Spring's soft gales, would woo in vain.

For bliss so sweet, though swift its flight,  
Again we hail the holy sun,—  
Thy yellow tresses glitter bright,  
Fair maid thy life has just begun.

To tell thee of the lonely tomb,  
Is morning's radiant face to cloud;  
To wrap thy soul in sable gloom,  
Is veiling roses with the shroud.

---



### Ode to the Evening Star.

How sweet thy modest light to view,  
Fair star, to love and lovers dear!  
While trembling on the fallen dew,  
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,  
To mark that image trembling there,  
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,  
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
The moon thy timid beams outshine  
As far as thine each starry light;—  
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
When twilight lingers on the plain,  
And whispers to the closing flowers,  
That soon the sun shall rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,  
And bids the yielding heart expand  
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doomed to prove  
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,  
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love!—  
But sweeter to be loved again.



## The Fairy.

PASSING by night over the moor of R——w, as the waning moon by intervals sent forth a faint ray, which was partly absorbed and partly reflected by the white-grey cairns and withered stumps of heath, I began to be seized with that involuntary terror which the ancients termed a *panic*—from Pan, the rural deity, probably because nightly wanderers in the country were most infested with it. I began to start at the whistling wind, and, while mine eyes laboured to penetrate the surrounding obscurity, dim forms seemed to fleet before me. I at last remembered Diana and her nymphs, and, as the tormenting anxiety began to dispel, was particularly pleased with the popular notion of that airy, harmless being which may be termed *The Fairy*, in contradistinction to the mischievous urchin which is properly termed *Elf*; though the name *Fairy* is often but improperly extended to this last also. Fancy began to delineate the phantom described in the following lines :—

ALONG the heath the moon-beam flits,  
Lightly, lightly on we go,  
O'er the leas, by frolic fits,  
To the beetles' hum so slow.

Light we trip the daisy pied,  
Not a spot, and not a stain  
Sullies e'er the maiden pride  
Of the lily of the plain.

From the russet heath-bell's cup,  
Quick we drain the fragrant dew;  
Still, while the yellow moon-beams slope,  
Such the pastimes we pursue.



Wanderers of the earth and air,  
In either region we reside,  
Oft to heath-topped hills repair,  
Oft on whistling winds we glide.

To us the night, to us the day,  
Successive scenes of mirth supply ;  
And as Old Time fleets fast away,  
We snatch the moments as they fly.

Upon the slowly-sailing henn,  
We sometimes wend our airy way ;  
Then seek the shaggy lady-fern,  
And, careless, sleep the live-long day.

Oft, when every breeze is hush,  
On gliding gossamer we play ;  
Sometimes in the fleecy mist,  
We shroud us from the eye of day.

Along the starry, twinkling sky  
We glide, on gleaming meteors borne ;  
Or when the new-moon rides on high,  
We revel on her silver horn.

In glistening robes of glossy green,  
While airy sounds at distance swell,  
We weave the moon-light dance unseen,  
Along the dew-bespangled dell.

When through the gloom the lightnings glance,  
And rolling thunders rock the ground,  
Then we wind the mazy dance  
To the triple echo's sound.



When all again is wrapt in night,  
Still we hold our gambols gay  
By the vapour's wandering light,  
That leads the traveller astray.

When weary with our glee, we fly  
From heathy hill or hollow glen,  
Then, all unseen by mortal eye,  
We trace the busy haunts of men.

Soft we list, intent to hear  
Described, as mortals idly talk,  
And little think of us so near,  
Our storied dance and moon-light walk.

In pity to some love-lorn maid,  
We steal with tiny step to throw  
(While she in turbid sleep is laid)  
The veil of Fancy o'er her woe.

While we whisper in her ear,  
Slowly wakes the tinsel dream;  
Airy voices warbling near,  
Stay her grief's incessant stream.

---

### D a n i s h   O d e .

AT the murky midnight hour,  
We circle thrice thy stone of power,  
Three times thrice we prostrate fall—  
Mighty Odin, hear our call.



On Scottish Indulph's hated head  
Comes the vengeance of the dead ?  
For the blood of Haco slain,  
Shall his heart-blood dye the plain ?

Facing to the sea-beat shore,  
Sprinkle thrice with reeking gore ;  
At the dying captive's groan,  
Sprinkle thrice the hallowed stone.

While his latest sighs ascend,  
Thine ear, attentive Odin, bend ;  
Hear us from thy halls on high,  
Let thrice three thunders speak thee nigh.

Yet all is still, no mystic sound  
Is heard within the hallowed ground—  
Hark ! 'tis Odin's voice I hear :  
No—'twas the growling of the bear.

Though Odin hear not from on high,  
Not himself can make me fly ;  
All amid the battle's glow,  
'Tis where Helric's blood shall flow.

Though Odin will not hear my voice,  
Still in battle I'll rejoice ;—  
Amid the roaring storm of war,  
Still I'll dauntless drive my car.

But since all answer is forbid,  
Wake the regions of the dead,



Try we now the potent spell  
That unlocks the voice of hell.

Moaning sounds that murmur slow,  
Sullen rise the words of woe :  
“What tongue ill-fated dares to swell  
The song of death—fierce Odin’s spell?”

The tongue of one who dares to trace  
The magic rhyme in Hela’s face.  
Say, shall Indulph’s Scotia’s lord  
Bow his head beneath my sword?

“Scottish Indulph bows his head,  
When thou art numbered with the dead.  
Such shall ever be his doom  
Who breaks the slumbers of the tomb.”

Nothing can my heart appal,—  
Not death shall triumph in my fall;  
Though dark and gloomy is the grave,  
Death is nothing to the brave.

The warrior’s glory never dies,  
But in the song his fame shall rise,  
Whilst he among the mighty dead  
Quaffs full cups of ruddy mead.

I, too, shall drink in goblets full—  
My goblet coward Indulph’s skull;  
While the sisters him shall bear,  
To the gloom of Niflheim drear.



Hela take the coward king  
Whose name no bard shall ever sing  
On freezing billows let him roll  
For ever—freeze his coward soul.

Though Lochlin's sons shall mourn my fall,  
I will go at Odin's call :  
Treachorous Indulph to destroy,  
I will face cold death with joy.

---

### Ode on Visiting Flodden.

GREEN Flodden, on thy blood-stained head  
Descend no rain nor vernal dew !  
But still, thou charnel of the dead,  
May whitening bones thy surface strew !  
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,  
Wild Fancy feels the clasping mail ;  
The rancour of a thousand years  
Glow in my breast ; again I burn  
To see the bannered pomp of war return,  
And mark beneath the moon the silver light of spears.

Lo ! bursting from their common tomb,  
The spirits of the ancient dead  
Dimly streak the parted gloom,  
With awful faces, ghastly red ;  
As once around their martial king  
They closed the death-devoted ring,



With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield ;  
In slow procession, round the pile  
Of heaving corpses, moves each shadowy file,  
And chants, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden Field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,  
Foremost leads the spectred brave,  
While o'er his mantle's folds of green  
His amber locks redundant wave ?  
When slow returns the fated day,  
That viewed their chieftain's long array,  
Wild to the harp's deep plaintive string,  
The virgins raise the funeral strain,  
From Ord's black mountain to the Northern main,  
And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of  
spring.

Alas ! that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell !  
That Scottish bard should wake the string  
The triumph of our foes to tell !  
Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,  
Have kindled at the thrilling strain  
That mourned their martial father's bier ;  
And, at the sacred font, the priest  
Through ages left the master-hand unblest,  
To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden ! when thy plaintive strain  
In early youth rose soft and sweet,  
My life-blood through each throbbing vein  
With wild tumultuous passion beat.



And oft, in fancied might, I trode  
The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,  
Encircled with a sanguine flood;  
And thought I heard the mingling hum,  
When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come  
Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

Rude border chiefs, of mighty name  
And iron soul, who sternly tore  
The blossoms from the tree of Fame,  
And purpled deep their tints with gore,  
Rush from brown ruins scarred with age,  
That frown o'er haunted Hermitage;  
Where, long by spells mysterious bound,  
They pace their round, with lifeless smile,  
And shake with restless foot the guilty pile,  
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened  
ground.

Shades of the dead! on Alfer's plain  
Who scorned with backward step to move,  
But, struggling 'mid the hills of slain,  
Against the Sacred Standard strove;  
Amid the lanes of war I trace  
Each broad claymore and ponderous mace:  
Where'er the surge of arms is tossed,  
Your glittering spears, in close array,  
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away  
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host!

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,  
With surly sounds that murmur far;



Such sounds were heard when Syria's host  
Rolled from the walls of proud Samàr.  
Around my solitary head  
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,  
While murmur low the shadowy band :  
" Lament no more the warrior's doom !  
Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,  
Who falls, 'mid circling spears, to save his native land."

---

### Ode on the Battle of Corunna.

1809.

FORWARD, ye dauntless heirs of fame !  
Stand forth your country's rights to save !  
Again a chief of glorious name  
Has sought the mansions of the brave.  
Who next shall rear in combat high  
Our banners, and the foe defy,  
Till battling fields are red with gore ?  
For many a field with death shall groan,  
Ere heaps of slaughtered Franks atone  
Our high revenge for dauntless MOORE.

Lo ! I arraign thee, Leon old,  
With proud Castile, the boast of Spain,  
For cavaliers and warriors bold !—  
Here I impeach thee, hill and plain,  
Thy airy pennons glancing green,  
Long borne in fight by barons keen,



By Carrion and old Douro's stream!—  
Where were you when an hour of pause  
Was treason to your own good cause,  
Which valour's self shall scarce redeem?

He pauses not—to Douro's side  
Moves on the firm undaunted band;  
And lo! by foes encompassed wide,  
MOORE stands alone on Spanish land.  
As seaward bends his long array,  
The Gallic wolf from day to day  
Scowls on his route with distant awe:  
Distant he prowls, but shrinks to wait  
The close-encountering shock of fate—  
To face the lion's rending paw.

The Iron King, supreme in war,  
Whose look bids armies melt away,  
Like Death's dark spectre, gloomed from far,  
And first in battle felt dismay.  
He thought of Acre's dreadful strife,  
That reft his bravest hearts of life,  
And bade his battle-star look pale,  
While bright the warning crescent grew,  
And SIDNEY'S still unconquered crew  
Made his proud soaring eagles quail.

Gallicia's hills are rising near,  
The foes are pressing, swarming nigh!  
Ah! how shall souls that mock at fear  
Endure before their taunts to fly?  
Ne'er may I live that day to see,  
When Scotland's banners, fair and free,



Shall shun to face the fiercest fray :  
No, let her pipes indignant blow,  
And turn her broadswords on the foe!—  
Fear not, her clans shall hew their way.

And turn they shall—for who is he,  
With myriads mustering at his back,  
Who boasts to plunge them in the sea,  
And foremost heads the fell attack?  
Ha! stern Dalmatia's lord, 'tis thou!  
The laurels on that haughty brow  
Are doomed to wither dry and sere :  
These blood besprinkled wreaths of thine  
Are doomed to grace a nobler shrine,  
To crown our hero's martial bier.

Oh, vain of prowess! whence the boast  
That swells thy heart to talk so proud?  
Though hangs thy far outnumbering host  
Above them; like a thunder-cloud  
Full many a hero bold and tall,  
Whose souls thy vaunts shall ne'er appall,  
Eager and panting for the fray,  
Shall to the lists of death descend,  
Whom, chief, thy battle ne'er shall bend  
To yield, for life, an inch of way.

As waves redoubling dash the shore,  
Descends to death each iron line;  
And high the haughty eagles soar,  
As towers 'mid storms the mountain-pine;



Harsh rings the steel, with fruitless toil  
They burst—they break, and wide recoil,  
With banners rent and standards torn ;—  
As mountain forests, quelled by age,  
Crash in the whirlwind's sweeping rage,  
Afar their shattered ranks are borne.

Now turn we to Corunna's steep,  
And mark that tomb beside the shore :  
There, in his blood-stained arms, shall sleep  
To future times the hero MOORE :  
There, in stern valour's generous glow,  
Each manly heart shall melt with woe  
For MOORE, in Freedom's battle slain ;  
While soft shall float the maiden's sigh,  
And gentle tears from beauty's eye  
Bedew his grave who died for Spain.

---

### The Battle of Assaye.

1803.

SHOUT, Britons, for the Battle of Assaye !  
For that was a day,  
When we stood in our array,  
Like the lion's might at bay,  
And our battle-word was "Conquer or die."

Rouse ! rouse the cruel *leopard* from his lair :  
With his yell the mountain rings,



And his red-eye round he flings,  
As arrow-like he springs,  
And spreads his clutching paw to rend and tear.

Then first arrayed in battle-front we saw,  
Far as the eye could glance,  
The Mahratta banners dance  
O'er the desolate expanse ;  
And their standard was *the Leopard of Malwa*.

But, when we first encountered, man to man,  
Such odds came never on,  
Against Greece or Macedon,  
When they shook the Persian throne  
Mid the old barbaric pomp of Ispahàn.

No numbered might of living men could tame  
Our gallant band, that broke  
Through the bursting clouds of smoke,  
When the volleyed thunder spoke  
From a thousand smouldering mouths of lurid flame.

Hail, WELLESLEY ! who led'st the martial fray !—  
Amid the locust swarm,  
Dark Fate was in thine arm ;  
And his shadow shall alarm  
The Mahratta when he hears thy name for aye.

Ah ! mark these British corsers on the plain !—  
Each vanished like a star  
'Mid the dreadful ranks of war,  
While their foemen stood afar,  
And gazed with silent terror at the slain.



Shout, Britons, for the Battle of Assaye!—  
Ye who perished in your prime,  
Your hallowed names sublime  
Shall live to endless time!  
For heroic worth and fame shall never die.

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### Macgregor.

WRITTEN IN GLENORCHY, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF  
THE MACGREGORS.

IN the vale of Glenorchy the night breeze was sighing  
O'er the tombs where the ancient Macgregors are lying:  
Green are their graves by their soft murmuring river,  
But the name of Macgregor has perished for ever.—  
On a red stream of light, from his grey mountains glancing,  
The form of a spirit seemed sternly advancing;  
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion,  
As the shadow of mist o'er the foam of the ocean;  
Like the sound of a stream through the still evening dying.  
“Stranger, who tread'st where Macgregor is lying!  
Darest thou to walk unappalled and firm-hearted  
'Midst the shadowy steps of the mighty departed?—  
See, round thee the cairns of the dead are disclosing  
The shades that have long been in silence reposing!  
Through their form dimly twinkles the moon-beam  
descending,  
As their red eye of wrath on a stranger are bending.



Our grey stones of fame though the heath-blossoms cover,  
 Round the hills of our battles our spirits still hover;  
 But dark are our forms by our blue native fountains,  
 For we ne'er see the streams running red from the  
 mountains.

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## V e r s e s

WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF SAGUR, IN THE MOUTH OF THE  
 GANGES, IN 1807.

ON sea-girt Sagur's desert isle,  
 Mantled with thicklets dark and dun,  
 May never moon or starlight smile,  
 Nor ever beam the summer sun!  
 Strange deeds of blood have there been done,  
 In mercy ne'er to be forgiven;  
 Deeds the far-seeing eye of Heaven  
 Veiled his radiant orb to shun.

To glut the shark and crocodile  
 A mother brought her infant here:  
 She saw its tender playful smile,  
 She shed not one maternal tear;  
 She threw it on a watery bier:—  
 With grinding teeth, sea monsters tore  
 The smiling infant which she bore:—  
 She shrunk not once its cries to hear!

Ah! mark that victim wildly drest,  
 His streaming beard is hoar and grey,  
 Around him floats a crimson vest,  
 Red flowers his matted locks array.—



Heard you these brazen timbrels bray?  
His heart-blood on the lotus-flower  
They offer to the Evil Power;  
And, offering, turn their eyes away.

Dark goddess of the iron mace,\*  
Flesh-tearer! quaffing life-blood warm,  
The terrors of thine awful face  
The pulse of mortal hearts alarm.—  
Grim power! if human woes can charm,  
Look to the horrors of the flood,  
Where crimsoned Ganga shines in blood,  
And man-devouring monsters swarm.

Skull-chaplet-wearer! whom the blood  
Of man delights a thousand years,  
Than whom no face by land or flood,  
More stern and pitiless appears,  
Thine is the cup of human tears.  
For pomp of human sacrifice  
Cannot the cruel blood suffice  
Of tigers which thine island rears?

Not all blue Ganga's mountain-flood,  
That rolls so proudly round thy fane,  
Shall cleanse the tinge of human blood,  
Nor wash dark Sagur's impious stain:—  
The sailor, journeying on the main,  
Shall view from far the dreary isle,  
And curse the ruins of the pile  
Where Mercy ever sued in vain.

\* Kali.



## Ode on Leaving Velore.

1804.

FAREWELL, Velura's moat-girt towers,  
Her rocky mountains huge and high,  
Each giant cliff that darkly lowers  
In sullen shapeless majesty !  
And thou, tall mount, that from the sky  
Usurp'st a proud, a sacred name ;  
Whose peak, by pilgrims seldom trod,  
The silent throne of Nature's God  
Thine awe-struck devotees proclaim !

Thee too we hail with reverence meet,  
Dread mountain ! on whose granite breast  
The stamp of Buddha's lotus-feet,  
The kneeling Hindù views impressed.  
The mango on thy hoary crest,  
Thy winding caverns dark and rude,  
The tomb of him who sleeps alone,  
O'er-canopied with living stone,  
Amid the mountain-solitude.

Thy fame is vanished like a dream ;  
Now Islam's hermit-sons from far,  
Primeval Adam's footsteps deem  
The traces of thine Avatâr.  
Not such when his triumphal car



By torch-light led the proud array ;  
When, as the priests the chorus sung,  
Thy caves with central thunders rung,  
And poured o'er prostrate crowds dismay.

While he—whose soul sublime aspired  
The dark decrees of Fate to know—  
Deep in these vaulted caves retired,  
To watch the strange symbolic show.  
Around his head red lightnings glow,  
And wild mysterious accents swell :—  
But, what the voice of thunder spoke,  
Within the caverns of the rock,  
No mortal tongue could live and tell.

Farewell, ye cliffs and ruined fanes !  
Ye mountains tall, and woodlands green !  
Where every rock my step detains,  
To mark where ancient men have been.  
Yet not for this I muse unseen,  
Beside that river's bed of sand ; \*  
Here first, my pensive soul to cheat,  
Fancy portrayed in visions sweet  
The mountains of my native land !

Still as I gaze, these summits dun  
A softer, livelier hue display,  
Such as beneath a milder sun  
Once charmed in youth's exulting day,—  
Where harmless fell the solar ray

\* The course of a torrent near Velore, dry in the hot season.



In golden radiance on the hill,  
And murmuring slow the rocks between,  
Or through long stripes of fresher green,  
Was heard the tinkling mountain-rill.

Soft as the loved illusions glow,  
New lustre lights the faded eye ;  
Again the flowers of Fancy blow,  
Which shrunk beneath the burning sky.  
To aguey pen and forest fly  
The night-hag fever's shuddering brood ;  
And now with powers revived anew,  
I bid Velura's towers adieu !  
Adieu, her rocks and mountains rude !

And thou ! with whom the sultry day  
Unnoted passed in converse bland !  
Or when thy lyre some witching lay  
Would wake beneath thy magic hand—  
(Wild as the strains of Fairyland  
It threw its numbers on the breeze ;  
Soft as the love-sick mermaid's plaint,  
That breathes at summer evenings faint,  
And dies along the crisping seas)—

Dear youth, farewell ! whose accents wake  
Fond thoughts of friends I view no more,  
Since first, to furrow ocean's lake,  
I left the cliffs of Albion's shore.  
Amid the wilds of grey Mysore



For thee the frequent sigh shall swell,  
When rise Velura's massy towers,  
Her hills and palm-encircled bowers  
To Fancy's view.—Again farewell!

---

### V e r s e s

#### ON THE DEATH OF NELSON.

How dark the cloud of Fate impends,  
That canopies the ocean plain!  
How red the shower of blood descends,  
Till NELSON lies amid the slain!  
Then pauses battle's awful reign:—  
As warriors strive the tear to hide,  
Wild shuddering shoots along the purple main—  
The main by mighty NELSON'S heart-blood dyed.

Blood of the brave! thou art not lost  
Amid the waste of waters blue!  
The waves that roll to Albion's boast,  
Shall proudly boast their sanguine hue;  
And thou shalt be the vernal dew  
To foster valour's daring seed.  
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,  
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.

Great NELSON! o'er thy battle-bier  
Soft shall the maids of Albion smile;



For thee shall fall no woman-tear,  
Victorious hero of the Nile!  
Reversing o'er thy funeral pile  
The flags of Denmark, France, and Spain,  
The martial youth of Britain's generous isle  
In hymns shall hail thee "Conqueror of the Main."

Oh! thou hast fallen as warriors ought,  
Iberia's banner beaten down,  
Nor, till the glorious deed was wrought,  
Forsook thy comrades of renown.  
When many a lingering year is flown,  
Shall Britons mark the fateful day,  
When Victory brought her fadeless laurel crown,  
And bore thee in immortal arms away.

You, ancient chiefs of deathless praise,  
From high celestial thrones behold!  
Say, deem you not our modern days  
Shall match the mighty years of old?  
Long has the tide of ages rolled  
And brought no rival to your fame;  
But now, whene'er your wondrous deeds are told,  
Yours shall but rank with mighty NELSON'S name.

How dark the cloud of war impends!  
How wide the bursting tempest flies!  
How red the rain of blood descends,  
Till NELSON 'mid the carnage lies!  
Red days have flashed from angry skies—  
No common eyes can bear to gaze—  
But eagle-souls like NELSON'S love to rise,  
And, soaring, drink the broad meridian blaze.



## E l e g y

ON A FRIEND KILLED IN THE WEST INDIES.

'TIS sad to linger in the churchyard lone,  
Where mouldering graves in dreary rows extend ;  
To pause at every rudely sculptured stone,  
And read the name of a departed friend.

Yet, o'er the youthful friend's untimely grave,  
'Tis sweet to pour the solitary tear ;  
And long the mourner haunts at fall of eve  
The narrow house of him that once was dear.

The latest word that feebly died away  
Revisits oft the ear in accents weak ;  
The latest aspect of th' unbreathing clay,  
The thin dew shining on the lifeless cheek.

The freezing crystal of the closing eye  
In Fancy's waking dreams revives again,  
And when our bosoms heave the deepest sigh,  
A mournful pleasure mingles with the pain,

While still, the glimmering beam of joy to cloud,  
Returns anew the wakeful sense of woe ;  
Again we seem to lift the fancied shroud,  
And view the sad procession moving slow.

But o'er young Henry's bier no tear shall fall,  
Nor sad procession stretch its long array ;



For him no friendly hand shall lift the pall,  
Nor deck the greenwood turf that wraps his clay.

'Mid Caribbs as the brinded panther fierce,  
Far from his friends the youthful warrior fell;  
The field of battle was his trophied hearse;  
His dirge the Indian whoop's funereal knell.

In youth he fell;—so falls the Western flower  
Which gay at morn its purple petal rears,  
Till fainting in the noon-tide's sultry hour,  
Fades the fair blossom of an hundred years.\*

Unsoothed by Fame, to fond affection lost,  
Beneath the palm the youthful warrior lies;  
And on the breeze from India's distant coast,  
Sad Fancy seems to hear his wafted sighs.

Not this the promise of thy vernal prime;—  
Mature of soul and confident of fame,  
Thy heart presaged with chiefs of elder time  
The sons of glory would record thy name.

And must thou sink forgotten in the clay?  
Thy generous heart in dull oblivion lie;  
Like the young star that on its devious way  
Shoots from its bright companions of the sky?

Ah! that this hand could strike the magic shell,  
And bid thy blighted laurel leaves be green!  
Ah! that this voice in living strains could tell  
The future ages what thou would'st have been!

\* The American aloe.



It must not be—thine earthly course is run—  
Sleep, sweetly sleep, in Vincent's Western isle!  
I hopeless waste beneath the Eastern sun,  
Nor can the charm of song the hours beguile.

Blest be the sanguine bier, for warriors meet,  
When no slow-wasting pangs their youth consume,  
They fearless wrap them in the winding-sheet,  
And for their country proudly meet their doom.

And blest were I to yield this fleeting breath,  
And proud to wrap me in a blood-stained pall,  
So I might stand on glory's field of death  
'Mid mighty chiefs, and for my country fall.

---

### To Mr James Purvis.

PURVIS, when on this Eastern strand,  
With glad surprise I grasp thy hand,  
And Memory's, Fancy's powers employ  
In the formed man to trace the boy;  
How many dear illusions rise,  
And scenes long faded from my eyes,  
Since first our bounding steps were seen  
Active and light on Denholm's level green!

Playmate of boyhood's ardent prime!  
Rememberest thou in former time



How oft we bade, in fickle freak,  
Adieu to Latin terms and Greek,  
To trace the banks where blackbirds sung,  
And ripe brown nuts in clusters hung,  
Where tangled hazels twined a screen  
Of shadowy boughs in Denholm's mazy dene?

Rememberest thou, in youthful might  
Who foremost dared the mimic fight,  
And proud to feel his sinews strung,  
Aloft the knotted cudgel swung;  
Or fist to fist, with gore embrued,  
The combat's wrathful strife pursued,  
With eager heart and fury keen,  
Amid the ring on Denholm's bustling green?

Yes, it was sweet, till fourteen years  
Had circled with the rolling spheres.  
Then round our heads the tempest sleet  
Of fretful cares began to beat;  
As to our several paths we drew,  
The cold wind of the stranger blew  
Cold on each face—and hills between  
Our step uptowered and Denholm's lovely green.

When the gay shroud and swelling sail  
Bade each bold bosom court the gale:  
The first that tried the Eastern sea  
Was Gavin—gentle youth was he!  
His yellow locks fanned by the breeze,  
Gleamed golden on the orient seas:  
But never shall his steps be seen  
Bounding again on Denholm's pleasant green.



We both have seen the ruddy tide  
Of battle surging fierce and wide ;  
And marked with firm unconquered soul  
The blackest storms of ocean roll ;  
While many a sun-ray, tipt with death,  
Has fallen like lightning on our path ;  
Yet, if a bard presage aright, I ween  
We both shall live to dance once more on  
Denholm's green.

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### Elegiac Lines.

AUTUMN, 1794.

I HAD a sister who died young. Before that event, the vivacity and cheerfulness, natural to youth, had always quickly dispelled the mist of sorrow whenever it happened to cloud my brow. My mind was darkened. I attended her funeral in a state of listless and sullen apathy. My breast began to palpitate as I approached the gate of the churchyard, and I shuddered as we tracked the long rank grass—the dust sounded on the coffin—it fell heavily on my heart. Then my soul sunk within me—the desire of death rushed over my mind as the shade pursues the retreating beam of the sun. Annihilation seemed tolerable. I turned my back on the grave, as I would have done on the world ; my natural vivacity enabled me to bear the shock, but melancholy acquired the ascendancy in my constitution. I still love to walk beneath the neighbouring trees when the parting beam of the sun falls softly on her grave, or when the churchyard is chequered by the varying moonbeam that gleams through the rustling leaves. One evening in autumn, when the hum of life was still, I threw my reflections into the following lines :—



BENEATH these rustling beeches' shade,  
Along the mouldering heaps of death,  
While evening scowls across the glade,  
I listless track my lonely path.

Now silent horror haunts the yew,  
And quivering leaves descending fly ;  
The withering grass waves wet with dew ;  
On fluttering wings the bat flits by.

The thoughts that wandered unconfined  
Are now collected by the gloom,  
While broods the melancholy mind  
Upon the horrors of the tomb ;

And thinks why man was made to mourn—  
Beneath pale sorrow to wax old ;  
But still my wavering thoughts return  
To where a sister's clay lies cold.

The grief that occupies the breast,  
Excludes the sense of other woe,  
Where innocence and beauty rest,  
The tear of memory ought to flow.

And still the sadly pleasing tear,  
When fond remembrance bids, shall flow,  
Still when her form to fancy dear,  
Appears in opening beauty's glow.

Upon her cheek the ruddy hue  
Of health had spread a brighter dye,  
Than the young rose that 'mid the dew  
Of morn looks forth with watery eye.



Yes ! she was blooming as the rose,  
Or any flower that meets my view,  
Nor can the snowdrop's leaves disclose  
A softer tint, a fairer hue.

Ere the fourth May its genial dew  
Upon her auburn locks had shed,  
The mortal shaft unerring flew,—  
She closed her eyes among the dead.

She flourished like the lily sheen,  
But Death has nipt her forward bloom,  
And there the tufted grass is green,  
That waves upon her early tomb.

Yet never may the hurtful weed  
Beside her spring, nor hemlock rank ;  
Nor may the wood-flowers at her head  
Be withered by the mildew dank.

But beauty cheereth not the grave,  
Where lowly lies the lifeless frame,  
Nor innocence itself can save  
From ills which Fancy dreads to name.

Again this light's enlivening charms  
Her faded eyes shall ne'er behold ;  
Nor shall a tender mother's arms  
Again her blooming form enfold.

But o'er her broods the boding owl,  
Shrill shrieking on the baleful yew,  
That scares, with accents harsh and foul,  
The sprites that sip the midnight dew.



Each blast, in icy mantle clad,  
Her turf shall bear with barbarous sway;  
Cold the grey stone which marks her head,  
But colder still her breast of clay.

Yet shall the horned orb of night  
Her dwelling deep from darkness save,  
Yet shall the tiny glow-worm's light  
Twinkle around her grassy grave.

Dear spirit! on the Moon's wan ray,  
Where dim she sheds a sickly gleam,  
Thy tender fleeting form display,  
And I will watch her every beam.

Dun Autumn, when she strips the trees,  
With withering leaves thy grave shall strew,  
Which fall at every passing breeze,  
Yet fall not in the bud like you.

But why bewail the breathless clay,  
Unto its kindred dust consigned;  
Think we the grave's deep jaws can stay  
The active, the immortal mind?

No! still she lives in yonder fields,  
Where happiness is ever young;  
Where pleasure never-fading yields  
Such joys as poets never sung.

Within that cold and narrow bed  
Her dust, and all her sorrows rest;  
And till the morn that wakes the dead,  
*Light lie the turf upon her breast.*



## Elegiac Ode,

AT THE RETURN OF THE PARENTALIA, OR FEAST OF THE DEAD.  
IMITATED FROM AUSONIUS.

WHEN friends of youth, departed long,  
Return to Memory's pensive view,  
'Tis sweet to chant the votive song,  
A meed to fond affection due.

But grief, which Fancy dreads to sing,  
And deep heart-rending sighs return,  
When slow revolve the months that bring  
The flowers to lost Sabina's urn.

Ah! first beloved, in youth's fair bloom,  
From these sad arms untimely torn,—  
Still lingering by thy lonely tomb,  
Thee, lost Sabina, still I mourn!

The tear at last may cease to flow,  
But time can ne'er my peace restore;  
If e'er this bosom pause from woe,  
'Tis only when I thee deplore.

Ne'er has oblivious length of days  
Concealed thy form from Memory's view,  
Nor e'er did second love erase  
The lines which first affection drew.

Through my sad home, of thee bereft,  
I linger silent and alone,  
No friend to share my joy is left,  
Or soothe my grief since thou art gone.



While others in their cheerful home  
Their loves of youth enamoured see,  
Beside the lonely grave I roam,  
And only can remember thee.

For pleasures lost, for Fortune's scorn,  
Ne'er have I shed the useless tear,  
But hoary age laments forlorn  
The maid to first affection dear.

Though hallowed by thy parting prayer,  
Thy sons exult in youth's fair bloom,  
Yet left too soon, they ne'er can share  
The fond regret that haunts thy tomb.

For thee my woes I sacred hold,  
No heart shall steal a sigh from mine,  
Till in the common crumbling mould  
Mine ashes mingle yet with thine.

---

## Dirge of the Departed Dear.

TO OLIVIA.

1806.

MALAYA'S woods and mountains ring  
With voices strange but sad to hear;  
And dark unbodied spirits sing  
The dirge of the departed year.



Lo! now, methinks, in tones sublime,  
As viewless o'er our heads they bend,  
They whisper, "Thus we steal your time,  
Weak mortals! till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,  
Resound the festive mirth and glee!  
Alas! the days have passed along—  
The days we never more shall see.

But, let me brush the nightly dew,  
Beside the shell-depainted shore,  
And 'mid the sea-weeds sit to muse  
On days that shall return no more.

Olivia, ah! forgive the bard,  
If sprightly strains alone are dear:  
His notes are sad, for he has heard  
The footsteps of the parting year.

'Mid friends of youth, beloved in vain,  
Oft have I hailed this jocund day.  
If pleasure brought a thought of pain,  
I charmed it with a passing lay.

Friends of my youth, for ever dear,  
Where are you from this bosom fled?  
A lonely man I linger here,  
Like one that has been long time dead.

Fore-doomed to seek an early tomb,  
For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow,  
I hasten on my destined doom,  
And sternly mock at joy or woe.



Yet, while the circling year returns,  
Till years to me return no more,  
Still in my breast affection burns  
With purer ardour than before.

Departed year! thine earliest beam,  
When first it graced thy splendid round,  
Beheld me by the Caveri's stream,  
A man unblest on holy ground.

With many a lingering step and slow,  
I left Mysura's hills afar,  
Through Curga's rocks I passed below,  
To trace the lakes of Malabar.

Sweet Malabar! thy suns, that shine  
With softened light through summer showers,  
Might charm a sadder soul than mine  
To joy amid thy lotus-flowers.

For each sweet scene I wandered o'er,  
Fair scenes that shall be ever dear,  
From Curga's hills to Travencore—  
I hail thy steps, departed year!

But chief that in this Eastern isle,  
Girt by the green and glistening wave,  
Olivia's kind, endearing smile  
Seemed to recall me from the grave.

When, far beyond Malaya's sea,  
I trace dark Soonda's forests drear,  
Olivia! I shall think of thee;—  
And bless thy steps, departed year!



Each morn or evening spent with thee  
Fancy shall 'mid the wilds restore  
In all their charms, and they shall be  
Sweet days that shall return no more.

Still mayest thou live in bliss secure,  
Beneath *that friend's* protecting care,  
And may his cherished life endure  
Long, long thy holy love to share.

---

## The Mail of Alzira.

A NEGRO SONG.

SWEET bird of twilight, sad thy notes,  
That swell the citron-flowers among!  
But sadder on the night-breeze floats  
Forlorn Alzira's plaintive song.

While, bending o'er the Western flood,  
She soothes the infant on her knee,—  
Sweet babe! her breast is streaked with blood,  
And all to ward the scourge from thee.

“Green are the groves on Benin's strand;  
And fair the fields beyond the sea:  
Where, lingering on the surf-beat sand,  
My youthful warrior pines for me.



“ And, each revolving morn, he wears  
The sandals his Alzira wore,  
Ere whites, regardless of her tears,  
Had borne her far from Benin’s shore.

“ And, each revolving morn, he bears  
The sabre which his father bore :  
And, by the negro’s God, he swears  
To bathe its glimmering edge in gore.”

---

## Address to my Malay Krees.

WRITTEN WHILE PURSUED BY A FRENCH PRIVATEER OFF SUMATRA.

WHERE is the arm I well could trust  
To urge the dagger in the fray ?  
Alas ! how powerless now its thrust,  
Beneath Malaya’s burning day !

The sun has withered in their prime  
The nerves that once were strong as steel :  
Alas ! in danger’s venturous time  
That I should live their loss to feel !

Yet still my trusty Krees prove true,  
If e’er thou serv’dst at need the brave,  
And thou shalt wear a crimson hue,  
Or I shall win a watery grave.



Now let thine edge like lightning glow,  
And, second but thy master's will,  
Malay ne'er struck a deadlier blow,  
Though practised in the art to kill.

Oh! by thy point! for every wound  
Where trace of Frankish blood hath been,  
A golden circle shall surround  
Thy hilt of agate, smooth and green.

My trusty Krees, now play thy part,  
And second well thy master's will!  
And I will wear thee next my heart,  
And many a life-blood owe thee still.

---

### Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!  
What vanity has brought thee here?  
How can I love to see thee shine  
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—  
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear  
For twilight-converse, arm in arm;  
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,  
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chérical's dark wandering streams,  
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,



Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams  
Of Teviot loved while still a child ;  
Of castled rocks stupendous piled  
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,  
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,  
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !—  
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,  
That once so bright on fancy played,  
Revives no more in after-time.  
Far from my sacred natal clime,  
I haste to an untimely grave ;  
The daring thoughts that soared sublime  
Are sunk in ocean's Southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light  
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear,—  
A gentle vision comes by night  
My lonely widowed heart to cheer ;  
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,  
That once were guiding stars to mine :  
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear !—  
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,  
I left a heart that loved me true !  
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,  
To roam in climes unkind and new.  
The cold wind of the stranger blew  
Chill on my withered heart :—the grave  
Dark and untimely met my view—  
And all for thee, vile yellow slave !



Ha! comest thou now so late to mock  
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,  
Now that his frame the lightning shock  
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?  
From love, from friendship, country, torn,  
To memory's fond regrets the prey,  
Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn!—  
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

---

### To Aurelia.

1802.

ONE kind kiss, my love, before  
We bid a long adieu!  
Ah! let not this fond heart deplore  
Thy cold cheek's pallid hue.

One soft sweet smile before I go!  
That fancy may repeat,  
And whisper, 'mid the sighs of woe,  
My love, we yet shall meet.

One dear embrace, and then we part—  
We part to meet no more!  
I bear a sad and lonely heart  
To pine on India's shore.

A heart that once has loved like mine  
No second love can know;  
A heart that once has throbb'd with thine,  
Must other love forego.



## The Dryad's Warning.

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D., ON AN EXCURSION IN THE COUNTRY.

AUGUST 6, 1796.

HARK ! from the hills a solemn moan  
Breathes in the wind's expiring tone !  
While sweeps the breeze on circling wings,  
Forlorn and sad some spirit sings !  
Down yonder vale abrupt and low,  
Recedes the murmur dull and slow.

What omens, mighty Oak ! can make  
Thy knotted stubborn heart to quake ?  
No gale thy rustling foliage heaves ;  
Then why these fearful shivering leaves ?

The leaves were hushed, the winds were calm—  
A Dryad raised her slender palm—  
With mistletoe her locks were wreathed,—  
And these prophetic accents breathed :

“What can the oak's firm strength avail,  
When even the radiant Sun grows pale ?  
In magic chains behold him bound,  
Faint yellow circles wreathing round,—  
The wan Moon, glimmering through her tears,  
At midnight still, confessed her fears.  
I feel mine iron nerves revolt  
At the deep-rending thunderbolt,  
Whose fiery force my frame will rack,  
And scorch my fair green foliage black—



Hence, mortal, like the lightning, fly  
Ere the deluge pour from high,  
Ere the blast's impetuous breath  
Sweep you to the realms of death."

Then died the Dryad's voice away—  
Because she had no more to say—  
While I the proper time embrace  
To seize the story, in her place ;  
And ask, Dear Doctor, what could tempt  
Your placid soul, from cares exempt,  
When mystic tomes no longer rise  
With magic rhymes to daze your eyes,  
To leave your books, your lettered ease,  
Your power of trifling when you please,  
To trace the marsh, the desert moors,  
To converse with unlettered boors ;  
To pore on the bleak morning sky,  
And count each cloud that waggles by ;  
To view the green moon through the trees  
Swing like a huge suspended cheese ;  
Or fairy landscapes in the mist,  
Like some poetic fabulist ?  
For sure, as anglers never search  
Old Helicon for trout or perch,  
The polished Muses ever shun  
The echo of the sportsman's gun.  
No poet in these climes of ours  
Have seen your famed Arcadian bowers ;—  
Its fragrance sweet no moss-rose spreads,  
Though numerous blue-bells paint our meads,—  
Though high our royal thistle rears  
His head begirt with bristling spears :—



The linnet warbles faint and low,  
But sharp and shrill the jangling crow ;  
The wintry winds in summer howl,  
“ While nightly sings the staring owl ; ”  
For swains you find the surly clown,—  
Dear Doctor, haste, return to town,  
Where shines the sun on plastered walls,  
Carts, cabbages, and cobblers' stalls ;  
Now, only think how sweet he smiles,—  
His beams reflected from the tiles.  
Yet, Doctor, hear my boding voice,  
While still you have the power of choice,  
Quick fly impending floods of rain,  
Nor deem the Dryad's warning vain.

Vain omens, cease—you warn too late ;  
Impelled by stern resistless Fate,  
He goes ! while sure as I'm a sinner,  
It rains before the hour of dinner.

Now having seized (by way of trope)  
Imagination's telescope,  
I see as well through stone and timber,  
As through the window of my chamber ;  
Nor highest hills impede my vision,  
Nay, mark—and smile not in derision—  
Lo ! by a stream I see you stray  
Where chime the waves in wanton play ;  
Along with quickened pace you go,  
And now with steps reversed and slow,  
Still listening to the buzzing crowd  
Of idle gnats that murmur loud ;  
Where high the gushing waters spout,  
And frequent springs the speckled trout ;



While constant in your raptured ear  
The river's distant hum you hear.

But heard you not at twilight's break  
The wrangling hen's harsh-twittering peck?  
And see these crows—in airy rings  
They wheel on glossy oil-smoothed wings,  
Aloft they dart, oblique they range  
In hieroglyphic circles strange,  
And now their mazy folds combine  
To form one long continuous line.  
That living hillock heaves its head  
With crumbling earth so fresh and red,  
Where, floundering blindfold from his hole,  
Springs forth to light the darkling mole.

Fly! Doctor, fly! no longer stay  
Till twining earth-worms bar your way;  
Till crawling snails their antlers rear,  
And *Anne* and *Margaret*\* cry, “Oh dear!  
How hard yon path-way steep to climb,  
And slide o'er slippery tracks of slime.”

The rains descend, the thunders roar—  
’Tis well you reached that cottage door.

The roads are floods—on such a day  
Would Homer's well-soled boots give way.  
With hopeless foot the traveller views  
His path who, luckless! trusts in shoes;  
But you, perhaps (ah, vain pretence!)  
In coaches place your confidence.  
In vain in chariots and in horse  
You trust to speed you on your course.

\* Daughters of Dr Anderson, who accompanied him on this rural excursion.



That tempest, fit for turning mills,  
The coachman's heart with horror fills—  
It goes—as well might seamen try  
To steer straight in the North-wind's eye—  
Beneath the blast it tottering reels,  
And heaves aloft its ponderous wheels.

Well, Doctor, since you must delay,  
Why, practise patience while you stay—  
When tempests shroud the stormy sky  
These lines its utmost power may try.

---

### Portuguese Hymn.

TO THE VIRGIN MARY, "THE STAR OF THE SEA."

WRITTEN AT SEA, ON BOARD THE SHIP SANTO ANTONIO.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea!  
Who lovest on mariners to shine,  
These votive garments wet, to thee,  
We hang within thy holy shrine.  
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,  
Amid the waving waters tossed,  
We called no other name but thine,  
And hoped when other hope was lost.  
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main!  
When dark and lone is all the sky,  
And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain



Erect their stormy heads on high ;  
When virgins for their true-loves sigh  
They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;—  
The Star of ocean heeds their cry,  
And saves the foundering bark at sea.  
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the dark and stormy sea !  
When wrecking tempests round us rave,  
Thy gentle virgin-form we see  
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave ;  
The howling storms that seemed to crave  
Their victims, sink in music sweet ;  
The surging seas recede to pave  
The path beneath thy glistening feet.  
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild !  
Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry !  
The God of mercy as a child  
On that chaste bosom loves to lie ;  
While soft the chorus of the sky  
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,  
And angel voices name on high  
The mother of the heavenly King.  
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blest name  
The waves sleep silent round the keel,  
The tempests wild their fury tame,  
That made the deep's foundations reel ;  
The soft celestial accents steal



So soothing through the realms of woe,  
The newly-damned a respite feel  
From torture in the depths below.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas !

Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,  
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,  
O'er all that to the depths go down,  
With hymns of grateful transport own,  
When clouds obscure all other light,  
And heaven assumes an awful frown,  
The Star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel-lyres

To hymn thy holy name assay,  
In vain a mortal harp aspires  
To mingle in the mighty lay ;  
Mother of God ! one living ray  
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires—  
When storms and tempests pass away,  
To join the bright immortal choirs.

Ave Maris Stella !

---

## Epistle to a Lady.

FROM A DANCING-BEAR.

SENT TO LADY ——— AFTER DANCING WITH HER IN 1801.

WHILE beaux and foplings simper mawkish praise  
To lisping belles of these degenerate days,



For orient brilliant, or the smart aigrette  
Of ostrich plumes with taste and fancy set ;  
Till the fair head no longer can sustain  
The waste of feather, and the want of brain :  
What praise deserves Almira, dauntless fair,  
Who first aspired to lead a dancing-bear ?  
Taught him to bound on firm elastic heel ;  
In winding orbits round the fair to wheel ;  
Advance, retreat, the twining maze pursue,  
As wanton kittens use the tumbling clue.  
So, charmed by Orpheus' magic lyre, advance  
The Thracian Bears to mingle in the dance,  
While broad expands each clumsy clutching paw,  
And awful yawns each wide extended jaw ;  
With awkward force their lumpish limbs they fling,  
And flounce, and hitch, and hobble round the ring ;  
While oft the minstrel paused, and smiled to see  
The monsters bounce against a capering tree.

But then no grateful brute in tuneful lays  
The music praised, as I thy dancing praise !  
What though these rugged limbs forbid to trace  
Each mazy figure, like the monkey race ;  
Yet, not devoid of skill, I boldly claim  
The right to celebrate thy dancing fame.  
From bears, the dancer's art at first began,  
To monkeys next it passed, and then to man ;  
And still from bears, by Fate's unerring law,  
Their dance, their manners, men and monkeys draw.

Thus, 'mid the lucid wastes of Greenland's snow,  
Where moonbeams wan with silver radiance glow,



And rocks of ice in misty grandeur rise,  
And men seem giants of enormous size ;  
The fur-clad savage joys the feast to share,  
Conducts the dance and imitates the bear ;  
Assumes his clumsy gait with conscious pride,  
And kicks and scampers in the monster's hide ;  
Knocks round the shattered ice in slippery lumps,  
And thumps the pavement, not with feet, but stumps ;  
The grisly monster grins at man's disgrace,  
And proudly holds the dancing-master's place.

In every region and in every clime,  
Renowned for beauty, genius, wit, and rhyme,  
Where high the plant of fair politeness shoots,  
And glittering blossoms bears, instead of fruits ;  
Long did the beau claim kindred with the ape,  
And shone a monkey of sublimer shape ;  
Skilful to find the hat, the cane, the glove,  
And wear the pert grimace of monkey-love ;  
Of words unmeaning poured a ceaseless flood,  
While ladies looked as if they understood.  
So chats one monkey, while his perter brother  
Chatters as if he understood the other.

But modern beaux disdain the monkey air,  
And in politeness ape the surly bear ;  
Like their gruff brother-cubs beside the pole,  
Supinely yawn or indolently loll ;  
Or careless, seated in an elbow chair,  
Survey the fretted roof with curious stare.  
Secure of pleasing, should they wish to please,



They trust the fair may term their rudeness ease ;—  
The modish ease that no decorum checks,  
That, proud of manhood, dares insult the sex.

And oft, as affectation's charms bewitch,  
Their efforts rise to a sublimer pitch,  
With maudlin looks the drunkard's mien to suit,  
Anxious to seem a more degraded brute.  
Such are the modish youths, at ball or play,  
Edina's maids without contempt survey ;  
Whom, if you with their fellow-brutes compare,  
They sink inferior to the honest bear ;  
Prove man the only brute of Nature's race,  
That sinks his rank and powers, and courts disgrace.  
What bear of parts, for human pranks unripe,  
Pretends to smoke the slim tobacco-pipe ?  
Or needs for languor, in his social den,  
To play at commerce, whist, or brag like men.  
Be thine the praise that thou, Almina fair,  
For a spruce beau didst choose a dancing-bear ;  
For sure with men like these in order placed,  
The bear himself must prove a beast of taste.  
The bear has power, as Indian ladies say,  
To mend your vices, take your faults away ;  
And though he cannot female charms renew,  
Removes the fault that shades them from the view.  
As envious clouds forbid the sun to shine,  
Or patches mar the human face divine.  
Let some pretend the bears their talents hide,  
As such experiments are seldom tried ;  
And some demand, to wit and beauty blind,  
“Take all their faults ; pray, what remains behind?”



But let them sneer—the ladies swear they shall  
Be loved for faults, or not be loved at all.  
Virtues are strong, and need no kind affection ;  
They love their faults because these need protection.  
Hence springs the cause that female hearts incline  
The first in fashion's meteor-lists to shine,  
While baby-words soft affectation minces,  
With, "Oh, the charming lace! the charming chintzes!"  
Hence taught, they flirt with tittering skill the fan,  
Or scan with optic glass the form of man ;  
They pant in silence, or exult in riot,  
Absurdly prattlesome, absurdly quiet.

Almira, thou whom thy companions see  
The soul of parties, yet not seem to be ;  
Doomed to excel, yet never wish to shine,  
Almira ! say, what faults wilt thou resign ?  
The wit, though feared by none, by all admired ?  
Good humour, praised by none, by all desired ?  
Softness of soul, to which our hearts submit ?  
The nameless grace, that pleases more than wit ?  
These are the powers that every bosom move  
To love thee, though they never think of love ;  
And if we pause, we oft shall find it true,  
We love the most when love is least in view.  
Are these thy faults, Almira ? blest is he  
Foredoomed to lead the dance of life with thee.  
But as thou treadest the giddy circling maze  
Of airy fashion, where each step betrays,  
Still faultless hold thy course, intrepid fair,  
Nor quite forget thy surly friend—THE BEAR.



## The Fan.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY IN 1802.

THE fan, as Syrian poets sing,  
Was first a radiant angel's wing,  
When Heaven consigned each mortal fair  
To some pure spirit's guardian care,  
When sunbeams slept on Eden's vale,  
The rustling pennon waked the gale,  
And shed from every downy plume,  
At tepid noon, a sweet perfume.  
As softly smiled each artless fair,  
Her angel left the fields of air,  
Sunk in the blushing nymph's embrace,  
A mortal of terrestrial race.

Hence, many an Eastern bard can tell  
How for the fair the angels fell ;  
And those who laugh at beauty's thrall,  
I ween, must like the angels fall.

Anacreon wished to be a dove,  
To flutter o'er his sleeping love ;  
To drink her humid breath, and blow  
The fresh gale o'er her breast of snow ;  
Breathe o'er her flushing cheek the breeze—  
Nay, be her fan the fair to please :  
But I would be nor fan nor dove,  
If, dearest, I might be thy love.



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The Green Veil.

SENT TO A LADY WITH HAMMOND'S POEMS.

IF I, fair maid, in plaintive strain,  
Confess no anxious lover's pain,  
Nor bid my sighing numbers flow  
In languid notes of mimic woe;  
Think not mine eyes to beauty blind,  
My heart unfeeling or unkind;  
Unfit for Love's sensations keen,  
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

If, while the veil conceals your cheek,  
I start not from your glance oblique;  
Nor tingling through my gloomy veins  
The crimson tint my face disdains;  
Nor yet unconscious near your side,  
With motion scarce perceived I glide,  
To talk by fits and pause between,  
Then thank your cloudy veil so green.

If sighs of fondness, half repressed,  
In secret breathe not from my breast;  
Nor round my heart the languors wreath,  
Which oft forbid the sigh to breathe;  
Nor o'er my brow of pallid hue,  
Emerge the cold and slimy dew—  
Blame not, fair maid, your faultless mien,  
But thank your cloudy veil so green.



And now, when unconcerned and gay,  
I pour the jocund, sportive lay,  
And bid my careless heart defy  
The glance of that love-kindling eye;  
Still as I muse on Hammond's pain,  
Who felt the woes that others feign,  
Like Hammond's fate might mine have been,  
I think, and bless your veil so green.

---

### Headache.

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN IN 1802.

THAT eye of soft cerulean hue,  
And clear as morn's transparent dew,  
Why dimly shines its lustre meek?  
Why fades the rose-bloom on that cheek,  
Whose varying hue was still the sign  
Of the warm heart's emotions fine?  
Where softest tints were wont to glow,  
Why spreads the lily's veil of snow?  
The tresses of her auburn hair  
O'er her pale brow disordered wave;  
Celestial guardians of the fair,  
Avails not now your power to save.



When fall the trickling tears of grief,  
Like dew-bells o'er the rose's leaf ;  
And drops minute from every pore  
Shoot cold the shuddering forehead o'er ;  
And every nerve that seeks the brain  
Conveys the thrilling surge of pain,  
The sages of the Eastern climes,  
Who read the dark decrees of fate,  
Declare that maidens expiate  
The penance of their venial crimes.  
But sure no thought that heart hath known  
That guardian angels blush to own ;  
And every sigh that heaves that breast,  
With virtue's fairest seal imprest,  
Is pure as mountain gales that blow  
The fringed foliage of the snow.

And, hark ! in soft regretful sighs,  
The guardian spirit's voice replies :  
" These eyes that boast their power to kill,  
Deserve to feel the painful thrill.  
'Tis but the lover's lingering sigh,  
As the warm breath or humid air  
Obscures the brightest mirror's glare  
That dims her lucid, sparkling eye ;  
Her nerves but lightly feel the smart  
That rankles in the lover's heart."

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## Christmas in Penang.

WRITTEN IN 1804.

DEAR NONA, Christmas comes from far  
To seek us near the Eastern star,  
But wears not in this orient clime  
Her wintry wreaths and ancient thyme;  
What flowerets must we strew to thee,  
For glossy bay or rosemary?

Champaca flowers for thee we strew,  
To drink the merry Christmas dew;  
Though hailed in each Malayan grove  
The saffron-tinted flower of love,  
Its tulip-buds adorn the hair  
Of none more loved amid the fair.

Banana leaves their ample screen  
Shall spread to match the holly green,  
Well may their glossy softness please,  
Sweet emblem of the soul at ease;  
The heart expanding frank and free,  
Like the still-green banana tree.

Nona, may all the woodland powers  
That stud Malaya's clime with flowers,  
Or on the breeze their fragrance fling  
Around thee form an angel ring,  
To guard thee ever gay and free,  
Beneath thy green banana tree!



## Parody on an Ode to the Duchess of Gordon.

BY THE EARL OF BUCHAN.\*

The following irregular Ode to the Duchess of Gordon by the Earl of Buchan (second edition), is also, I believe, from Leyden's pen, but has never before been printed.—("Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents," vol. i. p. 520.)

THOU beauteous star,  
Seen from afar,  
Than Phœbe's silvery beam more bright;  
As yet a boy,  
And somewhat coy,  
I first beheld thy dazzling light.

Ah! what a blaze,  
In thy young days,  
Thy matchless beauty first revealed;  
Hid that full blaze,  
Thy virgin rays,  
In deepest darkness lay concealed,  
Whilst I in woods,  
'Midst streams and floods,  
Have lived retired since days of yore.  
I mind myself,  
I count my pelf,  
And now my head is silvered o'er.

\* The Poem by the Earl of Buchan which provoked the above, is given among the Notes at the end of the volume.



As insect tribes, so bright and gay,  
Around the taper's quivering ray,  
Are often burnt or singed;  
So fluttering foplings, bards, and men  
Of science, to your noble den  
Allured, are quite unhinged.

Clara! this image is to picture thee,  
Like Venus rising from the sea.  
I saw thee bathing in the briny wave,  
I saw thy hands the water lave;  
Then Grace, thy maid,  
Thy hair did braid,  
Which her fingers most nimbly had weaved;  
When quick o'er the dew,  
You blushed as you flew,  
But my optics perhaps were deceived.

For, wherefore, and why,  
Should we blush and look shy,  
Because truth quite naked is seen?  
To be honest and civil,  
And shame the old devil,  
Not a rag should e'er cover her skin.

The village blacksmith first thy charms inspired,  
When his strong frame at once was fired,  
Not much unlike the red-hot iron he hammered,  
While out 'midst sighs, some broken words he stammered;  
So, to old Vulcan, Venus did her charms forego,  
Jove's trusty blacksmith, many a year ago.

Clara! the Paphian Queen thy charms may dread,  
Who, madam, made the wig upon your head?



With noble ease and elegance it sits,  
My taste in wigs—most critical, it hits.

La! what a waggon-load of hearts!  
Six oxen, fed on turnips, stout and strong;  
With force united, straining every nerve,  
So huge a load could scarcely move along.

But now the muses and the men of rhymes,  
With modern song and tales of other times,  
And odes, and elegies, and epigrams appear;  
Loud squeaking voices pierce the ear,  
While each in turn the verse recites,  
The glowing verse the muse indites;  
I last, not least, shall close the war,  
And celebrate thy glorious car.  
I ask no praise, but let me have a dinner;  
Far, far from home—I am a strange old sinner.

EDINBURGH, *March* 16, 1802.

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## Bellicosum Facinus;

OR,

### THE DOUGHTY DEED.

Audierat procul arma bona de gente Batavus, &c.

(*From the Edinburgh Magazine for November 1795.*)

WHEN Holland croaked with wars alarms,  
And drowsy Dutchmen beat to arms,



With courage cool intent to quench  
The glowing ardour of the French,  
Among the rest there was a staunch one,  
Of proper size and meet dimension ;  
'Tis true, his form was rather squat,  
Both round and square, but what of that ?  
A Poet's brain, when all agog,  
Might well compare him to a frog ;  
But I revere Pegasean saddle  
More than to mark how he did waddle ;  
Although some people might be taller,  
He surely was a man of valour :—  
But, softly, for this rude description  
Has of our story made abruption.  
Proceed we therefore to display  
How Dutchmen marched in deep array,  
And fiercely swore to fight like mad  
To raise the siege of Williamstadt.  
A goodly band, so says the song,—  
With whom our hero marched along ;  
So very courteous and polite  
That when they first engaged in fight,  
The post of honour, and of danger,  
They yielded to the British stranger :  
Well, soon arose the bray of battle,  
And loud the thundering drums did rattle.  
When bayonets began to clatter,  
Our hero found him in hot water.  
Behind his eye-lids quick retired  
As soon as ever musket fired ;  
And found his cool and cautious courage  
More apt to stir to fear than to rage ;



But knowing every man's estate  
Was governed by a certain Fate,  
To which same Fate we must submit,  
Because it rules us, not we it.  
With eye half ope at last he ventures,  
To peep forth slyly from his pent-house ;—  
So when the French began to flinch,  
He boldly marched up inch by inch ;  
Still most intent to ward his nose  
Safe from the dint of dry hard blows ;  
Well knowing, should it go to pot,  
None half so good could e'er be got :  
Though honour be of brittle metal,  
Not to be soldered like a kettle,  
Though it hath sent full many a soldier  
Beneath the raw cold clay to moulder,  
Or crammed them in a dreary dungeon,  
With broken leg or broken truncheon,  
To feed upon such homely fare  
As rats and mice, and such small ware ;  
Yet what are empty words and sounds !  
To be compared with blood and wounds.  
But as the sages have us told  
Good-fortune follows still the bold,  
So Fate did save our hero's bacon,  
And marrow-bones from painful aching ;  
For soon the Dutch began to scamper,  
So much the Frenchmen did them hamper,  
'Twas then he showed himself agile  
In vigorous exercise of heel,  
Which could not argue cowardice.  
But having in his first address



Been jilted thus by Madam Honour,  
He scorned again to wait upon her ;  
And discontinued his approaches  
Regardless of the dame's reproaches,  
Convinc'd that the hardest words  
Are not so sharp as biting swords—  
But when the rage of battle's over  
No person merit can discover ;  
For then the men of greatest vigour  
Will sometimes cut the sorriest figure.  
The reason's plain—the greatest action,  
As all allow, must yield to fiction—  
When Dutchmen now begin to boast,  
Of feats achieved in battle lost ;  
And some proceed to show their bumps,  
Which still remained of sturdy thumps ;  
'Twas asked, what deeds did signalize  
Our hero in this hard emprise.

Quoth he, “ My rapier in th' attack  
Did a stout Frenchman's leg off hack.”  
“ Why did you not take off his head ?  
I hope at least you left him dead.”

“ True, Sir, but then this hasty nation  
Does all things by anticipation,  
The blade lay weltering in his gore,  
And had his head cut off before.”

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## [SONNETS.]

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### L o v e.

WRITTEN IN 1800.

SWEET power of Love! no idle fluttering boy  
Art thou, to flaunt with brilliant purple wing,  
And from thy bow, in merry mischief, fling  
The tiny shafts which mortal peace destroy.  
'Tis thine the sickness of the soul to heal,  
When pines the lonely bosom, doomed to know  
No dear associate of its joy or woe,  
Till, warmed by thee, it learns again to feel.  
As the bright sunbeam bids the rose unroll  
Her scented leaves, that sleep in many a fold,  
Thou wakest the heart from selfish slumbers cold,  
To all the generous softness of the soul.  
Ah, doubly blest the heart that wakes to prove  
From some congenial breast the dear return of Love!

---



## Melancholy.

WRITTEN IN 1798.

WHERE its blue pallid boughs the poplar rears  
I sit, to mark the passing riv'let's chime,  
And muse whence flows the silent stream of Time;  
And to what clime depart the winged years.  
In Fancy's eye each scene of youth appears  
Bright as the setting sun's last purple gleam,  
Which streaks the mist that winds along the stream,  
Bathing the harebell with eve's dewy tears.  
Ah! blissful days of youth, that ne'er again  
Revive, with scenes of every fairy hue,  
And sunny tints which Fancy's pencil drew,  
Are you not false as Hope's delusive train?  
For, as your scenes to Memory's view return,  
You ever point to a loved sister's urn.

---

## Written at St Andrews.

1798.

ALONG the shelves that line Kilriven's shore  
I lingering pass, with steps well-poised and slow,  
Where brown the slippery wreaths of sea-weeds grow,  
And listen to the weltering ocean's roar.



When o'er the crisping waves the sunbeams gleam,  
And from the hills the latest streaks of day  
Recede, by Eden's shadowy banks I stray,  
And lash the willows blue that fringe the stream;  
And often to myself, in whispers weak,  
I breathe the name of some dear gentle maid,  
Or some loved friend, whom in Edina's shade  
I left, when forced these Eastern shores to seek!  
And for the distant months I sigh in vain,  
To bring me to these favourite haunts again.

---

## Written in the Isle of Skye.

IN 1800.

AT eve, beside the ringlet's haunted green  
I linger oft, while o'er my lonely head  
The aged rowan hangs her berries red;  
For there, of old, the merry elves were seen,  
Pacing with printless feet the dewy grass;  
And there I view, in many a figured train,  
The marshalled hordes of sea-birds leave the main,  
And o'er the dark-brown moors hoarse-shrieking pass.  
Next in prophetic pomp along the heath  
I see dim forms their shadowy bands arrange,  
Which seem to mingle in encounter strange,  
To work with glimmering blades the work of death:  
In Fancy's eye their meteor falchions glare;  
But, when I move, the hosts all melt in liquid air.



## S o n n e t.

WRITTEN AT WOODHOUSELEE, IN 1802.

SWEET Rivulet ! as in pensive mood reclined,  
Thy lone voice talking to the night I hear,  
Now swelling loud and louder on the ear,  
Now sinking in the pauses of the wind,  
A stilly sadness overspreads my mind,  
To think how oft the whirling gale shall strew  
O'er thy bright stream the leaves of fallow hue,  
Ere next this classic haunt my wanderings find.—  
That lulling harmony resounds again,  
That soothes the slumbering leaves on every tree,  
And seems to say, "Wilt thou remember me?"  
The stream that listened oft to Ramsay's strain.  
Though Ramsay's pastoral reed be heard no more,  
Yet taste and fancy long shall linger on thy shore.

---

## O n t h e S a b b a t h M o r n i n g.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !  
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;  
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill ;  
And echo answers softer from the hill ;



And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;  
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill :  
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath-morn !  
The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;  
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;  
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,  
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;  
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move ;—  
So smiled the day when the first morn arose !

---

## To the Setting Sun.

WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF IONA, IN 1800.

FAIR-LIGHT of heaven, where is thy couch of rest ?  
That thy departing beams so sweetly smile :  
Thou sleepest calm in that green happy isle  
That rises 'mid the waters of the West.  
Sweet are thy tidings from the land of hills  
To spirits of the dead, who round thee throng,  
And chant in concert shrill thine evening song,  
Whose magic sound the murmuring ocean stills :  
Calm is thy rest amid these fields so green,  
Where never breathes the deep heart-rending sigh,  
Nor tears of sorrow dim the sufferer's eye.—  
Then, why revisit this unhappy scene,  
Like the lone lamp that lights the sullen tomb,  
To add new horrors to sepulchral gloom ?



## The Memory of the Past.

ALAS, that Fancy's pencil still portrays  
A fairer scene than ever Nature drew !  
Alas, that ne'er to Reason's placid view  
Arise the charms of youth's delusive days !  
For still the memory of our tender years,  
By contrast vain impairs our present joys ;  
Of greener fields we dream and purer skies ;  
And softer tints than ever Nature wears.—  
Lo ! now to fancy Teviot's vale appears  
Adorned with flowers of more enchanting hue  
And fairer bloom than ever Eden knew,  
With all the charms that infancy endears.  
Dear scenes ! which grateful memory still employ,  
Why should you strive to blast the present joy ?

---

## Serenity of Childhood.

IN the sweet morn of life, when health and joy  
Laugh in the eye, and o'er each sunny plain  
A mild celestial softness seems to reign,  
Ah ! who could dream what woes the heart annoy ?  
No saddening sighs disturb the vernal gale  
Which fans the wild wood music on the ear ;  
Unbathed the sparkling eye with pity's tear,  
Save listening to the aged soldier's tale.



The heart's slow grief, which wastes the child of woe,  
And lovely injured woman's cruel wrong,  
We hear not in the sky-lark's morning song,  
We hear not in the gales that o'er us blow.  
Visions devoid of woe which childhood drew,  
How oft shall my sad heart your soothing scenes  
renew.

---

## To Ruin.

1798.

DIRE power! when closing autumn's hoary dews  
Clog the rank ambient air with fell disease,  
And yellow leaves hang shivering on the trees,  
My pensive fancy loves on thee to muse.  
Mountains, that once durst climb the azure sky,  
Proud waving woods, and vales expanding green,  
No trace display of what they once have been;  
But deep beneath the world of waters lie.  
Yet not the shaken earth, the lightning's blaze,  
When yawning gulfs wide-peopled realms devour,  
But Nature's secret, all-destroying power,  
With ceaseless torment on my spirit preys;  
While man's vain knowledge in his fleeting hour,  
Serves but to show how fast himself decays.



## On Parting with a Friend on a Journey.

1797.

As o'er the downs expanding silver-grey  
You pass, dear friend, your altered form I view,  
Diminished to a shadow dim and blue,  
As oft I turn to gaze with fond delay.  
Alas! that youthful friendships thus decay,  
While Fame or Fortune's dizzy heights we scale,  
Or through the mazy windings of the vale  
Of busy life, pursue our separate way.  
Too soon by Nature's rigid laws we part,  
Too soon the moments of affection fly,  
Nor from the grave shall one responsive sigh,  
Breathe soft to soothe the sad survivor's heart!  
Ah! that when life's brief course so soon is o'er,  
We e'er should friendship's broken tie deplore.

---

## On an Old Man Dying Friendless.

WRITTEN IN 1798.

To thee, thou pallid form, o'er whose wan cheek  
The downy blossoms of the grave are shed!  
To thee the crumbling earth and clay-cold bed  
Of joys supreme, instead of sorrows, speak.



Deep in the silent grave thou soon shalt rest ;  
Nor e'er shalt hear beneath the ridgy mould  
The howling blast, in hollow murmurs cold,  
That sweeps, by fits relentless, o'er thy breast !  
No warm eye glistens with the dewy tear  
For thee, no tongue that breathes to Heaven the vow,  
No hand to wipe the death-drops from thy brow,  
No looks of love thy fainting soul to cheer !  
Then go forlorn ! to thee it must be sweet  
Thy long-lost friends beyond the grave to meet.

---

## To the Yew.

WRITTEN IN 1799.

WHEN Fortune smiled, and Nature's charms were new,  
I loved to see the oak majestic tower ;  
I loved to see the apple's painted flower,  
Bedropt with pencilled tints of rosy hue.  
Now more I love thee, melancholy Yew,  
Whose still green leaves in solemn silence wave  
Above the peasant's red unhonoured grave,  
Which oft thou moistenest with the morning dew.  
To thee the sad, to thee the weary fly ;  
They rest in peace beneath thy sacred gloom,  
Thou sole companion of the lowly tomb !  
No leaves but thine in pity o'er them sigh.  
Lo ! now, to Fancy's gaze, thou seem'st to spread  
Thy shadowy boughs to shroud me with the dead.





## [TRANSLATIONS.]

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### The Dream.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. LEOCH.

ADDRESSED TO DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

LOVED of the Muse, to Venus dear,  
My Drummond, lend thy partial ear!  
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain  
The dreams which haunt a poet's brain.

Ere night's bright wain her course had run,  
Venus to me, and Venus' son,  
Descending in a radiant car,  
Rapt from the earth, and bore me far.  
Billing sparrows twittering clear  
Drew us on our swift career;  
The lovely goddess all the while,  
Glowed with pleasure's wanton smile;  
O'er her hovered all the Graces,  
Sighs and kisses, and embraces:  
Around her son, in vesture bright,  
Hopes and murmurs fluttered light;  
With every form of melting bliss,  
That breathes or sucks the humid kiss.



Swimming on the moonbeams pale,  
Soon we reached sweet Tempe's vale.  
Zephyrs, fluttering o'er the strand,  
Bade every glowing flower expand :  
While the nightingale on high  
Poured her liquid melody.  
O'er the level lawn we flew ;  
The grove's deep shadow round us grew :  
Deep within a soft retreat,  
Flowed a spring with murmur sweet.

"Here be all thine offering done,"  
Softly whispered Venus' son.  
"Here let clouds of incense rise,"  
Venus whispered, "to the skies."

From the chariot light I sprung :  
Shrill the golden axle rung.  
Kneeling by the crystal spring,  
Every naiad's charms I sing ;  
Echo wafts their praises wide,  
But chief the naiads of the tide.

"Goddess of the stream, attend !  
O'er thy wave I suppliant bend ;  
Grant thy spring may ever be  
Dear to Venus and to me !"

As I bent the waves to kiss,  
Murmurs rose of softer bliss ;  
For the fountain's liquid face  
I feel the timid nymph's embrace ;



Glow and pant my labouring veins,  
As her ivory arms she strains ;  
While the melting kiss she sips,  
The soul sits quivering on my lips.  
Sudden, from our watery bed  
Venus slily smiling fled ;  
With her sought the shady grove,  
The smiling, dimpling god of love.  
Loud through all its dusky bounds,  
“Hylas ! a second Hylas,” sounds ;  
While the vision fled in air,  
And left the bard to lone despair.

By every smiling god above,  
By the maid you dearest love,  
Drummond, to all the Muses dear,  
Lend to thy friend thy partial ear !  
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain  
This dream that haunts the poet's brain.

---

### From Owen's Latin Epigrams.

Usque Fluit Fugitivus amor, Refluitque Vicissim, &c.

LOVE for ever comes and goes,  
Like the tide that ebbs and flows—  
Wonderest thou that this should be ?  
Sprung not Venus from the sea ?



---

Venus, ever wont to rove  
With men below and gods above,  
With changeful aspect shines afar,  
Not a fixed, but wandering star.

---

### E p i t a p h.

FROM THE LATIN.

ONCE in the keen pursuit of Fame  
I, school-boy like, pursued a bubble :  
But Death, before I gained a name,  
Stepped in and saved a world of trouble.

---

### On the Death of Marsyas,

THE PHRYGIAN POET,

WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FLAYED ALIVE BY APOLLO, AFTER A  
FRUITLESS CONTEST WITH HIS FLUTE AGAINST THE LYRE OF  
THE GOD.

FROM THE GREEK.

“ No more thy music wakes the Phrygian pine,  
Nor breathes through hollow reeds in strains divine,



O nymph-sprung bard! Minerva gift no more  
Adorns the hands it graced so oft before.  
Thy frame indissoluble fetters load,  
Who, born a mortal, durst insult a god ;  
Thy lively pipe, which braved the lyre's sweet sound,  
Saw thee with death instead of conquest crowned."

Thus o'er the Phrygian youth untimely slain,  
Divine Alcæus woke the votive strain ;  
While he, who oft in tuneful conflict tried,  
Had gods and men with fearless heart defied,  
Was doomed by muses zealous of the deed,  
On the tall pines the glutton crow to feed.  
With stern-reverted frown the pangs he bore,  
As from the writhing flesh the living skin they tore ;  
The golden fillets which his temples crowned,  
In frightful glory round the scalp were bound.  
The swelling notes which rose with warbling flight,  
His rapid fingers many twinkling light ;  
His pipe, that wont the lonely wilds to thrill,  
Fled from the groves and left them sad and still.

Now far retreat from Phrygia's injured shore  
The mystic glories of her Asian lore ;  
No more was heard the bard's inspiring tongue,  
To sing how worlds at first from chaos sprung ;  
What arm upraised the mountains o'er the plain,  
And dug the channels of the unfathomed main,  
Gemmed the blue ocean with each emerald isle,  
And bade green spring in youthful verdure smile,  
Till ancient earth outvied the blest abodes,  
Proud of her heroes and her demi-gods.



So flowed the strain when ancient Phrygia's song  
Poured its faint light o'er days forgotten long ;  
With Marsyas sunk the deeds of elder time,  
The ancient chiefs who lived in Phrygian rhyme ;  
The martial feats of heroes passed away,  
And Phrygia's fame in mute oblivion lay.

Yet still, when Phoebus darts his arrowy rays,  
The morning pine the trickling tear displays  
Unceasing sighs to mountains, vales, and floods,  
And breathes such sounding horror through the woods,  
When not a breeze the still-green foliage heaves,  
As if some spirit shook the shuddering leaves.

---

## The Wail of Danae.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

WRITTEN AT ST ANDREWS.

WHILE prisoned in her floating cell,  
Fair *Danae* and her infant lay ;  
She felt each rising billow swell,  
She heard the rushing tempest's sway.

And still, when ocean heaved the bier,  
Her arms she round her *Perseus* flung ;  
And while she wiped the trickling tear,  
In feeble plaintive accents sung :—



“Sweet baby! ah! my heart is sore,  
My little love! to see thee here!  
Ne’er may the billows’ angry roar  
Awake my nursling’s heart to fear.

“In brazen folds immured, my love!  
Sleep sweetly, sure thou dost not know  
The silver moon shines bright above,  
While darkness broods o’er us below.

“How shrill the blasts that o’er us sweep,  
Sweet cherub-face! unvexed with care,  
Thou dost not hear the billows creep  
Above thy long unmoistened hair.

“Sleep, in thy purple robe, my dear!  
Ah! wert thou grieved with fear, with pain;  
What could I whisper in thine ear,  
To lull my babe to sleep again.

“And hush thee, hush thee, stormy sea!  
Nor let our dangerous course be long.—  
And, mighty Jove! our guardian be:—  
Avenge my tender baby’s wrong.”

---

### From *Tyræus*.

WHAT! shall the stern unbending race  
Of Hercules in peril’s day,  
Fall basely back ere Jove’s dread face  
With hostile glance our files survey?



Repel this idle javelin play,  
Firm as a wall your bucklers lock!  
Shall numbers manly hearts dismay?  
Be bold, press forward to the shock!

Deem dastard life your deadly foe,  
Though round you close the shadows dun  
Of murky death; the realms below  
Shall match the regions of the sun.  
Yet think, when former fields were won,  
How proudly toils and wounds we bore!  
When war's red tide against us run,  
How bitter stung each burning sore!

Few heroes bleed who boldly claim  
The perils of the dangerous van;  
The rearward legions catch the flame,  
And follow, man upholding man.—  
Wild panics dastard hearts trepan,  
Disasters rise devoid of cure;  
Whoe'er from battle basely ran,  
Has borne what man should ne'er endure.

Scorn on the coward wretch who bears  
From fields of death a hindward wound!  
Scorn on the coward's corpse, by spears  
Nailed prone to the dishonoured ground!  
No! let your stamping feet resound,  
Plant firm the steps that ne'er fall back!  
With lips compressed, teeth gnashed and ground,  
Stride onward firm at each attack!

Behind the buckler's ample brim  
Fence the broad breast from every blow ;  
Ward the keen dints from every limb !  
Bid the dark plume nod o'er the foe !  
With ponderous spear well poised to throw ;  
Each hero close with sword and lance,  
Disdain the distant javelin's blow,  
But breast to breast, like men advance.

Then helm to helm, and plume to plume,  
And foot to foot, and shield to shield,  
All give or take the warrior's doom !  
In hand-fast combat none should yield.—  
Light soldiers, agile, scour the field !  
Range close behind the men of mail !  
Tough javelins dart, light lances wield,  
And pour from slings the rattling hail !

---

### From *Tyræus*.

To perish in the front of fight,  
Intent to fence their country's weal,  
I hold for warriors good and right,  
Whose hearts dare brave the biting steel.

But he who meanly sneaks from war,  
In houseless nakedness to pine,  
From home, from fertile fields afar,  
Clamouring for bread with piteous whine.



---

Unhappier wretch can ne'er be found ;  
Doomed in his wanderings to behold,  
Beggars woe-worn on foreign ground  
His mother, father, poor and old :

To view his love still drowned in tears :  
To find, where'er he comes, a foe ;  
To gnaw his children's helpless years,  
Hunger and penury with him go.

Dishonouring long a noble race,  
Deep sink at last the sordid stains ;  
To man's fair form he does disgrace,  
Till not a sense of shame remains.

Unpitied may the dastard sink ;  
His name and tale be heard no more !  
Ours are no feeble hearts to shrink  
From comrades in the combat's roar.

We, heart and soul, to guard our right,  
Will for our country live or die ;  
For sons and daughters young we fight,  
Nor spare our blood, which still beats high.

Rush on, brave youths, in firm array !  
No day is this for flight or fear !  
None from his brother flinch this day !  
Accursed be he that seeks the rear !

Each hardy heart that swells in pride,  
Impetuous rush to battle's van ;

The dastard fear of death deride,  
And bravely grapple man to man !

Ne'er be it told, in manhood's scorn,  
Our youths amid the battle's rage  
Basely forsook the elder-born,  
The ancient warriors stiff with age.

Ha ! it were base in front of war  
To see the aged champion bleed,  
Whose forehead, rough with many a scar,  
Shows that he once the fray could lead.

With dust defiled, with blood besmeared,  
Breathing his dauntless soul away,  
His hoary locks and reverend beard  
Bedraggled in the common clay.

'Tis not for man of woman born  
To look where age dishonoured lies,  
Ghastly and shrunk, in field forlorn :—  
The sight calls vengeance from the skies.

But graceful manhood's comely flower,  
And vernal youth to virgins dear,  
Seem not more fair in bridal hour  
Than stretched on valour's purple bier.

Press on the foe with fearless stride ;  
Tramp with strong heel the slippery field,  
Grasp the hard steel with warrior pride ;  
Clench your set teeth, and never yield.



## Spartan War Ode.

FROM TYRTÆUS.

How long, brave youths, shall languor last,  
And rage in drowsy ease be drowned ?  
Or sleeps the soul within your breast,  
While blood-stained Battle raves around ?  
Arouse ! let *Peace* be heard no more,  
While murder floats the earth with gore.  
Far other deeds the gods demand,—  
Let Death inspire the funeral cry,  
'Tis sweet to conquer or to die,  
To die to save our native land.

Grim Battle rages o'er the earth,—  
The glorious deed shall Fame approve ;  
To die for those that gave us birth,  
To conquer for the maids we love.  
Mean souls alone at Fate repine—  
The heroes of the noblest line,  
The bravest sons of war must die—  
Far from the pomp of listed fields,  
His breath the sneaking coward yields,  
In dumb oblivion's gloom to lie.

But still when godlike heroes fall,  
Their names are to their country dear,  
The patriot bids their sable pall,  
The blazoned signs of conquest wear :  
And he that safe returns from fight,  
Exulting in successful might,

His friends, his country long shall love :  
Lo ! in their eyes the hero grows,  
Superior to an host of foes,  
And equal to the gods above.

---

### The Cretan Warrior.

FROM HYBRIAS CRETENSIS.

MY spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !  
With these I till, with these I sow,  
With these I reap my harvest-field ;  
No other wealth the gods bestow.  
With these I plant the fertile vine ;  
With these I press the luscious wine.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !  
They make me lord of all below,—  
For those that dread my spear to wield  
Before my shaggy shield must bow :  
Their fields, their vineyards they resign ;  
And all that cowards have is mine.

---



## On the Death of Tippoo Sultan.

FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

By proud Seringa's castled wall,  
Dire Destiny has sped the ball,  
And we must with our Sultan fall :  
Alas, the gallant Sultan !

Dust, dust on every dastard head,  
That meanly shrunk from combat red,  
When sunk amid the heaps of dead,  
With all our hopes, the Sultan !

Dire treachery has sapped the throne  
On which our chief unconquered shone ;  
This, this was granted him alone ;—  
Fell masterless the Sultan.

Accursed be Yezid's traitor-seed,  
The faithless wretch who wrought the deed,  
The curse of ages be his meed  
Whose crime destroyed the Sultan.

His throne is now the lowly dust,  
Who late was all our earthly trust ;  
Ah ! every mouth was filled with dust  
When fell the gallant Sultan.

---

## The Dirge of Tippoo Sultan.

FROM THE CANARA.

How quickly fled our Sultan's state !  
How soon his pomp has passed away !  
How swiftly sped Seringa's fate  
From wealth and power to dire decay !  
How proud his conquering banners flew !  
How stately marched his dread array !  
Soon as the King of earth withdrew  
His favouring smile, they passed away.

His peopled kingdoms stretching wide  
A hundred subject leagues could fill ;  
While dreadful frowned in martial pride  
A hundred Droogs from hill to hill.  
His hosts of war, a countless throng ;  
His Franks, impatient for the fray ;  
His horse, that proudly pranced along —  
All in a moment passed away.

His mountain-forts of living stone  
Were hewn from every massy rock ;  
Whence bright the sparkling rockets shone,  
And loud the vollied thunder spoke.  
His silver lances gleamed on high,  
His spangled standards fluttered gay :  
Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye  
Their martial pride has passed away.



Girt by the Cavery's holy stream,  
By circling walls in triple row,  
While deep between, with sullen gleam,  
The dreary moat out-spread below,  
High o'er the portals jarring hoarse,  
Stern ramparts rose in dread array ;  
Towers that seemed proof to mortal force—  
All in a moment passed away.

His elephants of hideous cry,  
His steeds that pawed the battling-ground,  
His golden stores that wont to lie,  
In years of peace, in cells profound :  
Himself a chief of prowess high,  
Unmatched in battle's stormy day ;—  
Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye,  
Our dauntless hero passed away.

His countless gems, a glittering host,  
Arranged in nine-fold order smiled :  
Each treasured wealth the world can boast  
In splendid palaces were piled :  
Jewels enchased, a precious store  
Of fretted pride, of polish high,  
Of costly work, which ne'er before  
Were heard with ear or seen with eye.

A hundred granaries huge enclosed  
Full eighteen sorts of foodful grain :  
Dark in his arsenals reposed  
Battle's terrific flame-mouthed train.

How paltry proud Duryoden's state  
To his, in fortune's prosperous day,  
In wealth, in martial pomp elate :  
All in a moment passed away.

Before our prince of deathless fame  
The silver trumpet's thrilling sound,  
Applauding heralds loud acclaim,  
And deep-toned nobuts shook the ground.  
His was the wealth by rajahs won,  
Beneath their high imperial sway,  
While eight successive ages run :  
But all, alas ! has passed away.

How swift the ruthless spoiler came !  
How quick he ravaged, none can say,  
Save He whose dreadful eye of flame  
Shall blast him on the judgment-day !  
The noon-tide came with baleful light,  
The Sultan's corpse in silence lay :  
His kingdom, like a dream of night,  
In silence vanished quite away.

But say, to fence the falling state,  
Who foremost trode the ranks of fame ?  
Great Kummer, chief of soul elate,  
And stern Sher Khan of deathless name.  
Meer Saduk, too, of high renown,  
With him what chieftain could compare ?  
While Mira Hussen virgins own  
As flowery-bowed Munmoden fair.



Soobria Mutti, Bubber Jung,  
Still foremost in the crush of fight;  
And he whose martial glory rung  
From realm to realm, for dauntless might.  
Khan Jehan Khan, who stood alone,  
Seid Saheb next, himself a host:  
The chiefs round Indra's angel-throne  
Could ne'er such mighty prowess boast.

Pournia sprung from Brahma's line,  
Intrepid in the martial fray,  
Alike in council formed to shine:—  
How could our Sultan's power decay?  
Ah! soon it fled! how small a weight  
Of nitrous sulphur sped the ball,  
Out-weighed to dust a sinking state.  
And bade our gallant Sultan fall!

Yet left and right, to guard the throne,  
His brave Moguls would proudly say,  
"Did e'er this earth one sovereign own,  
Thine, thine were universal sway."  
Careless of fate, of fearless mind,  
They feasted round in many a row:  
One bullet, viewless as the wind,  
Amid them laid the Sultan low.

Where was god Alla's far-famed power,  
Thy boasted inspiration's might?  
Where, in that unpropitious hour,  
Was fled thy Koran's sacred light?

Vain was each prayer and high behest,  
When Runga doomed thy fatal day :  
How small a bullet pierced thy breast !  
How soon thy kingdom passed away

Amid his queens of royal race,  
Of princely form, the monarch trod ;  
Amid his sons of martial grace,  
The warrior moved an earthly god.  
Girt with bold chiefs of prowess high,  
How proud was his imperial sway !  
Soon as the god of lotus-eye  
Withdrew his smile, it passed away.

Coorg, Cuddapah, and Concan-land—  
Their princely lords of old renown  
To thee outspread the unweaponed hand,  
And crouched at thine imperial frown.  
Proud mountain-chiefs—the lofty crest  
They bent beneath thy sceptred sway—  
How dire the blow that pierced thy breast !  
How soon thy kingdom passed away !

The sovereign of proud Delhi's throne,  
That held the prostrate world in awe,  
Sri-Munt, whose rule compels alone  
Maharatta tribes devoid of law :  
The rajahs of the peopled world  
Resigned their realms in deep dismay,  
Where'er thy victor-flag unfurled—  
How soon thy kingdom passed away !



From far Singala's region came  
The Anglian race, unknown to fly,  
Revering Runga's sacred name,  
Their red war-banner waved on high.  
Our lofty bulwarks down they throw,  
And bade their drums victorious bray :  
Then every earthly good withdrew,  
Then fled Seringa's pomp away.

Where were the chiefs in combat bred,  
The hosts, in battle's dreadful day ?  
Ah ! soon as Crishna's favour fled,  
Our prince, our kingdom passed away.  
How vain is every mortal boast !  
How empty earthly pomp and power !  
Proud bulwarks crumble down to dust,  
If o'er them adverse fortune lower.

In Vishnu's lotus-foot alone  
Confide ; his power shall ne'er decay,  
When tumbles every earthly throne,  
And mortal glory fades away.

---

## The Fight of Praya.

A MALAY DIRGE.

WARRIORS ! chieftains of Malaya !  
You shall live in endless light,  
Though you vanished in the night,  
Perished in the fight of Praya.

Foot to foot, and man to man,  
When beneath the burning beam  
Burnished lances brightest gleam,  
You the combat still began.

Shouts of battle heard afar,  
Bade your foes the steel prepare,  
Give the winds their coal-black hair,  
March to meet the coming war.

Not a breeze conveyed the tale  
When the whites began the fray :  
Sure they feared the eye of day  
Should see their faces ghastly pale.

Now, in forms of finer air,  
While these grassy graves you view  
Scent the flowerets that we strew,  
List the vengeance that we swear !

Warriors ! o'er each ridgy tomb  
The mournful marjoram shall grow,  
And the grave-flowers pale shall blow,  
Sad memorials of your doom !

O'er your long-lamented clay  
The unrelenting blood shall flow  
Of the vengeful buffalo,  
And his frontlets broad decay.

Chieftains ! warriors of Malaya !  
You shall be avenged in light,  
Though you perished in the night,  
Perished in the fight of Praya.



Verses written after being at Sea for the  
First Time.

BY EMIR MUHAMMED PEISHAWERI, AN AFFGHAN.\*

FROM THE PUSHTO.

THE sage who first refused to roam  
Through foreign climes in quest of gain,  
But bade us prize the joys of home,  
Thought of thy dangers, fearful main !

What though the bread on shore we taste,  
Be purchased oft with toil and pain,  
A loaf is better than a feast,  
When purchased on the brackish main.

Like ocean's depths, as poets tell,  
Spreads the abyss of endless pain ;  
But not the deepest pit of hell  
Can match thy horrors, frightful main !

Ashore each pleasant breeze that blows  
Might soothe to rest a soul in pain ;  
But heart and liver, torn with throes,  
Leap to your lips when on the main.

When o'er your bark the tempests beat,  
With lightning, thunder, wind, and rain,  
There's nought to be your winding-sheet  
Save the white foam that streaks the main.

\* Dr Leyden's servant.

Ashore e'en strangers strangers greet  
In phrase polite and courteous strain ;  
But bitter oaths are all you meet,  
When journeying on the savage main.

On shore a thousand pleasures rise  
To soothe fatigue and banish pain ;  
But every joy and pleasure flies  
From him who travels on the main.

Scenes fair, sublime, and strange and new,  
Arrest the eye on hill or plain :  
Nought save the foamy waves you view  
When journeying on the desert main.

The parrot pent in wiry cage  
Its fluttering pinions beats in vain :  
So vain our grief, so vain our rage,  
When reeling on the restless main.

God save us all from fell remorse,  
Revenge, and wrath, and proud disdain ;  
For ever bad, 'tis ten times worse  
To meet them on the desert main.

When flames most bright and fierce aspire,  
Water can still their force restrain ;  
But vivid flames of sparkling fire  
Flash from the surges of the main.

On wondrous fins the fishes fly,  
Like birds along the ocean-plain,



In flocks, like sparrows, soar on high,  
And sport and glitter on the main.

Sea-monsters roll so huge and blue,  
I dread to name them in my strain,  
That at one gulp both ship and crew  
Could swallow on the weltering main.

Dark demons of portentous form,  
That heaven's vast arch can scarce contain,  
You see them stalking in the storm,  
When journeying on the desert main.

Till Death his fatal arrows speed,  
No soul escapes from mortal pain :  
Of Death and all his darts no need  
Have they who journey on the main.

From all these ghastly scenes of fear,  
That well might turn a poet's brain,  
To find myself in safety here,  
Fails all the marvels of the main.

---

## L a m e n t   f o r   R a m a.

FROM THE BENGALI.\*

I WARN you, fair maidens, to wail and to sigh,  
For Rama, our Rama, to green-wood must fly ;

\* This is a translation of some Bengali verses, sung by the chief Casinath, after he was taken in Nadia.

Then hasten, come hasten to see his array,  
For Ayud'hya is dark when our chief goes away.

All the people are flocking to see him pass by ;  
They are silent and sad, with the tear in their eye :  
From the fish in the streamlets a broken sigh heaves,  
And the birds of the forest lament from the leaves.

His five locks are matted, no raiment has he  
For the wood, save a girdle of bark from the tree ;  
And of all his gay splendour you nought may behold,  
Save his bow and his quiver, and ear-rings of gold.

Oh ! we thought to have seen him in royal array  
Before his proud squadrons his banners display,  
And the voice of the people exulting to own  
Their sovereign assuming the purple and crown ;  
But the time has gone by, and my hope is despair ;—  
One maiden perfidious has wrought all my care.

Our light is departing, and darkness returns,  
Like a lamp half-extinguished and lonely it burns.  
Faith fades from the age, nor can honour remain,  
And fame is delusive, and glory is vain.

---

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FROM THE PERSIC OF HAFEZ.

OH ! I have borne, and borne in vain,  
The pang of Love's delirious pain ;



But she for whom my tear-drops fell,  
Oh, ask me, ask me not to tell!

Oh, I have borne the lingering smart  
Of absence cankering in the heart!  
But she for whom my tear-drops fell,  
Oh, ask me, ask me not to tell!

Far have I roamed with wandering feet,  
And found a fair so heavenly sweet,  
That in my breast she still shall dwell;  
But ask me not her name to tell.

How long her footsteps I pursued,  
How long with tears her prints bedewed,  
How long she made my sighs to swell—  
Oh, ask me, ask me not to tell!

Sounds of the kindest, tenderest tone,  
To fondest lovers only known,  
Last evening from her dear lips fell;  
But ask me, ask me not to tell.

Why frown and bite that angry lip?  
I love her honied kiss to sip:  
How soft the melting rubies swell!  
But ask me not her name to tell.

Dear love, when far from thee I pine,  
All lonely in this home of mine,  
What sighs my tortured bosom swell!  
Oh, ask me, ask me not to tell!

To Love's dear bliss before unknown,  
To such a height has passion grown,  
That Hafez ne'er its power can quell ;  
Then ask him, ask him not to tell.

---

### On Mahmud's War-Steed.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF UNSARI.

THY courser's limbs such fine proportions grace,  
No fault the skilful painter's hand can trace ;  
No steed like him can pace or bound amain,  
Elastic darting o'er the level plain.  
Far as the eye can reach, in proud career,  
His eager snorting in the course you hear.  
Snake-like he winds, and supple springs aloof ;  
He vaults to touch the azure sky's blue roof ;  
Prone down a hill in rapid course he bounds,  
As when some headlong-rolling rock resounds :  
In his ascent, he rapid darts on high,  
Like a red meteor journeying through the sky :  
Smooth as a bird, he skims the level plain,  
Bright as a torrent's foam his tossing mane :  
In air, he moves like wind ; through wind his force  
Outstrips the whirlwind in careering course.  
Relax his reins, he darts beyond the sphere ;  
Retract, he turns with comet-like career.



Though swift, the solid earth shrinks sore to feel  
The mighty pressure of his stamping heel.  
God formed him sure that mortals might admire  
A steed without capacity to tire.

---

## The Return after Absence.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF RUDEKI.

OH! the breeze of the mountain is soothing and sweet,  
Warm breathing of love, and the friends we shall meet;  
And the rocks of the desert, so rough where we roam,  
Seem soft, soft as silk, on the dear path of home;  
The white waves of the Jeikon, that foam through their  
    speed,  
Seem scarcely to reach to the girth of my steed.  
Rejoice, O Bokhara! and flourish for aye!  
Thy king comes to meet thee, and long shall he stay.  
Our king is our moon, and Bokhara our skies,  
Where soon that fair light of the heavens shall rise;  
Bokhara our orchard, the cypress our king,  
In Bokhara's fair orchard soon destined to spring.

---

## S o n n e t.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIC OF SADI.

SWEET are the soft descending dew's of sleep,  
That bathe the virtuous in serene repose,  
When injured innocence forgets her woes,  
And streaming eyes of sorrow cease to weep.  
And sweet the weary peasant's welcome rest,  
Who gladly sees, with the descending sun,  
The summer day's incessant labour done,  
While no black festering cares his couch molest.  
But shall the shrieks and groans of misery fall  
Like softest music on the tyrant's ear?  
And shall he not, 'mid broken slumbers, hear  
A voice that must his shuddering soul appal?  
Yes;—'tis the sullen pause of mortal woe,  
When sleep hangs heavy on the tyrant's brow.

---

## From the Italian of Tasso.

THOU spirit, pure and just! from realms of day  
Oft bend thy pitying eyes on climes below,  
Where once the wreath of virtue crowned thy brow,  
Unsullied by thy frame of mortal clay!  
From realms of light, thou spirit, wise and pure,  
Oft view thy friends in sorrow left behind,  
Whose ceaseless sighs ascend on every wind,  
Since none but thou their deep regret can cure!



Thy steps we trace along thy path sublime :  
Illumined by thy bright example's light,  
We fearless tread this shadowy vale of night,  
And come to seek thee in a purer clime.  
Lo! from the tomb thine accents still we hear,  
More sweet than any voice in this terrestrial sphere.

---

### From the Italian of Menzini.

Gia la terra s'infiora, e gia risplende  
Del suo novello variato ammanto, &c.

NOW Spring returns, to paint with daisies new  
The fields, and from the hills the shepherds lead  
Their flocks to pasture on the spangled mead :  
Glistening with king-cup tufts of yellow hue,  
The earth's green bosom drinks the radiance mild  
Of sunbeams lingering through the placid air,  
And Philomel no more to sad despair,  
But Love's soft murmurs, tunes her carols wild.  
Fair heavenly light, whose keen unwearied rays  
Chase Winter's brood in icy caves to lie,  
Far from the azure circle of the sky!—  
Alas! beneath the wintry frost of days,  
When snowy age his hair has silvered o'er,  
Shall youth's fair spring to man return no more?

---

## S o n n e t.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DE MATOS.

Vao de valor, vao de fortuna armados, &c.

HIGH in the front of conquering hosts to ride  
Be yours, ye sons of Fortune, sons of Fame!  
Be yours the triumph of a deathless name,  
While spoils of vanquished nations swell your pride!  
Lift to the breeze your banners streaming wide,  
While captive nations bend the knee below!  
Let the fair galley's lofty gilded prow  
Shine o'er the dancing billows of the tide!  
With vaunted chiefs of Greece and mighty Rome  
Be yours beneath the sacred shade to march,  
Where palm and laurel form the victor's arch,  
While lofty minstrels chant the nations' doom!  
But leave to me the conquest of my fair,  
With her soft azure eyes and auburn hair.

---

## The Descent of Odin.

OMITTED BY GRAY.

FROM THE NORSE.

HIGH in Odin's hall of gold  
Mingle gods and heroes old;  
When fell debate the council rent,  
On Balder's dreams of dire portent.



---

To burst the hero's calm repose,  
Before him boding visions rose ;  
Amid the gloom of darkness drear  
His genius seemed to disappear.

Anon the king of spells did trace  
The caverns of the giant race ;  
Unlocked the voice which could unfold,  
What woe the vision dim foretold.

Stern the oracles reply,  
That Viller's chosen friend must die ;  
Hella's cold impervious gloom  
Shall nip the hero's living bloom.

No more to light shall he return,  
And Nature's sons his loss shall mourn ;  
Grief o'erspread the blest abodes,  
Like the twilight of the gods.

Now their jarring counsels blend,  
A general embassy they send,  
In haste, to all the various race,  
Whom Nature's bounding arms embrace.

For Nature's voice must intercede,  
Or Fate descends on Balder's head ;  
Unanimous they join to save  
The hero from the infernal cave.

From heaven's Queen the oath began,  
And through the various orders ran ;  
Nor yet the father of the slain,  
Could from anxious thought refrain.

The sisters of the fatal loom,  
Absent, weave the hero's doom;  
Amain the heavenly powers convolve,  
Intent the dismal doubt to solve.

But soon at Discord's jarring call,  
Sounding tumult shook the hall;  
Up rose the king of men with speed.

---

### Finland Song.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

SWEET bird of the meadow! oh, soft be thy rest!  
Thy mother will wake thee at morn from thy nest;  
She has made a soft nest, little redbreast, for thee,  
Of the leaves of the birch and the moss of the tree.  
Then soothe thee, sweet bird of my bosom, once more!  
'Tis sleep, little infant, that stands at the door.—  
“Where is the sweet babe,” you may hear how he cries—  
“Where is the sweet babe in his cradle that lies,  
In his cradle, soft swaddled in vestments of down?  
'Tis mine to watch o'er him till darkness be flown.”

---



## Ode to Jehovah.

FROM THE HEBREW OF MOSES.

IN high JEHOVAH'S praise my strain  
Of triumph shall the chorus lead,  
Who plunged beneath the rolling main  
The horseman with his vaunted steed.  
Dread breaker of our servile chains,  
By whom our arm in strength remains,  
The scented algum forms Thy car!  
Our fathers' God! Thy name we raise  
Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,  
The Chieftain and the Lord of war.

For in the caverns of the deep  
Their chariots sunk to rise no more;  
And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep  
Where the Red Sea's huge monsters roar.  
Plunged like a rock amid the wave,  
Around their heads the billows lave;  
Down, down the yawning gulf they go,  
Dashed by Thy high-expanded hand  
To pieces on the pointed sand,  
That strews the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightnings round Thee gleam,  
Thy foes in blackening heaps to strew!  
As, o'er wide fields of stubble, stream  
The flames in undulations blue.

And lo! the waters of the deep  
Swell in one enormous heap,  
Collected at Thy nostrils' breath.  
The bosom of th' abyss revealed,  
Walled with huge crystal waves congealed,  
Unfolds the yawning jaws of death.

"Swift steeds of Egypt speed your course,  
And swift ye rapid chariots roll!  
Not ocean's bed impedes our force;  
Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul:  
The sabre keen shall soon embrue  
Its glimmering edge in gory dew,"  
Impatient cried the exulting foe;—  
When, like a ponderous mass of lead,  
They sink—and sudden, o'er their head  
The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But Thou, in whose sublime abode  
Resistless might and mercy dwell,  
Our voices, high o'er every god,  
With grateful hearts Thy praises swell!  
Out-stretched we saw Thy red right hand,  
The earth her solid jaws expand;  
Adown the gulf alive they sink:—  
While we, within th' incumbent main,  
Beheld the tumbling floods in vain  
Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But, far as Fame's shrill notes resound,  
With dire dismay the nations hear;



Old Edom's sons with laurels crowned,  
And Moab's warriors melt with fear.  
The petrifying tale disarms  
The might of Canaan's countless swarms,  
Appalled, their heroes sink supine ;  
No mailed band with thrilling cries  
The might of Jacob's sons defies,  
That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our way impede,  
Where Nature's glowing embers lie ;  
But, led by Thee, we safely tread  
Beneath the furnace of the sky.  
To fields, where fertile olives twine  
Their branches with the clustering vine  
Soon shalt Thou Jacob's armies bring ;  
To plant them by Thy mighty hand  
Where the proud towers of Salem stand ;  
And ever reign their God and King.

Far in the deep's unfathomed caves  
Lie strewed the flower of Mazur's land,  
Save when the surge that idly raves,  
Heaves their cold corpses on the sand.  
With courage unappalled, in vain  
They rushed within the channelled main ;  
Their heads the billows folded o'er :  
While Thou hast Israel's legions led  
Through the green ocean's coral bed,  
To ancient Edom's palmy shore.

## Amorite War Ode.

FROM THE HEBREW.

COME to fair Heshbon's halls away,  
Ye victor bands in war renowned!  
With pride, we hail the festive day  
That brings our chief with conquest crowned:  
From Heshbon's walls, in glittering might,  
Brave Sihon led his troops to fight,  
A deluge of devouring flame:—  
Proud Ar his fiery wrath consumes,  
And Arnon's haughty tyrant dooms,  
To foul disgrace and servile shame.

Now, woe to Moab! despair and woe  
To all the tribes that Chemosh fear!  
Their youths have sunk before the foe,  
Their maids the captive yoke shall bear:  
Shrill twanging from our cany bows,  
In clouds our barbèd arrows rose;—  
Like hail the iron showers descend,—  
And future times shall hail the day,  
That bade imperial Heshbon's sway  
To distant Mediba extend.

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## The Monody of Togrâi.

FROM THE ARABIC.

WHEN all the splendid pomp of pride declines,  
In native lustre virtue brighter shines.  
My rising sun meridian beams have crowned,  
And equal glory gilds its Western bound ;  
For, still unconscious of ignoble stains,  
High beats the purple tide through Hassan's veins ;  
Though far I fly from Zanra's fair domain,  
Nor mine the camels on her sandy plain.

As when corroding damps and dews impair  
The sabre's tempered edge exposed and bare,  
So now, deserted by my friends, I stray  
Through wastes of sand and burning deserts grey :  
No kind companion left to soothe my woe,  
Or share my joy with sympathetic glow.  
In the hot gale my quivering lances sigh,  
My moaning camels piteously reply ;  
Harassed, fatigued, they sink with wasting pain,  
While frail attendants querulous complain.  
Bred in the desert sands, an Arab bold,  
I keenly sallied forth in quest of gold ;  
And thought, when gold should all my dangers crown,  
From generous deeds to claim a just renown :  
For riches bid the generous mind expand,  
And copious bounty ope the liberal hand ;  
But time has now reversed these visions gay,  
Content with safety, I forego the prey.



Far other thoughts inspired my ardent breast,  
When last I journeyed o'er this sultry waste ;  
Pleased, by my side I saw my friend advance,  
Of stature lofty as his tapering lance ;  
In mirth jocose, in counsel grave, severe  
In tempered softness unalloyed by fear.  
While Night emits dull slumber's drowsy hive,  
Far from his eyes their humming flight I drive ;  
While on their camel-seats the rest incline,  
Giddy with sleep's inebriating wine.

“ Did I not call thee to a hard emprise,  
And wilt thou shrink when dangers round us rise ?  
Dost sleep, while wakes yon star's refulgent eye,  
Ere yet the ambient hue of darkness fly ?  
The camels urge—our journey's end draws near,  
And bold adventure still disperses fear—  
Be ours, through Thoal's archer-bands, to gain  
The sprightly troops that camp on Edom's plain.  
Sweet maids ! how graceful curl your locks of jet,  
While rubies sparkle through their waving net !  
The gales, that round your perfumed temples play,  
Will by their fragrant breath direct our way,  
Where, timorous as the fawn, you hide your fears  
Amid the thick-encircling grove of spears.  
We seek the lovely maids of yonder vale,  
But lions guard where love would fain assail ;  
Their dauntless spearmen every fear defy,  
Warmed by the beams of each dark rolling eye.  
While generous deeds their liberal minds inflame,  
Frugal and modest blooms each beauteous dame.  
The flames these warriors on the mountains raise,



Invite the traveller by their welcome blaze ;  
While Love's soft flames, which these dear maids inspire,  
Glow in his breast with unextinguished fire.  
Slain by these heroes in their tented halls,  
To grace the feast, the steed, the camel falls ;  
Beneath the glance of each soft female eye,  
Devoid of life their charm-struck lovers lie ;  
'Tis there the anguish of the warrior's wound  
In cups of honied wine is quickly drowned ;  
And sure, if here I longer should remain,  
Some balmy breeze would mitigate my pain.  
Nor wounds nor arrows shall my bosom rue  
From quivered eyes of ample rolling blue ;  
Nor shall my heart the glittering sabres dread  
From curtained veils where Thoal's maids are hid ;  
Nor yet from gazels gay that I adore,  
Shall I retreat though lions round me roar."

While o'er these sands our fearless course we held,  
Such glowing words my venturous band impelled.—  
Now danger drives me, far from pomp and power,  
To spend in drowsy sloth each lingering hour.  
In drowsy sloth ! but let me first prepare  
To scale the regions of the desert air ;  
On caverned deep from mortal view to dwell,  
Within the centre of the earth's vast shell ;  
Content to leave the heights of power sublime  
For those that dare the steeps of glory climb.  
Content degrades the peasant's abject race !  
But Fame attends the camel's hastening pace.  
Then rouse my camels ! let us forward haste,  
And fearless plunge amid Arabia's waste,



While, as we lightly trace each sandy plain,  
Your curbs shall watch the swiftest courser's rein;  
'Tis Fame commands my wandering steps to range,  
And says that glory only waits on change:  
For would the sun, if glory dwelt on high,  
Desert his mansion of meridian sky?

But while my steps to dangers new I bend,  
Will Fortune's fickle smiles my course attend?  
I called her once, but she disdained to hear,  
When fools alone had caught her listening ear.  
Yet, had intrinsic worth availed to gain  
Her favouring smiles, I had not sued in vain.

But Hope shines radiant o'er each future plan,  
Hope, that illumines the narrow sphere of man.  
Weak Hope! wilt thou, when waning years decay,  
Transcend the bliss of life's advancing day?  
Ah no! when life and Fortune's smiles were new,  
Their pleasures ne'er my fixed affections drew;  
My spirit, conscious of its worth innate,  
Still spurned the base, and braved the frown of Fate,  
Which oft condemns in indolence to pine,  
The powers in glory's path that brightest shine—  
As the keen sabre gleams in empty show,  
Till warrior-arms impress the fateful blow.

Ne'er did I think that, doomed by Fate's decree,  
These eyes the empire of the vile should see.  
Now foremost rush the base in glory's race,  
Whose speed once equalled not my slowest pace.



Such is the meed of him whose tardy age  
Sees every friend desert this earthly stage.  
Thus flag the brave in glory's fair career ;  
Thus rolls the sun beneath cold Saturn's sphere.

Then, rouse my soul, in fate's resistless day,  
Repel impatient grief's usurping sway ;  
Rolled in thyself, all aid of mortals spurn,  
Nor trust a treacherous friend his guile to mourn.  
Lives there a man the phoenix of his race ?  
'Tis he that spurns each feigning friend's embrace,  
Truth fades, while wide the thorn of falsehood grows,  
And men's false deeds their flattering words oppose,  
Nor one to keep his plighted faith prepares,  
Till o'er his head the burnished sabre glares.  
Then weak the mind unmoved by such disgrace,  
To view with due contempt the miscreant race ;  
For hosts of lies against the truth combine,  
As bending curves distort the equal line.

And thou that, after youth unvexed with pain,  
The muddy dregs of turbid life would'st drain,  
If one poor cup thy parching thirst could slake,  
Say, would'st thou plunge in ocean's boundless lake ?  
He reigns alone, the sovereign of his soul,  
Whom idle fears nor foreign cares control ;  
Who hopes not fondly in his tented dome  
Unaltered still to find a lasting home :  
For who hath heard, or who shall ever hear  
Of domes unaltered in this changeful sphere ?

Sages who, musing deep, the course explore  
Of things that are, and things that are no more,

Hide in your breast the strange mysterious plan,  
Since silence best becomes the lot of man !  
Not mortal might can stay the ceaseless course  
Of Fate, that rules us with resistless force ;  
E'en you may wander, from your homes exiled,  
With wayward camels through the sandy wild.

---

## The Arab Warrior.

FROM THE ARABIC.

O'ER yawning rocks abrupt that scowl  
Terrific o'er the ostrich grey,  
Where fairies scream and demons howl,  
I fearless hold my midnight way.

Though pitchy black around expand  
The caverned darkness of the tomb,  
I fearless stretch my groping hand,  
That seems to feel the thickening gloom.

I pass, and on their desert bed  
Forsake my weary slumbering band,  
That languid droop the drowsy head,  
Like berries nodding o'er the sand.

I plunge in darkness overjoyed,  
That seems a circumambient sea,  
Though dreary gape the lonely void,  
And awful to each man but me.



Where guides are lost, where shrieks the owl  
Her dirge, where men in wild affright  
Fly the hyena's famished howl,—  
I plunge amid the shades of night.

---

### To the Courier Dove.

FROM THE ARABIC.

FAIR traveller of the pathless air,  
To Zara's bowers these accents bear,  
Hid in the shade of palmy groves,  
And tell her where her wanderer roves !  
But spread, oh spread your pinions blue,  
To guard my lines from rain and dew :  
And when my charming fair you see,  
A thousand kisses bear from me ;  
And softly murmur in her ear  
How much I wish that I were near !

---

### Madagascar Song.

FROM PARNY'S "CHANSONS MADECASSES."

BENEATH the shade of orange-trees,  
Where streams with stilly murmurs run,  
'Tis sweet to breathe the fanning breeze,  
And watch the broad descending sun ;

While youths and maids, a jocund throng,  
With measured, tinkling steps appear,  
And pour the sweet soul-lulling song  
That melts and lingers on the ear.

How softly-wild the maiden's lay,  
Whose pliant hand the rush-grass weaves!  
But sweeter her's who drives away  
The red-birds from the riven sheaves.

My soul is bathed in song:—the dance  
Is sweeter than the maiden's kiss,  
As half-receding steps advance  
To picture Love's enchanting bliss.

Soft fall your voices, breathing kind  
The passion ne'er to be withstood,  
As raptured gestures slowly wind,  
To image Pleasure's melting mood.

The gales of evening breathe;—the moon  
Is glimmering through the leaves above.—  
Ah! cease, dear maids, the mellow tune,  
And give the night to joy and love!

---

## Ode to Spring.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE ETHIOPIC.

Now winter flies on wings of speed,  
With far-resounding showers of rain,



The flow'rs bloom beauteous o'er the mead,  
And shed their scented sweets again.

But Thou, great heaven's Eternal King,  
That rul'st the splendid stars above,  
Cause in our clay-formed hearts to spring,  
The roses of Thy heavenly love.

While bees with murmuring music move  
The vernal buds and flowers among,  
Grant me to sing Thy heavenly love  
With all the energy of song.

---

## A Love Tale.

### A FRAGMENT.

THE glance of my love is mild and fair  
Whene'er she looks on me ;  
As the silver beams in the midnight air,  
Of the gentle moon ; and her yellow hair  
On the gale floats wild and free.

Her yellow locks flow o'er her back,  
And round her forehead twine :  
I would not give the tresses that deck  
The blue lines of her snowy neck,  
For the richest Indian mine.

Her gentle face is of lily hue ;  
But whene'er her eye meets mine,  
The mantling blush on her cheek you view,  
Is like the rosebud wet with dew,  
When the morning sunbeams shine.

“ Why heaves your breast with the smothered sigh ?  
My dear love, tell me true !  
Why does your colour come and fly ?  
And why, oh why, is the tear in your eye ?—  
I ne'er loved maid but you.

“ True, I must leave Zeania's dome,  
And wander o'er the ocean-sea ;  
But yet, though far my footsteps roam,  
My soul shall linger round thy home—  
I'll love thee though thou love not me.”

She dried the tear with her yellow hair,  
And raised her watery eye,  
Like the sun, with radiance soft and fair,  
That gleams through the moist and showery air  
When the white clouds fleck the sky.

She raised her eye with a feeble smile,  
That through the tear-drops shone :  
Her look might the hardest heart beguile,—  
She sighed as she pressed my hand the while :  
“ Alas ! my brother John.

“ Ah me ! I loved my brother well  
Till he went o'er the sea ;



And none till now could ever tell  
 If joy or woe to the youth befel;  
 But he will not return to me."

\* \* \* \* \*

## On Spring.

FROM THE PERSIC OF RASHID.

THE soul-expanding Spring appears,  
 The earth looks lovely, green and gay;  
 While every lawn and garden wears  
 Embroidered vests of rich array.

Beryl and ruby's radiant hue  
 In field and forest fair is seen;  
 While mimic corals meet the view,  
 Commingling with the garden's green.

Like Vamik's visage, wet with woe,  
 Flags faint the moist and tepid air;  
 While earth assumes a fresher glow,  
 And smiles around, like Azra fair.

Within the tulip's border green  
 The dew shines bright as evening's star;  
 The tulip's vase with dew-pearl sheen  
 And icy crystals gleams afar.

Or heaven itself descends below,  
Or earth with paradise may vie.  
Say, spreads with greener, warmer glow  
The pavement of the upper sky?







## NOTES.

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### Scenes of Infancy.

[*The lines are numbered from the top of their respective pages.*]

“I hear the murmuring song of Teviot’s stream.”

*Page 2, line 6.*

The river Teviot, which gives its name to the district of Teviotdale, rises in an elevated mountainous tract in the South of Scotland from a rude rock termed the Teviot-stone, descends through a beautiful pastoral dale, and falls into the Tweed at Kelso. The vale of the river is above thirty miles in length, and comprehends every variety of wild, picturesque, and beautiful scenery. The first part of the course is confined and overshadowed by abrupt and savage hills, diversified with smooth green declivities, and fantastic copses of natural wood. Beneath Hawick the vale opens, and several beautiful mountain-streams fall into the river. The meadow-ground becomes more extensive, and the declivities more susceptible of cultivation; but, in the distance, dark heaths are still seen descending from the mountains, which at intervals encroach on the green banks of the river. As the stream approaches the Tweed, the scenery becomes gradually softer, and in the vicinity of Kelso rivals the beauty of an Italian landscape. The name of Teviotdale—a term of considerable antiquity—is not confined solely to the vale of the river, but comprehends the county of Roxburgh. In ancient times its acceptation was still more extensive, including the tract of country which lies between the ridge of Cheviot and the banks of the Tweed. The inhabitants of this frontier-district, inured to war from their infancy, had, at an early period of Scottish history, attained a high military reputation; and the term *Tevidalenses*, or men of Teviotdale, seems to have been once employed as a general



epithet for the *dalesmen* in the South of Scotland. They devoted themselves to the life of the predatory warrior and the shepherd ; and the intervals of their incursions were often employed in celebrating their martial exploits. Hence, this district became the very cradle of Scottish song, in every variety of melody, from the harsh and simple but energetic war-song of the Liddesdale Borderers, to the soft and pathetic love-strains of the banks of the Tweed. These wild but pleasing memorials of former times, though fading fast with every innovation of manners, still survive in the memory of the older peasants ; and a poetical description of the striking features of the country seemed naturally to demand allusions to them. These allusions would have been more frequent, had not the subject received ample illustration in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," the work of a much-esteemed friend.

"Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin threw."

P. 3, l. 5.

Merlin of Caledonia (from his habits of life named "The Wild"), is said to have been one of the earliest poets of the south of Scotland, whose name is preserved by history or tradition. His poems abound in allusions to the events of his own life, which seems to have been marked by striking vicissitudes. He flourished between the years 530 and 590. According to some accounts, he was born at Caerwerthevin, near the forest of Caledon. This is probably Carnwath, as Merlin mentions Lanark in his poems. He studied under the famous Taliessin, and became equally illustrious as a poet and a warrior. He was present at the battle of Arderyth, Atturith, or Atterith, in 577, where he had the misfortune to slay his nephew ; and being soon after seized with madness, he buried himself in the forests of the South of Scotland, where, in the lucid intervals of frenzy, he lamented his unhappy situation in wild pathetic strains : "I am a wild, terrible screamer : raiment covers me not ; affliction wounds me not ; my reason is gone with the gloomy sprites of the mountain, and I myself am sad." Arderyz, Atterith or Atturith, the scene of the great battle in which Merlin wore the golden torques, or chain of honour, is probably Ettrick. Fordun places the scene of the contest between the Liddel and Carwanolow (L. III. c. 31. ed. Bower, p. 136). The celebrated battle of Camlan may probably have been fought in the vicinity of Falkirk, where Camelon, the ancient capital of the Picts, is generally placed. This position accords sufficiently well with the situation of the kingdoms of the Britons, Scots, and Picts, to be the scene of a grand battle between the Northern and Southern tribes. The grave of Merlin is placed by tradition at Drummelzier, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree : but his prophetic fame has now obscured his



poetical reputation. The most striking incidents in the life of the Scottish Merlin, the traditions relating to him, and the prophecies which he was supposed to have uttered, were, about 1150, collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his "*Vita Merlini Caledonii*," a Latin poem in hexameter verse, which, in spite of the barbarism of the age, apparent in the metrical structure, as well as in the poverty and inelegance of the phraseology, displays in some passages a pleasing simplicity of description, and a selection of wild and striking images.

"As Ovid, banished from his favourite fair."—*P. 6, l. 21.*

Leyden, during his temporary stay at St Andrews, with the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, compares himself to the amorous Roman poet, who was banished by the Emperor Augustus to Tomi, a town on the shores of the Black Sea, near the mouths of the Danube. The cause of this poet's exile is involved in mystery. Only one thing seems certain, that it was from the exuberance of his master-passion. But while there, his days were spent in sighing, and his nights in weeping, for those whom he had left behind in the capital. He unbosomed his grief in the dolorous elegiacs of the *Tristia* and *Epistolae ex ponto*. But all his tears and anxious pleadings failed to procure the repeal of the imperial sentence. He was, therefore, left to die in exile, with fierce barbarians around him, whom he had won by his gentleness, and whose manners he had softened by the lofty sentiments of poetry which he had learned to compose in the Getic language. Leyden, with poetic licence, compares his short isolation from his Edinburgh friends to this old minstrel's banishment from the fertile shores of Campania. But the only point wherein the comparison is *apropos* appears to be in their ardent longings for some absent fair one.—[ED.]

"Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied."

*P. 8, l. 23.*

The song of "Johnie Armstrang" is still universally popular on the Scottish Border, and was so great a favourite among the inhabitants of the Northern counties of England, that the residence of the hero was transferred from the higher Teviotdale to Westmoreland, as in the beginning of the well-known English ballad,—

"Is there ever a man in *Westmoreland*."

This famous Border warrior was brother of the chief of the Armstrongs, once a powerful clan on the Scottish March. He resided at Gilnockie, the ruins of which are still to be seen at the Hollows, a beautiful romantic scene, a few miles from Langholm. By his



power, or his depredations, having incurred the animosity and jealousy of some of the powerful nobles at the court of James V., he was enticed to the camp of that prince, during a rapid expedition to the Border, in May 1531, and hanged, with all his retinue, on growing trees, at Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick. The graves of Armstrong and his company are still shown, in a deserted churchyard in its vicinity. The Borderers, especially the clan of the Armstrongs, reprobated this act of severity, and narrated his fate in a beautiful dirge, which exhibits many traces of pure natural feeling, while it is highly descriptive of the manners of the time. It is still a current tradition, that the trees on which he and his men were hanged were immediately blasted, and withered away. His spirited expostulation with the Scottish king is genuine history, being related by Lindsay of Pitscottie.—*Vid.* Scott's "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 392.

"Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand."  
P. 9, l. 21.

Bortha, the rivulet Borthwick, which falls into the Teviot a little above Hawick. The vale was formerly inhabited by a race of Scotts, retainers of the powerful family of Harden, famed in Border history for the extent of their depredations. The lands they possessed were chiefly overgrown with heath, and were well described by that couplet, in which Scott of Satchells, in his history of the name of Scott, characterises the territories of Buccleuch :—

"Had heather-bells been corn of the best,  
Buccleugh had had a noble grist."

Tradition relates, that, amid the plunder of household furniture hastily carried off by them, in one of their predatory incursions, a child was found enveloped in the heap, who was adopted into the clan, and fostered by Mary Scott, commonly known by the epithet of the *Flower of Yarrow*, who married the celebrated Wat, or Walter, of Harden, about the latter part of the sixteenth century. This child of fortune became afterwards celebrated as a poet, and is said to have composed many of the popular songs of the Border; but tradition has not preserved his name. It is curious, that a similar tradition exists among the Macgregors; in one of whose predatory incursions into Lennox, a child in a cradle was carried off among the plunder. He was, in like manner, adopted into the clan; and, on the proscription of the Macgregors, composed many pathetic songs in which he lamented their fall. The greater part of these still exist, and might perhaps throw some light on that horrid transaction; but a history of the Highland clans, illustrated



by authenticated facts and traditional poetry, is still a desideratum in Scottish literature.

“Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale.”

*P. 9, l. 25.*

Harden, about four miles above Hawick, was, in days of Border warfare, the seat of a powerful family. The Scotts of Harden were renowned for their freebooting habits, and many tales are told of their dexterity and daring in making the herds of other lairds their own. Their stronghold stood, and still stands, on the brow of a deep dark glen, which is covered in on all sides with a dense panoply of trees and brushwood. Within this almost impervious retreat they stowed their plunder, and were thus rendered secure from hostile depredations. Others, however, whom nature had not favoured with such an impregnable position, were often visited by the Harden rieviers, and the business-like way in which they performed their work, will appear from the following incident:—The well-known *Auld Wat*, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a good specimen of the Harden race. He used to keep in readiness for action a large retinue of followers, and it is said of him that hearing, on one occasion, the village herd calling to some one to drive out Harden's cow, he burst into a rage, and exclaimed, “Harden's cow! has't come tae that? By my faith they'll sune say Harden's *kye*.” He thereupon sounded his bugle, gathered his retainers, and made a moonlight raid among some of his better-stocked neighbours. Next morning they returned with an abundant drove, and on their way passed a very large hay-stack. The laird saw how well this would suit his present wants, and would fain have conveyed it along with him. But as no means of conveyance was at hand he had to leave it. When passing away, however, he addressed it in words that came from the depths of his heart. “By my soule, gin ye had foure feet, ye wadna stand lang there.”—[ED.]

“’Tis Yarrow's fairest flower,” &c.—*P. 10, l. 7.*

Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, usually called *The Flower of Yarrow*, was married to Walter Scott, fourth Earl of Harden referred to, and better known by the sobriquet given in the note immediately preceding.—[ED.]

“From yon green peak, black haunted Slata brings.”

*P. 11, l. 15.*

Slata is the Slitrig, which rises on the skirts of Wineburgh, runs



through a wild romantic district, and falls into the Teviot at Hawick. Wineburgh is a green hill of considerable height, regarded by the peasants as a resort of the fairies, the sound of whose revels is said to be often heard by the shepherd, while he is unable to see them. On its top is a small, deep, and black lake, believed by the peasants to be bottomless; to disturb the waters of which, by throwing stones into it, is reckoned offensive to the spirits of the mountain. Tradition relates, that, about the middle of last century, a stone having been inadvertently cast into it by a shepherd, a deluge of water burst suddenly from the hill, swelled the rivulet Slitrig, and inundated the town of Hawick. However fabulous be this assigned cause of the inundation, the fact of the inundation itself is ascertained, and was probably in consequence of the bursting of a waterspout on the hill of Wineburgh. Lakes and pits on the tops of mountains, are regarded in the Border with a degree of superstitious horror, as the porches or entrances of the subterraneous habitations of the fairies; from which, confused murmurs, the cries of children, moaning voices, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of musical instruments, are often supposed to be heard. Round these hills the green fairy circles are believed to wind in a spiral direction, till they reach the descent to the central cavern; so that if the unwary traveller be benighted on the charmed ground, he is inevitably conducted by an invisible power to the fearful descent.

“Boast! Hawick, boast! Thy structures reared in blood.”  
*P. 12, l. 21.*

Few towns in Scotland have been so frequently subjected to the ravages of war as Hawick. Its inhabitants were famous for their military prowess. At the fatal Battle of Flodden they were nearly exterminated; but the survivors gallantly rescued their standard from the disaster of the day.

(This gallant achievement is still commemorated in the stirring Hawick war-song “Teribus,” which is one of the most thrilling outbursts of Tyrtæanism that ever welled from the breast of a patriotic people. The rescue of the standard, referred to in the above note, took place some time after the battle of Flodden, when hordes of Southerners were scouring the Border Counties and ransacking every town and hamlet that fell in their way.)—[Ed.]

“Where Turnbolls once, a race no power could awe.”  
*P. 12, l. 29.*

The valley of the Roul, or Rule, was till a late period chiefly inhabited by the Turnbolls, descendants of a hardy, turbulent clan,



that derived its name and origin from a man of enormous strength, who rescued King Robert Bruce, when hunting in the forest of Callender, from the attack of a Scottish bison. The circumstance is mentioned by Boece, in his History of Scotland. He describes the Scottish bison as of a white colour, with a crisp and curling mane like a lion. It abhorred the sight of men, and attacked them with dreadful impetuosity. It refused to taste the grass for several days that had been touched by man, and died of grief when taken and confined. Its motion was swift and bounding, resembling that of a deer, the agile make of which it combined in its form with the strength of the ox. The breed is now extinct. From this action, the name of the hero was changed from Rule to Turnbull, and he received a grant of the lands of Bedrule.

“Nor he, who sung, ‘The daisy is so sweet.’”

*P. 21, l. 13.*

Few of our English poets have celebrated the daisy so much as Chaucer, who lost no opportunity of singing its praise. In the days of chivalry, the daisy was the emblem of fidelity in love, and was frequently borne at tournaments, both by ladies and knights. Alcestis was supposed to have been metamorphosed into this flower, and was therefore reckoned “the daisy-queen.” Chaucer beautifully describes the procession of the daisy-queen and her nymphs with the god of love, in the prologue to his “Legend of Good Women.”

“Its lord o’erthrew the spires of Hazeldean.”—*P. 23, l. 30.*

Hazeldean—or, more correctly, Hassendean, anciently Hastandean—was the name of an ancient church, on the river Teviot, long since defaced by a branch of the family of Douglas; which supposed sacrilege, popular superstition imagined, could be expiated only by the extinction of the male line of the family. A reverence for places of worship, scarcely consistent with the simplicity of the Presbyterian forms of religion, prevails in the South of Scotland. An engraving of the ruins, as they existed in 1788, is given in Cardonnel’s “Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland.”

“Green Cavers, hallowed by the Douglas name.”

*P. 24, l. 1.*

Cavers has long been the residence of a section of the powerful Douglas family. The old baronial mansion still stands, improved, no doubt, during the lapse of centuries, to suit the demands of the time, but still showing fragments of architecture that have weathered



the storms of nearly half a millennium. During the entire period it has owned the Douglas name, and has produced many illustrious characters dexterous in the use of both sword and pen. It was here that Leyden spent many of his happiest days, as may be ascertained from the Memoir.—[ED.]

“Lords of the Border! where their pennons flew.”

*P. 24, l. 7.*

The pennon of Percy, gained in single combat at Newcastle, by Douglas, before the battle of Otterburn, is still preserved by Douglas of Cavers, the lineal descendant of the chieftain by whom the battle was won.

“Where rolls, o’er Otter’s dales, the surge of war.”

*P. 24, l. 11.*

The battle of Otterburn was precipitated by the gallant Percy, that he might not be counted by Douglas a recreant knight, for the breach of his promise to fight him on the third day. For his speech, on receiving the message which announced the approach of the army of York, see the ancient heroic ballad of “The Battle of Otterburn.”

“Down the green slopes of Minto’s sun-bright hills.”

*P. 24, l. 26.*

Minto is a small village, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Teviot, and surrounded by scenery of exquisite beauty. The bold, precipitous crags, crowned with dense woodland and impending rocks, have a stately grandeur about them such as we meet with only among our magnificent Highland gorges. A scion of the noble and illustrious Elliot family has a seat here, which scion has assumed the title of Minto, and, in the course of several generations, rendered it famous by the noble examples of pure worth and disinterested patriotism shown by those who have borne it. It was the high honour of Dr Leyden to become intimately acquainted with one of the most distinguished of its members, Sir Gilbert Elliot, the fourth baronet, who was Governor-General of Bengal while the linguist was there. It was, moreover, at the request of this gallant commander that Leyden accompanied that expedition which proved so fatal to him; and the testimonies which General Elliot bore to his genius and accomplishments (which are more fully dealt with in the Memoir), show how much he esteemed, and how highly he honoured, his indefatigable fellow-Borderer.—[ED.]



“The yellow pestilence is buried deep,” &c.—*P.* 25, *l.* 16.

Tradition still records, with many circumstances of horror, the ravages of the pestilence in Scotland. According to some accounts, gold seems to have had a kind of chemical attraction for the matter of infection, and it is frequently represented as concentrating its virulence in a pot of gold. According to others, it seems to have been regarded as a kind of spirit or monster, like the cockatrice, which it was deadly to look on, and is sometimes termed “The bad yellow.” Adomnan, in his *Life of St Columba*, relates, that the Picts and Scots of Britain were the only nations that escaped the ravages of the pestilence which desolated Europe in the seventh century. Wyntown relates, that Scotland was first afflicted with this formidable epidemic in 1349,—

“ In Scotland, the first pestilence  
Began, of so great violence,  
That it was said, of living men  
The third part it destroyed them ;  
After that, intill Scotland  
A year or more it was *wedand* ;  
Before that time was never seen  
A pestilence in our land so keen.  
Both men, and bairns, and women,  
It spared not for to kill them.”

*Wyntown's Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 271.

In numerous places of Scotland, the peasants point out large flat stones, under which they suppose the pestilence to be buried, and which they are anxious not to raise, lest it should emerge, and again contaminate the atmosphere. The Bass of Inverury, an earthen mount, about 200 feet high, is said by tradition to have been once a castle, which was walled up and covered with earth, because the inhabitants were infected with the plague. It stands on the banks of the Ury ; against which stream it is defended by buttresses, built by the inhabitants of Inverury, who were alarmed by a prophecy ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, and preserved by tradition,—

“ Dee and Don, they shall run on,  
And Tweed shall run, and Tay ;  
And the bonny water of Ury  
Shall bear the Bass away.”

The inhabitants of Inverury sagaciously concluded, that this prediction could not be accomplished without releasing the imprisoned



pestilence, and, to guard against this fatal event, they raised ramparts against the encroachments of the stream.

(For additional information concerning the plague and the horror with which it was regarded by the peasantry, see "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," 1833, i. 7; and 1842, x. 11.)—[ED.]

"Two beauteous maids the dire infection shun."

*P. 26, l. 17.*

This traditional story, which is nearly the same as that on which Ramsay's ballad of "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" is founded, is common to various parts of Scotland. The scene of the catastrophe of the lovers, celebrated in the popular song, is referred by local tradition to a valley in the vicinity of Logie Almond. The Border tradition relates, that two young ladies, of great beauty and accomplishments, entertained an extraordinary friendship for each other; a friendship so uncommon, indeed, that it continued unimpaired even by the unexpected circumstance of finding themselves rivals for the affection of a young man, with whom both had lived in habits of intimacy. During the ravages of the pestilence, they retired to a sequestered glen, where they inhabited a cottage, without informing any person of the place of their retreat. Their lover, whose affection was so equally attracted by the fair rivals, that he could form no decision of preference, at last discovered their recess. On inquiring concerning their manner of life in this solitary situation, he found that, not daring to visit places of public resort, they had been under the necessity of subsisting chiefly on snails; and, with surprise, he perceived that they looked more beautiful than ever. Unwilling, however, that they should subsist on such diet, he ventured to visit the nearest town, to procure them provisions. There he unfortunately caught the pestilence, which he communicated to his fair friends, who fell, with their lover, victims of the contagion.

"Oh! where art thou, melodious nightingale?"

*P. 27, l. 22.*

It is an unlucky circumstance for the Scottish poet, that the nightingale has never ventured to visit the north side of the Tweed. Douglas and Dunbar, in their descriptive poems, often allude to her song; but it is more probable that they adorned their verses with the graces of fiction, than that the nightingale at that early period was naturalised in Scotland.



“And only Ancrum’s groves can vie with thine.”

*P. 28, l. 20.*

Ancrum is a small village pleasantly situated on the river Ale, about four miles from Jedburgh. Leyden, in his youth, was in the habit of visiting Mr Scott, a schoolmaster there, and often astonished both the worthy man and any chance visitor, by his wonderful feats of memory. The names of Dr Buchan, author of the popular “Domestic Medicine,” and of Thomson the poet, are both identified with the little village. To those who have stood on the banks behind the village, beside the caves where Thomson mused, and where many a covenanter is said to have lain hid, and looked upwards through the greenery which crowds the banks of the Ale, which here “crawls in lazy folds,” the scene may be suggestive of that mentioned in the song, “Ye Banks and Braes o’ Bonnie Doon.”

“Sad is the wail that floats o’er Alemoor’s lake.”

*P. 28, l. 29.*

The lake or loch of Alemoor—whence the river Ale, which falls into the Teviot beneath Ancrum, originates—is regarded with a degree of superstitious horror by the common people. It is reckoned the residence of the water-cow, an imaginary amphibious monster, not unlike the Siberian mammoth. A tradition also prevails, that a child was seized by the erne, a species of eagle, near the border of the lake, and dropped into it by the fatigued bird. Similar traditions occur in other parts of Scotland. Martin, in his description of the Western Isles, relates that a native of Skye, called Neil, being left when an infant by his mother, in a field not far from the houses on the north side of Loch Portrie, was carried over the loch by an eagle in its talons to the southern side, where he was rescued unhurt, by some shepherds who heard the infant cry (p. 299, ed. 1716).

“From Eildon’s cairns no more the watch-fires blaze.”

*P. 32, l. 3.*

Eildon derives its name from the watch-fires, which in the turbulent times of antiquity were kindled on its summit. *Eldr*, in Icelandic, signifies *fire*; and *elden*, in the Scottish dialect, denotes *fuel*. St Boswell’s and Lammas Fairs are held in its vicinity, though now on the decline since weekly markets are being held.

T



“The frosty lightnings of the wintry pole.”

P. 33, l. 16.

It is a popular opinion among the Scottish peasantry, that the northern lights, or *aurora borealis*—generally termed by them, *streamers*—first appeared before the Scottish rebellion in 1715 ; and that they portend wars more or less sanguinary, in proportion to the intensity of their red colour. A poet of the Middle Ages thus expresses the same opinion :—

“Sæpe malum hoc nobis cælestia signa canebant,  
Cum totiens ignitæ acies, ceu luce pavendæ,  
Per medias noctis dirum fulsere tenebras,  
Partibus et variis, micuerunt igne sinistro—  
Quod monstrum scimus bellum ferale secutum  
Quo se Christicolæ ferro petiere nefando,  
Et consanguineus rupit pia fœdera mucro.”

*Florus Diaconus Lugdunensis ap. Mabillonii  
Analecta Vetera, vol. i. p. 392.*

Hearne relates, that the Northern and Southern Indians, tribes of the Chippewas, suppose the northern lights to be occasioned by the frisking of herds of deer in the fields above, and by the dancing and merriment of their deceased friends.

“Where Rymour, long of yore, the nymph embraced.”

P. 34, l. 25.

According to popular tradition, Thomas Rymour—generally termed Thomas the Rymour—derived his prophetic powers from his intercourse with the Queen of Fairy, whose lips he had the courage to kiss, when he met her on Huntly banks, with hound and hawk, according to the custom of the fairies. By this rash proceeding, however, he consigned himself entirely to her power, and she conducted him, by a very perilous route, to Fairyland, where she instructed him in all the mysteries of learning, past, present, and to come ; fraught with which, at the end of seven years, he returned to Erceldown, and astonished everybody with his sagacity. At the end of seven years, he again disappeared, and is supposed to have returned to Fairyland. Tradition further relates, that a shepherd was once conducted into the interior recesses of Eildon Hills, by a venerable personage, whom he discovered to be the famous Rymour, and who showed him an immense number of steeds, in their caparisons, and, at the bridle of each, a knight sleeping, in sable armour, with a sword and bugle-horn at his side. These, he was told, were



the host of King Arthur, waiting till the appointed return of that monarch from Fairyland. For a full account of the traditions concerning Thomas Rymour, see Scott's "Poetical Works," iv. pp. 110-166; and his "Sir Trestrem."

"So Vathek once, as Eastern legends tell."—*P.* 35, *l.* 25.

The beautiful and romantic history of the caliph Vathek, though it occasionally betray the vestiges of European embellishment, is, in the groundwork, of Oriental origin; and is understood to have been founded on certain MSS. formerly in the collection of Edward Wortley Montague. The cast of the story in itself, the manners and allusions which pervade it, and the appropriate sublimity of the close, independent of the evidence in the notes, which might have been greatly augmented, indicate plainly, that it is not a fiction of the West.

"The wild-wood walks by Esk's romantic shore."

*P.* 37, *l.* 4.

These wild-wood walks recall memories of the poet Drummond, Sir Walter Scott, Professor John Wilson, Thomas De Quincey, the last three of whom were here often together, when Scott started house-keeping at Lasswade.

These walks are particularly delightful when the sunlight comes quivering down through and among the lush green leaves, brightening the ferns and bracken, and vegetation round their roots. The view from the braehads above the ruins of the old castle at Roslin, and beside the chapel, is indeed a scene to refresh a weary brain, to delight a lover of fine scenery, to kindle the fancy of the poet. It may well haunt the mental processes—a quiet joy, a freshness and greenness amongst what is withered or conventional, rising up in the mind like the vision of the daffodils, which Wordsworth saw by the side of the lake, —

"For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils."

"Toumen and Mothe, who led your proud Monguls."

*P.* 41, *l.* 29.

Toumen and Mothe, however unknown to Europeans, are heroes



of great celebrity in Mongul history, and in no respects inferior to Attila, Jenghiz, or Timur. Many of the most illustrious chieftains of these manslaughtering tribes have experienced a similar fate.

“Dark Izkia! name, by dusky hosts revered.”

P. 42, l. 5.

Muley Izkia, a native negro, and King of Timbuctoo, in the early part of the sixteenth century, gained by conquest an immense empire in the interior of Africa. He defeated the forces of Morocco in a great engagement, in which Marmol was present; and so complete was the rout, that the emperor himself escaped with difficulty.

“Stout was the ship, from Benin’s palmy shore.”

P. 43, l. 21.

It is a common superstition of mariners, that, in the high Southern latitudes on the coast of Africa, hurricanes are frequently ushered in by the appearance of a spectre-ship, denominated the *Flying Dutchman*. At dead of night, the luminous form of a ship glides rapidly, with topsails flying, and sailing straight in “the wind’s eye.” The crew of this vessel are supposed to have been guilty of some dreadful crime, in the infancy of navigation, and to have been stricken with the pestilence. They were hence refused admittance into every port, and are ordained still to traverse the ocean on which they perished, till the period of their penance expire. Chaucer alludes to a punishment of a similar kind,—

“And breakers of the laws, sothe to saine,  
And lecherous folke, after that they been dede,  
Shall whirle about the world, alway in paine,  
Till many a world be passed, out of drede.”

CHAUCER’S *Assembly of Fowls*.

“Then, Jedworth,” &c.—P. 45, l. 11.

Jedworth, or, as it is usually called Jedburgh, is a quiet town situated on the left bank of the river Jed. It is a place of great antiquity, having been founded, it is supposed, by Egred or Egfrid, a Bishop of Lindisfarne, rather more than a thousand years ago. Its position—within a few miles of the boundary line between England and Scotland—often exposed it to the desolating ravages of war. Its inhabitants, therefore, from their constant practice in the military art, became renowned for their dexterity in handling the tools of destruction. Within and around it there are several



vestiges that point backward to the dim hoary past—such are the Old Abbey ; the house in which Queen Mary resided for several days towards the end of 1566 A.D. ; Fernieherst Castle, the stronghold of the Kerrs, &c. Nor does the district excel in antiquarian relics merely, but the scenery on the banks of the Jed is unsurpassed, in the South Country, for its rich diversity of wood and water, which Burns has well named “Eden scenes.”—[ED.]

“Who gav’st thy Thomson all thy scenes to view?”

*P. 45, l. 32.*

The youth of Thomson was spent on the Jed, and many of his descriptions are supposed to be copied from the scenery on its banks. The description in the beginning of his “Winter,” of the storm collecting on the mountain cliffs, is said to have been suggested by the appearance of Ruberslaw.

“Sweet Osna’s stream, by thin-leaved birch o’erhung.”

*P. 47, l. 25.*

Osna, the retired and romantic stream of Oxnam, which falls into the Teviot at Crailing, the ancient seat of the Cranstons.

“Slow Cala flows o’er many a chalky plain.”—*P. 48, l. 6.*

The Kale Water, which rises in the south of Oxnam parish, and after passing through a district of great beauty, abounding in high hills, undulating vales, and many-coloured woodland, falls into the Teviot, at a short distance from the village of Eckford.—[ED.]

“Since first in Wormiswood the serpent fell.”

*P. 48, l. 12.*

For this tradition concerning an immense serpent,—generally termed the *wood-worm of Wormiston*, and supposed to have been killed by the laird of Lariston,—there appears to have been some foundation, though the magnitude of the serpent, and the hazard of the enterprise, are greatly augmented. See the Introduction to the ballad of “Kempion” in Scott’s “Poetical Works,” iii. pp. 230–240.

“On Yeta’s banks the vagrant gipsies place

Their turf-built cots, &c.—*P. 49, l. 25.*

Probably the river Bowmont, which intersects the parish of Yet-



holm, and also passes between Kirk-Yetholm and Town-Yetholm. This locality has long been the head-quarters of a community of gypsies, whose olive complexion and peculiar habits still estrange them from the native inhabitants of the Borders. The origin of this strange race has long been a subject of dispute. The derivation of their designation, "gypsy," points to the banks of the Nile, and it has long been the popular belief—and their own belief too—that they wandered in some far off age from the land of Pyramids. But stricter inquiry finds that they have no connection with either the Copts or Mamelukes. Their habits, their complexion, and their language (where it has not given way to that of the people among whom they dwell), are all of Indian type. In the north-west of that vast peninsula, on the borderland of Beloochistan, dwell the Sindians, whose territory is watered by the Indus. The lowest caste of this Indian province presents the nearest counterpart of the gypsy race. They seem to have been driven from their original home about the period when Timur Beg invaded that part of India, for the purpose of establishing Mohammedanism. They, like the Jews, are now to be found in almost every civilized country. Swarms of them pitch their tents along the entire basin of the Danube, in Moldavia, Wallachia, Hungary, and Bessarabia. They abound in Southern Spain, and, in short, take up their abode in any territory where superstition renders it possible to practise their knavish arts, or simplicity provides them means of subsisting by beggary. Their general character is that of extreme indolence, deceptiveness, and low sensual tastes. For some fresh and curious information about the gypsies, see a small pamphlet recently published by Mr R. Murray, Hawick.—[ED.]

"Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies."—*P.* 53, *l.* 10.

Kelso is perhaps the most beautifully situated town in the South of Scotland, lying, as it does, embosomed among woods at the confluence of the Tweed and Teviot. It contains the ruins of a fine abbey founded by David I. In the vicinity are Floors Castle, seat of the Duke of Roxburghe, and Springwood Park; seat of Sir George H. S. Douglas, Bart., M.P.; the village of Ednam, birthplace of Thomson the poet, and Henry Francis Lyte, author of that beautiful hymn "Abide with me," and several others; and the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, one of the most noted of Border fortresses.—[ED.]

"The substance changes but the form remains."

*P.* 55, *l.* 24.

According to the later Platonics, the material world is in a con-



tinual state of flowing and formation, but never possesses *real being*. It is like the image of a tree seen in a rapid stream, which has the appearance of a tree without the reality, and which seems to continue perpetually the same, though constantly renewed by the renovation of its waters. There is an allusion to this idea in the hymn to Nature, attributed to Orpheus.

“The ancient snakes, the favourites of the sun.”

*P. 59, l. 4.*

In the unfrequented swamps and savannahs of America, and the retired valleys of the mountains, snakes of enormous size have frequently been found, which have been prodigiously magnified by Indian tradition. The Cherokees believe, that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, from which the sunbeams reflect a powerful heat, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of the rattle-snakes, which they denominate “the bright, old inhabitants.” They represent them as snakes of a more enormous size than is mentioned in history; and so unwieldy, that they require a circle almost as wide as their length to crawl round, in their shortest orbit. To compensate the tardiness of their motion, they possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eye. Their heads are crowned with a large carbuncle, which by its brightness sullies the meridian beams of the sun, and so dazzles the eye by its splendour, that the snake appears of as various hues as theameleon. As the Indians believe that by killing them they would be exposed to the hatred of all the inferior species of serpents, they carefully avoid disturbing them or even discovering their secret recesses (Adair’s “History of the American Indians,” p. 237).

“Like that brave band great Abercromby led  
To fame or death.—*P. 59, l. 19.*

Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces that were despatched to Egypt, in 1801, to check the French under the great Napoleon who was marching to the conquest of India. Sir Ralph, after a series of brilliant victories, and after having been the hero of many successful campaigns, was mortally wounded at the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801, and died in the space of a week thereafter. As a commander he was distinguished alike for his coolness and intrepidity, and for his sagacity and humanity.—[ED.]



“Then maids and matrons dare a fearful deed,” &c.

*P. 63, l. 1.*

Boece relates, that the tribes of the Ordovices, having sustained a dreadful defeat, the women, enraged at the cowardice of their natural protectors, massacred all who had fled, the night after the battle. Tradition has preserved some obscure notices of this event in Teviotdale and Liddesdale, the Gododin of the Welsh bards, and the country of the Ottadina.

“While oft the Saxon raven, poised for flight.”

*P. 63, l. 9.*

Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the mountainous districts of Dumfriesshire, which seem to have formed the Welsh principalities of Reged and Gododin, were the scene of the most sanguinary warfare between the Welsh and Saxons. After Scotland and England were formed into two powerful kingdoms, these districts were comprehended in the Middle March of Scotland; and the hardy clans by which they were inhabited became versed in every kind of predatory warfare. The “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border” exhibits an accurate view of their history and manners.

“So rose the stubborn race, unknown to bow.”—*P. 64, l. 7.*

After the union of the kingdoms, the freebooters of the Border were restrained, with considerable difficulty, from their ancient practices; but, by the united authority of civil and military law, “the rush-bush was made to keep the cow.” The inhabitants of the Border then became attached to the forms and doctrines of Presbyterianism, with as much enthusiasm as had formerly roused them to turbulence and rapine. This sudden change of manners is thus described by Cleland:—

“For instance, lately on the Borders,  
Where there was nought but theft and murders,  
Rapine, cheating, and resetting,  
Slight-of-hand fortunes-getting;  
Their designation, as ye ken,  
Was all along ‘*the taking men.*’  
Now rebels prevail more with words,  
Than dragoons do with guns and swords;  
So that their bare preaching now,  
*Makes the rush-bush keep the cow,*  
Better than Scots or English kings  
Could do by killing them with strings;



Yea, those who were the greatest rogues  
Follow them over hills and bogs,  
Crying for prayers and for preaching."

CLELAND'S *Poems*, p. 30.

In the reign of Charles II., and during the tyrannical administration of Lauderdale, a violent attempt was made to impose the forms of the English Church on the Presbyterians of Scotland. The attempt was resisted, partial insurrections were excited, and various actions, or rather skirmishes, took place, particularly at Pentland and Bothwell Bridge, and the country was subjected to military law. Many sanguinary acts of violence occurred, and many unnecessary cruelties were inflicted, the memory of which will not soon pass away on the Borders. The names of the principal agents in these tyrannical and bloody proceedings are still recollected with horror in the West and Middle Marches. They are dignified with the names of *The Persecutors*; and tradition, aggravating their crimes, has endowed them with magical power, and transformed them almost into demons.

"Erin, whose waves a favoured region screen," &c.

P. 64, l. 9.

The fairness and beauty of Leyden's lines on Ireland and Irishmen are equally apparent. He lived during the period when Ireland was enriching the literature of Britain with some of the choicest gems of poetry and rhetoric. The "Scenes of Infancy" were penned not more than five or six years after the majestic eloquence of Edmund Burke had resounded, with all its rich exuberance, within the walls of the British Parliament. Richard Sheridan had become, by his unwavering perseverance and sparkling wit, one of the brightest luminaries that was shedding forth its dazzling radiance from St Stephen's over all the land. Oliver Goldsmith had passed out of this world little more than a year before Leyden entered it. And Thomas Moore had begun to give to literature ebullitions of that brilliant genius which shone so clearly forth in his "Irish Melodies," and in the glittering Oriental picture "Lalla Rookh." The names of these four Irishmen were then fresh in the public mind, and were, of themselves, sufficient to call forth Leyden's remarks on the Green Isle.—[ED.]

"So when, by Erie's lake, the Indians red," &c.

P. 67, l. 31.

The Indian Feast of Souls is one of those striking solemnities,



which cannot fail to produce a powerful impression on minds susceptible of enthusiasm. In the month of November, the different families, which compose one of their tribes, assemble, and erect a long hut in a solitary part of the wilderness. Each family collects the skeletons of its ancestors, who have not yet been interred in the common tombs of the tribe. The skulls of the dead are painted with vermilion, and the skeletons are adorned with their military accoutrements. They choose a stormy day, and bring their bones to the hut in the desert. Games and funeral solemnities are celebrated, and ancient treaties again ratified in the presence of their fathers. They sit down to the banquet, the living intermingled with the dead. The elders of the tribe relate their mythic fables, and their ancient traditions. They then dig a spacious grave, and, with funeral dirges, carry the bones of their fathers to the tomb. The remains of their respective families are separated by bear-skins and beaver-furs. A mound of earth is raised over the grave, on the top of which a tree is planted, which they term *the Tree of Tears and Sleep*.

“By Fancy rapt, where tombs are crusted grey.”

*P. 68, l. 23.*

A great part of the ancient churchyard of Hazeldean has been swept away by the river Teviot, so that no vestige remains of the burying-place of the author's ancestors.

## Lord Soulis.

*P. 75.*

*(Note from Scott's Border Minstrelsy.)*

The tradition regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised (*horresco referens*!) upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melville of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly, that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I. (or, as others say, to the Duke of Albany), the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, “Sorra gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!” The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Laureston, and Pittaraw, decoyed Melville to the top of the Hill of Garvock,



above Laurencekirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place (still called the *Sheriff's Pot*) the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the king termed it) for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.

The three lairds were outlawed for this offence ; and Barclay, one of their number, to screen himself from justice, erected the kame—*i. e.* the camp, or fortress—of Mathers, which stands upon a rocky and almost inaccessible peninsula, overhanging the German Ocean. The laird of Arbuthnot is said to have eluded the royal vengeance, by claiming the benefit of the law of clan Macduff. A pardon, or perhaps a deed of replegiation, founded upon that law, is said to be still extant among the records of the Viscount of Arbuthnot.

Pellow narrates a similar instance of atrocity, perpetrated after the death of Muley Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, in 1727, when the inhabitants of Old Fez, throwing off all allegiance to his successor, slew “Alchyde Boel le Rosea, their old governor, boiling his flesh, and many, through spite, eating thereof, and throwing what they could not eat of it to the dogs” (see Pellow’s “Travels in South Barbary”). And we may add, to such tales, the Oriental tyranny of Zenghis Khan, who immersed seventy Tartar Khans in as many boiling cauldrons.

The punishment of boiling seems to have been in use among the English at a very late period, as appears from the following passage in Stowe’s “Chronicle:”—“The 17th March (1524), Margaret Davy, a maid, was boiled at Smithfield, for poisoning of three households that she had dwelled in.” But unquestionably the usual practice of Smithfield cookery, about that period, was by a different application of fire.

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## The Mermaid.

“As you pass through Jura’s sound,,  
 Bend your course by Scarba’s shore,  
 Shun, oh shun, the gulf profound,  
 Where Corrivrekin’s surges roar!”—*P.* 103.

William Black, author of “A Princess of Thule,” &c., in describing the scenery on a sail to the island of Lewis, touches thus on the scenery of the “Mermaid”:—“Round the rocky Mull of



Cantyre, where five tides meet and roar ; through the sound of Islay, and under the gloomy Paps of Jura ; catching a glimpse of the mystic Colonsay, where the song of the mermaid is still heard all night, mourning for the chieftian who deceived her ; keeping wide of the swirling current of Corrivrekin."

Rev. Thomas Milner, in his "Gallery of Geography," alludes to the scene thus :—"Between the islands of Jura and Scarba, two of the Southern Hebrides, the remarkable intermittent whirlpool of Corrivrekin is formed by the collision of opposite tidal currents. It attains the maximum of disturbance at the fourth hour of the flood—boils, foams, and rolls away in successive whirls, throwing up everything from the bottom with strong ebullition. The name is said to be derived from a Danish prince who perished at the spot.

## Ruberslaw.

P. 120.

Ruberslaw is a conical elevation, rising to 1392 feet above sea-level. The boyhood of Leyden was spent on its dark shaggy sides, which may well account for that defiant independence which characterised the renowned linguist and poet.—[Ed.]

"Once, too, thy mantling juice did laugh,  
In cups which princes loved to quaff."

P. 122, l. 29.

"In the deserts and moors of this realm," says Boece, "grows an herb named heather, very nutritive to beasts, birds, and especially to bees. In the month of June it produces a flower of purple hue, as sweet as honey. Of this flower the Picts made a delicious and wholesome liquor. The manner of making it has perished with the extermination of the Picts, as they never showed the craft of making it, except to their own blood." The traditions of Teviotdale add, that when the Pictish nations were exterminated, it was found that only two persons had survived the slaughter, a father and a son. They were brought before Kenneth the Conqueror, and their life was offered them, on condition the father would discover the method of making the heath-liquor. "Put this young man to death, then," said the hoary warrior. The barbarous terms were complied with ; and he was required to fulfil his engagement. "Now, put me to death," replied he. "You shall never know the



secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me." The king condemned the veteran savage to life ; and tradition further relates, that his life, as the punishment of his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal existence. When some ages had passed, and the ancient Pict was blind and bed-ridden, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the times which were only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron, which he broke between his hands, saying, "You are not feeble, but you cannot be compared to the men of ancient times." Such are the romantic forms which historical facts assume, after long tradition ; and such are the original materials of popular poetry.

"From Etna's gulf a fury came," &c.—*P.* 123, *l.* 22.

Few periods have left such a deep impression on a nation's mind, and have conduced so much to mould a peculiar phase of character, as the persecutions for Presbyterianism, that overswept Scotland during the tyrannous reigns of the later Stuarts. The martyrs who suffered for their adherence to the Covenant, live in the memories of the peasantry with a halo of semi-divineness about them, while the mere mention of a Claverhouse ushers into their imagination the grim blackness of a Beelzebub. With the exception, perhaps, of some of the more westerly counties, the Borders produced the largest host of those noble, unbending conservators of our freedom. The rocky summit of Ruberslaw, and the deep secluded glens in its vicinity, were their favourite haunts ; and a stone is still shown on the top of the hill, whence the "Prophetic Peden" used to utter his quaint, keen-pointed addresses. It was on this hill that he is said to have prayed to God to cover him with His mantle, as the fierce dragoons were pressing towards him in close pursuit, when there immediately fell over the wide moorland an impenetrable mist, within whose dark folds the veteran Presbyterian was able to conceal himself.—[ED.]

"The warrior of the sable mail."—*P.* 127, *l.* 23.

Black Douglas—so denominated from the colour of his armour—the founder of the house of Cavers, and the most redoubtable champion of Teviotdale in traditionary story.

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## Scottish Music.

“Did ‘Bothwell’s banks that bloom so fair.’”—*P.* 150 *l.* 8.

“So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman, traveling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child, to sing “Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair.” The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith in English saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him; and said she was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle; and told him that she was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk; who, being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country sake, to show herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very friendly; and at his departure gave him divers things of good value” (*Verstegan’s “Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,”* chap. *Of the Surnames of our Ancient Families*, p. 296. Antwerp, 1605).

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## Ode on visiting Flodden.

“What youth, of graceful form and mien,” &c.

*P.* 167, *l.* 5.

Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the Battle of Flodden, accompanied by 300 young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the king, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the earl and all his followers. The parchment, on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the Battle of Flodden; since which period it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear



*green, or cross the Ord on a Monday, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland.*

“Through ages left the master-hand unblessed.”

*P. 167, l. 23.*

In the Border Counties of Scotland, it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly,—or, according to the popular phrase, “unhallowed”—blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in Campion’s “History of Ireland,” published in 1633:—“In some corners of the land they used a damnable superstition, leaving the right armes of their infants, males, unchristened (as they termed it), to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow.”

## Parody on an Ode to the Duchess of Gordon by the Earl of Buchan.

*P. 215.*

The following is the original, by the Earl of Buchan, which provoked Leyden’s poem:—

“Thou beauteous star, whose silvery light  
Enchanting came upon my youthful sight,  
Ah! what a blaze has hid thy virgin rays,  
While I, in woods retired, have passed my days  
Now, silvered o’er by Time’s eventful hand,  
I greet the evening beam on Scotia’s strand.  
Clara! this image is to picture thee!  
I saw thee rising from the Atlantic sea,  
Thy tresses dropping the cerulean wave,  
From whence thou didst the water lave;  
The graces and the loving boy were there,  
And whilst they braided thy ambrosian hair,  
I saw thee blushing, shrinking from my view,  
And thy quick footsteps brushing o’er the dew.  
Old Kaimes, like Vulcan, first proclaimed thy charms,  
And blest Alexis took thee to his arms,

Clara ! thy charms surpass the Paphian Queen,  
Now Pallas' casque upon thy head is seen !  
'Tis not our hearts suffice to grace thy car,  
The muses came at last to close the war.  
'Tis fixed ; behold the wreath thou well hast won,  
I hear it smiling with my setting sun !  
I ask no praise, no sympathetic tear,  
Heaven is my home, I am a stranger here."

THE END.



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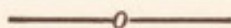
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