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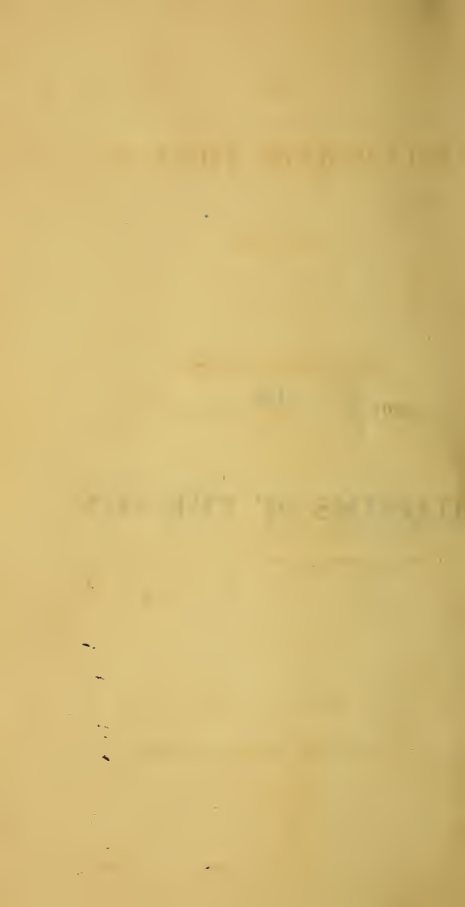




THE

PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

A



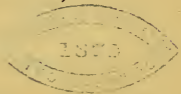
THE  
**PILGRIMS OF THE SUN;**

A POEM.

BY JAMES HOGG,

"

AUTHOR OF THE QUEEN'S WAKE, &C.



A pupil in the many-chambered school  
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

WORDSWORTH.

PHILADELPHIA:

o

PUBLISHED BY MOSES THOMAS.

J. Maxwell, printer.

1815.

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1815



Ms. A. 10. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

TO THE  
RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

NOT for thy crabbed state-creed, wayward wight,  
Thy noble lineage, nor thy virtues high,  
(God bless the mark!) do I this homage plight;  
No—'tis thy bold and native energy;  
Thy soul that dares each bound to overfly,  
Ranging through Nature on erratic wing—  
These do I honour—and would fondly try  
With thee a wild aërial strain to sing:  
Then, O! round Shepherd's head thy charmed  
mantle fling.



THE  
PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

PART FIRST.



THE  
**PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.**

PART FIRST.

**O**F all the lasses in fair Scotland,  
That lightly bound o'er muir and lea,  
There's nane like the maids of Yarrowdale,  
Wi' their green coats kilted to the knee.

O! there shines mony a winsome face,  
And mony a bright and beaming ee;  
For rosy health blooms on the cheek,  
And the blink of love plays o'er the bree.

But ne'er by Yarrow's sunny braes,  
Nor Ettrick's green and wizzard shaw,  
Did ever maid so lovely won  
As Mary Lee of Carelha'.\*

O! round her fair and sightly form  
The light hill-breeze was blithe to blow,  
For the virgin hue her bosom wore  
Was whiter than the drifted snow.

The dogs that wont to growl and bark,  
Whene'er a stranger they could see,  
Would cower, and creep along the sward,  
And lick the hand of Mary Lee.

On form so fair, or face so mild,  
The rising sun did never gleam;  
On such a pure untainted mind,  
The dawn of truth did never beam.

\* Now vulgarly called Carterhaugh.

She never had felt the stounds of love,  
Nor the waefu' quams that breed o' sin;  
But ah! she showed an absent look,  
And a deep and thoughtfu' heart within.

She looked with joy on a young man's face,  
The downy chin, and the burning eye,  
Without desire, without a blush,  
She loved them, but she knew not why.

She learned to read, when she was young,  
The books of deep divinity;  
And she thought by night, and she read by day,  
Of the life that is, and the life to be.

And the more she thought, and the more she read,  
Of the ways of Heaven and Nature's plan,  
She feared the half that the bedesmen said  
Was neither true nor plain to man.

Yet she was meek, and bowed to Heaven  
Each morn beneath the shady yew,

Before the laverock left the cloud,  
Or the sun began his draught of dew.

And when the gloaming's gouden veil  
Was o'er Blackandro's summit flung,  
Among the bowers of green Bowhill  
Her hymn she to the virgin sung.

And aye she thought, and aye she read,  
Till mystic wildness marked her air;  
For the doubts that on her bosom preyed  
Were more than maiden's mind could bear.

And she grew weary of this world,  
And yearned and pined the next to see;  
Till Heaven in pity earnest sent,  
And from that thralldom set her free.

One eve when she had prayed and wept  
Till daylight faded on the wold—  
The third night of the waning moon!  
Well known to hind and matron old!



For then the faries boun' to ride,  
And the elves of Ettrick's greenwood shaw;  
And aye their favourite rendezvous  
Was green Bowhill and Carelha'.

There came a wight to Mary's knee,  
With face, like angel's, mild and sweet;  
His robe was like the lily's bloom,  
And graceful flowed upon his feet.

He did not clasp her in his arms,  
Nor showed he cumbrous courtesy;  
But took her gently by the hand,  
Saying, "Maiden, rise and go with me.

"Cast off, cast off these earthly weeds,  
They ill befit thy destiny;  
I come from a far distant land  
To take thee where thou long'st to be."

She only felt a shivering throb,  
A pang defined that may not be;

And up she rose, a naked form,  
More lightsome, pure, and fair than he.

He held a robe in his right hand,  
Pure as the white rose in the bloom;  
That robe was not of earthly make,  
Nor sewed by hand, nor wove in loom.

When she had doned that light seymar,  
Upward her being seemed to bound;  
Like one that wades in waters deep,  
And scarce can keep him to the ground.

Though rapt and transient was the pause,  
She scarce could keep to ground the while;  
She felt like heaving thistle down,  
Hung to the earth by viewless pile.

The beauteous stranger turned his face  
Unto the eastern streamers sheen,  
He seemed to eye the ruby star  
That rose above the Eildon green.

He spread his right hand to the heaven,  
And he bade the maid not look behind,  
But keep her face to the dark blue even;  
And away they bore upon the wind.

She did not linger, she did not look,  
For in a moment they were gone;  
But she thought she saw her very form  
Stretched on the greenwood's lap alone.

As ever you saw the meteor speed,  
Or the arrow cleave the yielding wind,  
Away they sprung, and the breezes sung,  
And they left the gloaming star behind.

And eastward, eastward still they bore,  
Along the night's gray canopy;  
And the din of the world died away,  
And the landscape faded on the ee.

They had marked the dark blue waters lie  
Like curved lines on many a vale;

And they hung on the shelve of a saffron cloud,  
That scarcely moved in the slumbering gale.

They turned their eyes to the heaven above,  
And the stars blazed bright as they drew nigh;  
And they looked to the darksome world below,  
But all was gray obscurity.

They could not trace the hill nor dale,  
Nor could they ken where the greenwood lay;  
But they saw a thousand shadowy stars,  
In many a winding watery way;  
And they better knew where the rivers ran  
Than if it had been the open day.

They looked to the western shores afar,  
But the light of day they could not see;  
And the halo of the evening star  
Sank like a crescent on the sea.

Then onward, onward fast they bore  
On the yielding winds so light and boon,

To meet the climes that bred the day,  
And gave the glow to the gilded moon.

Long had she chambered in the deep,  
To spite the maidens of the main,  
But now frae the merman's couch she sprung,  
And blushed upon her still domain.

When first from out the sea she peeped,  
She kythed like maiden's gouden kemb,  
And the sleepy waves washed o'er her brow,  
And belled her cheek wi' the briny faem.

But the yellow leme spread up the lift,  
And the stars grew dim before her e'e,  
And up arose the Queen of Night  
In all her solemn majesty.

O! Mary's heart was blithe to lie  
Above the ocean wastes reclined,  
Beside her lovely guide so high,  
On the downy bosom of the wind.

She saw the shades and gleams so bright  
Play o'er the deep incessantly,  
Like streamers of the norland way,  
The lights that danced on the quaking sea.

She saw the wraith of the waning moon,  
Trembling and pale it seemed to lie;  
It was not round like golden shield,  
Nor like her moulded orb on high.

Her image cradled on the wave,  
Scarce bore similitude the while;  
It was a line of silver light,  
Stretched on the deep for many a mile.

The lovely youth beheld with joy  
That Mary loved such scenes to view;  
And away, and away they journeyed on,  
Faster than wild bird ever flew.

Before the tide, before the wind,  
The ship speeds swiftly o'er the faem;

And the sailor sees the shores fly back,  
And weens his station still the same.

Beyond that speed ten thousand times,  
By the marled streak and the cloudlet brown,  
Past our aerial travellers on  
In the wan light of the waning moon.

They kepted aloof as they passed her bye,  
For their views of the world were not yet done;  
But they saw her mighty mountain form  
Like Cheviot in the setting sun.

And the stars and the moon fled west away,  
So swift o'er the vaulted sky they shone;  
They seemed like fiery rainbows reared,  
In a moment seen, in a moment gone.

Yet Mary Lee as easy felt  
As if on silken couch she lay;  
And soon on a rosy film they hung,  
Above the beams of the breaking day.

And they saw the chambers of the sun,  
And the angels of the dawning ray,  
Draw the red curtains from the dome,  
The glorious dome of the God of Day.

And the youth a slight obeisance made,  
And seemed to bend upon his knee:  
The holy vow he whispering said  
Sunk deep in the heart of Mary Lee.

I may not say the prayer he prayed,  
Nor of its wondrous tendency;  
But it proved that the half the bedesmen said  
Was neither true nor ever could be.

Sweet breaks the day o'er Harlaw cairn,  
On many an ancient peel and barrow,  
On braken hill, and lonely tarn,  
Along the greenwood glen of Yarrow.

Oft there had Mary viewed with joy  
The rosy streaks of light unfurled:



○! think how glowed the virgin's breast  
Hung o'er the profile of the world.

On battlement of storied cloud  
That floated o'er the dawn serene,  
To pace along with angel tread,  
And on the rainbow's arch to lean.

Her cheek lay on its rosy rim,  
Her bosom pressed the yielding blue,  
And her fair robes of heavenly make  
Were sweetly tinged with every hue.

And there they lay, and there beheld  
The glories of the opening morn  
Spread o'er the eastern world afar,  
Where winter wreath was never borne.

And they saw the blossom-loaded trees,  
And gardens of perennial blow,  
Spread their fair bosoms to the day,  
In dappled pride, and endless glow.

These came and passed, for the earth rolled on,  
But still on the brows of the air they hung;  
The scenes of glory they now beheld  
May scarce by mortal bard be sung.

It was not the hues of the marbled sky,  
Nor the gorgeous kingdoms of the East,  
Nor the thousand blooming isles that lie  
Like specks on the mighty ocean's breast:

It was the dwelling of that God  
Who op'd the welling springs of time;  
Seraph and cherubim's abode;  
The Eternal's throne of light sublime.

The virgin saw her radiant guide  
On nature look with kindred eye;  
But whenever he turned him to the sun,  
He bowed with deep solemnity!

And ah! she deemed him heathen born,  
Far from her own nativity,

In lands beneath the southern star,  
Beyond the sun, beyond the sea.

And aye she watched with wistful eye,  
But durst not question put the while;  
He marked her mute anxiety,  
And o'er his features beamed the smile

He took her slender hand in his,  
And swift as fleets the stayless mind,  
They scaled the glowing fields of day,  
And left the elements behind.

When past the firmament of air,  
Where no attractive influence came;  
There was no up, there was no down,  
But all was space, and all the same.

The first green world that they passed bye  
Had 'habitants of mortal mould;  
For they saw the rich men, and the poor,  
And they saw the young, and they saw the old.

But the next green world the twain past bye  
They seemed of some superior frame;  
For all were in the bloom of youth,  
And all their radiant robes the same.

And Mary saw the groves and trees,  
And she saw the blossoms thereupon;  
But she saw no grave in all the land,  
Nor church, nor yet a church-yard stone.

That pleasant land is lost in light,  
To every searching mortal eye;  
So nigh the sun its orbit sails,  
That on his breast it seems to lie.

And, though its light be dazzling bright,  
The warmth was gentle, mild, and bland,  
Such as on summer days may be,  
Far up the hills of Scottish land.

And Mary Lee longed much so stay  
In that blest land of love and truth,

So nigh the fount of life and day;  
That land of beauty, and of youth.

“ O maiden of the wistful mind,  
Here it behoves not to remain;  
But Mary, yet the time will come  
When thou shalt see this land again.

“ Thou art a visitant beloved  
Of God, and every holy one;  
And thou shalt travel on with me,  
Around the spheres, around the sun,  
To see what maid hath never seen,  
And do what maid hath never done.”

Thus spoke her fair and comely guide,  
And took as erst her lily hand;  
And soon in holy ecstasy,  
On mountains of the sun they stand.

Here I must leave the beauteous twain,  
Casting their raptured eyes abroad,

Around the vallies of the sun,  
And all the universe of God.

And I will bear my hill-harp hence,  
And hang it on its ancient tree;  
For its wild warblings ill become  
The scenes that op'd to Mary Lee.

Thou holy harp of Judah's land,  
That hung the willow boughs upon,  
O leave the bowers on Jordan's strand,  
And cedar groves of Lebanon:

That I may sound thy sacred string,  
Those chords of mystery sublime,  
That chimed the songs of Israel's King,  
Songs that shall triumph over time.

Pour forth the trancing notes again,  
That wont of yore the soul to thrill,  
In tabernacles of the plain,  
Or heights of Zion's holy hill.

O come, etherial timbrel meet,  
In Shepherd's hand thou dost delight;  
On Kedar hills thy strain was sweet,  
And sweet on Bethle'm's plain by night.

And when thy tones the land shall hear,  
And every heart conjoins with thee,  
The mountain lyre that lingers near  
Will lend a wandaring melody.

END OF PART FIRST.

The following is a list of the  
 names of the persons who have  
 been appointed to the  
 various committees of the  
 Board of Directors of the  
 City of New York, for the  
 year ending December 31, 1901.  
 The names are arranged in  
 alphabetical order.

ALPHABETICALLY

...



**THE**

**PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.**

**PART SECOND.**



THE  
PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

PART SECOND.

**H**ARP of Jerusalem! how shall my hand  
Awake thy Hallelujahs!—How begin  
The song that tells of light ineffable,  
And of the dwellers there! The fountain pure,  
And source of all—where bright archangels dwell  
And where, in unapproached pavilion, framed  
Of twelve deep veils, and every veil composed  
Of thousand thousand lustres, sits enthroned

The God of Nature!—O thou harp of Salem,  
Where shall my strain begin!

Soft let it be,  
And simple as its own primeval airs;  
And, Minstrel, when on angel wing thou soar'st,  
Then will the harp of David rise with thee.

In that fair heaven the mortal virgin stood,  
Beside her lovely guide, Cela his name.  
Yes, deem it heaven, for not the ample sky,  
As seen from earth, could slight proportion bear  
To those bright regions of eternal day,  
Once they are gained.—So sweet the breeze of life  
Breathed thro' the groves of amarynth—So sweet  
The very touch of that celestial land.  
Soon as the virgin trode thereon, she felt  
Unspeakable delight—Sensations new  
Thrilled her whole frame—As one, who his life long  
Hath in a dark and chilly dungeon pined,  
Feels when restored to freedom and the sun.

Upon a mount they stood of wreathy light  
Which cloud had never rested on, nor hues  
Of night had ever shaded—Thence they saw  
The motioned universe, that wheeled around  
In fair confusion—Raised as they were now  
To the high fountain head of light and vision,  
Wher'er they cast their eyes abroad, they found  
The light behind, the object still before;  
And on the rarified and pristine rays  
Of vision borne, their piercing sight passed on  
Intense and all unbounded—Onward!—onward!  
No cloud to intervene! no haze to dim!  
Or nigh, or distant, it was all the same;  
For distance lessened not.—O what a scene,  
To see so many goodly worlds upborne!  
Around!—around!—all turning their green bosoms  
And glittering waters to that orb of life  
On which our travellers stood, and all by that  
Sustained and gladdened! By that orb sustained!  
No—by the mighty everlasting One  
Who in that orb resides, and round whose throne  
Our journeyers now were hovering. But they kept

Aloof upon the skirts of heaven; for, strange  
Though it appears, there was no heaven beside.  
They saw all nature—All that was they saw;  
But neither moon, nor stars, nor firmament,  
Nor clefted galaxy, was any more.

Worlds beyond worlds, with intermundane voids,  
That closed and opened as those worlds rolled on,  
Were all that claimed existence: Each of these,  
From one particular point of the sun's orb,  
Seemed pendant by some ray or viewless cord,  
On which it twirled and swung with endless motion.

O! never did created being feel  
Such rapt astonishment, as did this maid  
Of earthly lineage, when she saw the plan  
Of God's fair universe!—Himself enthroned  
In light she dared not yet approach!—From whence  
He viewed the whole, and with a father's care  
Upheld and cherished.—Wonder seemed it none  
That Godhead should discern each thing minute  
That moved on his creation, when the eyes  
Which he himself had made could thus perceive

All these broad orbs turn their omniferous breasts,  
And sun them in their Maker's influence.  
O! it was sweet to see their ample vales  
Their yellow mountains, and their winding streams,  
All basking in the beams of light and life!

Each one of all these worlds seemed the abode  
Of intellectual beings; but their forms,  
Their beauty, and their natures, varied all.  
And in these worlds there were broad oceans rolled,  
And branching seas.—Some wore the hues of gold,  
And some of emerald or of burnished glass.  
And there were seas that keel had never plowed,  
Nor had the shadow of a veering sail  
Scared their inhabitants—for slumbering shades  
And spirits brooded on them.

“Cela speak;”

Said the delighted but inquiring maid,  
“And tell me which of all these worlds I see  
Is that we lately left? For I would fain  
Note how far more extensive 'tis and fair

Than all the rest—little, alas! I know  
Of it, save that it is a right fair globe,  
Diversified and huge, and that afar,  
In one sweet corner of it lies a spot  
I dearly love—where Tweed from distant moors  
Far travelled flows in murmuring majesty;  
And Yarrow rushing from her bosky banks,  
Hurries with headlong haste to the embrace  
Of her more stately sister of the hills.  
Ah! yonder 'tis!—Now I perceive it well,”  
Said she with ardent voice, bending her eye  
And stretching forth her arm to a broad globe  
That basked in the light—“ Yonder it is!  
I know the Caledonian mountains well,  
And mark the moony braes and curved heights  
Above the lone St. Mary.—Cela, speak;  
Is not that globe the world where I was born;  
And yon the land of my nativity?”  
She turned around her beauteous earnest face,  
With asking glance, but soon that glance withdrew,  
And silent looked abroad on glowing worlds;  
For she beheld a smile on Cela's face,



A smile that might an angel's face become,  
When listening to the boasted, pigmy skill  
Of high presuming man.—She looked abroad,  
But nought distinctly marked—nor durst her eye  
Again meet his, although that way her face  
So near was turned, one glance might have read  
more,

But yet that glance was staid. Pleased to behold  
Her virgin modesty, and simple grace,  
His hand upon her flexile shoulder pressed,  
In kind and friendly guise, he thus began:

“ My lovely ward, think not I deem your quest  
Impertinent or trivial—well aware  
Of all the longings of humanity  
Toward the first, haply the only scenes  
Of nature e'er beheld or understood;  
Where the immortal and unquenched mind  
First op'd its treasures; and the longing soul  
Breathed its first yearnings of eternal hope.  
I know it all; nor do I deem it strange,

In such a wilderness of moving spheres,  
Thou shouldst mistake the world that gave thee  
birth.

Prepare to wonder, and prepare to grieve:  
For I perceive that thou hast deemed the earth  
The fairest, and the most material part  
Of God's creation. Mark yon cloudy spot,  
Which yet thine eye hath never rested on;  
And tho' not long the viewless golden cord  
That chains it to this heaven, ycleped the sun,  
It seems a thing subordinate—a sphere  
Unseemly and forbidding—'Tis the earth.  
What think'st thou now of thy Almighty Maker,  
And of this goodly universe of his?"

Down sunk the virgin's eye—her heart seemed  
warped

Deep, deep in meditation—while her face  
Denoted mingled sadness.—'Twas a thought  
She trembled to express. At length with blush,  
And faltering tongue, she mildly thus replied:

“ I see all these fair worlds inhabited  
By beings of intelligence and mind.  
O! Cela, tell me this—Have they all fallen,  
And sinned like us? And has a living God  
Bled in each one of all these peopled worlds?  
Or only on yon dank and dismal spot  
Hath one Redeemer suffered for them all?”

“ Hold, hold;—No more!—Thou talkest thou  
know'st not what,”

Said her conductor with a fervent mien;  
“ More thou shalt know hereafter.—But meanwhile  
This truth conceive, that God must ever deal  
With men as men—Those things by him decreed,  
Or compassed by permission, ever tend  
To draw his creatures, whom he loves, to goodness;  
For he is all benevolence, and knows  
That in the paths of virtue and of love  
Alone, can final happiness be found.  
More thou shalt know hereafter.—Pass we on  
Around this glorious heaven, till by degrees  
Thy frame and vision are so subtilised

As that thou may'st the inner regions near  
Where dwell the holy angels—where the saints  
Of God meet in assembly—seraphs sing,  
And thousand harps, in unison complete,  
With one vibration sound Jehovah's name."

Far, far away, thro' regions of delight  
They journeyed on—not like the earthly pilgrim,  
Fainting with hunger, thirst, and burning feet,  
But, leaning forward on the liquid air,  
Like twin-born eagles, skimmed the fields of light,  
Circling the pales of heaven. In joyous mood,  
Sometimes thro' groves of shady depth they strayed,  
Arm linked in arm, as lovers walk the earth;  
Or rested in the bowers where roses hung,  
And flow'rets holding everlasting sweetness.  
And they would light upon celestial hills  
Of beauteous softened green, and converse hold  
With beings like themselves in form and mind;  
Then, rising lightly from the velvet breast  
Of the green mountain, down upon the vales  
They swooped amain by lawns and streams of life;

Then over mighty hills an arch they threw  
Formed like the rainbow.—Never since the time  
That God outspread the glowing fields of heaven  
Were two such travellers seen!—In all that way  
They saw new visitants hourly arrive  
From other worlds, in that auspicious land  
To live forever.—These had sojourned far  
From world to world more pure—till by degrees  
After a thousand years progression, they  
Stepped on the confines of that land of life,  
Of bliss unspeakable and evermore.

Yet, after such probation of approach,  
So exquisite the feelings of delight  
Those heavenly regions yielded, 'twas beyond  
Their power of sufferance.—Overcome with bliss,  
They saw them wandering in amazement on,  
With eyes that took no image on their spheres,  
Misted in light and glory, or laid down,  
Stretched on the sward of heaven in ecstacy.

Yet still their half-formed words, and breathings,  
were  
Of one that loved them, and had brought them home  
With him in full felicity to dwell.

To sing of all the scenes our travellers saw  
An angel's harp were meet, which mortal hand  
Must not assay.—These scenes must be concealed  
From mortal fancy, and from mortal eye.  
Until our weary pilgrimage is done.

They kept the outer heaven, for it behoved  
Them so to do; and in that course beheld  
Immeasurable vales, all colonized  
From worlds subjacent.—Passing inward still  
Toward the centre of the heavens, they saw  
The dwellings of the saints of ancient days  
And martyrs for the right—men of all creeds,  
Features, and hues! Much did the virgin muse,  
And much reflect on this strange mystery,  
So ill conform to all she had been taught  
From infancy to think, by holy men;

Till looking round upon the spacious globes  
Dependent on that heaven of light—and all  
Rejoicing in their God's beneficence,  
These words spontaneously burst from her lips:  
"Child that I was, ah! could my stinted mind  
Harbour the thought, that the Almighty's love,  
Life, and salvation, could to single sect  
Of creatures be confined, all his alike!"

Last of them all, in ample circle spread  
Around the palaces of heaven, they past  
The habitations of these radiant tribes  
That never in the walks of mortal life  
Had sojourned, or with human passions toiled.  
Pure were they framed; and round the skirts of  
heaven  
At first were placed, till other dwellers came  
From other spheres, by human beings nursed.  
Then inward those withdrew, more meet to dwell  
In beatific regions. These again  
Followed by more, in order regular,  
Neared to perfection. It was most apparent

Thro' all created nature, that each being,  
From the archangel to the meanest soul  
Cherished by savage, cavered in the snow,  
Or panting on the brown and sultry desert,  
That all were in progression—moving on  
Still to perfection. In conformity  
The human soul is modelled—hoping still  
In something onward! Something far beyond,  
It fain would grasp!—Nor shall that hope be lost!  
The soul shall hold it—she shall hope, and yearn,  
And grasp, and gain, for times and ages, more  
Than thought can fathom, or proud science climb!

At length they reached a vale of wondrous form  
And dread dimensions, where the tribes of heaven  
Assembly held, each in its proper sphere  
And order placed. That vale extended far  
Across the heavenly regions, and its form  
A tall gazon, or level pyramid,  
Along its borders palaces were ranged,  
All fronted with the thrones of beauteous seraphs,  
Who sat with eyes turned to the inmost point



Leaning upon their harps; and all those thrones  
Were framed of burning chrystal, where appeared  
In mingled gleam millions of dazzling hues!

Still, as the valley narrowed to a close,  
These thrones increased in grandeur and in glory,  
On either side, until the inmost two  
Rose so sublimely high, that every arch,  
Was ample as the compass of that bow  
That, on dark cloud, bridges the vales of earth.

The columns seemed ingrained with gold, and  
branched  
With many lustres, whose each single lamp  
Shone like the sun as from the earth beheld;  
And each particular column, placed upon  
A northern hill, would cap the polar wain.  
There sat half shrouded in incessant light  
The great archangels, nighest to the throne  
Of the Almighty—for—O dreadful view!  
Betwixt these two, closing the lengthened files  
Stood the pavilion of the eternal God!

Himself unseen, in tenfold splendours veiled,  
The least unspeakable, so passing bright,  
That even the eyes of angels turned thereon  
Grow dim, and round them transient darkness  
swims.

Within the verge of that extended region  
Our travellers stood. Farther they could not press,  
For round the light and glory threw a pale,  
Repellant, but to them invisible;  
Yet myriads were within of purer frame.

Ten thousand thousand messengers arrived  
From distant worlds, the missionaries of heaven,  
Sent forth to countervail malignant sprites  
That roam existence. These gave their report,  
Not at the throne, but at the utmost seats  
Of these long files of throned seraphims,  
By whom the word was passed. Then fast away  
Flew the commissioned spirits, to renew  
Their watch and guardship in far distant lands.  
They saw them, in directions opposite,

To every point of heaven glide away  
Like flying stars; or, far adown the steep,  
Gleam like small lines of light.

Now was the word

Given out, from whence they knew not, that all  
tongues,

Kindreds, and tribes, should join, with one accord,  
In hymn of adoration and acclaim,  
To Him that sat upon the throne of heaven,  
Who framed, saved, and redeemed them to himself!

Then all the countless hosts obeisance made,  
And, with their faces turned unto the throne,  
Stood up erect, while all their coronals  
From off their heads, were reverently upborne.  
Our earth-born visitant quaked every limb.  
The angels touched their harps with gentle hand  
As prelude to begin—then, all at once,  
With full o'erwhelming swell the strain arose;  
And pealing high rolled o'er the throned lists  
And tuneful files, as if the sun itself

Welled forth the high and holy symphony!  
All heaven beside was mute—the streams stood still  
And did not murmur—the light wandering winds  
Withheld their motion in the midst of heaven,  
Nor stirred the leaf, but hung in breathless trance  
Where first the sounds assailed them!—Even the  
    windows  
Of God's pavilion seemed to open wide  
And drink the harmony!

        Few were the strains  
The virgin pilgrim heard, for they o'erpowered  
Her every sense, and down she sunk entranced  
By too supreme delight, and all to her  
Was lost—She saw nor heard not!—It was gone!

Long did she lie beside a cooling spring  
In her associate's arms, before she showed  
Motion or life—and when she first awoke  
It was in dreaming melody—low strains  
Half sung, half uttered hung upon her breath.

“O! is it past?” said she; “Shall I not hear  
That song of heaven again?—Then all beside  
Of being is unworthy—Take me back,  
Where I may hear that lay of glory flow,  
And die away in it—My soul shall mix  
With its harmonious numbers, and dissolve  
In fading cadence at the gates of light.”

Back near the borders of that sacred vale  
Cathious they journeyed; and at distance heard  
The closing anthem of that great assembly  
Of saints and angels.—First the harps awoke  
A murmuring tremulous melody, that rose  
Now high—now seemed to roll in waves away.  
And aye between this coral hymn was sung,  
“O! holy! holy! holy! just, and true,  
Art thou, Lord God Almighty! thou art he  
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be!”  
Then every harp, and every voice, at once  
Resounded *Haleluiah!* so sublime,  
That all the mountains of the northern heaven,  
And they are many, sounded back the strain.

O! when the voices and the lyres were strained  
To the rapt height, the full delirious swell,  
Then did the pure elastic mounds of heaven  
Quiver and stream with flickering radiance,  
Like gossamers along the morning dew.  
Still paused the choir, till the last echo crept  
Into the distant hill—O it was sweet!  
Beyond refinement sweet! and never more  
May ear of mortal list such heavenly strains,  
While linked to erring frail humanity.

After much holy converse with the saints  
And dwellers of the heaven, of that concerned  
The ways of God with man, and wondrous truths  
But half revealed to him, our sojourners  
In holy awe withdrew. And now, no more  
By circular and cautious route they moved,  
But straight across the regions of the blest,  
And storied vales of heaven, did they advance,  
On rapt ecstatic wing; and oft assayed  
The seraph's holy hymn. As they past bye,

The angels paused; and saints, that lay reposed  
In bowers of paradise, upraised their heads  
To list the passing music; for it went  
Swift as the wild-bee's note, that on the wing  
Bombs like unbodied voice along the gale.

At length upon the brink of Heaven they stood;  
There lingering, forward on the air they leaned  
With hearts elate, to take one parting look  
Of nature from its source, and converse hold  
Of all its wonders. Not upon the sun,  
But on the halo of bright golden air  
That fringes it they leaned, and talked so long,  
That from contiguous worlds they were beheld  
And wondered at as beams of living light.

There all the motions of the ambient spheres  
Were well observed, explained, and understood.  
All save the mould of that mysterious chain  
Which bound them to the sun—that God himself,  
And he alone could comprehend or wield.

While thus they stood or lay (for to the eyes  
Of all, their posture seemed these two between,  
Bent forward on the wind, in graceful guise,  
On which they seemed to press, for their fair robes  
Were streaming far behind them) there passed by  
A most erratic wandering globe, that seemed  
To run with troubled aimless fury on.  
The virgin, wondering, inquired the cause  
And nature of that roaming meteor world.

When Cela thus—" I can remember well  
When yon was such a world as that you left;  
A nursery of intellect, for those  
Where matter lives not.—Like these other worlds,  
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung  
With wide and rapid motion. But the time  
That God ordained for its existence run.  
Its uses in that beautiful creation,  
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more!  
The saints and angels knew of it, and came  
In radiant files, with awful reverence,



Unto the verge of heaven where we now stand,  
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.  
Think of the impetus that urges on  
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.  
Just in the middle of its swift career,  
Th' Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain  
That hung it to the heaven—Creation sobbed!  
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills  
Of these celestial regions. Down amain  
Into the void the outcast world descended,  
Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled seas  
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurred  
Around it like a dew.—The mountain tops,  
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,  
And clattered down the steeps of night forever.

“ Away into the sunless starless void  
Rushed the abandoned world; and thro' its caves,  
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.  
The realms of night were troubled—for the stillness  
Which there from all eternity had reigned

Was rudely discomposed; and moaning sounds,  
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar  
By darkling spirits!—Still with stayless force,  
For years and ages, down the wastes of night  
Rolled the impetuous mass!—of all its seas  
And superficies disencumbered  
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,  
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur  
Were blown into a flame—When, meteor-like,  
Bursting away upon an arching track,  
Wide as the universe, again it scaled  
The dusky regions.—Long the heavenly hosts  
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it,  
Save as an instance of Almighty power:  
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,  
When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw  
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear!  
Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth  
O'er half the breadth of heaven!—The angels  
paused!

And all the nations trembled at the view.

“But great is he who rules them!—He can turn  
And lead it all unhurtful thro’ the spheres,  
Signal of pestilence, or wasting sword,  
That ravage and deface humanity.

“The time will come, when, in likewise, the  
earth  
Shall be cut off from God’s fair universe;  
Its end fulfilled.—But when that time shall be,  
From man, from saint, and angel is concealed.”

Here ceased the converse.—To a tale like this  
What converse could succeed?—They turned  
around,  
And kneeling on the brow of heaven, there paid  
Due adoration to that Holy One,  
Who framed and ruled the elements of nature.  
Then like two swans that far on wing hath scaled  
The Alpine heights to gain their native lake,  
At length, perceiving far below their eye  
The beauteous silvery speck—they slack their  
wings,

And softly sink adown the incumbent air:  
So sunk our lovely pilgrims, from the verge  
Of the fair heaven, down the streamered sky;  
Far other scenes, and other worlds to view.

END OF PART SECOND.

THE

**PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.**

PART THIRD.



THE  
PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

PART THIRD.

**I**MPERIAL England, of the Ocean born,  
Who from the isles beyond the dawn of morn,  
To where waste oceans wash Peruvia's shore,  
Hast from all nations drawn thy boasted lore.  
Helm of the world, whom seas and isles obey,  
Tho' high thy honours, and though far thy sway,  
Thy harp I crave, unfeared of thy frown;  
Well may'st thou lend what erst was not thine own.

Come thou old bass—I loved thy lordly swell,  
With Dryden's twang, and Pope's malicious knell,  
But now, so sore thy brazen chords are worn,  
By peer, by pastor, and by bard forlorn;  
By every grub that harps for venal ore,  
And crabbe that grovels on the sandy shore:  
I wot not if thy maker's aim has been  
A harp, a fiddle, or a tambourine.

Come, leave these lanes and sinks beside the sea;  
Come to the silent moorland dale with me;  
And thou shalt pour, along the mountain hoar,  
A strain its echoes never waked before;  
Thou shalt be strung where green-wood never  
grew,  
Swept by the winds, and mellowed by the dew.

Sing of the globes our travellers viewed, that lie  
Around the sun, enveloped in the sky;  
Thy music slightly must the veil withdraw,  
From lands they visited, and scenes they saw;



From lands, where love and goodness ever dwell;  
Where famine, blight, or mildew never fell;  
Where face of man is ne'er o'erspread with gloom,  
And woman smiles forever in her bloom:  
And thou must sing of wicked worlds beneath,  
Where flit the visions, and the hues of death.

The first they saw, tho' different far the scene,  
Compared with that where they had lately been,  
To all its dwellers yielded full delight;  
Long was the day, and long and still the night;  
The groves were dark and deep, the waters still;  
The raving streamlets murmured from the hill:  
It was the land where faithful lovers dwell,  
Beyond the grave's unseemly sentinel;  
Where, free of jealousy, their mortal bane,  
And all the ills of sickness and of pain,  
In Love's delights they bask without alloy;  
The night their transport, and the day their joy.  
The broadened sun, in chamber and alcove,  
Shines daily on their morning couch of love;

And in the evening grove, while linnets sing,  
And silent bats wheel round on fluttering wing,  
Still in the dear embrace their souls are lingering.

“O! tell me, Cela,” said the earthly maid,  
“Must all these beauteous dames like woman fade?  
In our imperfect world, it is believed  
That those who most have loved the most have  
grieved;

That love can every power of earth control,  
Can conquer kings, and chain the hero's soul;  
While all the woes and pains that women prove,  
Have each their poignance and their source from  
love;

What law of nature has reversed the doom,  
If these may always love, and always bloom?”

“Look round thee, maid beloved, and thou shalt  
see,

As journeying o'er this happy world with me,  
That no decrepitude nor age is here;  
No autumn comes the human bloom to sere;

For these have lived in worlds of mortal breath,  
And all have past the dreary bourn of death:  
Can'st thou not mark their purity of frame,  
Tho' still their forms and features are the same?"

Replied the maid: "No difference I can scan,  
Save in the fair meridian port of man,  
And woman fresh as roses newly sprung:  
If these have died, they all have died when young."

"Thou art as artless as thy heart is good;  
This in thy world is not yet understood;  
But wheresoe'er we wander to and fro,  
In heaven above, or in the deep below,  
What thou misconstruest I shall well explain,  
Be it in angel's walk, or mortal reign,  
In sun, moon, stars, in mountain, or in main.

"Know then, that every globe which thou hast  
seen,  
Varied with vallies, seas, and forests green,

Are all conformed, in subtilty of clime,  
To beings sprung from out the womb of time;  
And all the living groups, where'er they be,  
In worlds which thou hast seen, or thou may'st see,  
Wherever sets the eve and dawns the morn,  
Are all of mankind—all of woman born.  
The globes, from heaven, which most at distance lie,  
Are nurseries of life to these so nigh,  
In those, the minds for evermore to be,  
Must dawn and rise with smiling infancy.

“ Thus 'tis ordained—these grosser regions  
yield

Souls, thick as blossoms of the vernal field,  
Which after death, in relative degree,  
Fairer, or darker, as their minds may be,  
To other worlds are led, to learn and strive,  
Till to perfection all at last arrive.  
This once conceived, the ways of God are plain,  
But thy unyielding race in errors will remain.

“These beauteous dames, who glow with love unstained,

Like thee were virgins, but not so remained.  
Not to thy sex this sere behest is given;  
They are the garden of the God of heaven;  
Of beauties numberless and woes the heir;  
The tree was reared immortal fruit to bear;  
And she, all selfish choosing to remain,  
Nor share of love the pleasures and the pain,  
Was made and cherished by her God in vain;  
She sinks into the dust a nameless thing,  
No son the requiem o'er her grave to sing.  
While she who gives to human beings birth,  
Immortal here, is living still on earth;  
Still in her offspring lives, to fade and bloom,  
Flourish and spread thro' ages long to come.

“Now mark me, maiden—why that wistful look?  
Tho' woman must those pains and passions brook,  
Beloved of God, and fairest of his plan,  
Note how she smiles, superior still to man;

As well it her behoves; for was not he  
Lulled on her breast, and nursed upon her knee:  
Her foibles and her failings may be rife,  
While toiling thro' the snares and ills of life,  
But he who framed her nature, knows her pains,  
Her heart dependent, and tumultuous viens,  
And many faults the world heap on her head,  
Will never there be harshly visited.

Proud haughty man, the nursling of her care,  
Must more than half her crimes and errors bear;  
If flow'rets droop and fade before their day;  
If others sink neglected in the clay;  
If trees, too rankly earthed, too rathly blow,  
And others neither fruit nor blossom know,  
Let human reason equal judgment frame,  
Is it the flower, the tree, or gardner's blame?

“Thou see'st them lovely—so they will remain;  
For when the soul and body meet again,  
No 'vantage will be held, of age, or time,  
United at their fairest fullest prime.

The form when purest, and the soul most sage,  
Beauty with wisdom shall have heritage,  
The form of comely youth, th' experience of age.

“When to thy kindred thou shalt this relate,  
Of man's immortal and progressive state,  
No credit thou wilt gain, for they are blind,  
And would, presumptuous, the Eternal bind,  
Either perpetual blessings to bestow,  
Or plunge the souls he framed in endless wo.

“This is the land of lovers, known afar,  
And named the Evening and the Morning star;  
Oft, with rapt eye, thou hast its rising seen,  
Above the holy spires of old Lindeen;  
And marked its tiny beam diffuse a hue  
That tinged the paleness of the morning blue;  
Ah! did'st thou deem it was a land so fair?  
Or that such peaceful 'habitants were there?

“ See'st thou yon gloomy sphere, thro' vapours  
dun,

That wades in crimson like the sultry sun?  
There let us bend our course, and mark the fates  
Of mighty warriors; and of warriors' mates;  
For there they toil 'mid troubles and alarms,  
The drums and trumpets sounding still to arms;  
Till by degrees, when ages are outgone,  
And happiness and comfort still unknown,  
Like simple babes, the land of peace to win,  
The task of knowledge sorrowful begin.  
By the enlightened philosophic mind,  
More than a thousand ages left behind.

“ O what a world of vanity and strife!  
For what avails the stage of mortal life!  
If to the last the fading frame is worn,  
The same unknowing creature it was born!  
Where shall the spirit rest! where shall it go!  
Or how enjoy a bliss it does not know?



It must be taught in darkness and in pain,  
Or beg the bosom of a child again.  
Knowledge of all, avails the human kind,  
For all beyond the grave are joys of mind."

So swift and so untroubled was their flight,  
'Twas like the journey of a dream by night;  
And scarce had Mary ceased, with thought sedate,  
To muse on woman's sacred estimate,  
When on the world of warriors they alight,  
Just on the confines of its day and night;  
The purple light was waning west away,  
And shoally darkness gained upon the day.

"I love that twilight," said the pilgrim fair,  
"For more than earthly solemnness is there.  
See how the rubied waters winding roll;  
A hoary doubtful hue involves the pole!  
Uneasy murmurs float upon the wind,  
And tenfold darkness rears its shades behind!

“ And lo! where, wrapt in deep vermilion shroud  
The daylight slumbers on the western cloud!  
I love the scene!—O let us onward steer,  
The light our steeds, the wind our charioteer!  
And on the downy cloud impetuous hurled,  
We’ll with the twilight ring this warrior world!”

Along, along, along the nether sky!  
The light before, the wreathed darkness nigh!  
Along, along, thro’ evening vapours blue,  
Thro’ tinted air, and racks of drizzly dew,  
The twain pursued their way, and heard afar  
The moans and murmurs of the dying war;  
The neigh of battle-steeds by field and wall,  
That missed their generous comrades of the stall,  
Which, all undaunted, in the ranks of death,  
Yielded, they knew not why, their honest breath;  
And, far behind, the hill-wolf’s hunger yell,  
And watchword past from drowsy sentinel.

Along, along, thro’ mind’s unwearied range,  
It flies to the vicissitudes of change.

Our pilgrims of the twilight weary grew,  
Transcendent was the scene, but never new;  
They wheeled their rapid chariot from the light,  
And pierced the bosom of the hideous night.

So thick the darkness, and its veil so swarth,  
All hues were gone of heaven and of the earth!  
The watch-fire scarce like gilded glow-worm  
seemed;

No moon nor star along the concave beamed!  
Without a halo flaming meteors flew;  
Scarce did they shed a sullen sulphury blue;  
Whizzing they past, by folded vapours crossed,  
And in a sea of darkness soon were lost.

Like pilgrim birds that o'er the ocean fly,  
When lasting night and polar storms are nigh,  
Enveloped in a rayless atmosphere,  
By northern shores uncertain course they steer;  
O'er thousand darkling billows flap the wing,  
Till far is heard the welcome murmuring

Of mountain waves, o'er waste of waters tossed,  
In fleecy thunder fall on Albyn's coast.

So passed the pilgrims through impervious  
night,

Till, in a moment, rose before their sight  
A bound impassable of burning levin!  
A wall of flame, that reached from earth to heaven!  
It was the light, shed from the bloody sun,  
In bootless blaze upon that cloud so dun;  
Its gloom was such as not to be oppressed,  
That those perturbed spirits might have rest.

Now op'd a scene, before but dimly seen,  
A world of pride, of havoc, and of spleen;  
A world of scathed soil, and sultry air;  
For industry and culture was not there;  
The hamlets smoked in ashes on the plain,  
The bones of men were bleaching in the rain,  
And, piled in thousands, on the trenched heath,  
Stood warriors bent on vengeance and on death.

“ Ah!” said the youth, “ we timely come to spy  
A scene momentous, and a sequel high!  
For late arrived, on this disquiet coast,  
A fiend, that in Tartarian gulf was tossed,  
And held in tumult, and commotion fell,  
The gnashing legions through the bounds of hell,  
For ages past—but now, by heaven’s decree,  
The prelude of some dread event to be,  
Is hither sent like desolating brand,  
The scourge of God, the terror of the land!  
He seems the passive elements to guide,  
And stars in courses fight upon his side.

“ On yon high mountain will we rest, and see  
The omens of the times that are to be;  
For all the wars of earth, and deeds of weir,  
Are first performed by warrior spirits here;  
So linked are souls by one eternal chain,  
What these perform, those needs must do again;  
And thus th’ Almighty weighs each kingdom’s  
date,  
Each warrior’s fortune, and each warrior’s fate,

Making the future time with that has been,  
Work onward, rolling like a vast machine."

They sat them down on hills of Alpine form,  
Above the whirlwind and the thunder storm;  
For in that land contiguous to the sun,  
The elements in wild obstruction run;  
They saw the bodied flame the cloud impale,  
Then river like fleet down the sultry dale.  
While, basking in the sun-beam, high they lay,  
The hill was swathed in dark unseemly gray;  
The downward rainbow hung across the rain,  
And leaned its glowing arch upon the plain.

While thus they staid, they saw in wonderous  
wise,  
Armies and kings from out the cloud arise;  
They saw great hosts and empires over-run,  
War's wild extreme, and kingdoms lost and won;  
The whole of that this age has lived to see,  
With battles of the east long hence to be,

They saw distinct and plain, as human eye  
Discerns the forms and objects passing bye.  
Long yet the time, ere wasting war shall cease,  
And all the world have liberty and peace!

The pilgrims moved not—word they had not  
said,

While this mysterious boding vision staid;  
But now the virgin, with disturbed eye,  
Besought solution of the prodigy.

“ These all are future kings of earthly fame;  
That wolfish fiend, from hell that hither came,  
Over thy world, in ages yet to be,  
Must desolation spread and slavery,  
Till nations learn to know their estimate:  
To be unanimous is to be great!  
When right’s own standard calmly is unfurl’d,  
The people are the sovereigns of the world!

“ Like one machine a nation’s governing,  
And that machine must have a moving spring,

But of what mould that moving spring should be,  
'Tis the high right of nations to decree.

This mankind must be taught, though millions  
bleed,

That knowledge, truth, and liberty, may spread."

"What meant the vision 'mid the darksome  
cloud;

Some spirits rose as from unearthly shroud,

And joined their warrior brethren of the free;

Two souls inspired each, and some had three?"

"These were the spirits of their brethren slain,

Who, thus permitted, rose and breathed again;

For still let reason this high truth recall,

The body's but a mould, the soul is all;

Those triple minds that all before them hurled,

Are called Silesians in this warrior world."

"O tell me, Cela, when shall be the time,

That all the restless spirits of this clime,



Erring so widely in the search of bliss,  
Shall win a milder happier world than this?"

“ Not till they learn, with humbled hearts, to see  
The falsehood of their fuming vanity.  
What is the soldier but an abject fool!  
A king's, a tyrant's, or a statesman's tool!  
Some patriot few there are—but ah! how rare!  
For vanity or interest still is there;  
Or blindfold levity directs his way;  
A licensed murderer that kills for pay!  
Though fruitless ages thus be overpast,  
Truth, love, and knowledge, must prevail at last!”

The pilgrims left that climate with delight,  
Weary of battle and portentous sight.

It boots not all their wanderings to relate,  
By globes immense, and worlds subordinate;  
For still my strain in mortal guise must flow,  
Though swift as winged angels they might go;

The palled mind would meet no kind relay,  
And dazzled fancy 'wilder by the way.

They found each clime with mental joys replete,  
And all for which its 'habitants were meet.  
They saw a watery world of sea and shore,  
Where the rude sailor swept the flying oar,  
And drove his bark like lightning o'er the main,  
Proud of his prowess of her swiftness vain;  
Held revel on the shore with stormy glee,  
Or sung his boisterous carol on the sea.

They saw the land where bards delighted stray,  
And beauteous maids that love the melting lay;  
One mighty hill they clomb with earnest pain,  
Forever clomb, but higher did not gain;  
Their gladsome smiles were mixed with frowns  
severe;  
For all were bent to sing and none to hear.

Far in the gloom they found a world accursed,  
Of all the globes the dreariest and the worst!

But there they could not sojourn, though they  
would,  
For all the language was of mystic mood,  
A jargon, nor conceived, nor understood;  
It was of deeds, respondents, and replies,  
Dark quibbles, forms, and condescendencies;  
And they would argue, with vociferous breath,  
For months and days, as if the point were death,  
And when at last enforced to agree,  
'Twas only how the argument should be!

They saw the land of bedesmen discontent,  
Their frames their god, their tithes their testament!  
And snarling critics bent with aspect sour,  
T' applaud the great, and circumvent the poor;  
And knowing patriots, with important face,  
Raving aloud with jesture and grimace,  
Their prize a land's acclaim, or proud and gainful  
place.  
Then by a land effeminate they passed,  
Where silks and odours floated in the blast;

A land of vain and formal compliment,  
Where won the flippant belles, and beaux magni-  
ficent.

They circled nature on their airy wain,  
From God's own throne, unto the realms of pain;  
For there are prisons in the deep below,  
Where wickedness sustains proportioned wo,  
Nor more nor less; for the Almighty still  
Suits to our life the goodness and the ill.

O! it would melt the living heart with wo,  
Were I to sing the agonies below;  
The hatred nursed by those who cannot part;  
The hardened brow, the seared and sullen heart;  
The still defenceless look, the stifled sigh,  
The writhed lip, the staid despairing eye,  
Which ray of hope may never lighten more,  
Which cannot shun, yet dares not look before.  
O! these are themes reflection would forbear,  
Unfitting bard to sing, or maid to hear;

Yet these they saw, in downward realms prevail,  
And listened many a sufferer's hapless tale,  
Who all allowed that rueful misbelief  
Had proved the source of their eternal grief;  
And all th' Almighty punisher arraigned  
For keeping back that knowledge they disdained.

“ Ah!” Cela said, as up the void they flew,  
“ The axiom's just—the inference is true;  
Therefore no more let doubts thy mind enthrall,  
Thro' nature's range thou seest a God in all:  
Where is the mortal law that can restrain  
The atheist's heart, that broods o'er thoughts  
profane?

Soon fades the soul's and virtue's dearest tie,  
When all the future closes from the eye.”  
By all, the earth-born virgin plainly saw  
Nature's untaid, unalterable law;  
That human life is but the infant stage  
Of a progressive, endless pilgrimage,  
To wq, or state of bliss, by bard unsung,  
At that eternal fount where being sprung.

When these wild wanderings all were past and  
done,  
Just in the red beam of the parting sun,  
Our pilgrims skimmed along the light of even',  
Like flitting stars that cross the nightly heaven,  
And lighting on the verge of Phillip plain,  
They trode the surface of the world again.

Arm linked in arm, they walked to green Bowhill;  
At their approach the woods and lawns grew still!  
The little birds to brake and bush withdrew,  
The merl away unto Blackandro flew;  
The twilight held its breath in deep suspense,  
And looked its wonder in mute eloquence!

They reached the bower, where first at Mary's  
knee,  
Cela arose her guide through heaven to be.  
All, all was still—no living thing was seen!  
No human footstep marked the daisied green!

The youth looked round, as something were un-  
meet,  
Or wanting there, to make their bliss complete.  
They paused—they sighed—then with a silent awe,  
Walked onward to the halls of Carelha'.

They heard the squires and yeomen, all intent,  
Talking of some mysterious event!  
They saw the maidens in dejection mourn,  
Scarce daring glance unto a yeoman turn!  
Straight to the inner chamber they repair,  
Mary beheld her widowed mother there,  
Flew to her arms, to kiss her and rejoice;  
Alas! she saw her not, nor heard her voice!  
But sat unmoved with many a bitter sigh,  
Tears on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye!  
In sable weeds, her lady form was clad,  
And the white lawn waved mournful round her  
head!

Mary beheld, arranged in order near,  
The very robes she last on earth did wear,

And shrinking from the disregarded kiss;  
“ Oh, tell me Cela!—tell me, what is this?”

“ Fair maiden of the pure and guileless heart,  
As yet thou knowest not how, nor what thou art;  
Come, I will lead thee to yon hoary pile,  
Where sleep thy kindred in their storied isle:  
There I must leave thee, in this world below;  
'Tis meet thy land these holy truths should know:  
But Mary, yield not thou to bootless pain,  
Soon we shall meet, and never part again.”

He took her hand, she dared not disobey,  
But, half reluctant, followed him away.  
They paced along on Ettrick's margin green,  
And reached the hoary fane of old Lindeen;  
It was a scene to curdle maiden's blood!  
The massy church-yard gate wide open stood!  
The stars were up!—the valley steeped in dew!  
The baleful bat in silent circles flew!  
No sound was heard, except the lonely rail,  
Harping his ordinal adown the dale;



And soft, and slow, upon the breezes light,  
The rush of Ettrick breathed along the night!  
Dark was the pile, and green the tombs beneath!  
And dark the gravestones on the sward of death!

Within the railed space appeared to view,  
A grave new opened—thitherward they drew;  
And there beheld, within its mouldy womb!  
A living, moving tenant of the tomb!  
It was an aged monk, uncouth to see,  
Who held a sheeted corse upon his knee,  
And busy, busy, with the form was he!  
At their approach he uttered howl of pain,  
Till echoes groaned it from the holy fane,  
Then fled amain—Ah! Celia too, is gone!  
And Mary stands within the grave alone!  
With her fair guide, her robes of heaven are fled,  
And round her fall the garments of the dead!

Here I must seize my ancient harp again,  
And chant a simple tale, a most uncourtly strain.

END OF PART THIRD.



THE  
PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

PART FOURTH.



THE  
PILGRIMS OF THE SUN.

PART FOURTH.

'THE night-wind is sleeping—the forest is still,  
The blair of the heath-cock has sunk in the hill,  
Beyond the gray cairn of the moor is his rest,  
On the red heather bloom he has pillowed his  
breast;  
There soon with his note the gray dawning he'll  
cheer,  
But Mary of Carel' that note will not hear!

The night-wind is still, and the moon in the wane,  
The river-lark sings on the verge of the plain;  
So lonely his plaint, by the motionless reed,  
It sounds like an omen or tale of the dead;  
Like a warning of death, it falls on the ear  
Of those who are wandering the woodlands in fear;  
For the maidens of Carelha' wander, and cry  
On their young lady's name, with the tear in their  
eye.

The gates had been shut, and the mass had been  
sung,  
But Mary was missing, the beauteous and young;  
And she had been seen in the evening still,  
By woodman, alone, in the groves of Bowhill.

O were not these maidens in terror and pain!  
They knew the third night of the moon in the wane!  
They knew on that night that the spirits were free;  
That revels of faries were held on the lea;  
And heard their small bugles, with eirysome croon,  
As lightly they rode on the beam of the moon!

O! wo to the wight that abides their array!  
And wo to the maiden that comes in their way!

The maidens returned all hopeless and wan;  
The yeomen they rode, and the pages they ran;  
The Ettrick and Yarrow they searched up and  
down,  
The hamlet, the cot, and the old borough town;  
And thrice the bedesman renewed the host,  
But the dawn returned and Mary was lost!

Her lady mother, distracted and wild,  
For the loss of her loved, her only child,  
With all her maidens tracked the dew—  
Well Mary's secret bower she knew!  
Oft had she traced, with fond regard,  
Her darling to that grove, and heard  
Her orisons the green bough under,  
And turned aside with fear and wonder.

O! but their hearts were turned to stone,  
When they saw her stretched on the sward alone;

Prostrate, without a word or motion,  
As if in calm and deep devotion!  
They called her name with trembling breath;  
But ah! her sleep was the sleep of death!  
They laid their hands on her cheek composed;  
But her cheek was cold and her eye was closed.  
They laid their hands upon her breast,  
But the playful heart had sunk to rest;  
And they raised an eldrich wail of sorrow,  
That startled the hinds on the braes of Yarrow.

And yet, when they viewed her comely face,  
Each line remained of beauty and grace;  
No death-like features it disclosed,  
For the lips were met, and the eyes were closed.  
'Twas pale—but the smile was on the cheek;  
'Twas modelled all as in act to speak!  
It seemed as if each breeze that blew,  
The play of the bosom would renew;  
As nature's momentary strife  
Would wake that form to beauty and life.



It is borne away with fear and awe  
To the lordly halls of Carelha',  
And lies on silken couch at rest—  
The mother there is constant guest,  
For hope still lingers in her breast.

O! seraph Hope! that here below  
Can nothing dear to the last forego!  
When we see the forms we fain would save  
Wear step by step adown to the grave,  
Still hope a lambent gleam will shed,  
Over the last, the dying bed.  
And even, as now, when the soul's away,  
It flutters and lingers o'er the clay!  
O Hope! thy range was never expounded!  
'Tis not by the grave that thou art bounded!

The leech's art, and the bedesman's prayer,  
Are all misspent—no life is there!  
Between her breasts they dropped the lead,  
And the chord in vain begirt her head;

Yet still on that couch her body lies,  
Though another moon has claimed the skies.  
For once the lykewake maidens saw,  
As the dawn arose on Carelha',  
A movement soft the sheets within,  
And a gentle shivering of the chin!

All earthly hope at last outworn,  
The body to the tomb was borne;  
The last pale flowers in the grave were flung;  
The mass was said, and the requiem sung;  
And the turf that was ever green to be,  
Lies over the dust of Mary Lee.

Deep fell the eve on old Lindeen!  
Loud creaked the rail in the clover green!  
The new moon from the west withdrew.—  
O! well the monk of Lindeen knew  
That Mary's winding-sheet was lined  
With many fringe of the gold refined:  
That in her bier behoved to be  
A golden cross and a rosary;

Of pearl beads full many a string,  
And on every finger a diamond ring.  
The holy man no scruples staid;  
For within that grave was useless laid  
Riches that would a saint entice;—  
'Twas worth a convent's benefice!

He took the spade, and away he is gone  
To the church-yard, darkling and alone;  
His brawny limbs the grave bestride,  
And he shovelled the mools and the bones aside;  
Of the dust, nor the dead, he stood not in fear,  
But he stooped in the grave and he opened the bier;  
And he took the jewels, of value high,  
And he took the cross, and the rosary,  
And the golden heart on the lid that shone,  
And he laid them carefully on a stone.

Then down in the depth of the grave sat he,  
And he raised the corpse upon his knee;  
But in vain to gain the rings he strove,  
For the hands were cold, and they would not move.

He drew a knife from his baldric gray,  
To cut the rings and fingers away.

He gave one cut—he gave but one—  
It scarcely reached unto the bone:  
Just then the soul, so long exiled,  
Returned again from its wanderings wild;  
By the stars and the sun it ceased to roam,  
And entered its own, its earthly home.  
Loud shrieked the corse at the wound he gave,  
And rising, stood up in the grave.

The hoary thief was chilled at heart,  
Scarce had he power left to depart;  
For horror thrilled through every vein;  
He did not cry, but he roared amain;  
For hues of dread and death were rife  
On the face of the form he had woke to life:  
His reason fled from off her throne,  
And never more dawned thereupon.

Aloud she called her Cela's name,  
And the echoes called, but no Cela came!  
O! much she marvelled that he had gone,  
And left her thus in the grave alone.  
She knew the place, and the holy dome;  
Few moments hence she had thither come;  
And thro' the hues of the night she saw  
The woods and towers of Carelha'.  
'Twas mystery all—She did not ween  
Of the state or the guise in which she had been;  
She did not ween that while travelling afar,  
Away by the sun and the morning star,  
By the moon, and the cloud, and aerial bow,  
That her body was left on the earth below.

But now she stood in grievous plight;  
The ground was chilled with the dews of the night;  
Her frame was cold and ill at rest,  
The dead-rose waved upon her breast;  
Her feet were coiled in the sheet so wan,  
And fast from her hand the red blood ran.

'Twas late, late on a Sabbath night!  
At the hour of the ghost, and the restless sprite!  
The mass at Carelha' had been read,  
And all the mourners were bound to bed,  
When a foot was heard on the paved floor,  
And a gentle rap came to the door.

O God! that such a rap should be  
So fraught with ambiguity!  
A dim haze clouded every sight;  
Each hair had life and stood upright;  
No sound was heard throughout the hall,  
But the beat of the heart and the cricket's call;  
So deep the silence imposed by fear,  
That a vacant buzz sung in the ear.

The lady of Carelha' first broke  
The breathless hush, and thus she spoke.  
"Christ be our shield!—who walks so late,  
And knocks so gently at my gate?  
I felt a pang—it was not dread—  
It was the memory of the dead!

O! death is a dull and dreamless sleep!  
The mould is heavy, the grave is deep!  
Else I had weened that foot so free  
The step and the foot of my Mary Lee!  
And I had weened that gentle knell  
From the light hand of my daughter fell!  
The grave is deep, it may not be!  
Haste porter—haste to the door and see.”

He took the key with an eye of doubt,  
He lifted the lamp and he looked about;  
His lips a silent prayer addressed,  
And the cross was signed upon his breast;  
Thus mailed within, the armour of God,  
All ghostly to the door he strode.  
He wrenched the bolt with grating din,  
He lifted the latch—but none came in!  
He thrust out his lamp, and he thrust out his head,  
And he saw the face and the robes of the dead!  
One sob he heaved, and tried to fly,  
But he sunk on the earth, and the form came by.

She entered the hall, she stood in the door,  
Till one by one dropt on the floor,  
The blooming maiden, and matron old,  
The friar gray, and the yeoman bold.  
It was like a scene on the Border green,  
When the arrows fly and pierce unseen;  
And nought was heard within the hall,  
But aves, vows, and groans withal.  
The lady of Carel' stood alone,  
But moveless as a statue of stone.

“ O! lady mother, thy fears forego;  
Why all this terror and this wo?  
But late when I was in this place,  
Thou would'st not look me in the face;  
O! why do you blench at sight of me?  
I am thy own child, thy Mary Lee.”

“ I saw thee dead and cold as clay;  
I watched thy corpse for many a day;  
I saw thee laid in the grave at rest;  
I strewed the flowers upon thy breast;



And I saw the mould heaped over thee—  
Thou art not my child, my Mary Lee.”

O'er Mary's face amazement spread;  
She knew not that she had been dead;  
She gazed in mood irresolute:  
Both stood agast, and both were mute.

“ Speak thou loved form—*my* glass is run,  
I nothing dread beneath the sun,  
Why com'st thou in thy winding-sheet,  
Thy life-blood streaming to thy feet?  
The grave-rose that my own hands made,  
I see upon thy bosom spread;  
The 'kerchief that my own hands bound,  
I see still tied thy temples round;  
The golden rings, and bracelet bands,  
Are still upon thy bloody hands.  
From earthly hope all desperate driven,  
I nothing fear beneath high heaven;  
Give me thy hand and speak to me,  
If thou art indeed my Mary Lee.

That mould is sensible and warm,  
It leans upon a parent's arm,  
The kiss is sweet, and the tears are sheen,  
And kind are the words that pass between;  
They cling as never more to sunder,  
O! that embrace was fraught with wonder!

Yeoman, and maid, and menial poor,  
Upraised their heads from the marble floor;  
With lengthened arm, and forward stride,  
They tried if that form their touch would bide;  
They felt her warm!—they heard!—they saw!  
And marvel reigns in Carelha'!

The twain into their chamber repair;  
The wounded hand is bound with care;  
And there the mother heard with dread  
The whole that I to you have said,  
Of all the worlds where she had been,  
And of all the glories she had seen.  
I pledge no word that all is true,  
The virgin's tale I have told to you;

But well 'tis vouched, by age and worth,  
'Tis real that relates to earth.

'Twas trowed by every Border swain,  
The vision would full credence gain.  
Certes 'twas once by all believed,  
Till one great point was misconceived;  
For the mass-men said, with fret and frown,  
That thro' all space it well was known,  
By moon, or stars, the earth or sea,  
An up and down there needs must be;  
This error caught their minds in thrall;  
'Twas dangerous and apocryphal!  
And this nice fraud unhinged all.  
So grievous is the dire mischance  
Of priestcraft and of ignorance!

Belike thou now can'st well foresee,  
What after hap'd to Mary Lee—  
Then thou may'st close my legend here.  
But ah! the tale to some is dear!

For though her name no more remains,  
Her blood yet runs in minstrel veins.

In Mary's youth, no virgin's face  
Wore such a sweet and moving grace;  
Nor ever did maiden's form more fair  
Lean forward to the mountain air;  
But now, since from the grave returned,  
So dazzling bright her beauty burned,  
The eye of man could scarcely brook  
With steady gaze thereon to look:  
Such was the glow of her cheek and eyes,  
She bloomed like the rose of Paradise!

Though blyther than she erst had been,  
In serious mood she oft was seen.  
When rose the sun o'er mountain gray,  
Her vow was breathed to the east away;  
And when low in the west he burned,  
Still there her duteous eye was turned.  
For she saw that the flow'rets of the glade  
To him unconscious worship paid;

She saw them ope their breasts by day,  
And follow his enlivening ray,  
Then fold them up in grief by night,  
Till the return of the blessed light.  
When daylight in the west fell low,  
She heard the woodland music flow,  
Like farewell song, with sadness blent,  
A soft and sorrowful lament;  
But when the sun rose from the sea,  
O! then the birds from every tree  
Poured forth their hymn of holiest glee!  
She knew that the wandering spirits of wrath  
Fled from his eye to their homes beneath,  
But when the God of glory shone  
On earth, from his resplendent throne,  
In valley, mountain, or in grove,  
Then all was life, and light, and love.  
She saw the new-born infant's eye  
Turned to that light incessantly;  
Nor ever was that eye withdrawn  
Till the mind thus carved began to dawn.

All Nature worshipped at one shrine,  
Nor knew that the impulse was divine.

The chiefs of the forest the strife begin,  
Intent this lovely dame to win;  
But the living lustre of her eye  
Baulked every knight's pretensions high;  
Abashed they sunk before her glance,  
Nor farther could their claims advance;  
Though love thrilled every heart with pain,  
They did not ask, and they could not gain.

There came a Harper out of the east;  
A courteous and a welcome guest  
In every lord and baron's tower;  
He struck his harp of wond'rous power;  
So high his art, that all who heard  
Seemed by some magic spell ensnared;  
For every heart, as he desired,  
Was thrilled with wo—with ardor fired;  
Roused to high deeds his might above,  
Or soothed to kindness and to love.

No one could learn from whence he came,  
But Hugo of Norroway hight his name.

One day, when every baron came,  
And every maid, and noble dame,  
To list his high and holy strain  
Within the choir of Melrose fane,  
The lady of Carelha' joined the band,  
And Mary, the flower of all the land.

The strain rose soft—the strain fell low—  
O! every heart was steeped in wo!  
Again as it pealed a swell so high,  
The round drops stood in every eye;  
And the aisles and the spires of the hallowed fane,  
And the caves of Eildon, sung it again.

O Mary Lee is sick at heart!  
That pang no tongue can ever impart!  
It was not love, nor joy, nor wo,  
Nor thought of heaven, nor earth below;

'Twas all conjoined in gleam so bright—  
A poignant feeling of delight!  
The throes of a heart that sought its rest,  
Its stay—its home in another's breast!  
Ah! she had heard that holy strain  
In a land she hoped to see again!  
And seen that calm benignant eye  
Above the spheres and above the sky!  
And though the strain her soul had won,  
She yearned for the time that it was done,  
To greet the singer in language bland,  
And call him Cela, and clasp his hand.

It was yon ancient tombs among  
'That Mary glided from the throng,  
Smiled in the fair young stranger's face,  
And proffered her hand with courteous grace.  
He started aloof—he bent his eye—  
He stood in a trance of ecstasy!  
He blessed the power that had impelled  
Him onward till he that face beheld;



For he knew his bourn was gained at last,  
And all his wanderings then were past.

She called him Cela, and made demand  
Anent his kindred, and his land;  
But his hand upon his lip he laid,  
He lifted his eye, and he shook his head!  
No—Hugo of Norroway is my name,  
Ask not from whence or how I came:  
But since ever memory's ray was borne  
Within this breast of joy forlorn,  
I have sought for thee, and only thee;  
For I ween thy name is Mary Lee.  
My heart and soul with thine are blent,  
My very being's element—  
O! I have wonders to tell to thee,  
If thou art the virgin Mary Lee!

The border chiefs were all amazed,  
They stood at distance round and gazed;  
They knew her face he never had seen,  
But they heard not the words that past between.

They thought of the power that had death be-  
guiled;

They thought of the grave, and the vision wild!

And they found that human inference failed;

That all in mystery was veiled;

And they shunned the twain in holy awe.

The flower of the forest, and Carelha',

Are both by the tuneful stranger won,

And a new existence is begun.

Sheltered amid his mountains afar,

He kept from the bustle of Border war;

For he loved not the field of foray and scathe,

Nor the bow, nor the shield, nor the sword of death;

But he tuned his harp in the wild unseen,

And he reared his flocks on the mountain green.

He was the foremost the land to free

Of the hart, and the hind, and the forest tree;

The first who attuned the pastoral reed

On the mountains of Ettrick, and braes of Tweed

The first who did to the land impart  
The shepherd's rich and peaceful art,  
To bathe the fleece, to cherish the dam,  
To milk the ewe, and to wean the lamb;  
And all the joys ever since so rife  
In the shepherd's simple, romantic life.  
More bliss, more joy, from him had birth,  
Than all the conquerors of the earth.

They lived in their halls of Carelha'  
Until their children's sons they saw;  
There Mary closed a life refined  
To purity of soul and mind,  
And at length was laid in old Lindeen,  
In the very grave where she erst had been.  
Five gallant sons upbore her bier,  
And honoured her memory with a tear;  
And her stone, though now full old and gray,  
Is known by the hinds unto this day.

From that time forth, on Ettrick's shore,  
Old Hugo the harper was seen no more!

Some said he died as the morning rose;  
But his body was lost ere the evening close!  
He was not laid in old Lindeen;  
For his grave nor his burial never were seen!

Some say that at eve a form they saw  
Arise from the tower of Carelha'  
Aslant the air, and hover awhile  
Above the spires of the hallowed pile,  
Then sail away in a snow-white shroud,  
And vanish afar in the eastern cloud.

But others deemed that his grave was made  
By hands unseen in the greenwood glade.  
Certes that in one night there grew  
A little mound of an ashen hue,  
And some remains of gravel lay  
Mixed with the sward at the break of day;  
But the hind past by with troubled air,  
For he knew not what might be slumbering there:  
And still above the mound there grows,  
Yearly, a wond'rous fairy rose.

Beware that cairn and dark green ring!  
For the elves of the eve have been heard to sing  
Around that grave with eldritch croon,  
Till trembled the light of the waning moon!  
And from that cairn, at midnight deep,  
The shepherd has heard from the mountain steep  
Arise such a mellowed holy strain  
As if the minstrel had woke again!

Late there was seen, on summer tide,  
A lovely form that wont to glide  
Round green Bowhill, at the fall of even',  
So like an angel sent from heaven,  
That all the land believed and said  
Their Mary Lee was come from the dead;  
For since that time no form so fair  
Has ever moved in this earthly air:  
And whenever that beauteous shade was seen  
To visit the walks of the forest green,  
The joy of the land ran to excess,  
For they knew that it boded them happiness;

Peace, Love, and Truth, forever smiled  
Around the genius of the wild.

Ah me! there is omen of deep dismay,  
For that saint-like form has vanished away!  
I have watched her walks by the greenwood glade,  
And the mound where the Harper of old was laid;  
I have watched the bower where the woodbine  
    blows,  
And the fairy ring, and the wonderous rose,  
And all her haunts by Yarrow's shore,  
But the heavenly form I can see no more!  
She comes not now our land to bless,  
Or to cherish the poor and the fatherless,  
Who lift to heaven the tearful eye  
Bewailing their loss—and well may I!  
I little weened when I struck the string,  
In Fancy's wildest mood to sing,  
That sad and low the strain should close,  
'Mid real instead of fancied woes!

THE END.







# **SUPERSTITION.**



## SUPERSTITION.

1.

IN Caledonia's glens there once did reign  
A Sovereign of supreme unearthly eye;  
No human power her potence could restrain,  
No human soul her influence deny:  
Sole Empress o'er the mountain homes, that lie  
Far from the busy world's unceasing stir:  
But gone is her mysterious dignity,  
And true Devotion wanes away with her;  
While in loose garb appears Corruption's har-  
binger.

## 2.

Thou sceptic leveller—ill-framed with thee  
Is visionary bard a war to wage:  
Joy in thy light thou earth-born Saducee,  
That earth is all thy hope and heritage;  
Already wears thy front the line of age;  
Thou see'st a heaven above—a grave before;  
Does that lone cell thy wishes all engage?  
Say, does thy yearning soul not grasp at more?  
Wo to thy grovelling creed, thy cold ungenial lore.

## 3.

Be mine to sing of visions that have been,  
And cherish hope of visions yet to be;  
Of mountains clothed in everlasting green,  
Of silver torrent and of shadowy tree,  
Far in the ocean of eternity.  
Be mine the faith that spurns the bourn of time;  
The soul whose eye can future glories see;  
The converse here with things of purer clime,  
And hope above the stars that soars on wing  
sublime.

## 4.

But she is gone that thrilled the simple minds  
Of those I loved and honoured to the last;  
She who gave voices to the wandering winds,  
And mounted spirits on the midnight blast:  
At her behest the trooping fairies past,  
And wayward elves in many a glimmering band;  
The mountains teemed with life, and sore aghast  
Stood maid and matron 'neath her mystic wand,  
When all the spirits rose and walked at her com-  
mand.

## 5.

And she could make the brown and careless boy  
All breathless stand, unknowing what to fear;  
Or panting deep beneath his co'erlet lie,  
When midnight whisper stole upon his ear.  
And she could mould the vision of the seer  
To aught that rankled breast of froward wight;  
Or hang the form of cerement or of bier  
Within the cottage fire—O woful sight!  
That called forth many a prayer and deepened  
groan by night.

## 6.

O! I have bowed to her resistless sway,  
When the thin evening vapours floated nigh;  
When the gray plover's wailings died away,  
And the tall mountains melted into sky;  
The note of gloaming bee that journeyed bye  
Sent thro' my heart a momentary knell;  
And sore I feared in bush or brake might lie  
Things of unearthly make—for I knew well  
That hour with danger fraught more than when  
midnight fell.

## 7.

But O! if ancient cemet'ry was near,  
Or cairn of harper murdered long ago,  
Or wandering pedlar for his hoarded gear,  
Of such, what glen of Scotland doth not know?  
Or grave of suicide (upon the brow  
Of the bleak mountain) withered all and gray;  
From these I held as from some deadly foe:  
There have I quaked by night and mused by day;  
But chiefly where I weened the bard or warrior lay.

## 8.

For many a wild heart-thrilling Scottish bard,  
In lowland dale the lyre of heaven that wooed,  
Sleeps 'neath some little mound or lonely sward,  
Where humble dome of rapt devotion stood;  
'Mid heathy wastes by Mary's silent flood,  
Or in the moorland glen of dark Buccleuch;  
There o'er their graves the heath-fowl's mottled  
brood  
Track with light feathery foot the morning dew;  
There plays the gamesome lamb, or bleats the  
yeaning ewe.

## 9.

Yet, there still meet the thoughtful shepherd's view  
The marble fount-stone, and the rood so gray;  
And often there he sees with changeful hue  
The snow-white scull washed by the bourn away:  
And O! if 'tis his chance at eve to stray,  
Lone by the place where his forefathers sleep;  
At bittern's whoop or gor-cock's startling bay,

How heaves his simple breast with breathings deep;  
He mutters vow to heaven, and speeds along the  
steep.

## 10.

For well he knows, along that desert room,  
The spirits nightly watch the sacred clay;  
That, cradled on the mountain's purple bloom,  
By him they lie companions of the day,  
His guardian friends, and listening to his lay:  
And many a chant floats on the vacant air,  
That spirit of the bard or warrior may  
Hear the forgotten names perchance they bare:  
For many a warrior wight, and nameless bard lies  
there!

## 11.

Those were the times for holiness of frame;  
Those were the days when fancy wandered free;  
That kindled in the soul the mystic flame,  
And the rapt breathings of high poesy;  
Sole empress of the twilight—Wo is me!



That thou and all thy spectres are outworn;  
For true devotion wanes away with thee.  
All thy delirious dreams are laughed to scorn,  
While o'er our hills has dawned a cold saturnine  
morn.

## 12.

Long did thy fairies linger in the wild,  
When vale and city wholly were resigned;  
Where hoary cliffs o'er little holms were piled,  
And torrents sung their music to the wind:  
The darksome heaven upon the hills reclined,  
Save when a transient sun-beam, thro' the rain,  
Past like some beauteous phantom of the mind  
Leaving the hind in solitude again—  
These were their last retreats, and heard their  
parting strain.

## 13.

But every vice effeminate has sped,  
Fast as the spirits from our hills have gone,  
And all these light unbodied forms are fled,  
Or good or evil, save the ghost alone.

True, when the kine are lowing in the lone,  
An evil eye may heinous mischief brew;  
But deep enchantments to the wise are known,  
That certainly the blasted herd renew,  
And make the eldron crone her cantrips sorely rue.

## 14.

O! I have seen the door most closely barred;  
The green turf fire where stuck was many a pin;  
The rhymes of incantation I have heard,  
And seen the black dish solemnly laid in  
Amid the boiling liquid— Was it sin?  
Ah! no—'twas all in fair defence of right.  
With big drops hanging at her brow and chin,  
Soon comes the witch in sad and woful plight;  
Is cut above the breath, and yelling takes her flight!

## 15.

And I have seen, in gaunt and famished guise,  
The brindled mouser of the cot appear;  
A haggard wildness darted from her eyes:  
No marvel was it when the truth you hear!

That she is forced to carry neighbour near,  
Swift thro' the night to countries far away;  
That still her feet the marks of travel bear;  
And her broad back that erst was sleek and gray,  
O! hapless beast!—all galled where the curst saddle lay!

## 16.

If every creed has its attendant ills,  
How slight were thine!—a train of airy dreams!  
No holy awe the cynic's bosom thrills;  
Be mine the faith diverging to extremes!  
What, tho' upon the moon's distempered beams,  
Erewhile thy matrons galloped thro' the heaven,  
Floated like feather on the foaming streams,  
Or raised the winds by tenfold fury driven,  
Till ocean blurred the sky, and hills in twain were  
riven.

## 17.

Where fell the scathe?—The beldames were amused,  
sed,

Whom old and poverty had sorely crazed;  
What, though their feeble senses were abused  
By gleesome demon in the church-aisle raised,  
With lion tail and eyes that baleful blazed!  
Whose bagpipe's blare made all the roof to quake!  
But ages yet unborn will stand amazed  
At thy dread power, that could the wretches make  
Believe these things all real, and swear them at the  
stake.

## 18.

But ah! thou filled'st the guilty heart with dread,  
And brought the deeds of darkness to the day!  
Who was it made the livid corse to bleed  
At murderer's touch, and cause the gelid clay  
By fancied movement all the truth betray?  
Even from dry bones the drops of blood have sprung!  
'Twas thou Inquisitor!—whose mystic sway

A shade of terror over nature hung;  
A feeling more sublime than poet ever sung.

## 19.

Fearless the shepherd faced the midnight storm  
To save his flocks deep swathed amid the snow;  
Tho' threatening clouds the face of heaven deform,  
The sailor feared not o'er the firth to row;  
Dauntless the hind marched forth to meet the foe:  
For why, they knew, tho' earth and hell combined,  
In heaven were registered their days below;  
That there was One well able and inclined  
To save them from the sword, the wave, and stormy  
wind.

## 20.

O! blissful thought to poverty and age,  
When troubles press and dangers sore belay!  
This is their only stay, their anchorage;  
"It is the will of heaven, let us obey!  
"Ill it befits the creatures of a day,

“Beneath a Father’s chastening to repine.”

This high belief in Providence’s sway,  
In the eye of Reason wears into decline;  
And soon that heavenly ray must ever cease to  
shine.

## 21.

Yet these were days of marvel—when our king,  
As chronicles and sapient sages tell,  
Stood with his priests and nobles in a ring,  
Searching old beldame for the mark of hell,  
The test of witchcraft and of devilish spell;  
And when I see a hag, the country’s bane,  
With rancorous heart and tongue of malice fell,  
Blight youth and beauty with a burning stain,  
I wish for these old times and Stuarts back again.

## 22.

Haply ’tis weened that Scotland now is free  
Of witchcraft, and of spell o’er human life.  
Ah me!—ne’er since she rose out of the sea,  
Were they so deep, so dangerous, and so rife;

The heart of man unequal to the strife  
Sinks down before the lightning of their eyes.

O! it is meet that every maid and wife  
Some keen exorcist still should scrutinize,  
And bring them to the test, for all their sorceries.

## 23.

Much have I owed thee—Much may I repine,  
Great Queen! to see thy honours thus decay.  
Among the mountain maids the power was thine,  
On blest Saint Valentine's or Hallow Day.  
Our's was the omen—their's was to obey:  
Firm their belief, or most demurely feigned!  
Each maid her cheek on lover's breast would lay,  
And, sighing, grant the kiss so long refrained;  
'Twas sin to counteract what Providence ordained!

## 24.

O! I remember, as young fancy grew,  
How oft thou spok'st in voice of distant rill;  
What sheeted forms thy plastic finger drew,  
Throned on the shadow of the moonlight hill;

Or in the glade so motionless and still  
That scarcely in this world I seemed to be;  
High on the tempest sing thine anthem shrill;  
Across the heaven upon the meteor flee,  
Or in the thunder speak with voice of majesty!

## 25.

All these are gone—The days of vision o'er;  
The bard of fancy strikes a tuneless string.  
O! if I wist to find thee here no more,  
My Muse should wander on unwearied wing,  
To find thy dwelling by some lonely spring,  
Where Norway opes her forests to the gale;  
The dell thy home, the cloud thy covering,  
The tuneful sea-maid, and the spectre pale,  
Tending thy gloomy throne, amid heaven's awful  
veil.

## 26.

Or shall I seek thee where the Tana rolls  
Her deep blue torrent to the northern main;



Where many a shade of former huntsman prowls,  
Where summer roses deck th' untrodden plain,  
And beauteous fays and elves, a flickering train,  
Dance with the foamy spirits of the sea.

O! let me quake before thee once again,  
And take one farewell on my bended knee,  
Great Ruler of the soul, which none can rule like  
thee!

FINIS.

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