

The Memorial.

The Memorial. By Rev. Thomas Maude, Esq., A.B. Oxon.

Ha! is yon azure streak that fills mine eye
The pastoral frontier of the mighty land
Renowned for chivalry and minstrelsy,
For patriot enterprise of heart and hand?
That o'er my early spirit took command
In inspiration breathed from harps of flame?
I greet thee, Caledonia! as I've scann'd
The features of some mightier imp of fame,
That match not oft — in dust — the mind's ethereal claim.

If on some Orient dreamer's dazzled sight
Should flash a realm of genii, erst concealed,
How would his pulses throb with keen delight
In the new sunshine of that heaven revealed!
And must I say, — to mine his raptures yield,
While o'er my heart its first-born dreams prevail?
O, dumb for ever be my lips and sealed,
If, gazing on this shore, my spirit fail
To bid the wondrous land of mountain grandeur hail.

O, let me catch the spirit of this land,
Whose every heath-robed hill is Fancy's seat,
Hallowed anew by a magician's wand,
Ah, Lammermuir! thy dreary wilds I greet,
And thee, Wolf's crag! 'gainst which the surges beat
With the same sullen all-eternal roar
That rang in Edgar's ear his anthem meet,
When in the Kelpie's jaws, along thy shore,
He sank — o'erwhelmed at once — and love and life were o'er.

Hail, Albyn! — In youth's visionary prime
Thy wild romance my kindling fancy caught.
Buccleuch and Branksome thrilled in Border rhyme,
Coila and Fingal new enchantment brought;
And o'er thy mountains roamed my truant thought,
Where the clouds toward the storm-swept islets tend.
E'en thy dark pine and pale blue weed were wrought
In Fancy's colouring; — while with thee I blend
The image and the voice of my youth's earliest friend.

He was a son of thine; remembering thee,
His eye how fired! how eloquent his tongue!
Yet mid the rushing of his native Dee
He perished in his bloom — alas, so young.
And to his fate my sorrowing harp was strung;
For never did the wild ingulfing wave

Snatch from incautious Youth's promiscuous throng
A nobler heart — enlightened, generous, brave!
Swept, with how many hopes, to that insatiate grave.

When 'twixt our souls this high communion grew,
Our school-boy steps traced the slow-winding Wear;
The unclouded dawn of joyous life was new.
And verdant all — that now to me is sere.
Woman was then a mystery — yet how dear!
A mine of glowing wonders unexplored;
And things, whose hues in each succeeding year
Have worn more dim and dead, were then adored
With that first love which scathes the spirit from which 'tis poured.

But he — whose fate I wept with selfish grief—
The hues of life were never blank to him.
No tint of red was on his spring-like leaf,
On his unwrinkled brow no shadow dim.
Life's cup he took, and from the sparkling brim
Drew the brief draught allotted to his fate;
Then (his existence broken as a dream)
Entered, unbent, on his immortal state,
Ere yet of lagging years he had endured the weight.

Peace to his gentle shade! Together we,
'Venturous, essayed to wake the magic string,
And, led by Hellas' star of poesy,
To trace Castalia to its sacred spring.
Then flashed the thought of high imagining;
And o'er my heart and brain was breathed a fire,
That is not now all smothered while I fling
My hand o'er the yet unforsaken lyre—
The enchanted hope that fans the fever of desire.

When, as the sun's last rays were falling sweet
On earth, air, water, I beheld the spot
Where Shakspeare rose; where Shakspeare's boyish feet
Oft wandered careless; how, regarding not
Nature for her own beauty, I forgot
All, all around — save Shakspeare! Shakspeare's muse
Hallowed each willow and sequestered grot,
And thee, poetic Avon; while the dews
Of sombre evening fell on church and church-yard yews.

For thy stretch'd wing o'er shades the circling space
Immortal Fame! and o'er the wizard's tomb
Thy trumpet's echo liveth: light and grace
Are shed by thee o'er that sepulchral gloom;
By thee are tinged the flow'rets wild that bloom
O'er the green banks which Avon loves to kiss;
Thine is the halo! and the earth's perfume,
But from thy magic influences, is

As 'twere to SHAKSPEARE'S name the scent of sacrifice.

E'en thus, where PENSHURST'S gray and castled pile
Wins the rapt eye, to the romantic mind
Some genius o'er time's ravage seems to smile,
Mellowing the rays that ages cannot blind!
And chivalry and beauty, fair entwin'd,
Invest each holy tower and haunted glade
With graces that no home more meet can find
Than where still lingers SIDNEY'S noble shade,
And Sacharissa's charms the sylvan depths pervade.

So where, sweet Eske! thy fairy-haunted stream
Guides the step, lingering, through that magic maze,
The depth of dell — than which enchanted dream
Ne'er fashioned lovelier in romantic lays—
What spells abide? — the light of other days,
When DRUMMOND'S bower received th' immortal guest;
And more — the Border wizard's minstrel praise,
Sweet are thy paths; — while to the vision'd breast
Lost Rosabelle returns, or Albert's sackcloth vest.

These are the "hues unborrowed of the sun,"
That charmed erewhile the melancholy GRAY;
These are the lights that (o'er creation thrown
By puissant spirits encumbered least with clay)
Outlive destruction, and outshine the day!
These are the sparks of quenchless beam, that late
Beguiled the mighty Pilgrim's pensive way,—
Gilding each clime, where Minds o'ermatching Fate
Have risen — to pierce the gloom, that clouds our dim estate.

Such the attaching splendors that endear
Thy stream, Ilyssus! to our proud regard:
And, all! what trophies could the Caesars rear
Matching the laurels of their Mantuan bard?
Or his — who in his Sabine villa shared
The Muse's favor? and in lyric song
(Of Sapphic mood, or of Alcaic) rear'd
His own perennial monument — among
The wrecks of pride unscathed — defying mortal wrong.

And in the gloom of Monkish darkness rose,
After long years, some spirits of mighty tone,
That, soaring o'er Italia's deadly woes,
Heirs of the lyre, made all its fame their own!
But nobly these with rays unborrowed shone;
Disdaining servile homage, they became
Creators of new spells, and stood alone,
Darting to distant climes the wizard flame,—
Yielding their country's waste a second age of fame.

Life-giving Muse! but wakes thy heavenly voice
In happier climes alone — renown'd of yore?
No! still, where Freedom triumphs, shall rejoice
Some loftier hearts in thine ennobling lore.
Lo, the day breaks on yonder mighty shore!
And o'er the wide Pacific from afar
Float strains Tyrtæan — which proud spirits pour
All fervid to the glory of the war.
Crown'd with thy stainless fame, unconquered BOLIVAR!

Now hush my lyre! The shadow of the night
Is on the hills that gird me; and my strain,
Waked haply to a more exulting height
By an immortal record, sinks again
In feebler cadence! — Yet not wholly vain
Are the long vigil and the impatient zeal
Feeding on my lone bosom, if I gain
One smile or sigh from hearts intent to feel—
Proudly to such the Muse commends her last appeal.