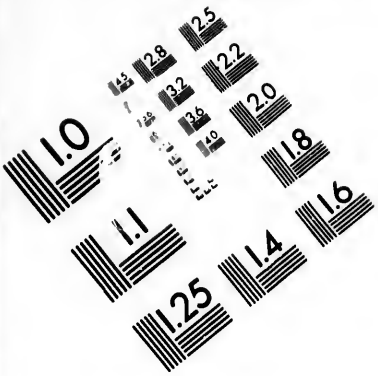

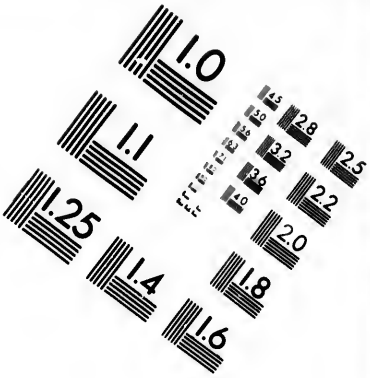

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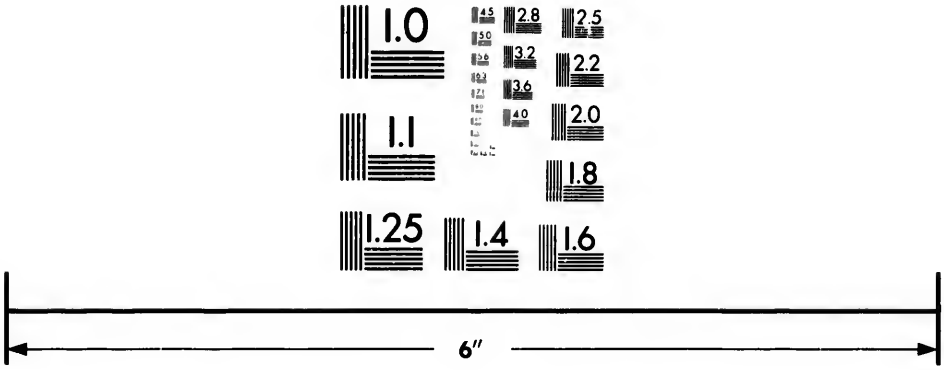

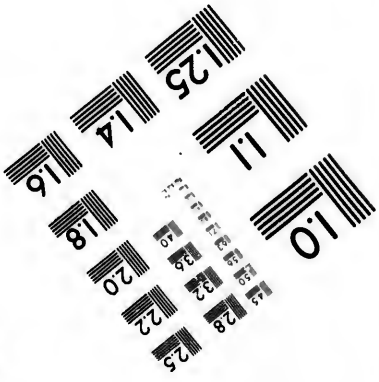

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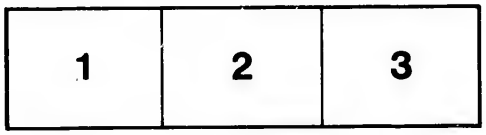

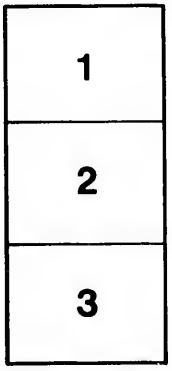

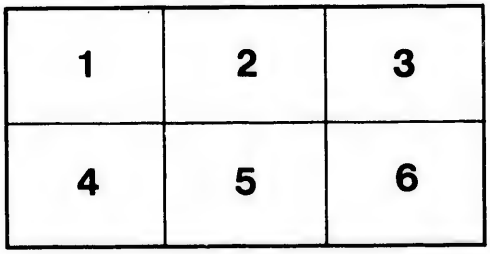

BA

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J. S.

THE BARD OF CLUTHA

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

HOPE MACNIVEN, ESQ.,

INGERSOLL, ONT.

O, freedom is a holy thing,
And patriot's arm is strong,
Thus, still the muse delights to sing
The love of country's song.

INGERSOLL:
J. S. GURNETT, PRINTER, "CHRONICLE" OFFICE, THAMES STREET.

1873.

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TO THE READER.

The story of Wallace is a theme which, without presumption, can only be approached in the pure spirit of respectful awe. The inherent greatness and force of character of the man may be justly inferred from the hatred and dread with which his bold, daring, inspired Edward the First, confessedly the most accomplished warrior that ever sat on the English throne.

The grandeur of that ambition which desired only his country's freedom, the devotion of a whole life to that single purpose, under circumstances the most discouraging, and the sublime spectacle of his

martyr death, rank him as one of the nobl
benefactors of human liberty. Alas! the gift
ones who could have done justice to this gr
subject have been silent, and are gone.

The love of the marvellous in the vulgar mi
has produced pictures of distorted exaggeratio
and through the rose colored hues that perva
Miss Jane Porter's fascinating pages in vain
look for that stern Hero, the Knight of Ellersle

Thus, I hope that I may be pardoned for th
faint outline sketch that I have attempted
Scotland's greatest champion, the Wallace wigh
And yet, dear, indulgent reader, one word more
the apologetic strain. Regarding the nation
anthem, some may think that another version wa
uncalled for, an authorized one having already bee
initiated. Well, this reason may appear cogen
enough, and if I am to be condemned as a culprit,
trust I may be allowed the melancholy satisfactio
of declaring my confession why I became so. I
the year 1837, I was residing in the then village o

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Catharines. I had the honor that season to be ce-President of the St. Andrew's Society, of ich my late lamented friend, Francis Hall, Esq., en chief engineer on the Welland Canal) was esident. On the occasion of Her Majesty's cession to the throne being formally proclaimed, e Sheriff of the County was entertained at a blic dinner, at which both Mr. Hall and I tended. After the toast of the Queen, Major cGraw, of the Lancers, sang the national anthem, copy of which he had cut from an English paper.

The second stanza struck me as being highly jectionable.* The solemn invocation which it volved seemed very much misplaced beside the oarse doggerel that followed. Mr. Hall being imilarly impressed, and as the festival of St. Andrew was just at hand, it was agreed that after

*O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies;
Confound their politics,
And all their knavish tricks,
God save the Queen.

the first toast there should be no song. In the interim, however, I felt uneasy on the subject. The circumstances of the youth and sex of the monarch who had ascended the throne were so peculiarly interesting that I was afraid the loyalty of my countrymen would appear rather frigid if the praises of our maiden Queen found no expression from the muse. Such were the circumstances and feelings which prompted the production of the new version. If the attempt on my part was audacious, certain I am the motive was most pure. The strong desire of my heart was that by grouping together the national emblems, I might haply stimulate a generous rivalry of loyal feeling, which, when intensified into harmonious union, would alike prove to be the best bulwark of national defence, and the securest support of the throne.

For the first time the new version was sung simultaneously at St. Catharines and Niagara on the 30th Nov., 1837, and I had the gratification of knowing that it was afterward sung, with much

thusiasm, among the band of volunteers stretched ong the frontier, who, in that exciting time of arm and danger, so nobly responded to their untry's call.

HOPE MACNIVEN.

Ingersoll, Ontario, Dec., 1873.

THE BARD OF CLUTHA.*

—o—

INTRODUCTION.

ic is sweet in every varied tone
Nature's voice, by mountain, stream or lea;
O! methinks 'tis by the sea beach lone
Where wakes its glorious, noblest minstrelsey;
o'er the billowy chords of Ocean's main
blimely swells, the wild, deep-sounding strain.

t it hath softer notes, this ocean harp, that flow
In strains so dulcet, sirens only sing [low
gloaming hour, when winds are whispering
And waves o'er peb'led sands are murmuring;

* Clutha—the Gaelic for Clyde, one of the principal rivers of otland.

Thrice blessed spell! that steeps in dreams of
bliss—
The exile's yearnings and his loneliness.

Hail Caledonia! o'er the deep blue sea
That heaves between me and my native land—
On Fancy's wing, let me revisit thee;
My spirit glad'ning as thy much lov'd strand
Nears to the sight, its crags of hoary grey,
Where sea birds nestle o'er the surge-torn spray.

Lo! Time's memorials hallow this rude coast,
When lust of conquest the dread Cæser fired—
When Rome's proud eagles, 'mong a steel-clad
host [inspir'd.
Wav'd o'er tried prowess and fresh hope
Land of my fathers! from each hill and glen,
In savage guise, rushed forth thy warriors then.

Indignant, bold, they leapt into the wave
And madly grappl'd with their mailed foe.
Unequal contest! when the fencelees brave
Dy'd the bright waters to a crimson glow.
Blest blood of freemen! 'twas not shed in vain,
Thy sons, triumphant, never own'd a chain.

The morn is young, while joyously and free
  The western breeze lifts gently up the veil
Of lazy mists, that slumber o'er the sea.
  Before the Orient dawn they slowly steal;
While yet some silvery tresses lingering dwell
Round Arran's furrow'd brow, stern, time-worn
    sentinel.

With screaming joy the balmy air now teems,
  As noisy gulls, impatient of repose,
Stretch their white pinions bath'd in golden
    beams
  From roseate couch, whereon Aurora glows;
And Ailsa's crag, round which they sportive fly,
Abrupt, from Ocean's bed, blends with the
    morning sky.

Nor yet we pause o'er Rothsay's lovely bay,
  Or where Loch Fine, among the heath'ry hills
Bears her bright waves, that there complacently
  Drink the soft murmurs of the Highland rills.
But bounding o'er, where ocean's onward tide
Strains to her breast, her fairest daughter,
    Clyde.

O ! Clutha, stream of streams, renown'd of old
When Morven's Harp was strung by Ossian's hand,
When his wild, wond'rous tale was truly told,
Bold as the Torrent, as the Streamlet, bland,
As Fingal's spirit led the rushing fight,
Or fair Malvina mov'd, lone beam of purest light!

The sun is set, and gloaming's mellow'd light
Sheds o'er the scene a soft bewitching charm,
Suffusing o'er the heart a calm delight
Which daylight's cares, perplexing, all disarm.
Wake, Harp of Clutha ! let such placid hour
Own as of old, thy spell of melting pow'r.

Nor is the ancient spirit yet quite gone,
Haply some Bard still lingers by thy shore,
Whose kindred Muse revives the slumbering tone
That tells of other days and deeds of yore ;
While visions of dim Eld entwine his tuneful lays,
Clings to the shadowy past, amid improvement's blaze.

And lo ! a Minstrel 'neath yon aged tree
  Attunes his Harp to solemn plaintive air.
Care more than Time has tam'd his ecstacy,
  Silver'd and thin'd his once bright golden hair,
From the Braedalbane line maternal sprung,
All Celtic is his heart, tho' Lowland be his tongue.

LAY OF THE BARD OF CLUTHA.

Come to my tremb'ling touch again,
  Companion of my woe!
Vouchsafe, ance mair, the dear lo'ed strain
  That charm'd life's youthfu' glow.

I'll sit me by my native stream,
  And muse on days gane bye,
As gently mingles with my theme
  Thy wave's soft lullaby.

I've wandered far, in distant clime,
  Across the Atlantic's deep,
'Mang forests of primeval time
  I've heard the tempests sweep.

In stilly hour, at midnight dark,
  Amid profoundest gloom,
I've seen the fire-flie's myriad spark
  The solitude illume.

In morn's fresh prime, in shady bowers,
  How oft I've sweetly heard,
As bee-like sipping the wild flowers,
  The beaut'ous humming bird.

On georg'ous wing, from tree to tree,
  The merry warbl'rs sprang ;
But, ah ! they lacked the melody,
  That's in the Mavis' sang.

Afar from ocean's ample breast,
  Through shores of forest trees,
Deep flowing streams roll on to rest,
  'Mang mighty inland seas.

The sunny skies, without a flake.
  How beautiful they seem,

As mirror'd in Ontario's lake,
  The gold and ether gleam !

Where broad Niagara's volum'd tide
  Bears Erie's waters on ;
I've wander'd by its flowing side
  When summer brightly shone.

The balmy air—the still serene,
  Of softest, purest blue ;
The forest drapery of green,
  Rich mantl'd, o'er the view.

The silent river, smoothly trac'd
  Its calm, majestic course,
Then, strangely so, its speed seem'd brac'
  By some mysterious force.

The dancing waves now dancing play
  Adown its heaving breast,
While gems of sunbeams' golden ray
  Adorn their snow-white crest.

Fast gath'ring strength, in wild cascades
  In foaming rage, it flows,
As, hoarsly roaring, it invades,
  Fair nature's sweet repose.

The horrid chasm now reveals
  The dread, the awful leap,
The dizzy brain, bewilder'd reels,
  As down the waters sweep.

And downward still, Niag'ra flows
  In majesty sublime,
It's everlasting motion knows
  No change from changing time.

Collected thunders' loud rebound,
  That shakes old ocean's shore,
Is like the wild, appaling sound
  Of that fierce river's roar.

The seething cauldron's steams arise
  From out their boiling bed,

And o'er the bright and cloudless skies
  Their colum'd vapors spread.

'Mid elements of fearful strife.
  That mock man's feeble pow'r,
Hope springs triumphant into life,
  Cradl'd in horror's bow'r.

O'er writhing clouds of vexed spray,
  All lovely and serene,
The peace-vouchsafed rainbows lay
  To glorify the scene.

But, O! that scene of might sublime,
  What mortal may express?
As issues forth the voice of time,
  From the lone wilderness.

List, list! the blackbird's mellow note,
  In richest warblings fall,
To where, o'er Clutha, as they float,
  The wand'rer's thoughts recall.

My dear, dear loved native land,
  My heart aye clings to thee,
And ne'er wast thou on distant strand
  Forgotten yet by me.

Like dews that fill the moss-rose cup,
  And its sweet odors spread,
The Past, refreshing visions drop
  On mem'ry's drooping head.

I think me of that glorious time,
  When Scotia's annals told
Of heroes in her early prime,
  Who fought her battles bold.

When Gathelas from Egypt came,
  And Scota, his fair queen,
For Scotia, still, to that dear name
  Traces her origin.

Many a hardy Carle arose,
  From that time-honored stock,

Who bravely fac'd her combin'd foes
  In battle's rudest shock.

From Roman pow'r inviolate,
  They held their mountains free;
Of Danish and Norwegian hate
  They foil'd the tyranny.

When good Achais filled the throne,
  And his brave brother's lance
Gained for her high and bright renown,
  With Charlemagne in France.

Then first her standard, so endeared!
  Show'd on its ample fold
The rampant lion, red, upreared,
  Upon a field of gold.

And nobly hath that banner wav'd
  O'er many a fierce fray,
When freedom's brand, in hand iron-glaiv'd,
  Bore victory away.

A cloud comes o'er my vision'd sight,
  Alack! that waefu' day.
When cruel tyranny had might
  And spread around dismay.

When, on that hapless day of fate,
  The rhymer's wierd proved true,
And over Scotland desolate,
  A fell wind fiercely blew.

When third of Alexander's name
  Fell from his horse and died;
No son to emulate his fame,
  Or guard his throne of pride.

When craven Baliol—meanest thing—
  Usurp'd the royal sway,
And nine long years without a king.
  My bleeding country lay.

A blush is on my burning cheek,
  I feel its fever'd glow;

Shame on the dastard nobles weak,
  Who fail'd to strike the blow !

Like vulture foul, from nest obscene,
  The southern tyrant flew,
And over Scotland's prostrate sheen,
  Fierce gloated on the view.

The records of her ancient state,
  That breath'd of freedom's clime,
Supplied his soul with envious hate,
  O ! meanest theft of time.

He filch'd her crown and sceptre bright,
  That grac'd her throne of old,
And venal lord and recreant knight,
  Brib'd with accursed gold.

O ! yet from this dark, dismal cloud,
  That deepen'd on her woes,
Like gleam that heralds thunder loud,
  A glorious light arose.

Of stalwart frame, yet mightier soul,
  A freeman stood erect,
Who bravely dar'd, from base control,
  His country to protect.

The fire that kindl'd in his eye
  Was light direct from heaven,
Prompting to thought and purpose high,
  Alone to patriot giv'n.

His spear was of the native oak,
  His twin-edged sword was keen,
Few e'er from its unerring stroke
  Remained unscath'd, I ween.

His bugle had a potent charm,
  As thro' the woods it rang,
Moving each kindred heart and arm
  That to their leader sprang.

O! need, I say, to Scotsman born,
  Who was this son of might—

His country's hope, when most forlorn?
It was the Wallace Wight!

O! dear, dear loved, honored name!
Embalm'd in Scottish heart,
The germ of patriotic flame
That never can depart.

Th' inspiring wish of glory's fame—
Of dazzling renown,
Or laurell'd wreath of victor's name,—
Did ne'er his bosom own.

Unselfish was the mighty love
He bore his country's weal
Endurance rare did nobly prove
His passion pure and leal.

To guard the hearths of Scotia dear
From proud, insulting foe,
Was the ambition of his spear—
The aim of every blow!

The blessing of the aged sire—
  The matron by her wheel,
Like incense, fed the sacred fire
  Of his untiring zeal.

The Lav'rock's note was nae mair clear,
  The morning lift that rang,
Than voice o' Scottish maiden fair,
  That prais'd him in her sang.

She bless'd him in her bosom's sigh,
  As o'er the heath'ry brae,
Wi' milking pail she sought the kye—
  Her lover to the fray.

With bounding glee, like foaming rills,
  Descending to the plain,
The shepherds left their native hills
  To swell the hero's train.

From such proud source he sped his course,
  Like mountain swoll'n river ;

What tyrant pow'r could stem its force,
Or those blent streamlets sever?

September's* sun shone brightly o'er
The mazy winding Forth,
Whose mystic links, seem'd proud to store,
The fountains of the North.

But never, sure, her bosom pure,
Reflected such a sight,
'S when twenty thousand freemen there
Were gathered for the fight.

Full fifty thousand warriors lay
Along the southern shore,
Who, proudly, in their stern array,
The flag of England bore.

The polish'd helm, the glitt'ring spear.
The archer's deathfu' bow,

*The battle of Sterling was fought 11th September, 1297. The English forces were commanded by Lord Surrey, Earl of Warene.

The prancing steed, with burnish'd gear,
  Gleam'd in the stream below.

And O ! it was a gallant sight
  To see that host move on,
All clad in shining armor bright,
  With gay caparison.

With boastful jeer they scorn'd the foe
  On whom they did advance.
Elate with the proud conscious glow,
  Of laurels gain'd in France.

Right steady marched that mailed ridge,
  As haughty Cressingham,
Along old Stirling's ancient bridge,
  Impetuous led the van.

And onward, still, in horrid gleam,
  Th' 'nvading thousands pour,
Wild heaving like the lava stream,
  Of ruin's burning show'r.

O ! freedom is a holy thing,
And patriot's arm is strong
Thus, still, the muse delights to sing
The love of country's song.

The patriot's firm await the shock,
Their spears in phalanx form
Seem'd stable as the rifted rock,
That braves the rolling storm.

And, onward roll'd that mighty surge,
By pride and fury borne,
As fiercely rushed the plunging charge
Of Warene's horse that morn.

The winged arrows dimm'd the air,
Wild rose the onset yell ;
The closing ranks recoil and rear
Like Ocean's troubled swell.

The mountain pipe's soul-stirring sound—
Rose o'er the carnage roar,

As clansmen brave, together bound
  With targe and broad claymore.

Like lion roused from his lair,
  The chief of chiefs was seen;
You'd ken'd him by his gowden hair,
  His dauntless, noble mein.

'Twas a bright moment in his life,
  His soul rose in its might;
Stern joy bade welcome to the strife
  Of this decisive fight.

His country's wrong shone in his eye,
  With vengeance soul-let glow,
As like a bolt frae wrathfu' sky
  He dashed upon the foe.

His men-at-arms, baith bauld and stout,
  Fought bravely by his side,
Braid was their track 'mid dying shout
  Through battles bluidy tide.

Proud Cressingham, fierce fighting fell,
  Beneath the avenging steel;
Bold Surrey's host, in stricken spell,
  Disorder'd 'gan to reel.

Thro' cloven helms, the red gore gush'd,
  A Wallace! was the cry,
As on the Scots victorious rush'd
  And saw their foemen fly.

In 'wilder'd haste, the routed ranks,
  To reach the river strave,
While Forth, atow'r her crowded banks
  Gap'd a wide yawning grave.

O! wha be there the ire wad dare
  Of Edward's frowning face,
As breathing in his madden'd ear,
  The tidings of disgrace;

His haunting banners trodden down,
  His crested warriors low,

His boasted chivalry o'erthrown
  By scorn-contemned foe?

The sounds of joy frae ilka dell
  In grateful accents rose,
The Hero's name the echoes tell
  Who crush'd his country's foes.

Auld Scotia's heart then on her sword,
  Ance mair did freely breathe,
And freedom to her rights restor'd
  Smil'd on her native heath.

O! had it been as then it was
  Wi' that united host,
One spirit brave, to fire its mass
  Falkirk had ne'er been lost.

Yet as it was by envy rent
  On that disastrous day,
The Wallace band remain'd unbent,
  Unbroken its array.

The traitor, Comyn, basely fled,
  The Stewart, rash, was slain,
While his braw Forresters were spread,
  Like leaves upon the plain.

Now Edward, whet thy thirsty sword,
  Now is the long'd for hour,
See now thy foeman most abhor'd,
  Hem'd in unto thy pow'r.

But wary was that doughty chief,
  In pressure o' mishap,
With skill he seiz'd the moments brief,
  To stem the fearful gap.

With schiltrons form'd in circles strong,
  He held the foe at bay,
In slow retreat then mov'd along,
  And Edward miss'd his prey.

O where be now those traitors dire,
  Who urg'd th' unequal fight?

Their taunting jeers bespoke the ire
  Of their malicious spite.

The patriot's soul was all too pure
  For jealousy to rate,
The glory they could ill endure,
  They could not emulate.

Indignant at the envious crew,
  Whose shame was his renown,
He, from the Regency, withdrew,
  And laid its truncheon down.

Now, whither shall the wanderer go,
  With soul on sorrow's rack ;
Alone, deserted, and the foe,
  With bloodhounds, on his track.

'Twas then the heart that ne'er knew fear,
  Utter'd its plaint of woe ;
"Alas ! my bleeding country dear,
  How can I serve thee moe."

Wierd blaws the wind 'mang mountains
  Erie its wailing moan : [bare,
Low soughing thro' the midnight air,
  'Ere bursts the tempest's tone.

Mirk was the night, the rain fell fast,
  As wrapt in plaid of grey,
The fug'tive thro' the fur'ous blast
  Wended his dreary way.

He earth'd himself in secret cave,
  'Mid roar of thunder's din,
Where blended with the el'ments' rave,
  The voice of Cora Linn.

The levin red, with fitful glare,
  Lit up the cavern dark.
Ah ! me—Auld Scotland's freedom—there
  Rested thine only ark !

The stratas of the heart's deep core
  Tell where the tides have been,

Of feelings strong that trace a score,
Not soon removed, I ween.

'Ere he slept on his flinty bed,
As thronging thoughts rose fast,
'Twas thus, as mem'ry's stores outspread,
He mused upon the past :

" Welcome, wild storm, that cracks the lift
No dread dost thou engage,
There's mercy in thy shelt'ring drift
From man's pursuing rage.

" I'm hunted like a beast of prey
In mine own native land ;
The tyrant fell, who could not slay,
Hath plac'd the outlaw's brand.

" But little 'tis I reck of him,
His hatred, or his pow'r,
My faith's strong hope owns still a gleam
To gild this darksome hour.

"The love of freedom in my heart
'Twas God who planted there,
In life or death, howe'er opprest,
I'll never know despair.

"To guard the rights of this dear land,
I hold as heaven's high trust;
Though left alone, this trusty brand,
The Holy One is just.

"Yet O! a throe, of mortal woe,
Creeps o'er this stricken heart,
'Tis not the triumph of the foe,
Or traitor's baser part.

"The joy of Joy, without alloy,
This bosom's fond excess,
Ah, dastard wretch, that dar'd destroy
Such helpless loveliness!

"My soul-lov'd, newly-wedded mate,
O! costly sacrifice,

To glut the deep, relentless hate
  Of Scotland's enemies.*

"And, yet, another link is snapp'd
  That bound this yearning frame,
The friend in whom my soul was wrapp'd—
  My more than brother—Graham.†

"Yet well he fell on glory's bed—
  The field he died to save—
Near where the bravest's blood was shed,
  I've smooth'd the hero's grave.

"The glory of a deathless fame
  Shall consecrate the spot,
While records of unseemly shame
  The tyrant's name will blot.

"Now, Edward, o'er his wine will boast
  Of triumph he hath won,

* Wallace was married to the heiress of Lammington, who was brutally murdered by Hazelrigg the Sheriff of Lanark.

† Sir John Graham of Dundaff.

By prowess of that mighty host
  Whose banners pal'd the sun.

"But there's a sound mars festival
  And turns his visage wan;
He dreads that writing on the wall,
  The name of one lone man.

"The sable ghost of guilty fear
  Glides through his guarded state;
Vain is the hope for bosom cheer
  Of him unjustly great.

"O folly sad! that some have said
  I woo'd the royal gem,
A martyr's crown, on patriot's head,
  Were worthier diadem.

"Yea, I shall earn that glorious crown,
  Amid desertion's shame,
And on the stream of time send down
  The unction of a name.

"My wrongs shall rouse my country's soul,
  Oppression dark shall flee;
Nor tyrant e'er shall hold control
  Of Scotland's liberty!"

My heart now saddens with my tale
  O'er whose contin'ous flow
No thought or feeling can prevail
  Save undeserving woe.

O! need I say 'twas treachery
  That crown'd the tyrant's plan,
Who bound by vilest perfidy,
  This stern, unconquer'd man?

Ay, there was pomp of royal state
  In Westminster's proud hall,
As justice on the judgment seat
  Sat rob'd in mockrey's pall.

As mists that would blot out the light
  Of the great orb of day,

Reveal his glory still more bright
  As shamed they shrink away ;

The calmness of that brow serene,
  Reprov'd all scornful mood,
And harmless fell the force of spleen
  On spirit unsubdu'd.

The charge of traitor falsely serv'd
  A pretext for his life,
Insatiate hate that never swerv'd
  Prepar'd the torture—knife.

'Twas gall unto the tyrant's ire,
  To think his vengeance fail'd,
When mid revolting suffering dire,
  The hero never quail'd.

And O ! 'twas strange, the change came o'er
  That melancholy face,
A radiant glow ne'er seen before
  Did every feature trace.

A vision seem'd to fill his eye,
  As if Heav'n on him shone,
While beckoning from yon bright sky
  Was long lost Lammington.

Then rose all grateful to the skies,
  As 'round the altar flow'd
Of liberty, fit sacrafice,
  Earth's noblest patriot's blood !

———o———

CONCLUSION.

The shadows of five hundred years,
  Adown time's annals fall,
Scotland hath dried up her tears,
  Nor e'er own'd tyrant's thrall.

From Erin's harp, strains, gently sweet,
  O'er the blue waters float,
In loyal unison to greet
  The pibroch swelling note.

Hail ! to the Queen of these blest Isles,
  Long may she blithely roam,
As bright'ning with her sunny smiles,
  Her dear lov'd Highland home.

And hail dear land of Wallace brave !
  Thy last reproach is gone,
As now thou dost his name engrave,
  On monumental stone.

High o'er the scene he hallowed,
  Sublimely it shall stand,
To where true homage shall be paid,
  By worth of every land.

And much to me of Wallace wight,
  I've liv'd the joy to earn,
To add by sympathetic mite
  One stone unto his cairn !

LINES

Written to a young friend in Edinburgh, who was complaining of dyspepsia, accompanied with a present of Glasgow brose meal.

How sweet is the perfume
Of the pea field in bloom,
  As the warm summer day decays,
When softly from the seas,
The mild wanton breeze,
  'Mong the sweet scented blossoms plays.

Yet tho' this is sweet
As the bosom retreat,.
  Where young love would fondly repose,
Yet what is even love
To the glorious stove,
  That ascends from odorous brose.

I know you think that bliss
Dwells alone in a kiss,
O! how fondly your bosom glows!
That bright eye that speaks,
And then those rosy cheeks,
But have you e'er tasted my brose?

Ah! what are eyes and cheeks,
When every bowel squeaks
At the twinge of stomach's vile throes?
'Tis then you'd yield the palm,
To the rich soothing balm,
Of a dose of real Glasgow brose.
Edinburgh, 1823.

VERSES

On hearing of the death of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, in Greece, 1824.

Nænia* ! thy sad harp awake,
  Deep let its numbers flow ;
Ye sighing winds, the cypress shake,
  At the dire tale of woe !

Whence is that lurid, dismal gloom,
  That darkens o'er thy brow,
Lofty Parnassus ? Where the bloom
  Of thy fair valleys now ?

Ah ! solitary are thy shades,
  Sad now the happy mount,

---

*Muse of funeral songs.

And the tears of thy heav'nly maids,
  Swell the Castalian fount!

Erato,† O loveliest muse!
  Grieve o'er thy rosy throne,
Its sable shadows hang profuse,
  For ah! thy Byron's gone!

And mourn thou, too, Calliope,‡
  For thy heroic strain
Flow'd from his harp, while liberty
  Glow'd in each manly vein.

His was the independent soul,
  Free as the eagle's flight,
Soaring above the dark control,
  Of tyrant's frowning might!

For freedom's sacred cause he burn'd,
  And nobly lent his aid

†Muse of love songs.
‡Herioc muse.

To sons of freedom, who have mourn'd,
  Long 'neath oppression's shade.

Heroic spirits of a mighty land!
  Whose names will ever shine,
His spirit joins your glorious band,
  His fame with yours shall twine.

Thither in the far distant days,
  The pilgrims hence shall come,
Their kindred sympathies to raise,
  'Round his mausoleum.

And thither shall Erato come,
  When cease the warblers lay,
When the tints of the dying sun
  Are lost in twilight grey.

Nænia! strike thine harp again,
  Deep let its numbers flow,
While Britons swell the deep refrain,
  Of thy sad song of woe.

LINES

To my friend, Mr. David Murdoch, of Glasgow, on the occasion of his marriage.*

Is life a dream? and do we pass away
Like mists that vanish at the dawn of day?
Yes, at its close, the retrospect will seem,
As evanescent as the meteor's gleam.

But ah! poor mortals deem it not so brief,
Fret at the present, dread the future grief,
The hours that pass seem sad and heavy too,
And o'er life's waste how dreary is the view.

But is there naught to chase the gloom away,
And cheer the path o'er which we lonely stray?
O yes! on earth heav'ns purest blessings shine,
When mutual love the warm, true-hearted join.

---

*Afterward the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, Elmira, State of New York, and deceased several years ago.

The sigh expires, stem'd is the tide of woe,
And thro' life's channels streams of pleasure
flow;
Such joy is yours, O may it never cease,
And may your hearts be still the seat of peace.

That welcome visitant, O happy guest!
That soothes and calms the sorrows of the breast,
O may your spirits and your prayers be one,
As oft you kneel before your Father's throne.

Your hopes above, let earth beneath you bend,
And all its woes, for God himself's your friend.

Thus may your moments fly on wings of bliss,
May distant years ne'er find their vigor less!
While 'round you twines the sacred plant of
love,
That buds on earth, but blooms in heaven
above.

EVENING---A SIMILE.

The setting sun, far o'er the western wave,
Reflecting back, unto the mountain's, gave
A parting smile, as if he lov'd to rest
His lingering glory on their verdant breast.

Softly the whisper of the vesper breeze,
Breath'd a low murmur o'er the azure seas;
The rip'ling waves bewail'd the close of day,
As to the shore they bore the dying ray.

The bleating flocks were mute upon the hill,
Thro' the deep groves the last sweet note was still,
The flowerets drooped, as if they seem'd to grieve,
While 'round them clos'd the sable robes of eve.

So Nature mourns, when from his course so bright,
The king of day descends to shades of night;
So mourn the friends belov'd who watch the faint,
And the last breathings of the dying saint!

Edinburgh, 1825.

A REMINISCENCE.

I love to wander by the lonely coast,
When in the west, slow sinks the fading ray
That faintly gilds the wave where it is lost,
And gloaming spreads around her cloak of gray;
When all is silent, save the ceaseless flow
Of rip'ling waves that murmur soft and low.

'Twas Autumn, and the moon rose to the view,
In full orb'd glory, on night's azure throne,
(While stars were sparkling in the waters blue)
And her wide halo was the horizon;
Soft o'er my soul I felt its secret pow'r,
The spirit of the contemplative hour.

The jutting rocks bent o'er the tranquil flood,
That trembl'd 'neath their awful nod below,
The solemn mountains, still in graver mood,
Illumin'd by the moonbeam's yellow glow,
Reposed their shadows on the heaving breast
Of the pure waves that lull'd them into rest.

O! 'twas a stilly moment, and my soul
Was hush'd in Nature's silence, but the dream
Of early days, unconscious o'er it stole,
Awak'ning there a melancholy theme;
Hope's buoyant wing, that dar'd the flight sublime,
Now tir'd and broken by the shafts of time.

Hush! list! the dream is o'er, the vision's gone,
What sounds are those that break night's solitude?
Like a fair sprite, a maiden all alone,
Rush'd from the covert of a neighboring

With falt'ring steps, while her dishevel'd hair
In unbound tresses floated on the air.

Wild shone her eye, yet lovely was its ray,
The brightest star that flutters in the sky,
With burning wing, as if it could not stay
In its fixed place, was naught to that bright eye!
It was a living beam of light that stole
From the fierce ardor of a frensi'd soul!

She gaz'd on Heav'n, methought there was a smile,
Which for a moment dwelt on her pale face,
Then on the water's brink she paus'd awhile,
I rush'd, but she was lock'd in the embrace
Of her repentant love, who flew to save,
Nor yet too late, his victim from the wave!

Edinburgh, 1825.

SONG.

AIR—"*Banks of the Devon.*"

O ! fresh as the breeze the quiet waters curling
Is the pure rosy bloom o' my Nannie sae sweet,
Her voice it is saft as the wave gently purling,
To yon verdant bank the young flowerets to greet.

At eve as I wander, on Vesper I gaze,
The first and the loveliest star o' the night,
With tender emotion I watch its mild rays,
For I think on the eye o' my lassie so bright.

But O when that eye, its sweet beauty revealing,

Shines floating in lustre, sae lucid and pure,
How wild is the beat of this heart's ardent feeling,
Which naught but the smile o' my lassie [can cure.

And O! she smiles sweetly, for kind is her bosom,
And O, my fond soul! she smiles sweetly [on thee;
I'll live on that smile like the bee on the bloosom,
For O! it is dearer than life unto me!

Glasgow, 1832.

HOPE.

Deep in the breast of man thou dwell'st alone,
And o'er his darken'd spirit shed'st a ray
Of hallow'd light, to cheer and guide him on,
Thro' the dull mazes of life's gloomy way.
'Tis Hope, that e'en o'er ruin's dismal cell,
Spreads the bright halo of her golden wing,
That shrinks from the abode where demons dwell,
Still o'er her native earth fond lingering!
Sweet harbinger of joy, that bears it to the skies,
And fluttering 'round Heav'n's glory, melts [and dies!

Glasgow, 1834.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Sons of the free and brave,
Freedom's high banner wave,
Proclaim our Queen.
May she be blest, as fair,
Long may she live to share,
Britannia's warmest pray'r.
God save the Queen !

Oppression's clouds may low'r,
Despots their hordes may pour,
But all in vain ;
'Round England's fairest rose,
Erin's green shamrock grows,
While Scotia's thistle knows
No tyrant's chain.

Victoria, all hail !
The gallant ne'er will fail
To guard thy reign ;
May Peace, the brightest gem,
Be of thy diadem ;
Loud swell the bold anthem,
God save the Queen !

SONG FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

AIR—"*Kelvin Grove.*"

Here's to thee, and auld lang syne,
Bonnie lassie O,
In this land of forest pine,
Bonnie lassie O;
And if thy breast should sigh,
For the days sae lang gane bye,
Then my minstrel harp I'll try,
Bonnie lassie O!

There's a spirit hov'ring near,
Bonnie lassie O!
Our inmost soul to cheer,
Bonnie lassie O!
For old Scotia's sons this day,

To St. Andrew tune their lay,
And own its magic sway,
Bonnie lassie O !

O ! the deeds of other times,
Bonnie lassie O !
Mingle nobly wi' their chimes,
Bonnie lassie O !
When the heather's bloom was stain'd,
Wi' the Hero's blood it drain'd,
When our country's cause was gain'd,
Bonnie lassie O !

Yet there's beauty in this land,
Bonnie lassie O !
Wi' its lakes and streams sae grand,
Bonnie lassie O !
Where the rainbows love to lay,
On their couch o' snow white spray.
O'er Niag'ras madden'd play,
Bonnie lassie O !

And the billowy wave o' green,
Bonnie lassie O !
O'er the Atlantic's crested sheen,
Bonnie lassie O !
Is but the sparkling zone,
'Round our ocean Queen that's thrown,
O ! may Heaven protect her throne,
Bonnie lassie O !

SONG OF CANADA.

AIR—"*Lochnagar.*"

Hail Canada hail! from the solitude springing
Of forests primeval, all hoary with time;
Thro' the haunts of the red man the axe now is ringing,
And the emigrant's hope, it is bright as [thy clime.

Young nursling of freedom, Britannia's own planting,
O! still to thyself and thy parent prove [true,
She smiles o'er thy dawning, and ne'er will be wanting,
In peril's dark hour, to succor thee too.

'Round the manes of thy sires hangs a circle of glory,
That enduringly glows with the lustre of [worth;

They bled for the right, and their patriot story
Enobl'd for ever, the Isles of their birth.

Drink deep of their spirit, their mem'ry revering,
To fame of thy fathers add deeds of thine own,
That the future may tell from the bliss of each clearing,
How rich is the yield from the seed that was sown.

The law's sacred ark still uphold with devotion,
The rights of bold freemen most sternly maintain,
And deep be the swell of thine honest emotion,
Scorning tyranny's frown, loathing slavery's stain.

Long flourish thine emblem! the maple tree spreading,
Its vigorous roots 'neath thy rich teeming soil,
O! dear be thy home to thy manly sons treading,
With blest independence, the fruit of their toil.

THE ADVENT.

The sky with glory blaz'd,
  The star of Bethlehem shone,
The tyrant was amaz'd,
  And trembl'd on his throne.

The wise men read the law,
  He own'd its prophet's true,
And feign'd a holy awe,
  To guise his heart's dark hue.

"Go search and find for me,
  [illegible]pe of Judah's line,
For I will bow the knee
  To one who is divine."

Unconscious of his plan,
  They wondering went their way
To where the Son of Man
  In stable manger lay.

The dread that o'er them came,
  What mortal may declare?
Here—Herod's unveil'd aim,
  The glory shrowded—there.

ON LORD CLYDE'S RETURN FROM INDIA.

Auld Glasgow is blithe, and the pulse of her heart
Beats high with a fond mother's pride;
Her Colin returns from a far distant part,
And now he's the bold Baron Clyde.

Well, well hath he earn'd the evergreen wreath
His country hath plac'd on his brow,
Long, long may the holly, fresh, glisten beneath
The locks that are sprinkl'd with snow!

His spirit was bold in the days of his youth,
And early on battle field shone;

A hundred fights, now, 'round his patriot truth,
The fame of their glory have thrown.

Dark, Dark was the fringe of that death-belching cloud,
That hung over Alma's grim brow,
And oh ! the green wave of the tartan rose proud,
That dash'd back the might of the foe.

Attack or defence, it was ever the same
With the chief of the strong rolling stream,
Balaklava's red line, emerging to flame,
Was the lightning of victory's gleam.

When fiends leagu'd in hordes, in the East's golden clime,
Where our fair and their innocents fell,
The hero sped swift to the scene of foul crime,
The blood-besmear'd demons to quell.

O'er Lucknow's relief, feat, brilliant yet brief,
His genius resplendently shone ; [chief,
Now warm hearts are hailing their veteran
Rejoicing to call him their own.

Then hurrah for Campbell, the gallant and brave,
Hurrah ! for the bold Baron Clyde,
Whose fame shall endure while Clutha's proud wave
Rolls high on the breast of her tide !

Ingersoll, 10th Aug., 1860.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Hail scion of royalty ! son of a Queen
Enthroned on a brave people's love, [green,
Young Canada's heart, 'neath the maple leaf
Her loyalty fondly shall prove.

We welcome our Prince to this great forest land,
Where the shade of the red man retires,
Or haply more blessed, at Heaven's command,
Adds truth to the faith of his sires.

Our rivers flow far from their sources of pride,
While the land's rich products they bear
In swift floating vessels that over them glide,
With Union Jack pendant on air.

Our forests are deep, but the sons of hard toil
Sweet homes and fair clearings have made,
Where strong industry's arm hath rear'd o'er the soil,
Independency's glorious shade.

And O ! there are hearts of the old British mould,
Firm planted those clearings among,
Whose love of dear Fatherland never grows cold,
But glows through their children's veins [strong.

Then come where the inland sea-mirrors are spread,
The sky's bright serene devouring ;
O, come, where Niag'ra in glory and dread,
His wild stream ever is pouring !

The cataract's tone, that ascends to Heav'n's dome,
Is like the bold voice of the free,

Whose swelling hearts raise, for their old parent home,
A song of wild jubilant glee.

Then hail to Victoria! the Queen whom we love,
O, long may her truth-loving reign;
Extend over freemen, whose stout hearts will prove
How nobly her rule they'll maintain!

Ingersoll, August 20th, 1860.

ODE FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The might of the monarch 's the might of the lands
Where the spirit of freedom resides,
On ocean's green Isles Britannia stands,
Secure, 'mid the roar of her tides.

No servile acclaim from the sons of the free,
E'er shall tarnish the gleam of the throne,
But dear to their hearts the bright emblem shall be,
Of power that reflects back their own.

All hail to Victoria ! our dear loved Queen,
Whose virtues inherent and rare
Have added a gem to the diadem's sheen,
Far purer than aught that glows there.

Long, long may time usher the blest natal day
That peels forth the clear, ringing cheer
Of loyalty's heart, that exults in the sway
Of Ruler—whom freemen revere.

Up, sons of bold freedom! a haze o'er the sky
Is dark'ning from tyranny's cave, [high,
While despots are raising their standard on
Up, up with the flag of the brave!

'Tis the brave, time-worn flag, known over the seas
The dread of Britannia's foes; [breeze,
Let the emblems united still float to the
The Shamrock, the Thistle and Rose.

Should hostile invasion e'er surge on our shore,
For Liberty's home once again [yore,
Let the old British might that triumphed of
Be felt o'er the land and the main.

Let them come, let them come! 'twere better by far

They struck at the patriot's right,
Where truth's giant form hath bar'd for the war
A right arm of terrible might.*

The genius of Love, thro' freedom's great heart,
Hath shot her electrical fires, [men start,
Equip'd 'round their Queen, twenty thousand
Stern pledge of a nation's desires.

Dunedin† basks bravely in royalty's sight,
As 'round her fam'd palace of old
Of Saxon and Gael, the dreaded in fight,
Are marshall'd the gallant and bold.

Brave first-fruit, free offering of native defence,
Whose bulwark yet mighty shall be ;
Where Liberty glows thro' a power so intense,
Safe, safe are the homes of the free !

Ingersoll, 24th May, 1861.

*Alluding to the volunteer movement.
†Celtic name for Edinburgh.

CONFEDERATION.

Hail! youthful Dominion,
  Pow'r Confederate;
Be concord and union
  The base of thy state.

On Truth's firm foundations
  Build holy thy cause,
That justice, the nations
  May read in thy laws.

Of ambition's dread snare,
  Repel the approach,
And, O! Liberty fair,
  Guard pure from its touch.

Thy soil, it is teeming
  With treasure untold;
Thy mines, they are gleaming
  With min'rals and gold.

Around labor and toil
  Are badges of worth,
Then, stout sons of the soil
  Come lustily forth.

From industry's blossom
  A harvest shall grow,
The land's ample bosom
  With wealth shall o'erflow.

Should war's cloud e'er lower,
  Then bold from the soil,
Be a patriot power
  Aggression's best foil.

Great was thy parentage,
  Bless'd be thy dower,

Maternal love engage
  Thy life's latest hour.

Britannia's fond pray'r
  Is breath'd for thy peace,
O! may Heaven's lov'd care,
  Thy stature increase.

Undaunted thy mood,
  May'st thou ever be
The abode of the good,
  The home of the free.

Ingersoll, July 1, 1867.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the Memory of my late wife, who died 26th June, 1865.

Belov'd by those, who from close contact saw
The spirit brave, the fragile form illume,
Precoc'ous thought, fledg'd her muse early, and
In riper years, a bold protest she sung
'Gainst man's foul outrage to the hapless slave.

TO WILLIAM MURRAY, ESQ., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Dear William, fond term, and of thee, most
true ;
Sweet were the warblings of thy gentle muse
That lately sang in tones so heartfelt deep,
The dear lov'd mem'ries of thy Highland home.
And now full-fledg'd, on stronger pinion
borne,
Soaring, aloft, hast struck a holy chord
That vibrates to the soul of melody,
And wakes the echoes of the heavenly land.
Full well thy kindred aspirations blend
With theme ecstatic, love of God to man—
The bleeding Lamb, accepted sacrifice,
Be thy soul's stay, hence, yea for evermore !

LINES

Addressed to the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone on the commencement of the Franco-German war.

Pilot, some say thou art afraid to steer
  Britannia's barque amid this vexed sea,
Heed not the envious taunt, malignant jeer,
  Thy country knows thy worth and trusteth
    thee.

From courts polite, where courtesy profuse
  But veil'd the rancor of their mutual hate,
In maniac form war's demon is let loose,
  Nature's fair breast again to desolate.

And if the foul contagion spread its breath
  O'er States where fear or avarice hath pow'r,

O be thou martyr-like, firm to the death,
Endurance brave, gild peril's darkest hour!

And what if felon nations should combine
To pour their hordes on Britain's sacred shore;
A three-fold cord these sea-girt Isles entwine,
There are invaders' graves, and room for more.

And O! the deep revered, grand old land,
Grander as time and distance intervene;
Bold, loyal hearts on this Canadian strand,
Will ne'er desert their country and lov'd Queen.

INDEX.