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Z A Y D A,

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ZAYDA,

A SPANISH TALE,

IN THREE CANTOS;

AND OTHER

POEMS, STANZAS, AND CANZONETS.

BY OSCAR.

Τὶ με τῆς νομῆς διδασχεῖς,
Καὶ ρητορῶν ἀναγκᾶς;
* * * * *
* * * * *
Μαλλον διδασχε παίζεις
Μετὰ χρυσῆς Αφροδίτης.

ANAKPEON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE MARIA LANE.

1820.

of the general reader his little volume, which, like an early secluded flower, is most haply destined to remain unnoticed, and to feel the cold gaze of indifference, eclipsed by the charms of maturer plants, or to fade beneath the more chilly blight of contempt, by being contrasted with the surrounding beauties; beauties that grow more beautiful the oftener they are observed, and whose perfume leaves a charm on the senses no after-time can ever efface.

Should there be among the young, gay and inconsiderate, who may chance

to recognize in the following pages the thoughts and sentiments of a college companion congenial with his own, he will perhaps remember those sweet lines of Zappi's Gondolier, which he has heard his friend repeat when committing to the flames the short-lived production of an evening :

“ Nè perchè roco ei siasi, o dolce ei cante,
Biasmo n' acquista, o spero lode alcuna ;
Canta così, perchè de' canni è amante,
Non perchè il sordo mar cangi fortuna.

* * * * *

Non canto nè per glorioso farmi,
Ma vo passando il mar, passando l'ore,
E in vece degli altrui, canto i miei canni.”

Far be it, then, from his wish to challenge now the ordeal of critical examination : the commendation of such scrutiny he cannot venture to anticipate, but desires to deprecate its censure, and remain unnoticed by its severity.

If the author be asked why he has assumed the name of *OSSIAN*'s celebrated son, it is a question he knows not how to answer. But he hopes he is sufficiently acquainted with his own disposition to affirm, that his fondest views of ambition will be gratified, should his lay, like the voice of *CONA*, be fortu-

nate enough to interest one bosom as tender as that of the lovely MALVINA; and gladly would he ever tune his lyre to scenes as lonely as those of LODA, could he exclaim with the aged Bard of MORVEN, to such a daughter of simplicity:

Often hast thou heard my song,
And given the tear of Beauty.

OSCAR.

January, 1820.



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Z A Y D A.

CANTO I.

No puedo tener fruto de esperançã,
Que aya bonança,
En la procela
Del mar que buela
Con furia al cielo
De desconsuelo;
Porque las olas bravas levantando,
Del mal me van contino amenazando.

An old Spanish Romance.

COLD and pale the moon slow waning,
Sunk beneath the western wave ;
The circling spheres their halos training,
Traced the embryo light she gave.
Scarcely on the heaving billow
Mantled one soft farewell ray,
To light the sea-maid to her pillow,
Or cheer the halcyon through the spray.

Soft the azure wing of zephir,
Culling summer's varied bloom,
Vied with evening's bird to sever
The rose from friendship's hallowed tomb.

Lightly o'er the landscape stealing,
Lowly heaved the restless gale,
'Twas like the sigh of tender feeling
That love-impassioned souls exhale.
Darkling o'er the purple ocean,
Calmly quick the night-mist fled,
Like sorrow fearful of sleep's motion,
Breathing o'er the beauteous dead.

So still the night, so calm, serene,
The solitude of earth and sky ;
A lowering cloud upon the scene
Had burst its sweet tranquillity ;

So lone, so dim, the land that bounded
 The dark, the dull deep glossy sea,
 Life seemed by all so hushed, surrounded,
 A death-like calm hence forth to be ;
 When from BRIGANDO'S highest tower
 Slow winding down its summit rude,
 Fair ZAYDA stole a pensive hour,
 'Midst earth's and ocean's solitude.
 Ages had passed, and storms broke o'er
 The craggy moss-grown castle's steep,
 Seas too had dash'd it from the shore,
 Yet left it darkling o'er the deep.

There lonely wandered SPAIN'S fond daughter,
 Pure as the purest gem that blazed,
 Bright as the mirror of the water,
 On which her brighter eye had gazed.
 Her form was beauteous as the morning,
 In air as light as eastern spring ;
 Her face like heaven to summer dawning,
 With hair as black as raven's wing ;

Tender her look, and soft each feature,
O'er which expressive sweetness stole,
One passioned glance from love's sweet creature
Spoke feeling's grace and beauty's soul.

Thought o'er her figure's contour flung
A pensiveness like angel's sleeping ;
So still compassionate it hung,
As love o'er loveliness lays weeping.
If latent grief had chanced to sadden
The softness of her full dark eye,
If joy had ceased awhile to gladden
Her heart yet young to breathe a sigh ;
Still on her high arched placid brow
No sullen sorrow seemed to grow.
If feeling's gloom had settled there,
'Twas disappointment, not despair ;
And if her cheek express'd a tone,
Too mute for youthful beauty's own ;

It was that mellow twilight charm,
 That speaks a pain still lively warm,
 Not marked by silent thought severe,
 Nor tinged by selfish cold distress ;
 'Twas not despondency's wrought care,
 But patient sorrow's loveliness.

The sable mantle round her thrown,
 Her ebon hat and drooping feather,
 Spoke symmetry's and season's tone,
 The gloominess of heart and weather.
 And oft at this still hour she roved,
 When all in yonder walls was rest ;
 Restless as if alone she loved
 That calm no other time possest.
 And thus her mind bewildered dwelt
 On scenes it loathed, yet fondly felt ;
 'Twas charmed, yet terrified to see
 The lightning flash athwart the ocean,
 And mark its dead serenity
 Bound into sudden fearful motion ;

To listen to the breathless tide
Through gloomy caverns faintly glide ;
Or hear the dashing eddying wave,
Impell'd within the boundless cave ;
To see, to hear, and feel its spray,
Dash on and o'er her fearfully :
Such was the strange, the saddening charm,
She felt in terror's wild alarm,
That not the sullen tempest's frown,
Not cliffs by darkness over-grown,
Not all the horrors of the blast,
Nor broken clouds that hurried past,
From nightly roving could deter
This fair and sleepless wanderer.

Aged the rock, whose rugged side
Is left more worn by every tide,
Still motionless, and grey grown o'er
By whirlwind's sweep and ocean's roar ;
On such had rested oft before
This restless spirit of the shore.

Calm as its base her youthful form,
 A statue smiling at the storm ;
 There still her airy figure lent
 The young, the lovely, negligent,
 As on the steep a lily grown,
 Blooms sweet, companionless and lone ;
 O'er her fair hand her forehead bent,
 Like sad reflection's monument.

Bold was the spot, for nature there
 Had formed around a rugged bay,
 Objects as wild as ever were
 Nature's originality.

The slumbering ocean darkly smiled,
 Whilst beetling cliffs above it rose,
 And looked as dimly rudely piled
 The cradle of the sea's repose.

From thence she gazed, her heavy eye
 Paused on the gloomier waters sky ;

Ne'er looked o'er calm EGEA's wave
 With fonder gaze JOVE's youthful daughter,
To guide to CARIA's secret cave,
 Her fair ENDYMION o'er the water ;

Alike her senses seem'd to stray
In one long hurried wild survey,
As if they sought to see, to hear
Some proof of life its pulse to cheer,
The curlew screeching to the gale,
The ripple that pursues the sail,
The tempest's gust, the gurgling stream,
Had charm'd her solitary dream.
But not a wave intruded near,
 All nature was so dead serene,
As if young ECHO never there
 Had entered to disturb the scene.
Its dark composure quickly proved
How much the imagination loved

In pensive thoughts like hers to brood,
 Glad victim of its solitude ;
 As if it partially could trance
 The mind into indifference.

The thought of years already fled,
 Of pleasures and of sorrows past,—
 Of friends that were, but now are dead,
 Of joys that are, but cannot last,
 Of scenes that charm'd, but soon stole by,
 Of hopes that sooth'd, but told not why,
 Broke on her silence with a sigh :—
 Fears for the future, too, then stole
 O'er the soft slumber of her soul,
 And though a joy, like glad hope stealing,
 Had mingled expectation's smart—
 But those are tinctur'd more by feeling, (1)
 From which remembrance cannot part.

Just is reflection's sensate glance,
 That hurries on to life's dark state,
 And fain would ope at desperate chance
 The sadly-wretched page of fate.
 Yet such the fearful gloomy tone
 Of sickly hearts, that feel alone,
 Yet bravely combat to emerge
 Beyond affection's erring verge, (2)
 There, one poor brief, desponding pause,
 And disappointment wins the cause :
 The bosom's calm, like heaven's dark cloud,
 Becomes life's storm and is its shroud.
 Thus ZAYDA languish'd oft, but why
 Such musing brought with it the sigh :
 Her fostering bosom, feverish brain,
 Had cherish'd feeling's spell to be
 Anxiety and reckless pain,
 As silent as their reverie.

Late she was not so much alone,
 But now her wild, expressive look
 Shew'd scenes whence every charm had flown,
 By fond companionship forsook ;
 Friendship had lost, and love a brother,
 Of nature lively, bold and free ;
 Hearts that had follow'd one another
 To fortune's chance and victory.

They came not back, though she had heard
 Of battles won and armies spar'd :
 She had been told, it sooth'd her care,
 Of war's events and valour's story,
 Of sieges rais'd, of foe's despair,
 Of rescu'd SPAIN, and SPANIARDS' glory.
 And yet two lengthen'd years' success
 Restor'd not wonted cheerfulness.
 They were not number'd with the dead ;
 Nor captive bound was bravery's spirit ;
 For then a tear her sire had shed,
 And droop'd his age for hero's merit.

For still the old man's aspect wore
 The happiness of brisk threescore.
 He talk'd with fervour of his son ;
 Of actions he had seen and done ;
 But strange it was, though danger's spot
 Was theirs, the same too glory's scene,
 His friends and kinsmen were forgot,
 As if such beings had never been.
 Yet was her sister mirthful, gay,
 As if no hope or fear's dismay
 Had e'er obtruded on her rest ;
 Her's was alone the aching breast.
 All was not right she sometimes guess'd,
 Much was conceal'd and more suppress'd.
 Quarrels perhaps had risen to throw
 Its gloom 'twixt social amity,
 The pirate's rage, the assassin's blow,
 Found cause for her timidity.
 Such gloomy terrors were her own,
 She fear'd them and she felt alone,

Since solitude can ne'er repress
Fond youthful woman's pensiveness.

It was perhaps the night made bleak
The youthful rose in beauty's cheek,
Or haply but the silence drear
That brought into her eye the tear ;
The world's calm sleep, the ocean's rest,
That made so mournful thrill her breast ;
The solitude to horror borne,
That made her feel so lone, forlorn :
Whilst the faint glow-worm's glimmering light
Was gilding fancy's saddest gloom,
And imaging to sorrow's sight
A hero's grave—a lover's tomb.
What means her start?—whence comes that dash?—
It rous'd her like the lightning's flash ;
With hurried sense she strives to list
The strange alarm that struck her ear,
Her wild eye glances through the mist,
But meets not e'en a vision there.

It was perhaps the midnight's blast,
 That startled as it hurried past ;
 Her own unconscious deep-drawn breath,
 Burst by impassion'd feeling's sigh,
 An erring spirit after death,
 That wandering fearful flitted by.
 It could not be,—a restless bird,
 Whose wing had ocean's surface stirred :
 Again—Again—

 The waters' dash
 Broke on her heart with terror's crash ;
 And with it came a lengthen'd cry
 Of life's contending agony ;
 It died upon the breath that gave,
 As strangled by the bubbling wave ;
 And all was still : short pause—again
 The motion murmur'd in the distance,
 If not of spirit's struggling pain,
 Perhaps the last of its existence.

All is not lost, though faintly, less
 Exhausted nature strives to urge
 Its latest nerve of feebleness,
 To strike, and on the stroke emerge.

There ZAYDA strain'd her startled eye,
 Grown dizzy in uncertainty ;
 And there she fancied, imaged—nay,
 There dimly, briefly glanced,—descried
 The sport of night, and ocean's play,
 Faint buffetting the gloomy tide.
 It is a fearful thing to hear
 That human struggle of despair,
 So boldly, fiercely bent to stay
 The deadly faintness of decay.
 Oh ! 'tis a dismal sight to see
 Exertion's latest energy ;

When every nerve hath ceas'd to brave
 Dark dissolution's wearied strife :
 When cast on the sepulchral wave,
 Sleeps the still mockery of life.
 Roused at the scene, her sickening heart
 At what it had inspir'd grew chill ;
 It tremblingly had throb'd to part,
 Yet feeling pain'd to linger still ;
 But she had witness'd much,—and more
 Had frenzied fond compassion's brain,
 The sensate soul can ne'er restore
 So soon a quietude from pain.
 Too weak to aid, too soft to bear,
 The strange distracting dark event,—
 She turn'd her with a mute despair,
 And home her lonely footsteps bent.
 It matter'd not ; she could not save
 The cheerless stranger from the wave ;
 And were he dead, she need not know
 The victim of protracted woe.

CANTO II.

Ah, perdiendolas, perdiera
 Recuerdos del bien, que amo—
 Y mi corazon entonces
 Clamara con sobresalto,
 Volved, O dulces memorias
 Que me estais alimentando.

SULLEN Ocean then smile, and roll darkly away,
 In vain would thy chill lonesome terrors dismay;
 Though the moon's distant halo hath shed not a ray
 To enliven a hope o'er thy far cheerless way.

Though Ambition hath look'd with regret on thy
 deep,

Whilst Freedom was cradled 'mid storms on thy
 wave;

Though armies have sunk on thy bosom to sleep,
 Whilst scarcely thou murmur'd a dirge o'er their
 grave.

As oft in the gale hath the sweet-breathing wire
 Low whisper'd its warbling, so lovely and lone,
 So oft on thy dreary expanse to expire,
 Have trembled the sighs of the wretched
 unknown.

Though to yon rugged rock of dark horrors con-
 sign'd,
 Hath my spirit grown faint at each day's gloomy
 close :
 Through the rustling of tempest, my life-wearied
 mind
 Hath found on thy billow a stormy repose.

Yet why have I sought other perils?—To see
 My own native spot grown indiff'rent to me ;
 And the look of each loving left object to feel
 More cold to my heart than war's death-poison'd
 steel.

Strange were such feelings, which the stranger

Express'd, scarce rescu'd from his grave,

So soon forgetful of the danger

He struggled with on ocean's wave.

It was not so,—nor was he one

Who in a weather-drifted bark

Had boldly trusted to have run

Through shallows dangerous and dark;

And in the tide's repulsive spray

Had answer'd his temerity.

No! discontentment's quick mutation

Had broke the mind's delicious sleep,

And frenzied e'en to desperation,

Had madly plunged him in the deep.

Still through the night's impervious gloom

That had conspired to shroud his doom,

He look'd on dim LORENZO's isle,

A sullen, long reproachful smile ;

A smile that settled in a sneer,

Replete with anger, tinged by fear.

Short was his passion'd gaze :

* * * *

'Twas not the fell MELANO's screech,
 Who slumbers wakeful on the beach ;
 'Twas not the owl's terrific cry,
 That startled him ;—nor did he dream—
 It was a fearful female scream .
 That thrilled him ; it was shrill,—'twas nigh—
 'Twas tremulous,—'twas chill to hear ;
 He shudder'd, for he felt it near.

On, on he hurried whence it came :
 'Twas dark, 'twas all around the same ;
 The scatter'd rocks, which round him lay,
 Impeded not, he broke his way ;
 But, hold—against the shelving bank
 Fair ZAYDA's fainting form had sank.

There senseless, motionless, the maid
 In death's calm loveliness was laid ;

He gaz'd on her, but vain his gaze ;
He tried, it was in vain, to raise.
What had so much dismay'd, distress'd !
His wild, his anxious look express'd
That expectation of the soul
On which whole ages seem'd to roll.
Thus fix'd, as love o'er beauty's bier
Softly returning life to cheer ;
A sudden rustling roused his sense,
A wolf—a fox—chance prowling hence,
And something darkly hasten'd by,
Enough to tell the mystery.

As joy'd his winning work to prove,
The artist felt emotion's strife,
And calling on the maid of love,
Breathed the fair statue into life ; (3)

Thus the fond stranger, o'er her kneeling,
 To his warm heart her's lifeless press'd,
 Its quick full throb reviv'd the feeling
 Her chill snow bosom held at rest.
 Slowly she wakes, life's painful blush
 Spreads o'er her cheek its hectic flush ;
 And slowly wildly, opes her eye,
 As steals the moon from clouded sky ;
 'Twas for a moment lost, it ranged,
 As if from feeling, sense estranged ;
 As if remembrance had forsook
 The brain, the heart, with life's last look ;
 Then on her strange attendant threw
 A glance so bright, so steady too ;
 So fixed, as buried on the dead,
 Without a single tear to shed.

There is perhaps a painful thrill
 That darts to feelings quick sensation ;
 Though warm, which still contrives to chill
 The soul's suspiring animation ;

A growing throb, a pulse that swells
 The heart, that weakly would repress
 The rapture which within rebels
 Of emanating tenderness.

As felt, when sudden chance restores
 A hope on which affection soars ;
 Or love's last object starts to view,
 More cutting than its last adieu.

Such was the strange electric spell,
 That o'er fond ZAYDA's bosom fell.
 One glance sufficed ; she felt, she knew,
 The object who still o'er her hung,

To him her heart, her spirit flew,
 'Twas NOMAR's self, round whom she flung
 Her clasping arms, in his embrace
 Reposed her feelings and her grace.

* * * *

* * Till then he knew her not !

The hour, the scene, the lonely spot,
 Had made it hopeless to his mind,
 'Thus late BRIGANDO's flower to find ;

Till then her voice, her action, eye,
Confirmed her fond identity ;
Till in his folding arms he felt
Her glowing form of beauty melt ;
And absence sweetened to her cheek,
The purest kiss regard could speak.
'Twas then life's angel guardian star,
To lonely wandering mariner,
Rose on the cliff of TRAFALGAR ;
 Ocean's rock, her sea god's pillow,
Gallia's cenotaph in war ;
 Britain's beacon o'er the billow.
There glimmering still, as on that night,
 Her tearful orb looked down to shed
Its rays of melancholy light,
 O'er the wet pall of Valour's dead.
Her pallid cheek, now purely bright,
 Reposed on looks so sweetly tender,
So full of former love's delight,
 As soft, as calm as her own splendour.

She bade them fondly softly tell
 Of times, of scenes that pleased too well,
 And heard them ponder o'er, repeat
 Of moments that had gone too fleet ;
 Of dear events, that merely left
 A trace of what they had bereft.
 Oh, then ! she heard each melting voice,
 In mutual memory rejoice ;
 As CYPRIA'S goddess loved to linger
 On the last sunset glow of spring,
 As breathing from fond SAPPHO'S finger,
 Warbled long the IDALIAN string.

Though rare is such a golden minute
 In life's most splendid blest career,
 As that which softly blended in it
 Two souls in friendship's truth sincere.
 Though dear is even joy's delusion,
 So sweetly imaged, soft express'd,
 As then was feeling's real confusion,
 By each unblushing heart possess'd.

Yet o'er the fair one's placid brow,
 A moonlight shadow seemed to grow ;
 Some restless thought, unsanctioned fear,
 Had partially obtruded there,
 And apprehension's softest shade
 A gloom of tenderness betray'd.

" ZAYDA ! when but late I left thee,
 Youthful joy thy look express'd ;
 Hath so short a life bereft thee
 Of peace in innocence possess'd ?
 Dry thy tear, 'tis sad to see
 So wildly sweet
 Thy bosom beat,
 That lately slept so peacefully.

" ZAYDA ! when I last caress'd thee,
 Beauty wore fond pleasure's smile ;
 Tell me what hath since distress'd thee
 With its cruel poisonous guile.

Dry thy tear, 'tis grief to see
 It render bleak
 Thy youthful cheek,
 That speaks so soft, so tenderly.

“ ZAYDA ! love, when last we parted,
 I fear'd, for feeling clung to thee ;
 Thou wert too lively fickle-hearted,
 Ever to remember me.

Dry thy tear, it must not be !
 My soul had bled
 To know 'twas shed,
 Although it ne'er was dropp'd for me.

“ ZAYDA ! whilst my heart throb presses,
 Ere it can wrest itself from thine,
 Oh ! say what felon cause distresses,
 And by my soul the grief is mine.

Dry the tear,—thy languid eye
 Shall never mourn,
 Thus lone forlorn,
 A pain so secret tacitly."

" Ah! NOMAR, honor's heartless pride,
 For war's bright merit, soldier's fame,
 Must often nature's pulse deride,
 And cancel all for glory's name.
 Renown, like pleasure's glad career,
 With sweet seductive glance will lead,
 Renounce the past, crush, baffle fear,
 And hurry on at fearful speed ;
 Whilst emulative actions cheer
 The aspiring soul from deed to deed,
 Though the fond object of despair,
 The hero's heart forgets to heed.
 How many female bosoms bleed,
 How feels anxiety a care,
 Reckless that dangers oft endear,
 Regardless of poor woman's tear.

When on my sense thy first adieu
 Fell chill and dim, as life's last view,
 Held sudden mute by some strange spell,
 My heart but echoed thy farewell ;
 And though thou thought it lively free,
 'Twas timid, it was trembling tender,
 Its every throb hath followed thee
 Through peril's change and glory's splendour.
 Oft have I felt it since forsaken,
 By innocent and frolic mirth,
 Though strangely motionless, yet shaken,
 In pining o'er enchantment's dearth ;—
 But consciousness of feeling hush !
 Such truth should be for like exchange'd,
 My cheek already feels a blush,
 And ZAYDA's from herself estrang'd.
 But art thou also lonely here ?
 Where's CARLO, and thy brother where ?"
 " CARLO is safe, though FRANCE intrals
 His parole freedom, warfare calls

His fortune happy, though his brow
 Might feel the laurel withering grow,
 Whilst thousands with his gallant friend,
 Found in his glory life's brief end.
 Where memory ne'er can smile again
 At ZARAGOZA's siege ;—'twas when
 That gloomy memorable pause
 Of battle's long conflicting fire,
 Found in a drooping freedom's cause
 A female bosom to inspire,
 When AUGUSTENA's spirit broke,(4)
 O'er valour thrice repulsed a sun,
 And thunder's fatal courage woke,
 O'er deaths the dead had scarce begun.
 When glory's blaze shot down upon
 The sainted maid of ARAGON.
 Then whilst our brothers nobly led
 Those still surviving frenzied few ;—
 Mine fell, unnoticed midst the dead,
 Near to the fatal breach, where grew
 A human wall, refreshed and new ;

He dropt unmarked, death still went on,
 And he amongst the rest was gone.

The dismal day's more dreary close
 Threw o'er the scene the torches' glare,
 To add its gloom to grief's despair,
 And glimmer o'er the brave's repose.

With such was numbered D'ALMONT'S son,
 Loved, honored in the garrison.

I saw him not, to add my meed
 Of praise to hero's hallowed merit,
 To wail there fate's untimely speed,
 And bless his honour'd patriot's spirit.

I hung not over virtue's bier,
 To drop a friend's and soldier's tear ;
 That farewell to affection's shrine
 Was not permitted to be mine.
 The last sad office to the brave
 Thy brother, true to friendship, gave.

And were that all,—but, ZAYDA, yet
 There hangs a strange, accursed tale ;
 Oh, heavens ! that I could all forget ;
 But wounded honour will prevail.
 'Tis grievous that it's left for me
 To bear thy scorn or sympathy.
 But thou must hear, it shall be brief,
 And truth demands thy prompt belief:—
 When 'gainst the fortress' wall was found
 Thy kinsman, 'mongst the lifeless brave,
 Close to his wounded breast was bound
 A packet, seal'd, and simple, save
 That it was superscribed for me,
 A brother's fatal legacy.
 We open'd it, but what to trace—
 The heart's proud honour and disgrace :
 Writ in a character as plain
 As e'er corroded dungeon's chain.

" NOMAR, BRIGANDOS, all is thine ;
 Its every stone belongs to thee :
 It was thy father's : it was mine
 By right of gift and ancestry.
 'Twas gratitude forbad me crave
 What parent's love and homage gave.
 It was thy youth, thy ardour, pride,
 That made me think it best to hide
 Such import from thy haughty soul,
 Restrain'd perhaps by no control.
 Young were we when our father died,
 And infancy the truth denied :
 BRIGANDOS still possesses one
 To tell thee thou art D'ALMONT's son.
 RENALDO, worthy soul, is there,
 Proof against menial bribe or fear.
 He holds thy claim, and yet will swear
 That thou art D'ALMONT's rightful heir."

Such were the words the scroll express'd,
 O'er which surprise had scarcely ran,
 When with proud anger, ill suppress'd,
 Thy brother tauntingly began. .
 He madly snatch'd it from my hand,
 An insult friendship could not stand ;
 Fired at the act, I fiercely drew,—
 'Twas well, the schedule down he threw,
 And turn'd with scornful brow away :
 He never look'd so till that day.
 Thus worthless fortune render'd cold
 The heart I deem'd of better mould,
 And feelings blended warm and free
 Were riven then in him and me.
 We parted ;—months can late evince
 The temper he hath borne me since ;
 Nor hath he fail'd, in deed or thought,
 To gratify his vengeful spleen ;
 Ills by oppression rarely wrought,
 Forged, too, by mental sufferings keen ;

A wretch devoted have I borne
 With Pride's, if not Derision's, scorn ;
 Though doom'd to hail a prison's gloom,
 Within its rugged dungeon pent,
 My cheerless life's more cheerless tomb,
 Oppression's fitter monument.

Such was my lonely fate to be ;
 The only friend to charm my day,
 The only beam to lend its ray,
 A glance from smiling memory ;
 The only sound my soul to cheer,
 TARIFFA's current ebbing near. (5)
 For there had CARLO's generous mind
 The remnant of my life assign'd ;
 Yet, had he guiltless been to me,
 If, ZAYDA, not so worthless thee !

CANTO III.

No hay malque oprima
A un amador amado.

Cervantes.

ENCHANTMENT'S spell, thou art not forbidden ;
Hallow'd feeling prompts thy flow,
Though the heart be blest or riven,
Passion gilds thee with its glow,
Sweet as angel's voice in heaven,
Tear of love, thou art forgiven.

Enchantment's spell, thou art not forbidden ;
Warm in pleasure, soft in woe,
Though thy dazzling beam be human,
Pledge of soul's impassion'd vow.
Nature's lovely, pure expression,
Tear of love, thou art forgiven.

Enchantment's spell, thou art not forbidden ;
 Bright suffusing beauty's gaze ;
 Though Affection's warmth be hidden,
 Its sweetness on thy crystal plays,
 Tender as the ray of even,
 Tear of love, thou art forgiven.

Enchantment's spell, thou art not forbidden,
 Prompt to save, to pardon, bless ;
 Timid trembler, thou hast driven
 From Feeling's heart its loneliness ;
 Convincing as the hope of Heaven,
 Tear of love, thou art forgiven.

Such was the full, the dazzling gem,
 That told the truth in ZAYDA's eye,
 Too dear for duty to condemn,
 Too pure for virtue to deny ;

And through her glossy ebon lashes
 Shot its sweetly-kindling ray,
 As winter-foaming torrent dashes
 Through the dark its lonely way ;
 Bright as midnight lightning flashes
 O'er the skirting clouds of day ;
 Calm as over Friendship's ashes
 Gazes pensive memory.

“ Long have I watch'd, with mute distress,
 My sire's unusual sullenness ;
 Long, said the almost breathless maid—
 Her look a breaking heart pourtray'd.
 His manners and his guise, methought,
 So strangely alter'd, wildly fraught,
 And late, on me alone, his brow
 Hath sadly darker seem'd to grow,
 That e'en his words, endearments were,
 No longer cheerful, but severe ;

His very glance, so lively late,
 Struck to my soul his alter'd state ;
 His feelings, too, appear to be
 Grown frigid and morose to me ;
 For such a change, I know not why,
 But feel it with a tacit sigh.

“ And, NOMAR ! Oh, that cherish'd name !

He hears, as if 'twere not the same,
 All is so chang'd ; of thee, of thine,
 His silent voice hath silenced mine ;
 Such social gloominess of mind

 Is horrid to my warring brain,
 I feel my bosom yet as kind,
 I know affection is its chain.

I heard, was told,—suspected nought
 To satisfy or banish thought.

The ignorance of place and time

 In which love sweeten'd Friendship's breath,
 Brought with it acts of suffering, crime,
 With visionary forms of death ;

And drove my erring senses back,
 On doubt, Uncertainty's dire rack.'

“ ZAYDA, it boots it not to tell
 How unsuspecting freedom fell,
 How strove my spirit to evade
 Oppression's wiles and Exile's shade ;
 Five slow successive moons have past
 O'er yonder steep sequester'd isle,
 And left me cheerless as the last,
 Without a hope to raise a smile ;
 Lone as the gloomy charnel's lamp
 That trembles o'er the mouldering stone,
 Grown sullen, noisome, dark and damp,
 Enlightening but itself alone.
 Whilst glancing o'er LORENZO'S steep
 The night's orb shed her silvery ray,
 To see the wretch's restless sleep,
 Hath dimm'd her gaze and turn'd away.

There hanging o'er the dizzy rock,
 I felt unshook the tempest's shock,
 Whilst the SOLANO, drifting by, (6)
 Hath parch'd the tear-drop from mine eye,
 There flitting round me, have I heard
 The dusky, solitary bird ; (7)
 Her horrid shrill notes wildly wail
 In mockery of my unknown tale ;
 Have seen, high cradled on the steep,
 The famish'd falcon woo the gale,
 Beneath me, too, the blust'ring deep
 Ingulf the weather-beaten sail.
 But yet I have not to complain
 Of dungeon's gloom, companion chain,
 I had not to bemoan the care
 My nature craved, or Nature's fare ;
 'Twas wholesome and as duly given ;
 I thank'd my keeper, bless'd too heaven.
 It matter'd not his stay how brief,
 For he was speechless, old and deaf,

- Which proved to me, how e'er severe,
 His master's bosom had it's fear;
 Nor unsuspecting was his mind
 Of the poor guardian slave, lest he
 To Sorrow's victim there confin'd,
 Should give again his liberty.

Though gloomy thus my youth's decay,
 I was refresh'd from Ocean's spray;
 I breathed the air, I saw the sky,
 Yet felt it was captivity.
 I own, sometimes my drooping spirit
 Was anger'd at its lonely fate,
 To think the life it must inherit,
 Was doom'd to be so desolate.
 'Twas strange, but, at the close of day,
 A sullen, wandering, aged toad,
 From many a century's abode,
 Stole out to seek my amity,

And calmly look'd me in the face,
 As grown familiar to his trace.
 Though in his large expressive eye
 I read my heavy destiny.
 Yet would I fain have rather been
 That senseless reptile there confined ;
 Lived on the noisome air within
 Its dungeon-cradle, where I pined,
 Than have endured the insatiate care
 Of him, who had confined me there,
 Than e'en have been unshackled, free,
 But ZAYDA, too, betrayed by thee.

When night came, in my darksome cell
 I laid me down, but could not sleep ;
 For then I felt communion's spell,
 A lizard oft would o'er me creep ;
 And though he startled me at first,
 His visit gave me peace. I nursed

The timid creature, gentle grown,
 For we were prisoners both and lone,
 And it was happiness, for me
 Such mute companionship to be.

A wall my prison'd space enclos'd,
 Most distant on the isle's bleak shore;
 Its other side me deem'd disclosed
 The view of old BRIGANDO'S tower.
 I rightly guess'd; one noon, by chance,
 My keepers had gone out to sea,
 I climbed it round—a moment's glance
 Was then almost too much for me.
 The prospect of TARIFFA'S coast
 Revived the pain for all I'd lost.
 My heart beat warm with hope and fear,
 Until I caught thine image there.
 My spirit chased thee on the cliff,
 Transported was my lingering eye,
 Until the home returning skiff
 Dispell'd my bosom's ecstasy.

And drove me back again to sigh
In harsher-grown captivity.

Thy veil was folded round thy brow,
As plays the ray through fleecy snow ;
The light robe o'er thy shoulders flung,
Like winter's sunny mantle hung ;
Thy form a lovely shadow threw
More dear than home to exile's view.
Though smiling 'neath glad summer's beam,
Though darkling on the moonlight stream,
Though mounting o'er joy's mirthful way,
Though laughing e'en in pleasure's ray,
No object such delight e'er gave,
 No charm from fancy ever stole,
As thy sweet image o'er the wave,
 Brought to my lone, dejected soul.

But transient such enchantment's bliss,
Like infant's smile, or mother's kiss.

Pure as the saints' ethereal sleep,
Brief as the holy prophet's vision,
Like convent's trance that wakes to weep,
The vestal virgin's dream of heaven,
As hangs the beamy cloud on high,
It charms the sight which will pursue,
But soon escapes it through the sky,
And leaves it all around as blue.
Thus, ZAYDA, thus was briefly seen
Thy form, it came, as quickly fled,
'Twas that its parting made so keen,
And left my spirit doubly dead.

And often after thus till dark,
Or hurried back by watchful bark,
With trembling hand I've scaled the height
To steal from thee a mute delight,
Thus five long cheerless months crept on,
Without a change to smile upon,

Save that thy image cheer'd my day,
 As through the cloud the rainbow's ray
 Looks distant, dim, yet feelingly.
 My spirit late so restless wild,
 Grew silent suddenly and mild ;
 I also felt my bosom grown
 More tranquil, still as friendless lone.
 My thoughts were fewer, and my mind
 If not contented, was resign'd,
 Until a feverish dream this eve
 Stole strangely through my frenzied brain ;
 I woke—to doubt was to deceive ;
 To ponder was to sleep again ;
 'Twas done or cancell'd by delay.
 ——Ah ! list, what means that gun ?
 Day hath not broke,—the twilight's ray
 Hath yet to dance before the sun."
 A moment—and a louder still,
 Deep echo'd fearfully and chill.

Full on his soul its thunder mutter'd,
 And with it life's mix'd transports flutter'd ;
 Too well the horrid flash he knew
 Was signal to cut off—pursue ;
 Whilst hurried, feelingly, and fast
 Her timid, anxious form he claspt,
 And held her trembling to his breast,
 To feel, to blend the heart's emotion,
 To mingle passion's throb distress'd,
 And sink upon its restless ocean ;
 “ ZAYDA, he cried, my ZAYDA, flee !
 Life's treacherous perils wait with me ;
 Haste back to slumber's peaceful tower,
 Ere Anger's scorn, Suspicion's power,
 Shall chill thee with its fatal blight,
 For knowing, aiding in my flight :
 Haste, lest thy sire's avenging thirst
 Inflict on thee, his angel daughter,
 One penance for those wrongs accurst,
 He doom'd me to on prison's water.

Love oft must part, but cannot sever,
 However treacherous feuds assail,
 Social wiles might sadden—never,
 Rend from affection virtue's veil
 Oh hasten back to home's protection !
 Thy chamber's scarce security ;
 Ev'n haply now some vile detection
 Imbitters every joy for me,
 This very day, perhaps, will wither
 Love's every hope that brought me hither,
 Another day perchance shall bring
 Endearment's spell without its sting,
 Another more propitious night
 Restore thee to affection's sight.
 In CALPE's fortress I can seek
 A soldier's pity and retreat,
 Till morrow's moon, however bleak,
 Shall gild her halo bright and sweet,
 To guide us here, and bless our meeting ;
 Unless my ZAYDA's love be fleeting.

Oh! then, my life! we'll hence away,
 Though sterner duty urge thy stay:
 The heart that feels and blends with mine
 Is warmed by nature's sun divine;
 The soul that leads or follows me,
 Is guardian of its sympathy;
 The form too—modelled to delight,
 Is all, is ever in my sight;
 Yes! ZAYDA, feeling, hand and heart
 Must bear, convey, reflect the tone
 Of passion—softness—joy—or smart,
 And own a life in me alone.
 By specious art both unattended,
 Together shivered—crushed—or blended;
 Our errors few—and those forgiven,
 By nature, sympathy, and heaven.
 Such, ZAYDA, can'st thou dare to be,
 And venture all—all this for me?
 Leave childhood's home, and brave my fate,
 So dark so lone—so desperate?

My guardian star to gild life's gloom,
 My wandering sun to cheer its doom?
 Oh! can thy timid spirit be,
 Thus, ZAYDA—and thus all for me."?
 "Nay! look not, talk not, think not so,
 Can ZAYDA's bosom calmly slumber,
 And every grief in rest forego,
 Of those each day to thee must number?
 Look not on ZAYDA thus, thy brow
 In passion tranquil, anger mild,
 Ne'er changed its native frown till now,
 For one so thoughtful sadly wild.
 Oh! why that doubt? it is unkind.
 My heart hath long been wholly thine,
 Faint scruples hath poor woman's mind,
 To govern feelings pure as mine.
 "However great the struggle prove
 To quit a father's stern control,
 By heaven, by love I'm sealed to rove
 With thee, dear idol of my soul.

For thee, o'er danger's way to fling
 A glad'ning balm, a guardian ray,
 The fairy sprite with blazoned wing,
 I fain would cheer thy destiny.
 For thee o'er countries drear would fly,
 The message bird of ARABY;
 For thee like EGYPT'S flower would bloom, (8)
 To live beneath thy fostering gaze,
 Breathe in thy breast my life's perfume,
 And die upon the sun's bright blaze.
 Yes! NOMAR—heaven's fond faith I plight,
 To wave all other earthly tie,
 Relinquish home's endearing right
 For thy dear sake—with thee to fly,
 All—all forsake——

“ ——But hark!

What sculking terror yet is nigh?
 It is—It is that hateful bark,
 List! list!—it comes, pursuit is near,
 Destruction's power already's here.”

There is a moment to the brave,
 Ere battle's flash his bosom flushes,
 Through thousand deaths to find a grave,
 On glory's wing ere valour rushes.
 There is a moment—o'er the dead,
 Ere friendship mute respectful kneeling
 Bows to the great first cause his head,
 And pays resigned a tribute feeling.
 There is a moment, ere the ocean
 Be strew'd by war's ensanguined gloom ;
 One, ere the storms last fearful motion
 Gives anxious life a closing tomb.
 There is a moment, ere the parting
 Of souls where gleams a kindred ray,
 When love's warm lip repels its starting,
 Or steals the trembling drop away.
 Such fearful moments sure there are,
 In varied life where spirits languish,
 That hold in desperate despair
 The soul's still pulse 'twixt hope and anguish.

Such was to them the cold distress
 Of hurried anxious watchfulness.
 Silent as sad creative thought,
 Both by one sudden impulse sought,
 To mingle in a fond caress
 The last of feeling's fearfulness.
 And o'er each feverish cheek is press'd
 The moment's farewell sweet behest,
 And lip meets lip, though scarcely riven,
 In transport's warmer genial glow,
 As part the brightest beams of heaven,
 To blend in splendour's mantling flow.
 Once more unite their bosoms heaving,
 Still close and closer clung at leaving ;
 Again—again the impassioned grasp
 Retains them in affection's clasp ;
 'Till breaking from the wild embrace,
 “ Fly ! ”—ZAYDA faintly cries—“ Oh fly !
 Death lurks within this treacherous place,
 Thy fell pursuers—list ! are nigh,
 Oh ! here they quickly, closely ply,

The near approaching hurrying oar,
 I almost see them on the shore.
 Yon glimmering of impatient day
 Betrays us; hence, away—away.
 Farewell—here—here to-morrow night
 Shall join us, and befriend our flight,
 NOMAR ! to-morrow's moon shall light
 Us both from danger to delight,
 'Tis fixed—again, again farewell,
 To-morrow——
 ——All shall, all be well.'

Torn from his ZAYDA's fond caress,
 Where love had joined in grief's excess,
 And trembling as the drooping slave,
 Who hopes a respite from the grave,
 He hurries forth ;——
 ——She dares not stay,
 To guide him on his dubious way.

But blindly, rashly, hastens on,
 Bewildered—lost, her sight, her brain
 Fly from the scenes they dwell upon,
 'Till when she shall be there again.
 A sudden scream, an instant dash,
 Strikes on his soul death's chilly flash ;
 And shuddering at the fearful shock,
 He bounds back desperate o'er the rock.
 Swift as the eagle speeds her flight
 From stormy summits dizzy height,
 Wild as the frenzied stricken stag
 Leaps o'er new worlds from crag to crag,
 He scrambles to the cliff's bleak verge,
 Which hangs above the tide's full surge ;
 It echoed back his anxious cry,
 But ZAYDA gives it no reply.
 He feels around, but clasps no more
 Than the cold rock—" The waters motion
 Must, must be hers"—he dashes o'er,
 And plunges in the dark dim ocean.

An instant wildly struggling there,
Mad in the hope of finding her,
He grasped her round, but life had passed ;
 Its spirit from her lip was gasping,
Senseless her efforts held him fast ;
 And both went down each other clasping.
He rose a moment on the water,
 All but one cheerless life was still,
And lonely left, for D'ALMONT'S daughter
 Was slumbering lowly laid and chill ;
His bosom needed not reply,
One long deep strangling smothered sigh
Convulsive hushed beneath the wave,
The death sob of the young and brave.
Light as before o'er love's lone pillow
 The weeping larch low waving swept ;
And on the calmly murmuring billow
 The morn's grey beam as sweetly slept.

But yet at that still hour of day,

On CALPE's summit slowly waking,

When morning gilds with earliest ray

The first wave on the high shore breaking,

When the horizon's brightening verge

Blends with the ocean's misty surge,

A female shadow's seen to glide

One moment o'er the ebbing tide,

And distant, plaintive, shrilly, weak,

Is heard a solitary shriek,

Faint murmuring from the tranquil water,

Like that which breathed fond beauty's daughter,

When sunk she lifeless on the wave,

With all she loved—the loving brave.

So said by mariners, who ply

Nightly the fishing wandering skiff,

And mournfully whilst loitering by

BRIGANDO's turreted dark cliff,

Will stay to listen to that tone,

Mysterious, melancholy, lone.

And whilst their oraisons they raise,
 To heaven's protection—nature's praise,
 The heart's warm tribute oft repeat,
 Thus wildly, natural, and sweet.

“ Here the lovely and brave
 Have reposed in the wave,
 And soft be their sleeping !
 Shed, Morn, thy bright beam
 O'er their innocent dream,
 That shall wake without weeping.
 Ye genii of Ocean !
 Spurn not the devotion
 Of seamen's pure feeling,
 Guardian spirits, still keep
 Calm the wave of the deep,
 O'er the lover's rest stealing.”

On the bleak fatal crag of that wind cleft there grows
 A bud that ne'er blossoms, the wild mountain rose,

No female eye nurtures, no ruder hand crushes
 The young vestal beauty that ever there blushes ;
 No human care severs this flower in its bloom,
 It smiles on its birth-place, and dies in its tomb.

If the cold evening blight, or the moon's bright
 gaze wither,
 The night tempest chill, or the fond zephyr gather
 A grace from this flowret, the morning resumes
 Its infantile charms, and more fragrantly blooms
 This sweet lovely smiler, secluded and lone,
 It laughs through the day, though the summer be
 gone.

It culls in the spring from the sun's genial splendour,
 A glow and a perfume so balmy and tender,
 That still through the year, howe'er changing, can
 breathe
 A fragrance from Nature's beloved wove wreath,

Whilst it grows like the laurel that springs for the
 brave,
 It lives on the mountain and dies on the wave.

Like a day-star there still on the lone rugged steep,
 This charmer uncultur'd sheds sweetly its bloom ;
 Thus beauty grown pensive hung calm o'er the
 deep,

And innocence smil'd without hope on her tomb.
 Thus sorrow still dims unobserved the soft eye
 With the essence of feeling, the night pearly
 tear ;

Thus memory breathes from the soul the warm sigh,
 That saddens, yet sweetens life year after year.

N O T E S.

Note 1.—Page 9, last line.

But those are tinctur'd more by feeling,
From which remembrance cannot part.

Le souvenir des objets qui nous ont frappés, les idées que nous avons acquises, nous suivent dans la retraite, la peuplent, malgré nous, d'images plus séduisantes que les objets mêmes, et rendent la solitude aussi funeste à celui qui les y porte, qu'elle est utile à celui qui s'y maintient toujours seul.

J. J. Rousseau.

Note 2.—Page 10, line 8.

Beyond affection's erring verge.

Toutes les grandes passions se forment dans la solitude, on n'en a point de semblables dans le monde, où nul objet n'a le tems de faire une profonde impression, et où la multitude des goûtes énerve la force des sentiments. *J. J. Rousseau.*

Note 3.—Page 21, last line.

Breathed the fair statue into life.

Alluding to the fable of *Pygmalion* and his ivory image, which *Venus*, at his request, turned into a woman. *Ovid.*

Note 4.—Page 30, line 11.

When *AUGUSTENA*'s spirit broke.

The celebrated *Augustena Zaragoza*, by her valour and brilliant exploits during the memorable

sieges of *Zaragoza*, in the year 1808, elevated herself to the most distinguished rank of heroines. The following interesting account of this extraordinary female is an extract from Mr. *Vaughan's* narrative of the first siege of that illustrious but unfortunate city. “ The attack of the enemy seemed to be directed principally against the gate called the *Portillo*, and the castle near it, without the walls, and which is nothing more than a large square building, made use of as a prison, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The sand-bag battery before the gate of the *Portillo* was gallantly defended by the *Arragonese*. It was several times destroyed, and as often reconstructed, under the fire of the enemy. The carnage in this battery throughout the day was truly terrible. It was here that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which history scarcely affords a parallel. *Augustena Zaragoza*, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman of the lower class of the people,

whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the *Portillo* at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed at it. The citizens and soldiers, for the moment, hesitated to reman the guns: *Augustena* rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. And having stimulated her fellow-citizens, by this daring intrepidity, to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy." Her subsequent history in *Sir J. Carr's Travels in Spain*.

Note 5.—Page 35, line 12.

TARIFFA's current ebbing near.

Tariffa is the most southern part of Europe, against which shore the tide is consequently very strong, and from whence the view of the entrance of the Mediterranean becomes uncommonly beautiful.

Note 6.—Page 42, line 3.

Whilst the SOLANO drifting by.

The *Solano* is a dreadful hot east wind, called by different names in various parts of *Spain* and the islands of the *Mediterranean*, which blows from the sands of *Africa*: it dries up the juices of nature, burns the palms of the hands, inflames the blood, and frequently distempers the brain.

Note 7.—Page 42, line 6.

The dusky, solitary bird.

The solitary sparrow frequents the rocks of *Gibraltar*, and the southern shore of *Spain*. See *Edwards's Natural History of Birds*.

Note 8.—Page 53, line 7.

For thee, like EGYPT'S flower, would bloom.

The lotos, or water-lily, of *Egypt* has a beautiful white flower: there are two other species, the one bears a bright purple, the other a yellow flower. The *Egyptians* in years of scarcity fed on its roots, of which they made a kind of bread, dried in the sun, and afterwards baked.—*Herodotus*. The stem and seed-cup together resemble a cornucopia, and might possibly have furnished the ancients with the first idea of that sculptural and classical ornament.

OTHER POEMS,
STANZAS AND CANZONETS.

Ch'io per me stimo chiuso in sepoltura
Ogni spirto, ch'alberghi in petto, dove
Non still'amor la sua vivace cura.

Ariosto.

M E M O R Y .

Che mi giova seguir quel, che mi duole.

Petrarch.

THOUGH Memory, Pleasure's child confess'd,
 Is cradled on the fluttering breast,
 And nurtured in the heart,
 Of joys susceptible though born,
 Like Love's sweet flower it hath a thorn,
 Which oft inflicts a smart.

Though as the waning moon it lightens
 The present with the past, and brightens
 Those beams it fondly stole ;
 Its gentle halo oft will throw
 The trace of past life's joy and woe,
 To linger round the soul.

One moment though it wears a smile,
 A transient beauty to beguile
 Life's irksome lonely way ;
 One moment though its beam will sparkle
 O'er foolish fears, that cloud to darkle
 Young Hope's enchanting ray.

The next perhaps will come to banish
 That tinge of joy it sheds, and vanish
 From retrospection's view ;
 And for those scenes so quickly perished,
 Bring others recollection cherished,
 Less charming yet as true.

Like Fancy's sweet delusive spell,
 It tells a tale oft told too well,
 To please without a sigh ;
 Like Love's repeated fond farewell,
 It pledges silently to tell
 The faithful vow's reply.

Thus may it, like a thought of heaven,
 Avert those pains more rudely given,
 To wound thy spotless mind :
 Tender may each impression be,
 And softer than the symphony
 Of Eve's EOLIAN wind.

But when in Memory thou provest
 The dear return of those thou lovest,
 Of scenes that gave a charm ;
 Mid past time's pleasures, ne'er forget
 That one alone, whose bosom yet
 Shall mutual Memory warm !

Remembrance, too, for me can smile,
 And wear a look that shall beguile
 The throbbings of my breast ;
 The fond tones of her plaintive voice,
 Like summer winds, shall oft rejoice
 The heart which cannot rest.

Sweet soothing as the harp's soft strain,
Though sad, it hath a pleasing pain,
 Which gives my soul relief;
Its music seems to breathe the sigh
Responsive : yet, I know not why,
 It steals away my grief.

TRUE LOVE IS LIKE THE ROSE, DEAR!

Χρονον δε γτε Ερωσ γτε ροδα οιδεν.

Anacreon.

TRUE love is like the Rose, dear!

It knows not withering time :

Their beauties they disclose, dear,

In every scene and clime.

It matters not what breezes

Around their blossoms play ;

What age or season freezes,

Their beauty is the same.

True love is like the Rose, dear!

Whatever ills assail,

Its bud will still enclose, dear,

A spell that can prevail.

The blight of fortune stealing,
 May ravish charm by charm,
But yet the blush of feeling
 Grows more devoted, warm.

True love is like the Rose, dear !
 'Tis imaged by its bloom ;
Its beauties too disclose, dear,
 New charms beyond the tomb.
Though absence, fate, or duty,
 Suffuse it with a tear,
The spirit of its beauty
 Revives more purely clear.

True love is like the Rose, dear !
 Then take this flower for me ;
And in the truth repose, dear,
 It blooms like love for thee.

When doubt or fear may sadden,
The hope it shall disclose,
Then think thy smile can gladden
True love, that's like the Rose.

A LAKE SCENE BY NIGHT.

Nox erat et cælo fulgebat luna sereno
Inter minora sidera.

Horace.

ON the crystal expanse of MAGGIORE's blue ocean,
How fondly the mind loves in sorrow to dwell ;
To gaze on its bosom, whose latent emotion
Oft seems with the sob of true feeling to swell.

Here Nature, all lovely, forgotten and lone,
Enjoying the stillness of midnight's repose,
Seems to echo the sighs of the stranger unknown,
And listen attentive the cause of his woes.

Oh! here will I sit, and taste pure pensive pleasure,
 Whilst the stars on the lake dance so lovely and
 clear :

Where no wild wave breaks to embitter the treasure,
 Where no living voice shall e'er startle my ear.

Oh! here will I weep for the dear souls departed,
 Whilst sweetly the moonlight sleeps calm on the
 wave ;

Yes, here will I breathe away life, broken-hearted,
 And find the blue depths of these waters my
 grave.



The above lines were written at *Baveno*, a beautiful little village situated on the *Lago Maggiore*, about fifty miles from *Milan*, at the commencement of the *Simplon Road*, from whence the view of that tranquil water is as extensive as it is beautiful.

THE PLAINITIVE LYRE.

The music was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and
mournful to the soul. *Ossian.*

OFt when I strike my plaintive lyre,
And 'tempt to tune its languid wire
 To something lively, gay,
It will refuse to catch the tone,
And murmuring to a doleful moan,
 Its music dies away.

Or haply seems to feel the glow
Of PETRARCH'S soft bewitching woe,
 And makes it all its own ;
And then again will oft complain,
In DELLA CRUSCA'S mournful strain,
 Unheeded, friendless, lone.

It sometimes, too, in notes more wild,
Will sympathize with Feeling's child,
 To tender OTWAY strung ;
Or e'en in transport still more deep,
With WERTER's wailing muse will keep
 Responsive what she sung.

'Then oft, as by the tempest swept,.
The chords that late so pensive slept
 Will thrill more wildly clear ;
As by the mountain minstrel woke,
It falters what the spirit spoke
 To OSSIAN's stormy ear.

But yet at eve's more silent hour,
There seems to be some secret power
 That whispers to its strain :
And it will breathe more tender high,
As if it stole from Memory
 The pleasure and the pain.

And then, as if it softly heard
The voice of one adored, endear'd,
 It trembles forth the sigh ;
But, oh ! its sound is then so sad,
I often think 'twill make me mad,
 And throw the moaner by.

STANZAS TO —.

Piaga per allentar d'arco non sana.

Petrarch.

THEY tell me that thy youthful cheek,
 And late so lively soft dark eye,
 Are changed,—and often seem to speak
 The language of a sympathy ;—
 They say thou look'st no longer glad !
 But thoughtful oft appear'st to be ;
 And that the thought which mak'st thee sad,
 They ween, is, ah ! a thought of me !

Though selfish, 'tis a kind relief,—
 Such secret solace life can gladden,—
 To know, like mine, a mutual grief
 Thy softer heart does also sadden.

Forgive me, Love, if such beguile !
 Forgive, if it delude me yet ;
Whilst friends will urge, companions smile,
 To teach thee falsely to forget.

But when such heartless spoilers sue,
 To make thy fluttering heart resign
The pledge that still believes thee true,
 The thought of past that makes thee mine :
Oh ! will they not or fortune sever
 Affection's warmth, endearment's spell ?
When soul to soul perhaps shall never
 Be blest their hallowed truth to tell.

Be not deceived ! though Fashion's whirl
 Might court me in its giddy sphere :
Though beauty round me charms unfurl,
 Anxiety hath still its fear ;

But should such senseless scenes beguile
One restless lonely hour from me ;
Should wear my pensive cheek a smile,
That smile will speak a thought of thee.

STANZAS TO —.

THESE was, too well the time thou ruest,
When youth and feeling, partial, blind,
Believ'd thee sweetest, fondest, truest,
And loveliest too of woman kind ;
There was,—but yet I will not name,
Since it hath long been wholly past,
And neither thou nor I the same,
As when we thought it fled too fast.

'Twas then thy heart, thine eye, thy cheek,
All fondly sought, and learned to waken
A throb like that thou felt—to speak
The doubt, the fear of love forsaken.

'Twas then thy every action strove
 The fondness of my soul to cherish,
 And mingled in each gaze of love
 A warmth, methought, could never perish.

'Twas then, thy lips' thy features' tone,
 And lute's soft note combined to gladden :
 Thy thoughts, desires were all mine own,
 The same could please—the like, too, sadden.
 Oh ! it was then thy smile, thy blush,
 Gave truth its sweetest, liveliest token,
 And feeling blest the tear—but hush !
 Affection's wrong'd, its pledge is broken.

'Tis changed—but think how then we met ;
 And how unlike we since have parted !
 There is a pleasure to forget,
 That comes not to the fickle-hearted.

Ah, no ! it is a plague, a spell,
 To such who would forget to feel,
 That Mem'ry triumphs oft too well,
 And leaves a pain which nought can heal.

All's changed !—it matters not, for sorrow
 Ne'er gives the soul of pride a pain,
 For what the world might change to-morrow—
 The silly weak, the senseless vain.—
 Thy heart was more to me than beauty,
 Ere life's endearment grew estrange :
 Till Nature—nay, till colder duty,
 Had sadly wrought its worthless change.

Since others have been pleased to proffer
 Life's transient boon for Feeling's trace,
 Without Affection's blush to offer,—
 As time despoileth beauty's grace.—

Though now it ceasés to be mine,
I blame not thee, I pardon them ;
And the poor heart they've rendered thine,
I pity — but will ne'er condemn.

Yet were thy faults as many—more,
Than those my erring youth hath yet
To lose, or give atonement for,
I could forgive them—and forget.
A glance from thy repentant eye, —
If one full tear its lid let fall,—
Or heaved thy tender heart a sigh,
That sigh alone should expiate all.

A STORM

ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

Miranda.—O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perish'd.

Tempest.

How strangely wild the swallow flies !
How drifts the gondola's white sail !
Forboding—oh ! MIRANDA cries,
The coming gale.

Mark ! how from yonder ALPINE cliffs
The darkling tempest onward lowers,
And o'er yon snowy summit lifts
Its wintry showers.

See ! from yon cloud the curlew streams,
 Bewailing with a doleful cry ;
 “ Aloof the famished eagle screams,”
 And passes by.

Drifted beneath the lightning's blaze,
 The fell companion of the storm
 Collects her vulture brood, and stays
 The whirlwind's form.

From BALDO's hoary hanging brow (1)
 The tempest drives the drifted rock,
 And roused BENACUS heaves to throw (2)
 Above the shock.

Oh ! how its troubled ocean raves :
 Imbosoming so loud a roar !
 How fierce those billowy chaffing waves
 Mount o'er the shore !

An only sister in that deep

Thou knew'st not then had found her rest !

Why had thou ever wak'd from sleep,

To feel distress'd ?

From sweet compassion love arose,

And rapture hung o'er feeling's form ;

“ Our hearts were wedded by our woes,”

Through Sorrow's storm.



NOTES.

Page 91, line 9.

(1) “ From BALDO's hoary hanging brow.”

Mount Baldo, which hangs over this beautiful lake, and was once famous for timber and medical plants, is now quite naked, and exhibits the most dreary prospect imaginable.

Page 91, line 11.

(2) “ And roused BENACUS heaves to throw.”

Benacus is the Roman name of the *Lagodi Garda*, as it is thus described by *Virgil* :—

“ Adde lacus tantos te lacu maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens *Benace Marino*.”

TO ISABEL.

BELIEVE me! could I share a heart,
Whose fond emotions oft rebel,
Its better, nay, its dearer part
Should throb for thee, my ISABEL!

Yes! would my sympathizing breast
With soft expression heave to tell,
The feelings that forbad its rest
Belonged to thee, my ISABEL!

A bosom that hath learned to prove
With many a pang Affection's spell;
Should then repay with more than love
The fondness of my ISABEL!

Few with a cheek so beauteous fair
 Possess a heart, whose tender swell
Owns such a spirit, warm, sincere,
 As thine, my lovely ISABEL !

Oft when Amusement's giddy round
 Would fain have offered Pleasure's spell ;
The only charm I ever found,
 I owe to thee, my ISABEL !

When scenes of joy would chance beguile,
 Which youth and fancy dream so well,
Thine was the sweet enchanting smile
 That pleased me most, my ISABEL !

Yet—must the jealous god confess
 The truth, my bosom heaves to tell,
He would betray thy tenderness,
 To give thee half, my ISABEL !

Or fairest flower, whose breath was given
 All anxious sorrow to repel ;
To a lone heart already riven,
 I'd clasp thee close, my ISABEL !

And pure regard, as soft, sincere,
 Which even thine could not excel,
Should hold thee undivided, dear,
 My own, my tender ISABEL !

Still, to a breast whose peace is broken,
 Long let me press thee, Beauty's belle,
And prize thee, Friendship's sweetest token,
 Her loveliest flower, my ISABEL !

YOU TELL ME NOT TO FLIRT, LOVE!

You tell me, not to flirt, love,
And fickle fond thus be,
Although I cannot hurt, love,
A heart so wild and free :
You tell me not to trifle
With words that have deceiv'd,
Though love can never rifle
The soul that ne'er believed.

Whilst gazing on thine eye, love,
Of heavenly tender blue,
Methinks I hear a sigh, love,
Impassion'd, warm and true ;

Whilst glancing o'er each feature
Which beauty gives thy cheek,
Young love appears the meteor,
To me alone to speak.

Whilst listening to the tone, love,
Thy voice so sweetly swells,
It seems to make mine own, love,
The Elysium there that dwells.
Though jealous not, it grieves me,
Since all these charms are thine,
That others should believe thee
As much their own as mine.

Then say no more, I flirt, love ;
If e'er I should with thee,
It never, no, can hurt, love,
The heart so wild and free.

But yet thy blush, thy smile, love,
 Enchanting e'er shall be,
Although they may beguile, love,
 More, many more, than me.

LE GAGE D'AMOUR.

By the lovely glow of gladness,
O'er thy features shed divine ;
By the pensive tinge of sadness,
Thou hast seen so oft in mine :
By the sigh so sweetly tender,
When thy lid hath dropt the tear,
By the kiss thou bad'st me render,
When thy breast hath own'd a fear ;
Oh! wear as Gage d'Amour for me,
This rose and leaf of cypress tree ;
A gayer wreath I might have wove,
But none so sweet as this for love.

By the language so beguiling
 Of thine eye of heavenly blue ;
 By thy lip so sweetly smiling,
 By its pressure warm and true ;
 By the fondness so endearing,
 Of thy tender, chaste caress ;
 By the look of love, so cheering,
 By Affection's fond excess :
 Oh ! wear as Gage d'Amour for me,
 This rose and leaf of cypress tree ;
 A gayer wreath I might have wove,
 But none so sweet as this for love.

By the gentlest ray of gladness,
 That ever lit thy tranquil heart ;
 By that melancholy madness,
 We both have felt when doom'd to part ;

By the softest blush of feeling,
 Passion o'er thy cheek hath dealt ;
 By Memory's brightest sunshine, stealing
 O'er thy brow, thou ever felt ;
 Oh ! wear as Gage d'Amour, for me,
 This rose and leaf of cypress tree ;
 A gayer wreath I might have wove,
 But none so sweet as this for love.

By the summer rose-bud blooming,
 To shed the morning's fragrant tear ;
 By the cypress tree, entombing
 Those best beloved, departed, dear ;
 Though the heart of gloom and sorrow
 Be imaged by the cypress leaf,
 No change the emblem e'er shall borrow
 From danger, absence, joy or grief.
 Wear, then, as Gage d'Amour, for me,
 The rose and leaf of cypress tree ;
 A gayer wreath I might have wove,
 But none so sweet as this for love.

STANZAS TO ———.

Nec tantum ingenio, quantum servire dolori.

FE W were those days of fleeting joy,
 When last we met so soon to part ;
 When love entranced without alloy
 The feelings of the youthful heart,
 And every transport blest ;
 When pure affection, happy, gay,
 Stole each delightful hour away,
 And smiling at their wished delay,
 Those lovely scenes caress'd ;
 Then pleasure quaff'd without a sigh,
 The sweetest bowl of sympathy.

Few were those days, when first the soul

And heart of impulse fondly met ;

When soft affection gently stole

Within the bosom, to forget

The anxious doubt of love :

Thy tender look, thy speaking eye,

Thy smiling lips, thy gentle sigh,

And cheek of sensibility,—

All then conspired to prove,

That what I felt thou too did'st feel,

And more than that could no be real.

Few were those days ! and they were gay,

When last we climb'd the mountain steep ;

Marked how the brightest cloud of day

Sailed o'er the ocean's stormy deep,

And sunk beneath the wave :

When watch'd we on its heaving breast,

The grey gull trust her hopeful nest,

Whilst drifting down the tide to rest,

Her cradle and her grave.

Oh ! that the wild bird thus should be
The emblem of my destiny !

Few were those days ! and lively glad,
 As was their sun they stole away ;
But still is recollection sad,
 As if enjoyment's transient ray
 Were destined long to last !
Yet thought will often bring the tear
Of fond regret, for what was dear,
For scenes of joy that lately were,
 But are for ever past ;
The balmy sleep of youth is o'er,
And fancy dreams of bliss no more.

Few were those days ! but had they ne'er
 Been witness of enjoyment's spell,
Devotion's bosom, pure, sincere,
 Had struggled longer ere it fell

Beneath emotion's pain ;

And that same heart which joy'd to be
The true, the tender, soft and free,
Had never throbb'd but once for thee,
Unpitied and in vain :

And that young mind as wild as air,
Had never thought of hope, despair.

Few were those days ! and they were given
To cheer perhaps a life of gloom,
A sunny short-lived ray of heaven,
To light affection to the tomb,
And close her eye of woe ;
A blazing meteor of the night !
Nay ! a sad lone sepulchral light,
That glares on death in pale affright,
'Mid horror's darker glow ;
To break the heart, distract the brain,
With scenes they ne'er can know again,

Few were those days ! but they are gone,
And not a trace is left behind
Of what they were to dwell upon,
Save the fond dotings of a mind
That never can forget ;
But many others there must be,
Who too have felt and bear with me
The joy, the pain of memory—
The sorrow of regret ;
Whose tenderness a grief must share,
For love's first hope and proud despair.

THOSE DULCET NOTES WHICH LAST YOU SANG!

E'l cantar che nell'animo si sente.

Petrarch.

THOSE dulcet notes which last you sung,
 And seemed to feel so tenderly,
 On which I thought Elysium hung,
 Delighted with their minstrelsy !

Those dulcet notes which last you sung,
 So fond, impassioned, wantonly,
 I felt had o'er my senses flung
 The rapture of their symphony !

Those dulcet notes which last you sung,
 Were, oh ! so plaintive sad to me,
 I deem'd they'd break the heart they wrung,
 Distracted by their witchery !

Those dulcet notes which last you sung,
Were warbled forth—alas! to be
The first, the last that ever stung
Enjoyment with a misery!

INDIFFERENCE.

Ο' δ' Ἔρως —————
 ————— εἶπεν
 Σὺ μὲν κ' ὀδυνη φίλησαι.

Anacreon.

HE who hath never fondly sought
 Fair Woman's bashful glance to meet ;
 Hath never truly own'd he thought
 The rose she gather'd doubly sweet ;
 Nor ever warmly felt there stole
 From Beauty's softly speaking eye,
 A language dearest to the soul,
 Of love the poisonous witchery.

He who hath ne'er confessed a charm
In music's sweetly melting strain,
Nor ever felt each accent warm
His heart with melancholy pain ;
Nor ever caught the soft sigh's tone
Of feeling mingling with his own :
Hath never hear'd, hath never known
The voice of a beloved one.

The blush of truth, the smile of gladness,
That mantle o'er the fond one's cheek,
Her tearful lid, her brow of sadness,
To him were never meant to speak ;
And though affection o'er each feature
Hath given to loveliness its grace,
Her glow of soul, the bosom's meteor,
Hath never worn for him a trace.

Pure as a wreath of virgin snow,
Clear as the foaming wave of ocean,
Her bosom warm as sunset's glow,
Ne'er heaving spoke for him emotion:—
Ah no! for love's soft gladd'ning ray,
Sweet moon-light to the genial soul,
Hath never lit his dreary way,
Nor o'er his feelings calmly stole,
Whose cold heart never throb'd to own
The thought of a beloved one.

TO I. —.

WEEP NOT, MAID!

FOND one! tell me not that sorrow
Makes thy bosom lone and bleak;
Joy's smile shall mantle o'er to-morrow,
Pleasure's rose, too, deck thy cheek.
Weep not, Maid! thy hopeful fate,
So youthful gay,
So full of play,
Is doomed not to be desolate.

Fond one ! say not yet that sadness
Clouds thy spirit, dims thine eye :
Thy grief will pass, again shall gladness
Chase its tear-drop, hush its sigh.
Weep not, Maid ! thy generous heart,
So tender warm,
Hath yet a charm
To dissipate affliction's smart.

Fond one ! mourn not thus, though feeling
Pains thy vestal breast with woe,
Still its spell its passion stealing
Shall make thy bosom own its glow.
Weep not, Maid ! Joy's mirthful day,
Love, grief and care,
Through life shall cheer,
And steal its placid morn away.

Fond one! if with gladsome wing
My muse hath touched the IDALIAN wire,
Oh! may to thee its warblings bring
Affection's warmth and memory's fire.
Weep not, Maid! till on yon billow
The moon smile sweet,
The wild surge beat
O'er my peaceful lonely pillow.

LOVE'S FIRST TEAR.

LOVE's first tear! full, timid, tender,
 Fond feeling's purest pearly gem,
 Worthless thee, the peerless splendour
 Of EUROPE's mightiest diadem.

Nature's pledge, affection's token,
 Tinged by Heaven's clear beam to prove
 From the young heart, though blest or broken,
 The spirit and the warmth of love.

Though vestal fear first strove to chide,
 And colder duty dared forbid
 The soul that prompted ne'er could hide
 Thy tale of truth from Beauty's lid.

Affection bade thee then bedew
The native softness of her eye ;
Whilst pleasure's smile and passion's hue
Oft drove thee, gentle trickler, by.

And still whatever feelings sway
Weak nature's change, her heart shall e'er
Retain thy trace, till sorrow's day
Confirm thy truth too, love's first tear !

Spring's morn, or winter's brightest eve,
A crystal drop like thine can shed ;
One dazzling sun-beam takes its leave,
And all its glittering charms are fled.

Such is thy date, so sunny, brief,
Like beauty's blush, or summer's flower,
Whilst trembling on the verge of grief
Thou charm'st, blest tear, but for an hour !

Life's dear illusions cannot last

When young Love's first romance be o'er ;
When Fancy's sweet enchantment's past,
Then, lovely tear, thou art seen no more.

TENDER FRIENDSHIP.

AN EPISTLE TO I. ———.

Mais souvent l'amitié,
 Pour nous consoler, nous abuse—
 A qui donc se fier? dites-moi, par pitié,
 Dois-je me fier à ma muse?

Dumoustier.

HATH still the billow's waveless swell,
 The murmuring of the tranquil ocean,
 Their wonted charm, their magic spell,
 To cause thy feelings faint emotion?
 To picture to thy heart and brain
 Enjoyments past and pleasures o'er;
 To image over scenes again
 Of joys that time can ne'er restore?

At morn, when summer breezes sweep
The surface of the slumbering deep ;

At noon-tide, when the fitful gale
Plays wanton on the glittering sail ;

And when the placid hour of eve
Her fitting shadows lengthening draws,
Can such thy bosom's throb deceive
With the repose of Nature's pause ?

And when the moon's pale, trembling beam,
From cheerless midnight's stormy sky,

Enlivens, with a partial gleam,
The dearest page of memory ;

Oh ! can her orb, then, purely bright,
Repose on scenes of past delight,

And bid thee softly, sweetly tell,
Of times, of things that pleased too well ;

Of dear events, that left a trace
Within thy warm heart's resting place ?

Can she, then, softly bring to mind

Thoughts calm and bright as her own splendour,
Of looks, of words, of wishes kind,

From those thou deem'st to be most tender?

And does not, then, thy bosom know

The thrilling throb of Pleasure's glow,
And feel its impulse, oft confess

Sweet Recollection's loveliness?

If ever from thy mirthful eye

Thou bade young, gay Indifference fly;

If ever for fictitious woe

Thy lid hath let its sorrow flow;

If ever, 'mid the thoughtless glad,

Thy mind hath been more thoughtful sad;

If ever breathed thy heart a sigh

For hope, or back on memory;

At such a time, if ever yet
 Thy soul hath felt a transient grief,
 To feel it never can forget
 Affection's fondest, first belief?
 It hath, perhaps, revived in thee
 A plaintive, pensive thought of me.

Who long hath sought, but strove in vain
 With sanguine Pleasure's varied pain,
 Like DELLA CRUSCA, yet to find
 Some fair one, tender, lively, too,
 Endowed with feeling, heart, and mind,
 Whom I could love, but would not woo:
 Should such a sweet MATILDA be
 Revived by Nature's self in thee,
 To her I could my soul impart,
 Confess, repose my wandering heart;
 For her all worldly joys refuse,
 " And live for friendship and the muse."

Then tell me every feeling, thought,
 Each tear of grief, each smile of gladness ;
 Thy heart, thine eye, thy cheek hath caught
 From joy, from hope, from sorrow—sadness.
 Since last we met, so soon and parted,
 But why so chang'd could neither tell ;
 Since last we felt so lonely hearted,
 And brush'd away the drop that fell ;
 When love's warm kiss the tear had started,
 To mingle Friendship's last farewell.

Yes, write me all that hope might give
 My muse a fond desire to live,
 And still to ponder o'er, to trace
 The dictates of a sensate heart,
 To paint what it would fain efface,
 At least express the truth in part,
 Although its poor success be vain
 To shadow with a joy the pain ;
 Or from delusive hope to borrow
 A smile, to gild the tear of sorrow.

THE HEART'S BOUQUET.

TO BELLA.

THOUGH Bella will not wear for me
The rose and leaf of cypress tree,
Still will I weave a wreath for her,
Of violets and their gossamer.
And if she likes it, too, entwine
Geranium and the églantine ;
Though varied hues, if well combin'd,
They speak the soft heart's pensive tone ;
Though transient sweets, they tell the mind
Of thinking mood, grown partial, lone ;
Though rival flowers, they bloom to be
The language of her heart for me.

Oh ! it shall be a lovely wreath,
Which Beauty's fondest life will press
O'er it shall Feeling's soft sigh breathe,
And blushing Love its charms caress.
If not so fragrant fresh its bloom
As that which speaks the temper's gloom ;
If not as Love's sweet gage, so gay,
It is the feeling heart's bouquet.

THE MONASTERY.

Voilà donc tes bienfaits, tendre Mélancolie,
 Par toi, de l'univers la scène est embellie,
 Tu sais donner un prix aux larmes, aux soupirs,
 Et nos afflictions sont presque des plaisirs.

Legouvé.

LAUGH, then, companion of the night, with gay,
 Though cold and silent splendour, on the wave,
 Thou only face that smiles upon decay,
 And loves to dwell on Desolation's grave.
 Laugh, whilst in Meditation's dread repose,
 I gaze on ivy mantled walls around,
 Hear from yon arch the chilly night blast sound,
 And see the shades of melancholy close ;
 Whilst here, " I ponder with a strange delight,
 On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night."

But, ah ! how changed the scene ;—not long ago

These darksome stones were destin'd to restrain
The cruel sigh that burst the breast of snow,

The tear, shed sacred to Affection's woe.

Yon rock, from whence the dusky screech owl cries ;

Yon grate, through which the horrid grey bat flies ;

Those column'd steps, where oft she trembling
knelt ;

Those holy shrines, to which she pray'd, can
prove

How dear were then the vows the vestal felt

Of stern religion and repentant love.

There once, perhaps, some ELOISE hath pray'd ;

A lovely AGNES wail'd her fate of woe,

And warbled sweetly to the listening shade,

Those griefs, the breeze responsive learn'd to
know.

Here, too, perhaps, an ADELAIDE hath sought,

In vain, a solace to Reflection's thought ;

Here wildly pictur'd to Delusion's view,
The dear return of those she deem'd still true,

And madly grasp'd at, with a maniac's scream,
The darling image of her poison'd dream,
Or with a heart deep rending laugh of fright,
Hath fled the fearful fancy of her sight,
Stray'd like a wandering moon-beam through the
wood,

And plunged to rest beneath the murmuring flood.
Whilst from love-breathing lips life's latest sigh
Hath ECHO wafted as it pass'd her by.

Haply some rigid monk or luckless maid
Beneath this moss-grown stone is lowly laid,
Sole slumbering tenant of the mouldering tomb
Of superstition, ignorance, and gloom,
Unseen where summer's wildest beauties blow,
And on the gale their native fragrance throw.

Whilst rugged rocks and groves of checquer'd
green

That add a pensive horror to the scene,
Invade Devotion's altar, Misery's cell,
Where wretched loveliness hath ceased to dwell,
And 'mid the relicts of Religion's seat,
Bestow a grandeur to the lone retreat.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

WHO LAMENTED SHE WAS NOT OF AGE TO BE
INTRODUCED.

THINK, fair one ! think that year a day,
Which bids thy tender youth delay
From entering 'mid the world's career
Of dissipation, grief, and care,
Anxiety and sorrow.

Nay, think it but one fleeting hour,
That gives new beauty to the flower
Which blossoms in the month of May
To flourish only for a day,
And die. perhaps, to-morrow.

For tender is thy vestal age,
Sweet, too, the hope thy dreams engage,
And transient Beauty's native trace,
Her glow of feeling, blush of grace,
 Around thy features smiling.

And delicate thy lovely form,
As the gay skiff before the storm,
To struggle with the adverse gale
Of the rude world's unjust assail,
 Though Nature's love beguiling.

For though the dewdrop on the rose
A charm, a beauty can disclose,
When bursting on its bud at dawn
To glitter on the beam of morn,
 Whilst o'er the blossom stealing.

The tear that shall bedew thy lid,
Will ask what fashion shall forbid,
A mutual throb, a soft reply,
To Pleasure's smile, to Sorrow's sigh,
Congenial to thy feeling.

The world of pleasure and the gay,
Thy charms with envy shall survey,
But when a fear, a latent smart
Shall rankle first thy loving heart,
And need the balm of gladness;

Will such who flatter'd thee, sustain
Thy bosom's pang, 'gainst suffering's pain?
Will such who laugh their life away,
Then crowd thee round, in hopes to pay
Some solace to thy sadness?

Ah ! no ; indifferent to cheer,
Or render anguish less severe,
The senseless world, who late carest,
Will calmly see thee sink to rest,
 And be forgot to-morrow.

Think, fair one, then, thy youth most blest,
Of Friendship's earliest ties possest ;
Remote from Fashion's mad career,
Of dissipation, folly, care,
 Regret, and tearful sorrow.

SONG.

TOUCH ONCE AGAIN THY BREATHING WIRE.

TOUCH once again thy breathing wire !

Its tender notes will e'er inspire

 The thoughts of joys gone by ;

Its music hath so sweet a tone,

My heart is rendered all its own,

 And yet I feel it sigh.

Touch once again thy breathing wire !

Its warblings love-like must expire

 With feelings ever dear ;

Blend with thy voice its plaintive strain,

The charm dissolves my bosom's pain,

 Although it brings a tear.

STANZAS, TO —.

OH! had I not a heart, a brain,
 So rent by feeling, wrung by thought;
 A breast so torn by passion, pain,
 I would be any thing, be nought.
 Oh! had I not a soul for sorrow,
 The smallest insect would I be;
 And breathe away my life to-morrow,
 To live one day's brief lapse with thee.

Were I but a tone of gladness,
 A warbling of the tuneful lute,
 To cheer one minute of thy sadness,
 I'd be for ever after mute.

Were I but a moon beam stealing
A partial life from summer's day,
To gaze upon thine eye of feeling
One hour of joy, I'd fade away.

Oh! were I but a dream of pleasure,
The loveliest vision of thy sleep,
I'd ask of life no greater treasure,
Than thus to make thee smile and weep.

Or were I but the ZEPHYR's sigh,
A summer cloud, an Eastern wave,
I'd breathe thee o'er, I'd pass thee by,
And kiss no charms save those I lave.

I'd be the rainbow's blush, and smile,
The rose-bud's fragrant tear, and melt;
To feel, I could for once beguile
The lid that wept, the cheek that felt.

I'd be a flower, and bloom one day
A blossom with the breeze to flee ;
And wither leaf by leaf away,
To know I once was miss'd by thee.

Were I but a pet to please thee ;
A singing bird, a gentle dove,
To feel thy fond embrace infold me
And nestle on thy breast of love.
Oh ! then I'd revel on thy lip,
Feel, taste, enjoy thy balmy breath ;
Were certain poison in the sip,
I'd quaff with joy my nectar'd death.

THE SMILE OF GRIEF.

BUR ah ! the smile which sorrow wears,
Glow's but to warm affection's tears,
The parting farewell twilight's ray,
The brief faint trace of joy's young day ;
“ 'Tis as the bleak and lifeless beam
That glitters on the winter's stream,”
The burning shipwreck's fearful glare
That throws its splendour to the shore,
Mocks the poor wretch's wild despair,
And lights his grave when all is o'er.
The rose that decks the lover's bier,
And says a heart reposes there ;
Such is the smile that masks in vain
The anguish'd throb of suffering's pain.

Not such the partial transient smile
That speaks a momentary joy,
Plays on the senseless cheek awhile,
And parts without the least alloy :
Whose beauty paints the lifeless glow
Of pleasure without pleasure's woe ;
And tells the heart's inconstant tone
That throbs not when the charm hath flown,
And scarcely heaves for joys gone by,
Nor feels remembrance breathe a sigh ;
No such a senseless heart e'er stole
A ray of passion from the soul ;
Or ever on the features wrought
The smile of feeling, or of thought.

Yet 'tis a strange deceitful thing
That feels, denotes misfortune's sting ;
And as the timid blush of youth,
It tells and still denies the truth.

And thus the feeling heart can hide
Its love its fondness by its pride ;
Such is the tender smile of grief
That fain would wear yet mocks relief.
Alas ! it is a painful sneer
That laughs at destiny's career,
Dissembles what no power can steal,
Disguises what it e'er must feel,
Despises fate, derides despair,
And speaks them all without a tear.

Thus can expression oft impart
The feelings of a broken heart ;
And in the placid smile express
The loveliest beam of tenderness ;
Speak in the sweet repose that's there
Hope, disappointment, and despair ;
And on the brow and lip portray
The painful look of memory.

In one short gaze alone can tell
The heart that loved, perhaps too well ;
And such a smile methinks can wear
 The freshness of thy youthful cheek,
Which still shall pledge without a tear
 All that the fondest heart should speak.
If so, the smile that now is thine
Hath caught its kindred trait from mine,
Which long hath been, and e'er shall be
The emblem of a sympathy ;
Which few would learn, and fewer share,
Because it owns so much of care,
Which nought can steal, and none beguile,
Because it is pure sorrow's smile.

SONG.
TO ISABEL.

OH! tell me, BELLA, why, love,
I must not brush away
The tear that fills thine eye, love,
And clouds its festive ray.
Although I would not vanish
One charm from Feeling's shrine,
That crystal gem should banish,
But leave a trace divine.

Whilst mantling o'er thy cheek, love;
Whilst cradled in thy smile;
Whilst trickling it might speak, love,
More, more than should beguile;

The pearly drop of feeling
Is hallow'd thus to part,
For love, to see it stealing,
'Tis sacred to the heart.

Its warmth shall e'er impart, love,
To beauty, Beauty's tone,
But never can depart, love,
From Feeling's lid alone.
I'll kiss away thy tear, love,
Or with it mingle mine,
For never was more dear, love,
More pure a tear than thine.

THE FAREWELL.

STANZAS TO F—.

FAREWELL! though late we have not met
As we were wont so oft to do;
Our hearts can never still forget
Such times that pleased and pain'd them too.
Since earliest childhood's gladsome day,
Impress'd with liveliest thoughts the mind,
Each scene that charm'd and pass'd away,
Yet left some kindred wish behind.

'Tis long since brighter youth's gay year
Our fond and genial souls intertwined,
When every joy that could endear
A spell in either heart enshrined;

And sweet were those enchanting hours,
That fled without a cloud to shade
From Fancy's gaze young Pleasure's flowers,
Which bloom'd and promis'd ne'er to fade.

Farewell ! since that gay, flattering morn
Hath lull'd me with Delusion's dream,
And shew'd me, with a smile of scorn
The view of what could only seem ;
Enjoyment's transient, sunny ray
No longer gilds Affection's day,
And joy, without the least decay,
Hath blossom'd and been torn away.

Though brief, the loveliest of my youth
Was that impassion'd hour of eve,
That heard our fond hearts speak the truth,
And left them soon, so soon, to grieve.

That season's past, and haply ne'er
Its semblance shall return again,
To smile in mockery of the tear
It cherish'd and repress'd in vain.

Farewell ! the voice once deem'd like thine
Hath blighted Hope's enlivening charm,
And snatch'd the bliss that once was mine
From feelings none beside could harm.
The eye that gaz'd and seem'd to smile
On pure Attachment's mutual glow ;
The lip that look'd as pleas'd the while
Are changed, and changes joy to woe.

Though were so well deserving blame
Those faults that caused the change, perchance,
'Twas thine to punish, to reclaim,
And blot them from remembrance.

'Twas thine, with virtue less severe,
 Mine errors to reprove, alone ;
 'Twas thine to chase the repentant tear,
 And make me quite and all thine own.

Farewell ! since filial Duty's call
 Hath bade thy bosom's fondness try
 To chill, erase those feelings all
 That ever caused for me a sigh.
 Yet vainly such hath snatch'd away,
 What heaven so long had sanction'd mine ;
 When love must wane in slow decay,
 From hearts too blended to resign.

For though to other worlds I'll fly—
 The sunshine's gleam, the mid of night
 Shall image to thy tearful eye
 Looks that no more must meet thy sight :

Such gloom shall o'er thy soul too linger,
What ever varied pleasures charm,
Each lively note that leaves thy finger
Shall sadden what it cannot warm.

Farewell ! but think not thou canst banish,
Or bid from long remembrance steal
Those feelings that shall never vanish,
Until thine heart forgets to feel
No ; age shall temper, time shall cherish
The endearment of thy earlier years,
And not its semblance e'en shall perish,
Without life's first of joys and fears.

Farewell ! but should we no more meet ;
Whatever clime or scene may cheer,
The thought of past shall still be sweet,
Although its smile must bring the tear :

And though no after friendship ever
Such mutual joys as ours shall tell ;
The past there's nought on earth can sever
From Memory's obtrusive spell.

THE SIGH OF REMEMBRANCE.

The following lines were occasioned by the death of a young and fair friend of the Author's, whom a rapid decline had obliged to leave her native country, and whose life it terminated ere she reached the Western Islands.

WHERE, where is the rose in the morn of its
bloom,

That flourish'd but lately so fragrantly fair ?

Not a sweeter e'er smiled in the grove of Lagoom,

Not a fresher e'er perfumed the vale of Cashmere,

When the fond, plaintive bird of the night loves to
sing ;

Its charmer delighting and wooing the spring.

Is it lost? yes, the winter blast tore from the stem
The bud, in its fragrance and infantile charm,
OSMAN'S sea not if fathom'd could yield such a
gem,
Nor ARABY'S sun a more lovely one warm,
Though her daughters as beauteous might breathe
the sweet air,
And nestle the flower in their bosoms more fair.

Too well I remember when first the pale trace
Of tenderness drooping o'er loveliness stole ;
When pensive the mind gave to beauty a grace,
And pain even smiled with each charm of the
soul ;
Then the blighting breeze ruffled the flower in its
bloom,
And awakened new beauties, alas ! for the tomb.

Too cold and too bleak was the land of its birth,

Whence cherish'd and loved o'er the deep dark-
ling main,

The gale wafted it far to a spot of the earth,

Where more favour'd the charmer might flourish
again.

Transplanted!—Oh! no; ere a foreign breeze
sigh'd

O'er the dear fading treasure, it wither'd and died.

As a gleam of the morn in *ITALIA*'s sweet clime

Breaks the mist, whilst it plays on the cloud
passing by,

As the moon's silvery light trembles forth for a
time,

Whilst it laughs on the lake which the breeze
ripples high;

So charming, so smiling, so tranquilly gay,

This sweetest of flowers breathed its fond life away.

THE IDEAL.

“Que ne puis-je dans un songe
 Tenir son cœur enchanté ?
 Que ne puis-je du mensonge
 Passer à la vérité ?”

J. J. Rousseau.

YET give me back one dreaming hour
 Of those when hope and fancy smiled,
 When love and friendship's genial power
 Possessed a pleasure that beguiled.
 Nay, give me but the fond belief
 Of beings I lately thought so fair,
 That joy is not that withering leaf,
 Which paints the past with present care.

Stay for a moment's pause thy speed,
 Ye brilliant visions of the brain,
 Thoughts that awake enjoyment's meed,
 Yet cherish in the heart its pain ;

Have those pure feelings, which adorn
 The hero's, fair one's breast decay'd,
 Must all with noble BRUTUS mourn,
 That "Virtue's self is but a shade?"

From HELICON's inspiring stream
 With SAPPHO's shell I loved to sip :
 The opiate brought me Pleasure's dream,
 Till sorrow dash'd it from my lip.
 Still the fond muse, with pensive eye,
 Stung my warm heart with proud desire,
 And fortune, fame, I dared deny,
 To listen to her syren lyre.

'Twas then my fond enthusiast soul,
 In nature tender, spirit wild,
 Had love's delicious poison stole
 From Beauty's sweetly-slumbering child;

But prudence, chance, or blinder duty,
 Marr'd my young prospects, sanguine, gay,
 Robb'd the enchantment first from beauty,
 Then drove its every charm away.

Where worlds beyond the sun's clear blaze
 On bright, eternal glaciers rest,
 HELVETIA rapt my admiring gaze,
 And TYROL's wonders thrill'd my breast.
 ITALIA, too, her silvery tide,
 Where breathing arts of genius gleam,
 Her lakes, where Roman cities glide,
 Pleased too my solitary dream.

Such joys, such scenes my path illumed,
 Charm'd at their brief successive flight ;
 My enraptur'd mind as quick consumed
 The splendour of each new delight ;

Long on the spell such pageants gave,
 Was fix'd my soul's intense survey,
 As hangs the beam upon the wave
 That ripples on and steals away.

'Tis o'er : extinguish'd every ray
 Imagination late inspired,
 Burst hath ideal's sweet display,
 And with it Nature's hope expired.
 As GALLIA's fond, impassion'd fair
 O'er PARIAN winning beauty sigh'd,
 Hung round her senseless BELVIDERE,
 Breathed her ill-fated love, and died.

Faded Ambition's rival wreath
 I wove, to deck each specious scheme :
 And Disappointment's withering breath
 Blights every visionary dream.

Genius o'er faithless Friendship's bier

Near pensive Fancy droops his head ;
And whilst remembrance swells the tear,
Deserves the pitying drop they shed.

In vain remembrance would renew

Hours lately ting'd by transport's splendour,
But such must bring again to view
Past time's alloy, less kind, less tender ;
Yet feels my bosom a reply
To feelings gone for ever by,
As memory echoes oft the sigh,
Which spoke Love's silent, last good by.

Thus youth's enchantment steals away

In one gay, little mirthful hour,
And joy, scarce budded into day,
Is left a lovely, withering flower :

Life is thus early doom'd to feel
What greybeard sophists made me deem,
That love and hope are born ideal,
And pleasure's but their blissful dream.

RECOLLECTION.

REMEMBRANCE is a fearful dream,
It prompts the heart to heave and glow,
It cheats the mind with each extreme
Of joy and woe.

Though fond, capricious, cruel yet,
Of every mystic spell possest,
To wring the soul that would forget
And mar its rest.

'Tis born a lovely fragrant flower,
To blossom on the vestal breast,
By passion's sigh and pity's shower
Nursed, loved, caressed.

Oh! it is then a beauteous thing,
 So bright its glow, so fresh its bloom,
 A rose without a thorn to sting,
 'Tis love's perfume.

Too soon it changes, and a gem
 Of pearly ray becomes so clear,
 It oft whilst pleasing will condemn
 And bring the tear.

For it reflects perhaps too true
 The picture of enjoyment's day,
 And leaves the pensive heart to sue
 Past pleasure's ray.

Again it changes to the mind,
 And brings a motley scene of strife ;
 Whilst every year grows more unkind
 To warning life.

'Tis strange, 'tis pitiful to hear
 The tale by Memory often told ;
 That mingles with the smile, the tear
 Of young and old.

Sad Recollection's deep'ning gloom
 The sympathising soul appals,
 As on the mouldering cloistered tomb,
 The night tear falls.

Dark as the lonesome convent's sprite
 That flits where charnel tapers shine,
 Where moon's pale glimmerings scarcely light
 The cold damp shrine.

Thus will Remembrance oft obtrude
 On joy's fleet hour so dearly bought,
 To give the bosom's solitude
 Some mournful thought.

Pensive in feeling's calm devotion,
Ask sorrow's sigh, affection's tear,
And heave the breast with each emotion,
Pure, warm, sincere.

Yet shall the winter of the soul,
Ting'd by endearment's kindred ray,
Drink consolation from the bowl
Of sweeter Memory.

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