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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
LORD BYRON.

*George Gordon Noel Byron,  
Viscount Byron*

ILLUSTRATED.



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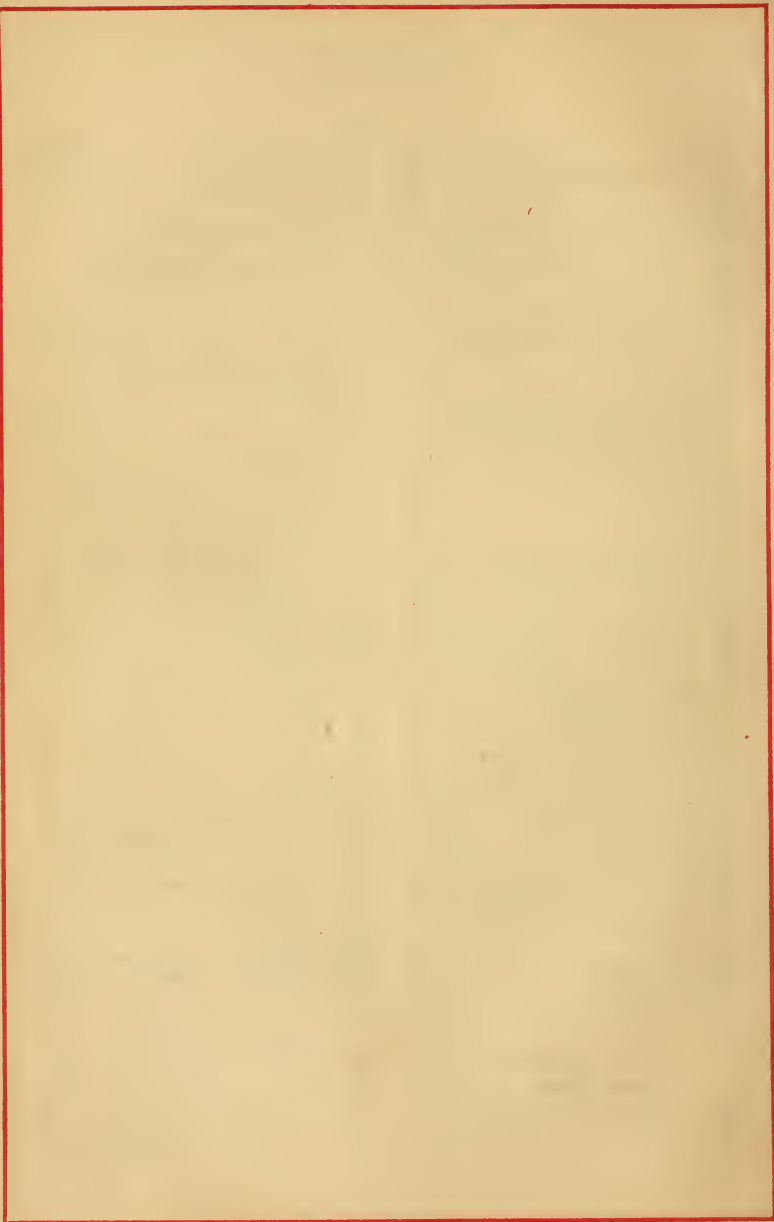
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## LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

In presenting to the public a biography of so distinguished an individual as the subject of the present memoir—a subject already so ably illustrated by such men as Hobbhouse, Scott, Bulwer, Moore—the writer has before him a task of no ordinary difficulty; yet, though in the main agreeing with these eminent authorities, there are shades of colouring, hitherto lost sight of, which present in a more favourable view many of those passages in the life of the immortal author of “Childe Harold,” which have been tortured by the withering tongue of slander—prompted by political prejudice, religious bigotry, and mawworm morality—into blots upon his proud escutcheon, into stigmas upon his fair fame.

His father, Captain Byron, who appears to have been of extremely spendthrift and improvident habits, having carried off to the Continent the wife of Lord Carmarthen, on the latter obtaining a divorce, married her. Of this union one daughter only was the issue, the Hon. Augusta Byron, afterwards Mrs. Colonel Leigh. On the death of his first wife in 1784, Captain Byron contracted a marriage, in the following year, with Miss Catherine Gordon, only daughter and heiress of George Gordon, Esq., of Gight, a descendant of the third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James I. Shortly after their marriage, which took place at Bath, Captain Byron and his lady removed to their estate in Scotland, when his creditors becoming clamorous, not only her ready money (£3,000), bank shares, Salmon fisheries on the Dee, the farm of Monkshill, &c. were sacrificed to meet their claims, but a sum of £8,000, raised by mortgage on the estate of Gight. In the summer of 1786, she and her husband left Scotland to proceed to France, and in the following year the fee-simple of the estate itself was sold to Lord Haddo, for £17,850, the whole of which was applied to the payment of Captain Byron's debts, with the exception of a small sum vested in trustees for the use of Mrs. Byron, who thus found herself, within the short space of two years, reduced from affluence to a pittance of £150 a year.

From France Mrs. Byron returned to England towards the close of 1787, and on the 22nd of January, 1788, gave birth, in Holles-street, London, to her first and only child. George Gordon Byron,—the prefix of Gordon being added in compliance with a condition imposed by will on whosoever should become husband of the heiress of Gight. At the baptism of the child, the Duke of Gordon and Colonel Duff of Fetteresso stood sponsors.

In person Mrs. Byron was low-sized and corpulent, provincially bred, of very plain manners and education, with apparently little or no sense of religion, though possessing an abundant stock of weak and vulgar superstition,—a woman whose violent passions her husband's almost incredible ill-usage seems to have so worked upon as to shatter her reason, and, indeed, distort even her maternal feelings; for we find her, in one of her fits of passion, upbraiding her child with being “a lame brat.” Such was the parent to whose unaided care a youth, precocious in all his instincts, was abandoned during those years in which the education of the heart makes such rapid and irrevocable strides, even when the mental faculties are dull—a circumstance deeply to be weighed by those anxious to judge with candour the personal history of her son.

By an accident which, it is said, occurred at his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position, and this defect (chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it) was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years; the expedients, however, subsequently adopted, under the direction of the celebrated John Hunter, were eventually so far successful as to enable him to draw on a boot. It is a singular coincidence that this deformity was a characteristic of three of his most distinguished cotemporaries—Sir Walter Scott, Marshal Soult, and Prince Talleyrand.

When not quite five years of age, young Byron was sent to a day-school at Aberdeen evidently less with a view to his advance in learning (the terms being only a guinea a year) than for the purpose of keeping him quiet and

training him to scholastic discipline. Having attended this school for a twelvemonth, he was then removed to that of a clergyman named Ross, with whom he made considerable progress; and was subsequently placed under the private tutorship of a young man named Paterson, a rigid Presbyterian and distinguished scholar, with whom he commenced Latin and continued to read until he was sent to the Grammar-school at Aberdeen, where he remained until recalled to England by the death of his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, at Newstead Abbey, May 19, 1798.

The general impression retained of him by his surviving class-fellows at the Grammar-school is, that he was a lively, warmhearted, and high-spirited boy—passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows—to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and “always more ready to give a blow than take one.” He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself by his prowess in sports and exercises than by advancement in learning. Though quick when he would apply himself, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general low in his class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted.

In the summer of the year 1796, after an attack of scarlet-fever, he was removed by his mother for change of air into the Highlands, where they took up their residence at a farmhouse in the vicinity of Ballater, a favourite summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen, and within a pleasant drive of that wild and romantic scenery amidst which the dark summit of Lachin-y gair stood towering before the eyes of the future bard; and the verses in which, not many years after, he commemorated this sublime spectacle, afford convincing proof of the deep impression, young as he was at the time, its “frowning glories” made upon him.

In the autumn of 1792, Mrs. Byron and her son (now in his eleventh year) attended by their faithful domestic, May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey, the ancient seat of his ancestors. This priory was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket. On the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., it was added, by a royal grant, with the lands pertaining thereto, to the possessions of the Byron family. The favourite upon whom they were conferred was the

grand-nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name in the family, by the title of “Sir John Byron, the little.”

The small income of Mrs. Byron received, about this period, a very seasonable addition—though on what grounds accorded is not stated—of a pension on the civil list of £300 a year. Shortly after her arrival at Newstead, she placed her son under the care of a person at Nottingham, named Lavender, who appears to have been a mere empirical pretender, in the hope of having his lameness removed; and that the boy might not lose ground in his education, he received lessons in Latin from a Mr. Rogers, with whom he read parts of Virgil and Cicero, and made considerable progress. Finding that he derived little benefit from the Nottingham practitioner, Mrs. Byron, in the summer of 1799, thought it right to remove him to London: and he was accordingly placed in the academy of Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, and also under the surgical treatment of Dr. Matthew Baillie, she herself at the same time taking a house in Sloane Terrace. Having remained nearly two years with Dr. Glennie, during which time his studies were materially impeded by his mother's taking him to Sloane Terrace every Saturday and detaining him till Monday—much to the annoyance of the Doctor, who strongly remonstrated against it—young Byron, at the suggestion of his mother, and with the consent of Lord Carlisle, was sent to Harrow. During his residence in Dulwich Grove, the same amiability of disposition that characterized him at Aberdeen seems to have accompanied him. Dr. Glennie says, “I found him enter upon his studies with alacrity and success. He was playful, good humoured, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and he showed an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures.”

To a shy disposition, such as Byron's was in his youth—and such as, to a certain degree, it continued all his life—the transition from a quiet establishment, like that of Doctor Glennie's, to the bustle of a large public school, was sufficiently trying. Accordingly, we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he “hated Harrow.” The activity and sociableness of his nature however soon overcame this repugnance; and from being, as



oe himself says, "a most unpopular boy," he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school. The Rev. Dr. Drury, than whom there cannot be a more trustworthy or valuable authority, and who was at this period (1801) head master of the School, has given the following brief but important statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him:—"Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of 13½, with remarks that his education had been imperfect; that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a *cleverness* about him. After his departure I took my young pupil into my study, and endeavoured to elicit from him some information with respect to his former amusements and associates, but with little or no effect,—in fact I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was *mind* in his eye. For some time a degree of shyness hung about him; however, his manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable,—and on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, Lord Carlisle desired to see me in town:—I accordingly waited on his lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I made no remark; as to the latter, I replied, 'He has talents, my lord, which will *add lustre to his rank*.' 'Indeed!!!' said his lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected."

The following interesting anecdotes of his school life at Harrow are to be found scattered through his various note-books; and coming as they do from his own pen, afford the liveliest and best records of that period which we can present to the reader.

"At Harrow I was remarked for the extent and readiness of my *general* information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical; and Dr. Drury, my grand patron, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action."

"Peel, the orator and statesman, was my form-fellow. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal."

"The prodigy of our school days was George Sinclair (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school, verses at will, and themes without it. He was a friend of mine and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercises,—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch. On the other hand, as he was of a pacific temperament, I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, when it was necessary as a point of honour and *stature* that he should so chastise; and we were very good friends."

"At Harrow, I fought my way very fairly I think I lost but one battle out of seven, and that was to H——; but he only won it by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house where we boxed. I had not even a second."

Notwithstanding these general habits of play and idleness, which might seem to indicate a certain absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thoughtfully within himself, and give way to moods of musing uncongenial with the usual cheerfulness of his age. They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, overhanging a picturesque valley and commanding a view of Windsor, known among his schoolfellows by the name of "Byron's tomb;" and here, it is said, he used to sit for hours wrapt in thought,—brooding lonely over the first emotions of passion and genius in his soul, and perhaps indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than 15 years of age, he wrote the following lines:—

"My epitaph shall be my name alone;  
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,  
Oh may no other fame my deeds repay!  
That, only that, shall single out the spot,  
By that remember'd, or with that forgot."

His pursuits, however, continued to be of the same truant description during the whole of his stay at Harrow,—“always,” as he says himself, “cricketing, rebelling, rowing, and in all manner of mischiefs.” The general character which he bore among the masters was that of an idle boy, who could never learn

anything; and, as far as regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was, by his own avowal, not ill-founded. But, notwithstanding his backwardness in mere verbal scholarship, on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted, in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge which is chiefly useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonderful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and excursive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, with a zest which it is not probable that mere school pedantries could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent snatches of study which he caught in this way, gave an impulse to a mind like his, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record, of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured, is such as almost to startle belief,—comprising, as it does, a prodigious stock of multifarious reading, including almost the whole body of English poetry. The vacations he usually spent with his mother, who, in the summer of 1801, took up her residence at Cheltenham. In the autumn of 1802, he passed a few weeks with her at Bath, where he entered, rather prematurely, into some of the gaieties of the place. On leaving Bath, Mrs. Byron took up her abode, in lodgings, at Nottingham,—Newstead Abbey being at this time (1803) let to Lord Grey de Ruthyn,—and during the Harrow vacation of this year, she was joined there by her son. So attached was he to Newstead, that even to be in its neighbourhood was a delight to him; and, an intimacy having sprung up between him and his noble tenant, an apartment in the abbey was henceforth always at his service.

We now come to an event in his life, which, according to his own deliberate persuasion, exercised a lasting and paramount influence over the whole of his subsequent career. In the neighbourhood of the abbey, at Annesley, resided a family of the name of Chaworth, to whom he had, some time before, been introduced in London, and with whom he soon renewed his acquaintance. This family were the descendants of that Mr. Chaworth who was killed in a duel by the grand-uncle of the poet, the fifth Lord Byron, and for which the latter stood his trial before the House of Peers, in the year 1765. Lapse of years, however, and benevolence of disposition, served to obliterate the recollection of this catastrophe, and

a feeling of mutual esteem grew up between the present youthful lord and the young heiress of Annesley. In addition to the many worldly advantages which encircled her, Miss Chaworth possessed much personal beauty and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already alive to all her charms, it was at the period of which we are speaking that the young poet seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting. He himself, in a memorandum in one of his note-books, says:—"Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers,—it would have joined lands broad and rich,—it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder) and—and—and—*what* has been the result?" This result was occasioned by a very thoughtless expression on the one hand, and by very hasty deportment on the other. He was either told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" This expression, as he himself described it, shot through his heart. Though late at night, he darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead.

The vacation of 1804 he passed with his mother at Southwell, to which place she had removed from Nottingham; and in the month of October, 1805, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, being then in his seventeenth year. His feelings on leaving Harrow seem to have been those of deep regret, aggravated, as he himself asserts, by the reflection that "he was no longer a boy." This sort of estrangement, however, soon wore off, his companions being "social, lively, hospitable, and gay far beyond his gaiety." Swimming, diving (at which he was very expert), sparring, cricketing, and writing poetry, now occupied his chief attention; and in the summer of 1806, he again joined his mother at Southwell,—among the small, but select, society of which place he had, during his visits, formed some intimacies and friendships, the memory of which is still cherished there fondly and proudly. His visit, this summer, was, however, interrupted by one of those explosions of temper, on the part of Mrs. Byron, to which, from his earliest childhood he had been but too well accustomed, and in producing which his own rebel spirit was not always, it may be supposed, entirely blameless. Between a

temper such as his and the loud hurricane bursts of his mother, a collision must be somewhat formidable; and the age at which the young poet was now arrived, when the impetuosity of youth begins to champ the bit, would but render the occasions of such shocks more frequent. In general, however, when a storm threatened he found safety in flight, and in the instance to which we now allude he made

hasty retreat to a friend's house, and thence started for London. Mrs. Byron was not, however, behind hand, in energy and decision, with his young lordship, but immediately, on discovering his retreat, set off after him. The result of their interview was that she returned without her son, the latter preferring to prolong his excursion by a visit to Worthing and Harrowgate, whence he returned to Southwell, to take part in some private theatricals. It was about this period that he had a volume of poetic essays printed for circulation amongst his friends; but at the suggestion of the Rev. John Becher (afterwards prebendary of Southwell) he had the copies withdrawn and committed to the flames. Considering himself bound to replace them by a less faultless edition, he instantly set to work, and during the ensuing six weeks, continued busily occupied with his task. The fame which he now reaped within his limited circle made him but more eager to try his chance on a wider field; and the hundred copies of which this edition consisted were hardly out of hand, when, with fresh activity, he went to press again, and his first published volume, the "Hours of Idleness," made its appearance.

His visits to Southwell now (1807) became few and transient, but of his charity and kind-heartedness he left there—as, indeed, at every place, throughout life, where he resided any time—the most endearing recollections. "He never," says a person who knew him intimately at this period, "met with objects of distress without affording them succour." A considerable portion of this year was passed in London, yet to say that he was idle, would be a contradiction, if we consider the extent of his correspondence, the number of his poetic essays, and the immense mass of English literature which his note-books indicate as having been perused—consisting of History, Geography, Biography, Law, Philosophy, Poetry, Eloquence, Divinity, and miscellanies, and then calculate the time passed in amusements and taking exercise (to subdue that beset which he so much dreaded), which

can be best collected from his own language: "Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of three miles! You see I am in excellent training in case of a *squall* at sea." And again, "I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a *tame bear*. When I brought him here (to Cambridge), they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was, 'he should *sit for a fellowship*.' This place is a villanous chaos of din and drunkenness; nothing but hazard and burgundy, hunting, mathematics, and Newmarket, riot and racing." Notwithstanding the danger, even to the most prudent youth, of such example and such scenes, the irregularities to which he gave way were of a nature far less gross than those, perhaps, of any of his associates.

The Edinburgh Review, at this time (March, 1808) issued a most truculent critique on his "Hours of Idleness," said to proceed from the pen of Henry (subsequently, Lord) Prougham. Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this; but levelling principles were then rampant, and the opportunity of insulting a lord even though a liberal, under pretext of admonishing a poetaster, was a temptation too rare to be resisted. Though his pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled, yet this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers,—the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge, and the collected energy of his mind applied to the production of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

It was in the autumn of this year (1808), that he, for the first time, took up his residence at Newstead Abbey. The mansion having been left in a most ruinous condition by its late occupant, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, he proceeded immediately to fit up some of the apartments, so as to render them—more with a view to his mother's accommodation than his own—comfortably habitable. His coming of age in 1809, was celebrated, at Newstead, by such festivities as his limited means admitted. The pecuniary supplies requisite for his outfit at this epoch, were procured from money-lenders at an enormously usurious interest, the payment of which for a long time con-

ained a burden to him. He now determined on taking his seat in the House of Peers, and having communicated his intention to Lord Carlisle,—under the impression that it was customary for a young peer, on first taking his seat, to be introduced by a member,—instead of the answer he expected, he received a mere formal and cold reply. In a letter to his mother (March 6, 1809), he says: "I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon . . . . Lord Carlisle has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor" (Lord Eldon). All the necessary documents, however, having been at length obtained, he, on the 13th of March, presented himself in the House, friendless and unattended, save by one individual, a distant relative, who, chancing to pass through St. James's-street on that day, casually looked in. This relative was Mr. Dallas, who says: "Passing down St. James's-street, but with no intention of calling on him, I saw his chariot at the door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated. He said to me—'I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will accompany me.' I expressed my readiness to do so, and we accordingly proceeded to the House, where we were received in one of the ante-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him, and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. Lord Byron then carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords of the opposition, and having again joined me, we returned to St. James's-street." So far from taking an active part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, as was anticipated, he appears to have re-

garded even the ceremony of his attendance among them as irksome and mortifying; and in a few days after his admission to his seat, he withdrew in disgust to the seclusion of Newstead, where he was soon actively engaged in preparing a new edition of his satire, in arrangements for his intended tour, and in dispensing his hospitalities to a few college friends who had assembled around him to celebrate a sort of festive farewell.

His new edition being now ready for the press, and all necessary preparations for his journey made, he, on the 11th of June, proceeded to London, and on the 2nd of July, set sail from Falmouth, in company with Mr. Hobhouse, for Lisbon, where they arrived after a pleasant voyage of four days and a half, rested ten days, and thence proceeded to Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar; Tepalcen (in Albania), where he was hospitably entertained by Ali Pacha; Jannina, Zitza, Acarnania, and on the 21st of November arrived at Missolonghi. And here it is impossible not to pause, and send a mournful thought forward to the visit which, fifteen years after, he paid to this same spot, when, in the full meridian of his age and fame, he came to lay down his life as the champion of that land, through which he now wandered a stripling and a stranger. He next proceeded to Patras, where he remained a fortnight; thence directed his course to Vostizza, Mount Parnassus, Lepanto, Thebes, Mount Cithæron, and on Christmas-eve arrived at Athens. On this his first visit to the city of Minerva, he made a stay of between two and three months.

An unexpected offer of a passage to Smyrna in an English sloop of war, the *Pylades*, now induced the travellers to make immediate preparations for departure; and on the 5th of March, 1810, they reluctantly took leave of Athens. At Smyrna Lord Byron took up his residence in the house of the Consul-General, and remained there, with the exception of two or three days spent in a visit to the ruins of Ephesus, till the 11th of April, when he left Smyrna, in the *Salsève* frigate, bound for Constantinople; and after an exploratory visit to the ruins of Trossa, arrived, at the beginning of May, in the *Dardanelles*. While in the straits, waiting a favourable wind, he thus writes to his friend Mr. Drury:—"This morning (May 3rd) I swam from Sestos to Abydos. The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous so much so

that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage." On the 14th of May he arrived at Constantinople, where Mr. Adair, the English minister, pressed him to take up his residence at the English palace, but this hospitable offer Lord Byron declined, preferring the freedom of a homely inn. Having made an excursion to the Black Sea, passing through the Bosphorus, seated himself on the Cyanean rocks, visited the principal mosques by virtue of a firman, attended an audience given to the British ambassador by the Sultan, and seen the principal curiosities, he and his fellow traveller took their departure, on the 14th of July, in the Salsette frigate,—Mr. Hobhouse, with the intention of proceeding to England; and Lord Byron, with the resolution of again visiting Greece, which he reached in four days from Constantinople, landing at the island of Teos, whence he took boat to Athens; spent about two months visiting the Morea, part of which time he was seriously ill at Patras; and about eight months more in excursions through Attica, still making Athens his head-quarters, where he had apartments in a Franciscan convent, and wrote his "Hints from Horace," "Curse of Minerva," and various other pieces. About the middle of May he sailed for Malta, where he was detained by an attack of tertian fever; and on the 3rd of June, continued his course to England, arriving early in July. In a letter written about this period, he says;—"I have just been two years absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feeling which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference . . . . The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair, and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from importunities."

Immediately on his arrival in London, and while engaged settling some law affairs with his agent, he was suddenly called away to Newstead by an event which affected him far more deeply than might have been expected,—the dangerous illness of his mother, whom, fate would have it, he was destined never to see again. In a letter, dated August 2nd,

1811, he says: "My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town, to attend her to the family vault. I heard one day of her illness, the next of her death. Thank God, her last moments were tranquil. Peace be to her!" Whether from a return of early fondness and the all-atoning power of the grave, or from the prospect of that void in his future life—that loneliness—which this loss of his only link with the past would leave, certain it is that he felt the death of his mother most acutely. It has been remarked that "the future good or bad conduct of the child depends entirely on the mother;" how far the heaven that sometimes mixed itself with the better nature of the young poet—his uncertain and wayward impulses—his defiance of restraint—the occasional precipitance of his resentments—may have had their origin in his early collision with maternal caprice and violence, is a question upon which each will decide according to the more or less weight he may attribute to the influence of such occurrences on the formation of character. It cannot be denied, however, that notwithstanding her injudicious and coarse treatment of him, Mrs. Byron loved her son with that sort of fitful fondness of which alone her nature seemed capable—even more, that she was ambitiously proud of him. Having now passed several months between Newstead and London, in preparing new editions of his works, composing others, and arranging the state of his affairs, he determined to make his appearance once more in the House of Lords. He accordingly took his seat on the 27th of February, 1812. The subject of debate was the Nottingham Frame-Breaking Bill, against which he delivered his maiden-speech—one on which the highest encomiums were passed even by ministerial members.

Among the tributes to his fame, this year, he had the honour of being presented, at that royal personage's own request, to the Prince Regent, "Who," says Mr. Dallas, "expressed his admiration of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' and continued a conversation which so fascinated the poet that, had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier."

We now find him at the zenith of poetic fame—honourably noticed by royalty, his society courted by those nobles who before stood with cold formality aloof, and an au

mingering world captivated and dazzled by the electric brilliancy of his genius. No more opportune moment could have been selected for that important change in life, which, it would appear, he contemplated; for in his note-book at this period (1813) his lordship writes: "A wife would be the saving of me." It was under this conviction, entertained not only by himself but by some of his friends, of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage; and chiefly, it is said, by the advice and through the intervention of Lady Melbourne, to become a suitor for the hand of her niece, Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Seaham, in the county of Durham. Though his first proposal was not accepted, every assurance of regard and esteem accompanied the refusal—the young lady even requested that they should continue to write to each other—in short, the refusal was anything but a decisive one; and on a second offer of his hand by the noble peer, in Sept. 1814, she thought proper to accept it, and on the 2nd of January, 1815, they were united.

Shortly before his marriage, on a scrutiny into the state of his affairs, he found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring it—the die, however, was cast, and he had no alternative but to proceed. These embarrassments were now, unfortunately, not slow in realising his worst anticipations. The increased expenses of his new mode of life, with but very little increase of means to meet them,—the long arrears of early pecuniary obligations, as well as the claims which had been, gradually, since then, accumulating, all pressed upon him now with collected force, and reduced him to some of the most galling humiliations of poverty,—eight or nine times were executions in his house within twelve months! He had even been driven, by the necessity of encountering such demands, to the trying expedient of parting with his books,—which circumstance coming to the ears of his publisher, Mr. Murray, that gentleman instantly forwarded to him £1,500, with an assurance that another sum of the same amount should be at his service in a few weeks. This generous and truly noble offer was gratefully acknowledged by Lord Byron, but at the same time proudly

declined. Great dissatisfaction appears to have been manifested by Lady Byron—the mortification of not being able to support a style suitable to her rank, the fretfulness occasioned in her husband by his pecuniary distresses, and the imaginary impression made on her mind that he was under the influence of insanity—all combined to induce her to wish for a separation; and she, accordingly, under pretence of paying a short visit to her father, left London for one of his seats, whither Lord Byron was to follow in a few days; but from whence, *immediately on her arrival*, Sir Ralph Milbanke wrote to acquaint him that she would return to him no more. Thus, at the moment he was "standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him," he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence, that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness, had parted with him—for ever! The issue of this unfortunate marriage was one daughter, Augusta Ada, born 10th December, 1815.

If there be truth in the assertion that "the greater number of unhappy marriages may be traced to trivial causes," there can be little doubt that Lord Byron's must be placed in the category. The last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain of tenderest eulogy, are in themselves a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting, no very deep sense of injury could have existed. The tide of popular feeling, however, now set in against him with such impetuosity, that the utter hopelessness of stemming the torrent seems to have prompted his withdrawal to a foreign land; and we accordingly find him, on the 25th April, 1816, and in the 28th year of his age, taking a last farewell of his native country.

The noble exile first proceeded to Ostend, thence to Brussels, Waterloo, and Geneva, and in the early part of October, set out for Italy, visiting Martigny, Milan, Verona, and Venice, which was his chief station till December, 1819. During this interval he spent some days at Rome, Ferrara, and other places. He next proceeded to Ravenna, whence his correspondence for nearly two years is dated (including his visits to Bologna.) It was while in Venice that he became acquainted with the Countess Guiccioli, a young Romagnese lady, daughter of Count Gambe of Ravenna. Whilst residing at Ravenna he

appears to have been mixed up with Carbonaro politics to a great extent, and to have contributed large sums for the patriots of the Austrian States, of the Romish legations, and even of Naples. He now removed to Pisa (Nov. 1821), and in September, 1822, took up his residence at Genoa. About this period he began to turn his thoughts more actively towards Greece, and having received communications from the Greek Committee in London and other quarters, impressing on him the great stimulus his presence on the scene of action would afford, he lost no time in making preparations for his romantic expedition. By the aid of his banker at Genoa, he contrived to raise 10,000 crowns in specie, and £40,000 in bills. An English vessel, the *Hercules*, was now freighted, and on the 14th July, 1823, he and his suite sailed for Leghorn, to take in gunpowder and other *materiel*, and thence proceeded to Argostoli in Cephalonia, where they arrived about the 3rd of August.

Having despatched messengers to Corfu and Missolonghi, in order to ascertain the position of affairs, he, mean time, made an excursion to Ithaca, which occupied eight days; and Mavrocordato having been appointed, with full powers, to organise Western Greece, the fit moment for Lord Byron's presence seemed to have arrived. He, therefore, forthwith embarked on board a Greek vessel, the *Mistico*; and, previously touching at Zante, to take in specie, proceeded to Missolonghi, where he arrived, having narrowly escaped being captured by the Turkish fleet, on the 6th Jan. 1824.

The reception there of his visitor experienced was flattering and brilliant. The whole population of the place crowded to the shore to welcome him: the ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed; and all the troops and dignitaries, civil and military, with Prince Mavrocordato at their head, met him on his landing, and accompanied him, amidst the mingled din of shouts, music, and discharges of artillery, to the residence prepared for him.

He was now not long in ascertaining that disorganization and dissatisfaction prevailed in every department, and that while the Government were unable to provide pay or food for the troops, the population presented a fermenting mass of insubordination and discord, tending, far more likely, to their turning their arms against each other than against the

enemy. In this state of things his ready foresight pointed out the necessity of energetic measures, and, at his suggestion, an expedition was projected against Lepanto, a fortified town, which, from its commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth, was of vital importance. Of this expedition he was appointed Commander-in-chief, but whilst the necessary preparations were being made, he was strenuously opposed by Colonel Stanhope, who, at a meeting on the 15th of February, maintained the propriety of first healing internal dissensions by means of a free press—to which Lord Byron replied: "I think the *author's* brigade will be ready before the *soldier's* printing press." The words were scarcely uttered, when he staggered forward a pace or two, and fell into the arms of one of the by-standers. As soon as the fit ceased, leeches were applied to his temples, and other restoratives administered, which partially restored him.

The Suliote troops destined for the expedition now became so insubordinate and mutinous that all idea of the attack on Lepanto was abandoned. This, added to the dreadful shock his frame sustained on the 15th, and the effect of a cold caught in an excursion made into the country with Count Gamba, whence he returned wet through and in a state of violent perspiration, brought on a shivering attended with rheumatic fever. On the 11th of April the fever seemed to increase, and on the 14th, Dr. Bruno recommended bleeding, which, though approved of by a meeting of the faculty, was obstinately opposed by the patient. He, however, at length assented, but the result did not correspond with the hopes formed; yet it was repeated twice on the 17th, and blisters applied to his feet. On the 18th, he rose about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and leaning on his servant Tita, tottered into an adjoining room, but feeling faint, returned to his bed. It was now evident that he knew he was dying, and between his anxiety to make his last wishes understood and the rapid failure of his utterance, a most painful scene ensued. On Fletcher asking whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words—"Oh no," he replied, "there is no time—it is now nearly over. Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her and say—" Here his voice faltered and became indistinct. Yet he continued to mutter—"Poor Greece—my poor servants—my sister—my child."

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening, when he said "Now I shall go to sleep" and then

turning round, fell into that slumber from which he never awoke. At a quarter past 6 o'clock in the evening of the following day (the 19th) he was observed to open his eyes and shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse—he was no more.

The grief that universally pervaded all classes at Missolonghi on the announcement of his death would be as difficult as superfluous to describe. No honours that could be devised, were too great to be lavished on his remains. At Salona, where the Congress had assembled, his soul was prayed for in the church; after which the whole garrison and the citizens went out into the plain, where another religious ceremony took place, under the shade of the olive trees. This being concluded, the troops fired; and an oration, full of the warmest praise and gratitude, was pronounced by the High Priest.

After an energetic effort on the part of the Greek Government and people to retain his remains among them, and place them in the Temple of Theseus at Athens, it was at length conceded to allow them to be sent to England. They were, accordingly, embarked, on the 2nd of May, on board an English frigate,

under a mournful salute from the battery; and on the 29th of June arrived in the Downs. On its arrival in London, the body was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, where it lay in state during Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th of July. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster are said to have intimated their intention of refusing his remains a resting-place in the Abbey; even if they had signified their assent, it would not have altered the determination of his friends to deposit them in the village-church of Hucknall, where, on Friday, the 16th of July, they were interred, close to those of his mother, in the family vault. We cannot close this biography more appropriately than by an extract from a tribute to his memory, by Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Thou art gone ;  
And he who would assail thee in 'hy grave,  
Oh ! let him pause ! for who among us all,  
Tried as thou wert—even from thy earliest years,  
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a Highland boy—  
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame ;  
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,  
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,  
Her charmed cup—ah, who amongst us all  
Could say he had not err'd as much and more ?"



# The Giaour ;

## A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE

“One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—  
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,  
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting”

MOORE.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “olden time,” or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea, for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.<sup>1</sup>

### The Giaour.

No breath of air to break the wave  
Thea rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb<sup>2</sup> which, gleaming o'er the cliff,  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
High o'er the land he saved in vain;  
When shall such hero live again?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Made glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.

There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the eastern wave:  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours there!  
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,<sup>3</sup>

The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
Far from the winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might share,  
And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peace-foul prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turn to groans his roundelay.  
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace  
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,  
And every charm and grace hath mix'd  
Within the paradise she fix'd,

There man, enamour'd of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one laborious hour;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To bloom along the fairy land.  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!  
Strange—that where all is peace beside,  
There passion riots in her pride,  
And lust and rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of hell;  
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,

That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,

And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly  
birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd  
earth!<sup>5</sup>

Clime of the forgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain cave  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
Oh servile offspring of the free—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your fires  
The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame.  
For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!  
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendour to disgrace;  
Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?

No legend of thine olden time,  
No theme on which the muse might soar  
High as thine own in days of yore,

When man was worthy of thy clime.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave.

And callous, save to crime;  
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes  
Mankind, where least above the brut  
Without even savage virtue blest,  
Without one free or valiant breast.

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;  
 In this the subtle Greek is found,  
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.  
 In vain might Liberty invoke  
 The spirit to its bondage broke,  
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:  
 No more her sorrows I bewail,  
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,  
 And they who listen may believe,  
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,  
 The shadows of the rocks advancing  
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat  
 Of island-pirate or Mainote;  
 And fearful for his light caique,  
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek:  
 Though worn and weary with his toil,  
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,  
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
 Till Port Leone's safer shore  
 Receives him by the lovely light  
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,  
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?  
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast;  
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
 'T is calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!<sup>8</sup>  
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
 But in thy lineaments I trace  
 What time shall strengthen, not efface:  
 Though young and pale, that sallow front  
 Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;  
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,  
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,  
 Right well I view and deem thee one  
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—he hasten'd, and he drew  
 My gaze of wonder as he flew;  
 Though like a demon of the night  
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,  
 His aspect and his air impress'd  
 A troubled memory on my breast,  
 And long upon my startled ear  
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
 He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,  
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;

He winds around: he hurries on;  
 The rock relieves him from mine eye,  
 For well I ween unwelcome he  
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;  
 And not a star but shines too bright  
 On him who takes such timeless flight.  
 He wound along; but ere he pass'd  
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,  
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,  
 A moment breathed him from his speed,  
 A moment on his stirrup stood—  
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood?  
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still  
 Though too remote for sound to wake  
 In echoes of the far tophaike,<sup>9</sup>  
 The flashes of each joyous peal  
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,  
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;  
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;  
 To-night—but who and what art thou  
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow?  
 And what are these to thine or thee,  
 That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his face,  
 Soon Hatred settled in its place.  
 It rose not with the reddening flush  
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;  
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,  
 And sternly shook his hand on high,  
 As doubting to return or fly;  
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,  
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—  
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade.  
 That sound had burst his waking dream,  
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream.  
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides,  
 Away, away, for life he rides:  
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed<sup>10</sup>  
 Springs to the touch his startled steed;  
 The rock is doubled, and the shore  
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more.  
 The crag is won, no more is seen  
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.<sup>11</sup>  
 'T was but an instant he restrain'd  
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;  
 'T was but a moment that he stood,  
 Then sped as if by death pursued:  
 But in that instant o'er his soul  
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll.  
 And gather in that drop of time  
 A life of pain, an age of crime

O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
 Such moment pours the grief of years:  
 What felt *he* then, at once oppress  
 By all that most distracts the breast?  
 That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,  
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date!  
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,  
 It was Eternity to Thought!  
 For infinite as boundless space  
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,  
 Which in itself can comprehend  
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;  
 And did he fly or fall alone?  
 Woe to that hour he came or went!  
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent  
 To turn a palace to a tomb:  
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,<sup>12</sup>  
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,  
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath  
 The very cypress droops to death—  
 Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,  
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;  
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;  
 The lonely Spider's thin gray pall  
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;  
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower,  
 And in the fortress of his power  
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;  
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,  
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;  
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,  
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.  
 'T was sweet of yore to see it play  
 And chase the sultriness of day,  
 As springing high the silver dew  
 In whirls fantastically flew,  
 And flung luxurious coolness round  
 The air and verdure o'er the ground.  
 'T was sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
 To view the wave of watery light,  
 And hear its melody by night.  
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd  
 Around the verge of that cascade;  
 And oft upon his mother's breast  
 That sound had harmonized his rest;  
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song  
 And softer seem'd each melting tone  
 Of Music mingled with its own.  
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
 Along the brink at twilight's close.

The stream that fill'd that font is fled—  
 The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!  
 And here no more shall human voice  
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.  
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale  
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail:  
 That quench'd in silence, all is still,  
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill  
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
 No hand shall close its clasp again.  
 On desert sands 't were joy to scan  
 The rudest steps of fellow man,  
 So here the very voice of Grief  
 Might wake an Echo like relief—  
 At least 't would say, "All are not gone;  
 There lingers Life, though but in one"—  
 For many a gilded chamber's there,  
 Which Solitude might well forbear;  
 Within that dome as yet Decay  
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—  
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,  
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;  
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,  
 For bounty cheers not his delay;  
 Nor there will weary stranger halt  
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt."<sup>13</sup>  
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty  
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,  
 For Courtesy and Pity died  
 With Hassan on the mountain side.  
 His roof, that refuge unto men,  
 Is Desolation's hungry den.  
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour  
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre!<sup>14</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
 But not a voice mine ear to greet;  
 More near—each turban I can scan,  
 And silver-sheathed ataghan;<sup>15</sup>  
 The foremost of the band is seen  
 An Emir by his garb of green;<sup>16</sup>  
 "Ho! who art thou?"—"This low saïam!<sup>1</sup>  
 Replies of Moslem faith I am."—  
 "The burthen ye so gently bear  
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,  
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,  
 My humble bark would gladly wait."

"Thou speakest sooth; thy skiff unmoor,  
 And waft us from the silent shore;  
 Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply  
 The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,  
 And midway to those rocks where sleep  
 The channel'd waters dark and deep.

Rest from your task—so—bravely done,  
 Our course has been right swiftly run;  
 Yet 't is the longest voyage, I trow,  
 That one of— \* \* \* \* \*

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
 The calm wave rippled to the bank;  
 I watch'd it as it sank, methought  
 Some motion from the current caught  
 Bestirr'd it more,—'t was but the beam  
 That checker'd o'er the living stream:  
 I gazed, till vanishing from view,  
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
 Still less and less, a speck of white  
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;  
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
 Known but to Genii of the deep,  
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
 They dare not whisper to the waves.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

As rising on its purple wing  
 The insect-queen<sup>18</sup> of eastern spring,  
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
 Invites the young pursuer near,  
 And leads him on from flower to flower  
 A weary chase and wasted hour,  
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
 With panting heart and tearful eye:  
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,  
 Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:  
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
 For every touch that woo'd its stay  
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,  
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
 'T is left to fly or fall alone.  
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
 Can this with faded pinion soar  
 From rose to tulip as before?  
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
 Find joy within her broken bower?  
 No: gayer insects fluttering by  
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
 And lovelier things have mercy shown  
 To every failing but their own,  
 And every woe a tear can claim  
 Except an erring sister's shame.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woe,  
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,  
 In circle narrowing as it glows,  
 The flames around their captive close.  
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,  
 And maddening in her ire,  
 One sad and sole relief she knows,  
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,  
 Whose venom never yet was vain,  
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
 And darts into her desperate brain:  
 So do the dark in soul expire,  
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;<sup>19</sup>  
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,  
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
 Darkness above, despair beneath,  
 Around it flame, within it death!  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,  
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;  
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.  
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell?  
 That tale can only Hassan tell.  
 Strange rumours in our city say  
 Upon that eve she fled away  
 When Rhamazan's<sup>20</sup> last sun was set,  
 And flashing from each minaret  
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast  
 Of Bairam through the boundless East  
 'T was then she went as to the bath,  
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;  
 For she was flown her master's rage  
 In likeness of a Georgian page,  
 And far beyond the Moslem's power  
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour  
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;  
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,  
 Too well he trusted to the slave  
 Whose treachery deserved a grave;  
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
 Who did not watch their charge too well;  
 But others say, that on that night,  
 By pale Phingari's<sup>21</sup> trembling light,  
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed  
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed  
 With bloody spur along the shore,  
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell  
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
 It will assist thy fancy well;

As large, as languishingly dark,  
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
 That darted from beneath the lid,  
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.<sup>22</sup>  
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Alla! I would answer nay;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's<sup>23</sup> arch I stood,  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view,  
 And all his Houris<sup>24</sup> beckoning through.  
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed,  
 Which saith that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?<sup>25</sup>  
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
 The young pomegranate's<sup>26</sup> blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new;  
 Her hair in hyacinthine<sup>27</sup> flow,  
 When left to roll its folds below,  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all,  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet  
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;  
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!<sup>28</sup>  
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
 When pass the steps of stranger man  
 Along the banks that bound her tide;  
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—  
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze  
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.  
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;  
 Her heart was tender to her mate;  
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?  
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
 With twenty vassals in his train,  
 Each arm'd, as best becomes a man,  
 With arquebuss and ataghan;  
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,  
 Bears in his belt the scimitar  
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,  
 When in the pass the rebels stood,  
 And few return'd to tell the tale  
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.  
 The pistols which his girdle bore  
 Were those that once a pasha wore,

Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold  
 Even robbers tremble to behold.

'Tis said he goes to woe a bride  
 More true than her who left his side;  
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

\* \* \* \*

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,  
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer.  
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
 Find that repose 't were vain to seek  
 In cities lodged too near his lord,  
 And trembling for his secret hoard—  
 Here may he rest where none can see,  
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;  
 And with forbidden wine may stain  
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

\* \* \* \*

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,  
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap;  
 The rest in lengthening line the while  
 Wind slowly through the long defile.  
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,  
 And theirs may be a feast to-night,  
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light  
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream  
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,  
 And left a channel bleak and bare,  
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there.  
 Each side the midway path there lay  
 Small broken crags of granite gray,  
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven  
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;  
 For where is he that hath beheld  
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

\* \* \* \*

They reach the grove of pine at last  
 "Bismillah"<sup>29</sup> now the peril's past:  
 For yonder view the opening plain.  
 And there we'll prick our steeds again  
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
 A bullet whistled o'er his head;  
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
 Scarce had they time to check the reins,  
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound;  
 But three shall never mount again:  
 Unscen the foes that gave the wound.  
 The dying ask revenge in vain

Though better to have died with those  
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.  
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
 Of ancient fool and modern knave:  
 Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;  
 And in the field it had been sweet,  
 Had danger woo'd me on to move.  
 The slave of glory, not of love.  
 I've braved it—not for honour's boast;  
 To smile at laurels won or lost;  
 To such let others carve their way,  
 For high renown, or hireling pay.  
 But place again before my eyes  
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize;  
 The maid I love, the man I hate,  
 And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
 To save or slay, as these require,  
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire:  
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one  
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.  
 Death is but what the haughty brave,  
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;  
 Then let Life go to him who gave:  
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow  
 When high and happy—need I *now*?

\* \* \* \* \*

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored—  
 But these are words that all can use—  
 I proved it more in deed than word;  
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,  
 A stain its steel can never lose:  
 'T was shed for her, who died for me,  
 It warn'd the heart of one abhorr'd:  
 Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,  
 Nor midst my sins such act record;  
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
 For he was hostile to thy creed!  
 The very name of Nazarene  
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.  
 Ungrateful fool! since but for brands  
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,  
 And wounds by Galileans given,  
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,  
 For him his Houris still might wait  
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.  
 I loved her—love will find its way  
 Through paths where wolves would fear to  
 prey;  
 And if it dares enough, 't were hard  
 If passion met not some reward—

No matter how, or where, or why,  
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:  
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain  
 I wish she had not loved again.  
 She died—I dare not tell thee how;  
 But look—'t is written on my brow!  
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
 In characters unworn by time:  
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;  
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.  
 Yet did he but what I had done  
 Had she been false to more than one.  
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow;  
 But true to me, I laid him low:  
 How'er deserved her doom might be,  
 Her treachery was truth to me;  
 'To me she gave her heart, that all  
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthral;  
 And I, alas! too late to save!  
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,  
 'T was some relief, our foe a grave.  
 His death sits lightly; but her fate  
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate  
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,  
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,  
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear<sup>44</sup>  
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,  
 As filed the troop to where they fell!  
 He died too in the battle broil,  
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;  
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
 One prayer to Alla all he made:  
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray—  
 I gazed upon him where he lay,  
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away:  
 Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,  
 He felt not half that now I feel.  
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find  
 The workings of a wounded mind;  
 Each feature of that sullen corse  
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.  
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace  
 Despair upon his dying face!  
 The late repentance of that hour,  
 When Penitence hath lost her power  
 To tear one terror from the grave,  
 And will not soothe, and cannot save.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their love can scarce deserve the name  
 But mine was like a lava flood  
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.

I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:  
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,  
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain  
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,  
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
 And all that I have felt, and feel,  
 Betoken love—that love was mine,  
 And shown by many a bitter sign.  
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
 I knew but to obtain or die.  
 I die—but first I have possess'd,  
 And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.  
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?  
 No—rest of all, yet undismay'd  
 But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain.  
 So would I live and love again.  
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died;  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.  
 She was a form of life and light,  
 That, seen, became a part of sight;  
 And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
 The Morning-star of Memory!

“Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven,  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared, by Alla given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire.  
 Devotion wafts the mind above,  
 But Heaven itself descends in love;  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
 To wean from self each sordid thought,  
 A Ray of him who form'd the whole;  
 A Glory circling round the soul!  
 I grant *my* love imperfect, all  
 That mortals by the name miscall;  
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;  
 But say, oh say, *her's* was not guilt  
 She was my life's unerring light.  
 That quench'd, what beam shall break my night?  
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
 Although to death or deadliest ill!  
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose  
 This present joy, this future hope,  
 No more with sorrow meekly grieve;  
 In phrensy then their fate accuse:  
 In madness do those fearful deeds  
 That seem to add but guilt to woe?  
 Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow;

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
 Cares little into what abyss.  
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear  
 A read abhorrence on thy brow.  
 And this too was I born to bear!  
 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
 With havock have I mark'd my way  
 But this was taught me by the dove,  
 To die—and know no second love.  
 'Tis lesson yet hath man to learn,  
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn  
 The bird that sings within the brake,  
 The swan that swims upon the lake,  
 One mate, and one alone, will take.  
 Ah! let the fool still prone to range,  
 And peer on all who cannot change,  
 Parry his jest with boasting boys;  
 I envy not his varied joys,  
 But deems such feeble, heartless man,  
 Less than *you* solitary swan;  
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
 He left believing and betray'd.  
 Such shame at least was never mine—  
 Leila! each thought was only thine!  
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
 My hope on high—my all below  
 Earth holds no other life to thee,  
 Or, if it doth, in vain for me:  
 For worlds I dare not view the dame  
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.  
 The very crimes that mar my youth,  
 This bed of death—attest my truth!  
 'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art  
 The cherish'd madness of my heart!

“And she was lost—and yet I breathed,  
 But not the breath of human life:  
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
 And stung my every thought to strife.  
 Alike all time, abhorred all place,  
 Shuddering I shrink from Nature's face.  
 Where every hue that charm'd before  
 The blackness of my bosom wore.  
 The rest thou dost already know,  
 And all my sins, and half my woe.  
 But talk no more of penitence;  
 Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence  
 And if thy holy tale were true,  
 The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?  
 Think me not thankless—but this grief  
 Looks not to priesthood for relief.  
 My soul's estate in secret guess  
 But would'st thou pity more, say less.



When thou canst bid my Leila live,  
Then will I sue thee to forgive;  
Then plead my cause in that high place  
Where purchased masses proffer grace.  
Go, when the hunter's hand hath rung  
From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
And calm the lonely lioness  
But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
When heart with heart delights to blend,  
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,  
I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!  
To him this pledge I charge thee send,  
Memorial of a youthful vow;  
I would remind him of my end:  
Though souls absorb'd like mine allow  
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,  
Yet dear to him my blighted name.  
Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,  
And I have smiled—I then could smile—  
When Prudence would his voice assume,  
And warn—I reck'd not what—the while:  
But now remembrance whispers o'er  
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.  
Say—that his bodings came to pass,  
And he will start to hear their truth,  
And wish his words had not been sooth:  
Tell him, unheeding as I was,  
Thro'gn many a busy bitter scene  
Of all our golden youth had been,  
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
To bless his memory ere I died;  
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,  
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
I do not ask him not to blame,  
Too gentle he to wound my name;  
And what have I to do with fame?  
I do not ask him not to mourn,  
Such cold request might sound like scorn;  
And what than friendship's manly tear  
May better grace a brother's bier?  
But bear this ring, his own of old,  
And tell him—what thou dost behold!  
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,  
The wrack by passion left behind,  
A shrivell'd scrool, a scatter'd leaf,  
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;  
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,  
'T only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;

But could not, for my burning brow  
Throb'd to the very brain as now:  
I wish'd but for a single tear,  
As something welcome, new, and dear;  
I wish'd it then, I wish it still;  
Despair is stronger than my will.  
Waste not thine orison, despair  
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:  
I would not, if I might, be blest;  
I want no paradise, but rest.  
'T was then, I tell thee, father! then  
I saw her; yes, she lived again;  
And shining in her white symar,<sup>45</sup>  
As through yon pale gray cloud the star  
Which now I gaze on, as on her,  
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;  
Dimly I view its trembling spark;  
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;  
And I, before its rays appear,  
That lifeless thing the living fear.  
I wander, father! for my soul  
Is fleeing towards the final goal.  
I saw her, friar! and I rose  
Forgetful of our former woes;  
And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?  
No breathing form within my grasp.  
No heart that beats reply to mine,  
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!  
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,  
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
I care not; so my arms enfold  
The all they ever wish'd to hold.  
Alas! around a shadow prest,  
They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,  
And beckons with beseeching hands!  
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—  
I knew 'twas false, she could not die!  
But he is dead! within the dell  
I saw him buried where he fell;  
He comes not, for he cannot break  
From earth; why then art thou awake?  
They told me wild waves roll'd above  
The face I view, the form I love;  
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!  
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:  
If true, and from thine ocean-cave  
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;  
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
This brow that then will burn no more;  
Or place them on my hopeless heart.  
But, snare or shade; whate'er thou art,  
In mercy ne'er again depart!

Or farther with thee bear my soul  
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

\* \* \* \* \*

‘Such is my name, and such my tale.  
Confessor! to thy secret ear  
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
And thank thee for the generous tear  
This glazing eye could never shed.  
Then lay me with the humblest dead,

And, save the cross above my head,  
Be neither name nor emblem spread,  
By prying stranger to be read,  
Or stay the passing pilgrim’s tread.”<sup>40</sup>

He pass’d—nor of his name and race,  
Hath left a token or a trace,  
Save what the father must not say  
Who shrived him on his dying day.  
This broken tale was all we knew  
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

# The Bride of Abydos ;

A TURKISH TALE.

“ Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.”

BURNA

## The Bride of Abydos.

### CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
[clime,  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their  
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the  
turtle,  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams  
ever shine:  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd  
with perfume,  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul<sup>is</sup> in her bloom;  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of  
the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they  
twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land of the  
Sun—  
Can he smile on such deeds as his children  
have done?  
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales  
which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a dastard slave,  
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,  
Awaiting each his lord's behest  
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:  
Deep thought was in his aged eye;  
And though the face of Mussulmar  
Not oft betrays to standers by  
The mind within, well skill'd to hide  
All but unconquerable pride,  
His pensive cheek and pondering brow  
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

“ Let the chamber be clear'd.”—The train dis-  
appear'd—  
“ Now call me the chief of the Haram guard.  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award,  
With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
“ Haroun—when all the crowd that wait  
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;  
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:  
Yet not to her repeat my thought;  
By me alone be duty taught!”  
“ Pacha! to hear is to obey.”  
No more must slave to despot say—  
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,  
But here young Selim silence brake,  
First lowly rendering reverence meet;  
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,  
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:  
For son of Moslem must expire,  
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide  
My sister, or her sable guide,  
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,  
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—  
So lovely the morning shone,  
That—let the old and weary sleep—  
I could not; and to view alone

The fairest scenes of land and deep,  
With none to listen and reply  
To thoughts with which my heart beat high  
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,  
In sooth I love not solitude;  
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,

And, as thou knowest that for me  
Soon turns the haram's grating key,  
Before the guardian slaves awoke  
We to the cypress groves had flown,  
And made earth, main, and heaven our  
own!

There linger'd we, beguiled too long  
With Mejnour's tale, or Sadi's song;<sup>4</sup>  
Till I, who heard the deep tambour<sup>5</sup>  
Beat thy Divan's ε, approaching hour,  
To thee, and to my duty true,  
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew.  
But there Zuleika wanders yet—  
Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget  
That none can pierce that secret bower  
But those who watch the women's tower."

## iv.

"Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—  
"From unbelieving mother bred,  
Vain were a father's hope to see  
Aught that besems a man in thee.  
Thou, when thine arm should bend the  
bow,

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,  
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,  
Must pore where babbling waters flow,  
And watch unfolding roses blow.  
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow  
Thy listless eyes so much admire,  
Would lend thee something of his fire!  
Thou, who would'st see this battlement  
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent:  
Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall  
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,  
Nor strike one stroke for life and death  
Against the curs of Nazareth!  
Go—let thy less than woman's hand  
Assume the distaff—not the brand.  
But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:  
And hark—of thine own head take heed—  
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—  
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

## v.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,  
At least that met old Giafir's ear,  
But every frown and every word  
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.

"Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear  
Those gibes had cost another dear.  
Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"

Thus held his thoughts their dark career,  
And glances ev'n of more than ire  
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.  
Old Giafir gazed upon his son

And started; for within his eye  
He read how much his wrath had done;  
He saw rebellion there begun:

"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?  
I mark thee—and I know thee too;  
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:  
But if thy beard had manlier length,  
And if thy hand had skill and strength,  
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,  
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,  
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:

That eye return'd him glance for glance,  
And proudly to his sire's was raised,  
Till Giafir's quail'd and shrunk askance  
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.

"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
Will one day work me more annoy:  
I never loved him from his birth,  
And—but his arm is little worth,  
And scarcely in the chase could cope  
With timid fawn or antelope,  
Far less would venture into strife  
Where man contends for fame and life—  
I would not trust that look or tone:  
No—nor the blood so near my own.  
That blood—he hath not heard—no more—  
I'll watch him closer than before.

He is an Arab<sup>6</sup> to my sight,  
Or Christian crouching in the fight—  
But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;

Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear  
She is the offspring of my choice;

Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,  
With all to hope, and nought to fear—  
My Peri! ever welcome here!

Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave,  
To lips just cool'd in time to save—

Such to my longing sight art thou:  
Nor can thy waft to Mecca's shrine  
More thanks for life, than I for thine,

Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

## VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,  
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her  
mind— [ing

But once beguil'd—and ever more beguil'd  
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision  
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,  
When heart meets heart again in dreams Ely-  
sian

And paints the lost on Earth reviv'd in  
Heaven;

Soft as the memory of buried love; [above;  
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts  
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,  
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?  
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone  
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the Music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the  
whole—

And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
Across her gently-budding breast;  
At one kind word those arms extending  
To clasp the neck of him who best  
His child caressing and carest,  
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt  
His purpose half within him melt:  
Not that against her fancied weal  
His heart though stern could ever feel;  
Affection chain'd her to that heart;  
Ambition tore the links apart.

## VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!  
How dear this very day must tell,  
When I forget my own distress,  
In losing what I love so well,  
To bid thee with another dwell:  
Another! and a braver man  
Was never seen in battle's van.  
We Moslem reck not much of blood;  
But yet the line of Carasman?  
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood  
First of the bold Timariot bands  
That won and well can keep their lands

Enough that he who comes to woo  
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:  
His years need scarce a thought employ.  
I would not have thee wed a boy.  
And thou shalt have a noble dower:  
And his and my united power  
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,  
Which others tremble but to scan,  
And teach the messenger<sup>8</sup> what fate  
The bearer of such boon may wait.  
And now thou know'st thy father's will;  
All that thy sex hath need to know.  
"T was mine to teach obedience still—  
The way to love, thy lord may show."

## VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;  
And if her eye was filled with tears  
That stifled feeling dare not shed,  
And changed her cheek from pale to red,  
And red to pale, as through her ears  
Those winged words like arrows sped,  
What could such be but maiden fears?  
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,  
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;  
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,  
Even Pity scarce can wish it less:

Whate'er it was the sire forgot;  
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;  
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,  
Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,<sup>10</sup>  
And mounting featly for the mead,  
With Mangrabee<sup>11</sup> and Mamaluke,  
His way amid his Delis took,<sup>12</sup>  
To witness many an active deed  
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.  
The Kislar only and his Moors  
Watch well the Haram's massy doors

## IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,  
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water  
That swiftly glides and gently swells  
Between the winding Dardanelles;  
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,  
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band  
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,  
Careering cleave the folded felt<sup>13</sup>  
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;  
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,  
Nor heard their Ollahs<sup>14</sup> wild and loud—  
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter

## X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;  
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:

Still gazed he through the lattice grate  
 Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.  
 To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,  
 But little from his aspect learn'd;  
 Equal her grief, yet not the same;  
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:  
 But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,  
 She knew not why, forbade to speak.  
 Yet speak she must—but when essay?  
 "How strange he thus should turn away!  
 Not thus we e'er before have met;  
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."

Thrice paced she slowly through the room,  
 And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd  
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd

The Persian Atar-gul's<sup>15</sup> perfume,  
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er  
 The pictured roof<sup>16</sup> and marble floor:  
 The drops, that through his glittering vest  
 The playful girl's appeal address'd.  
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,  
 As if that breast were marble too.

"What, sullen yet? it must not be—  
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"  
 She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of eastern land—  
 "He lov'd them once; may touch them yet,  
 If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."

The childish thought was hardly breathed  
 Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;  
 The next fond moment saw her seat  
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet:  
 "This rose to calm my brother's cares  
 A message from the Bulbul bears;  
 It says to-night he will prolong  
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song;  
 And though his note is somewhat sad,  
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,  
 With some faint hope his alter'd lay  
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

## XI.

What! not receive my foolish flower?  
 Nay then I am indeed unblest:  
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?  
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best.  
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!  
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?  
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
 And I will kiss thee into rest.  
 Since words of mine, and songs must fail,  
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale  
 I knew our sire at times was stern,  
 But this from thee had yet to learn—  
 Too well I know he loves thee not;  
 But is Zuleika's love forgot?

Ah, deem I right? the Pacha's plan—  
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman  
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine:  
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,  
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow  
 To woman's step admit her vow,  
 Without thy free consent, command,  
 The Sultan should not have my hand.  
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part  
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?  
 Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,  
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide?  
 Years have not seen, Time shall not see  
 The hour that tears my soul from thee:  
 Even Azrael<sup>17</sup>, from his deadly quiver  
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,  
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever  
 Our hearts to undivided dust!"

## XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;  
 He raised the maid from where she knelt;  
 His trance was gone—his keen eye shone  
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;  
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.  
 As the stream late conceal'd

By the fringe of its willows,  
 When it rushes reveal'd

In the light of its billows;  
 As the bolt bursts on high  
 From the black cloud that bound it,  
 Flash'd the soul of that eye

Through the long lashes round it.  
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,  
 A lion roused by heedless hound,  
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife  
 By graze of ill-directed knife,  
 Starts not to more convulsive life  
 Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,  
 And all, before repress'd, betray'd;  
 "Now thou art mine, for ever mine,  
 With life to keep, and scarce with life resign  
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath  
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us both  
 Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;  
 That vow hath saved more heads than ~~one~~  
 But blench not thou—thy simplest tress  
 Claims more from me than tenderness;  
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair  
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,  
 For all the treasures buried far  
 Within the caves of Istakar.<sup>18</sup>  
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,  
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,  
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!"

Now I have motive to be brave;  
 The son of his neglected slave,  
 Nay, start not, 't was the term he gave,  
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,  
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.  
*His* son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,  
 Perchance I am, at least shall be;  
 But let our plighted secret vow  
 Be only known to us as now.  
 I know the wretch who dares demand  
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;  
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul  
 Holds not a Musselim's<sup>19</sup> control:  
 Was he not bred in Egripo?<sup>20</sup>  
 A viler race let Israel show;  
 But let that pass—to none be told  
 Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.  
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;  
 I've partisans for peril's day:  
 Think not I am what I appear;  
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

## XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!  
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed;  
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;  
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.  
 My love thou surely knew'st before,  
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.  
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,  
 And hate the night I know not why,  
 Save that we meet not but by day;  
 With thee to live, with thee to die,  
 I dare not to my hope deny:  
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,  
 Like this—and this—no more than this;  
 For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame:  
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?  
 My own have nearly caught the same,  
 At least I feel my cheek too blushing.  
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,  
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
 And lighten half thy poverty;  
 Do all but close thy dying eye,  
 For that I could not live to try;  
 To these alone my thoughts aspire:  
 More can I do? or thou require?  
 But, Selim, thou must answer why  
 We need so much of mystery?  
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,  
 But be it, since thou say'st 't is well;  
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms and friends,  
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.

I meant that Giaffir should have heard  
 The very vow I plighted thee;  
 His wrath would not revoke my word:  
 But surely he would leave me free.  
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,  
 To be what I have ever been?  
 What other hath Zuleika seen  
 From simple childh'ood's earliest hour?  
 What other can she seek to see  
 Than thee, companion of her bower,  
 The partner of her infancy?  
 These cherish'd thoughts, with life begun,  
 Say, why must I no more awake?  
 What change is wrought to make me shun  
 The truth; my pride, and thine till now!  
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes  
 Our law, our creed, our God denies;  
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine  
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine:  
 No! happier made by that decree!  
 He left me all in leaving thee.  
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd  
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld:  
 This wherefore should I not reveal?  
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?  
 I know the Pacha's haugh mood  
 To thee hath never boded good;  
 And he so often storms at night,  
 Alla! forbid that e'er he ought!  
 And why I know not, but within  
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.  
 If then such secrecy be crime,  
 And such it feels while lurking here;  
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,  
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear  
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar<sup>21</sup>,  
 My father leaves the mimic war;  
 I tremble now to meet his eye—  
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

## XIV.

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat  
 Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet;  
 And now with him I fain must prate  
 Of firmans, impost, levies, state.  
 There's fearful news from Danube's banks  
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,  
 For which the Giaour may give him thanks!  
 Our Sultan hath a shorter way  
 Such costly triumph to repay.  
 But, mark me, when the twilight drum  
 Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,  
 Unto thy cell will Selim come:  
 Then softly from the Haram creep  
 Where we may wander by the deep.  
 Our garden-battlements are steep;

Nor these will rash intruder climb  
To list our words, or stint our time;  
And if he doth, I want not steel  
Which some have felt, and more may feel.  
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
Than thou hast heard or thought before:  
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!  
Thou know'st I hold a haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now  
Did word like this—"

"Delay not thou;  
I keep the key—and Haroun's guard  
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward  
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear  
My tale, my purpose, and my fear—  
I am not, love! what I appear."

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

The winds are high on Helle's waves,  
As on that night of stormy water  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.

Oh! when alone along the sky  
Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;  
And clouds aloft and tides below,  
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,  
He could not see, he would not hear,  
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;  
His eye but saw that light of love,  
The only star it hail'd above;  
His ear but rang with Hero's song,  
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—  
That tale is old, but love anew  
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

## II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide  
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;  
And Night's descending shadows hide  
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,  
The desert of old Priam's pride,  
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile  
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

## III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;  
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,  
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—  
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,  
To trace again those fields of yore,  
Believing every hillock green  
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,  
And that around the undoubted scene  
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,  
Be long my lot! and cold were he  
Who there could gaze denying thee!

## IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,  
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill  
That moon, which shone on his high theme:  
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,  
But conscious shepherds bless it still.  
Their flocks are grazing on the mound  
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;  
That mighty heap of gather'd ground  
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,<sup>21</sup>  
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,  
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!  
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow  
Without—can only strangers breathe  
The name of him that *was* beneath:  
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;  
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

## V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer  
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear—  
Till then—no beacon on the cliff  
May shape the course of struggling skiff;  
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,  
All, one by one, have died away;  
The only lamp of this lone hour  
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,  
And o'er her silken Ottoman  
Are thrown the fragment beads of amber,  
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;<sup>23</sup>  
Near these, with emerald rays beset,  
(How could she thus that gem forget?)  
Her mother's sainted amulet,<sup>24</sup>  
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,  
Could smooth this life, and win the next;  
And by her comboloio<sup>22</sup> lies  
A Koran of illumined dyes;  
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme  
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;  
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,  
Reclines ner now neglected lute;



And round her lamp of fretted gold  
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;  
 The richest work of Iran's loom,  
 And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume,  
 All that can eye or sense delight  
 Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:  
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.  
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,  
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

## VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,  
 Which none save noblest Moslem wear,  
 To guard from winds of heaven the breast  
 As heaven itself to Selim dear,  
 With cautious steps the thicket threading,  
 And starting oft, as through the glade  
 The gust its hollow moanings made,  
 Till on the smoother pathway treading,  
 More free her timid bosom beat,  
 The maid pursued her silent guide;  
 And though her terror urged retreat,  
 How could she quit her Selim's side?  
 How teach her tender lips to chide?

## VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn  
 By nature, but enlarged by art,  
 Where oft her lute she wont to tune,  
 And oft her Koran conn'd apart;  
 And oft in youthful reverie  
 She dream'd what Paradise might be:  
 Where woman's parted soul shall go  
 Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;  
 But Selim's mansion was secure,  
 Nor deem'd she, could he long endure  
 His bower in other worlds of bliss,  
 Without *her*, most beloved in this!  
 Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?  
 What Houri soothe him half so well?

## VIII.

Since last she visited the spot  
 Some change seem'd wrought within the grot  
 It might be only that the night  
 Disguised things seen by better light:  
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw  
 A ray of no celestial hue;  
 But in a nook within the cell  
 Her eye on stranger objects fell.  
 There arms were piled, not such as wield  
 The turban'd Delis in the field;  
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt,  
 And one was red—perchance with guilt!  
 Ah! how without can blood be spilt?  
 A cup too on the board was set  
 That did not seem to hold sherbet.

What may this mean? she turn'd to see  
 Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

## IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,  
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,  
 But in its stead a shawl of red,  
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples won  
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
 Were worthy of a diadem,  
 No longer glitter'd at his waist,  
 Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;  
 And from his belt a sabre swung,  
 And from his shoulder loosely hung  
 The cloak of white, the thin capote  
 That decks the wandering Candiote:  
 Beneath—his golden plated vest  
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast;  
 The greaves below his knee that wound  
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bent,  
 But were it not that high command  
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,  
 All that a careless eye could see  
 In him was some young Galiongee.<sup>26</sup>

## X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;  
 And now thou see'st my words were true  
 I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
 If sooth—its truth must others rue.  
 My story now 't were vain to hide,  
 I must not see thee Osman's bride:  
 But had not thine own lips declared  
 How much of that young heart I shared,  
 I could not, must not, yet have shown  
 The darker secret of my own.  
 In this I speak not new of love;  
 That, let time, truth, and peril prove:  
 But first—Oh! never wed another—  
 Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

## XI.

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—  
 God! am I left alone on earth  
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day  
 That saw my solitary birth?  
 Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!  
 My sinking heart forebode ill;  
 But know me all I was before,  
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still  
 Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;  
 If thou hast cause for vengeance, see  
 My breast is offer'd—take thy fill!  
 Far better with the dead to be  
 Than live thus nothing now to thee.  
 Perhaps far worse, for now I know  
 Way Gialfir always seem'd thy foe."

And alas! am Giaffir's child,  
For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.  
If not thy sister—would'st thou save  
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

## XII.

"My slave. Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:  
But, gentle love, this transport calm,  
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;  
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,  
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.  
So may the Koran<sup>27</sup> verse display'd  
Upon its steel direct my blade,  
In danger's hour to guard us both,  
As I preserve that awful oath!  
The name in which thy heart hath prided  
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,  
That tie is widen'd, not divided,  
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.  
My father was to Giaffir all

That Selim late was deem'd to thee;  
That brother wrought a brother's fall,  
But spared, at least, my infancy;  
And lull'd me with a vain deceit  
That yet a like return may meet.  
He rear'd me, not with tender help,  
But like the nephew of a Cain;<sup>28</sup>  
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,  
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.  
My father's blood in every vein  
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake  
No present vengeance will I take;  
Though here I must no more remain.  
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear  
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

## XIII.

"How first their strife and rancour grew,  
If love or envy made them foes,  
It matters little if I knew;  
In fiery spirits, slights, though few  
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.  
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,  
Remember'd yet in Bosnia song,  
And Paswan's<sup>29</sup> rebel hordes attest  
How little love they bore such guest:  
His death is all I need relate,  
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;  
And how my birth disclosed to me,  
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

## XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,  
At last for power, but first for life,  
In Widin's walls too proudly sate,  
Our Pachas rallied round the state;

Nor last nor least in high command,  
Each brother led a separate band;  
They gave their horsetails<sup>30</sup> to the wind,  
And mustering in Sophia's plain  
Their tents were pitch'd, their post assign'd;  
To one, alas! assign'd in vain!  
What need of words? the deadly bow,  
By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,  
With venom subtle as his soul,  
Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven  
Reclined and feverish in the bath,  
He, when the hunter's sport was up,  
But little deem'd a brother's wrath  
To quench his thirst had such a cup:  
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;  
He drank one draught,<sup>31</sup> nor needed more  
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,  
Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

## XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud  
In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,  
Abdallah's Pachalick was gain'd:—  
Thou know'st not what in our Divan  
Can wealth procure for worse than man—  
Abdallah's honours were obtain'd  
By him a brother's murder stain'd;  
Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd  
His ill got treasure, soon replaced.  
Would'st question whence? Survey the waste  
And ask the squalid peasant how  
His gains repay his broiling brow!—  
Why me the stern usurper spared,  
Why thus with me his palace shared,  
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,  
And little fear from infant's force;  
Besides, adoption as a son  
By him whom Heaven accorded none,  
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,  
Preserved me thus;—but not in peace:  
He cannot curb his haughty mood,  
Nor I forgive a father's blood.

## XVI.

"Within thy father's house are foes;  
Not all who break his bread are true:  
To these should I my birth disclose,  
His days, his very hours were few:  
They only want a heart to lead,  
A hand to point them to the deed.  
But Haroun only knows, or knew  
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:  
He in Abdallah's palace grew,  
And held that post in his Serai  
Which holds he here—he saw him ore  
But what could single slavery do?"

Aveng' his lord? alas! too late;  
 Or save his son from such a fate?  
 He chose the last, and when elate  
 With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,  
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,  
 He led me helpless to his gate,  
 And not in vain it seems essay'd  
 To save the life for which he pray'd.  
 The knowledge of my birth secured  
 From all and each, but most from me;  
 Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.  
 Removed he too from Rounelie  
 To this our Asiatic side,  
 Far from our seats by Danube's tide,  
 With none but Haroun, who retains  
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels  
 A tyrant's secrets are but chains,  
 From which the captive gladly steals,  
 And this and more to me reveals:  
 Such still to guilt just Alla sends—  
 Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends!

## XVII.

“All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;  
 But harsher still my tale must be:  
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,  
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee.  
 I saw thee start this garb to see,  
 Yet is it one I oft have worn,  
 And long must wear: this Galiongee,  
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,  
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,  
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords;  
 To hear whose desolating tale  
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale:  
 Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,  
 The hands that wield are not remote;  
 This cup too for the rugged knaves  
 Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine:  
 Our prophet might forgive the slaves;  
 They're only infidels in wine.

## XVIII.

“What could I be? Proscribed at home,  
 And taunted to a wish to roam;  
 And listless left—for Giaffir's fear  
 Denied the courser and the spear—  
 Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft!—  
 In full Divan the despot scoff'd,  
 As if *my* weak unwilling hand  
 Refused the bridle or the brand:  
 He ever went to war alone,  
 And pent me here untried—unknown;  
 To Haroun's care with women left,  
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft.

While thou—whose softness long endear'd  
 Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd—  
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,  
 Awaitedst there the field's event.  
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining  
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,  
 His captive, though with dread resigning,  
 My thralldom for a season broke,  
 On promise to return before  
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.  
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart  
 My almost drunkenness of heart,  
 When first this liberated eye  
 Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,  
 As if my spirit pierced them through,  
 And all their inmost wonders knew!  
 One word alone can paint to thee  
 That more than feeling—I was Free!  
 E'en for thy presenee ceased to pine;  
 The World—nay, Heaven itself was mine

## XIX.

“The shallop of a trusty Moor  
 Convey'd me from this idle shore;  
 I long'd to see the isles that gem  
 Old Ocean's purple diadem:  
 I sought by turns, and saw them all;<sup>32</sup>  
 But when and where I join'd the crew  
 With whom I'm pledg'd to rise or fall,  
 When all that we design to do  
 Is done, 't will then be time more meet  
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

## XX.

“'T is true, they are a lawless brood,  
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;  
 And every creed, and every race,  
 With them hath found—may find a place  
 But open speech, and ready hand,  
 Obedience to their chief's command:  
 A soul for every enterprise,  
 That never sees with terror's eyes:  
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,  
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than ev'n my own intents.  
 And some—and I have studied all  
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,  
 The last of Lambro's<sup>33</sup> patriots there  
 Anticipated freedom share;  
 And oft around the cavern fire  
 On visionary schemes debate,  
 To snatch the Rayahs<sup>34</sup> from their fate.  
 So let them ease their hearts with prate

Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;  
 I have a love for freedom too.  
 Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch<sup>35</sup> roam,  
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!<sup>36</sup>  
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:  
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
 Across the desert, or before the gale,  
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my  
 prow!

But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!  
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!  
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's  
 wall

To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;  
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless  
 praise;

Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice  
 endears.

For thee in those bright isles is built a bower  
 Blooming as Aden<sup>37</sup> in its earliest hour.  
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,  
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy com-  
 mand!

Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,  
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.  
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
 Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these.  
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,  
 Unnumber'd perils,—but one only love!

Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,  
 Though fortune frown, or falsar friends betray.  
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,  
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!  
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;  
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;  
 To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,  
 Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!  
 Once free, 't is mine our horde again to guide:  
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:  
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd  
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
 Mark! where his carnage and his conquests  
 cease!

He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!  
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,  
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:  
 Power sways but by division—her resource  
 The Ple's alternative of fraud or force!

Ours be the last; in time deceit may come  
 When cities cage us in a social home:  
 There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the head  
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part  
 And woman, more than man, when death or war  
 Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,  
 Sunk in the lap of luxury will shame—  
 Away suspicion!—not Zuleika's name!  
 But life is hazard at the best; and here  
 No more remains to win, and much to fear:  
 Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,  
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.  
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale:  
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:  
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,  
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath  
 charms;

Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!  
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,  
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck  
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be  
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!

The war of elements no fears impart  
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art  
 There lie the only rocks our course can check:  
 Here moments menace—there are years of  
 wreck! [shape!]

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's  
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.  
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close  
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;  
 Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline  
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

“His head and faith from doubt and death  
 Return'd in time my guard to save;  
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave  
 From isle to isle I roved the while:  
 And since, though parted from my band,  
 Too seldom now I leave the land,  
 No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,  
 Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:  
 I form the plan, decree the spoil,  
 'T is fit I oftener share the toil.  
 But now too long I've held thine ear;  
 Time presses, floats my bark, and here  
 We leave behind but hate and fear.  
 To-morrow Osman with his train  
 Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:  
 And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,  
 Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,  
 With me, this hour away—away!  
 But yet, though thou art plighted mine,  
 Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,  
 Appall'd by truths imparted now,

Here rest ! - not to see thee wed  
But be that peril on *my* head !'

## XXII

Zuleika, mute and motionless,  
Stood like that statue of distress,  
When, her last hope for ever gone,  
The mother harden'd into stone;  
All in the maid that eye could see  
Was but a younger Niobe  
But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,  
Beneath the garden's wicket porch  
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch !  
Another—and another—and another—  
"Oh ! fly—no more—yet now my more than  
brother !"

Far, wide, through every thicket spread,  
The fearful lights are gleaming red ;  
Nor these alone—for each right hand  
Is ready with a sheathless brand.  
They part, pursue, return, and wheel  
With scorching flambeau, shining steel ;  
And last of all, his sabre waving,  
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving :  
And now almost they touch the cave—  
Oh ! must that grot be Selim's grave ?

## XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—" 'T is come—soon  
past—

One kiss, Zuleika—t is my last :  
But yet my band not far from shore  
May hear this signal, see the flash ;  
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash :  
No matter—yet one effort more."

Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;  
His pistol's echo rang on high,  
Zuleika started not, nor wept,  
Despair benumb'd her breast and eye !—  
"They hear me not, or if they ply  
Their ours, 't is but to see me die ;  
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.  
Then forth my father's scimitar,  
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !  
Farewell, Zuleika !—Sweet ! retire :

Yet stay within—here linger safe,  
At thee his rage will only chafe.  
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance  
Some erring blade or ball should glance  
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire  
If in this strife I seek thy sire !

No—though by him that poison pour'd :  
No—though again he call me coward !  
But tamely shall I meet their steel ?  
No—as each crest save *his* may feel !"

## XXIV

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand  
Already at his feet hath sunk  
The foremost of the prying band,  
A gasping head, a quivering trunk :  
Another falls—but round him close  
A swarming circle of his foes,  
From right to left his path he cleft,  
And almost met the meeting wave :  
His boat appears—not five oars' length—  
His comrades strain with desperate strength—  
Oh ! are they yet in time to save ?  
His feet the foremost breakers leave ;  
His band are plunging in the bay,  
Their sabres glitter through the spray ;  
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand  
They struggle—now they touch the land !  
They come—'t is but to add to slaughter—  
His heart's best blood is on the water.

## XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,  
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,  
To where the strand and billows met :  
There as his last step left the land,  
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—  
Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look  
For her his eye but sought in vain ?  
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,  
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain  
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
How late will Lover's hope remain !  
His back was to the dashing spray ;  
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,  
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—  
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall !"  
Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang.  
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err ?  
'T is thine—Abdallah's Murderer !  
The father slowly rued thy hate,  
The son hath found a quicker fate :  
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,  
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—  
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,  
The rushing billows choked the tone !

## XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;  
Few trophies of the fight are there :  
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay  
Are silent ; but some signs of fray  
That strand of strife may bear,

And fragments of each shiver'd brand;  
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand  
The print of many a struggling hand

May there be mark'd; nor far remote  
A broken torch, an oarless boat;  
And tangled on the weeds that heap  
The beach where shelving to the deep  
There lies a white capote!

'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain  
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:  
But where is he who wore?

Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,  
Go, seek them where the surges sweep  
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep  
And cast on Lemnos' shore:

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
As shaken on his restless pillow,  
His head heaves with the heaving billow;  
That hand, whose motion is not life,  
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,  
Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
Then levell'd with the wave<sup>38</sup>—

What recks it, though that corse shall lie  
Within a living grave?

The bird that tears that prostrate form  
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;  
The only heart, the only eye  
Had b'ed or wept to see him die,  
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,<sup>39</sup>  
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—  
Yea—closed before his own!

## XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale  
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,

Thy destined lord is come too late:  
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!  
Can he not hear

The loud Wul-wulleh<sup>40</sup> warn his distant ear?  
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,  
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,  
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,  
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,  
Tell him thy tale!

Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!  
That fearful moment when he left the cave  
Thy heart grew chill:  
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine  
all— [not save  
And that last thought on him thou could'st  
Sufficed to kill;

Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.  
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst  
That grief—though deep—though fatal—wa-  
thy first!

Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force  
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, re-  
morse!

And, oh! that pang where more than madness  
lies!

The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;  
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly  
night,

That drains the darkness, and yet loathes the  
light,

That winds around, and tears the quivering  
heart!

Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!  
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,  
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost  
spread;

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim blea  
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:  
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's  
bed,

She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,  
Thy Daughter's dead!

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely  
beam,

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's  
stream.

What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou  
hast shed!

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:  
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—  
"Where?"<sup>41</sup>

## XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad but living cypress branches,  
And withers not, though branch and leaf  
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited Love,  
One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove—  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
It looks as planted by Despair—  
So white—so faint—the slightest gate  
Might whirl the leaves on high;  
And yet, though storms and blight assail  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem—in vain  
To-morrow sees it bloom again!

The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
 And waters with celestial tears;  
 For well may maids of Helle deem  
 That this can be no earthly flower,  
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,  
 And buds unshelter'd by a bower;  
 Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,  
 Nor woos the summer beam:  
 To it the livelong night there sings  
 A bird unseen—but not remote:  
 Invisible his airy wings,  
 But soft as harp that Houri strings  
 His long entrancing note!  
 It were the Bulbul; but his throat,  
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain:  
 For they who listen cannot leave  
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
 As if they loved in vain!  
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
 'T is sorrow so unmix'd with dread,  
 They scarce can bear the morn to break  
 That melancholy spell,  
 And longer yet would weep and wake,  
 He sings so wild and well!  
 But when the day-blush bursts from high  
 Expires that magic melody.

And some have been who could believe,  
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)  
 That note so piercing and profound  
 Will shape and syllable<sup>22</sup> its sound  
 Into Zuleika's name.  
 'T is from her cypress' summit heard,  
 That melts in air the liquid word:  
 'T is from her lowly virgin earth  
 That white rose takes its tender birth.  
 There late was laid a marble stone;  
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!  
 It was no mortal arm that bore  
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore;  
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
 Next morn't was found where Selim fell;  
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
 Denied his bones a holier grave:  
 And there by night, reclined, 't is said,  
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:  
 And hence extended by the billow,  
 'T is named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow"  
 Where first it lay that mourning flower  
 Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale

# The Corsair ;<sup>1</sup>

A TALE.

“ ——— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno.”

TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x

## The Corsair.<sup>2</sup>

CANTO THE FIRST.

“ ——— nessun maggior dolore,  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria, ———.”—DANTE.

### I.

O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o’er the heaving wave,  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot  
please—  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o’er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening  
play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more than  
zeal,  
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—

Feel—to the rising bosom’s inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—  
Save that it seems even duller than repose:  
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
When lost—what reck’s it—by disease or strife?  
Let him who crawls enamour’d of decay,  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;  
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied  
head;

Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes  
control.

His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
And they who loath’d his life may gild his grave:  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.  
For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
And the brief epitaph in danger’s day,  
When those who win at length divide the prey,  
And cry, Remembrance saddening o’er each  
brow,  
How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*”

### II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate’s isle,  
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:  
Such were the sounds that thrill’d the rocks  
along,  
And unto ears as rugged seem’d a song!  
In scatter’d groups upon the golden sand,  
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the  
brand;  
Select the arms—to each his blade assign,  
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine



Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,  
While others straggling muse along the shore;  
For the wild bird the busy springes set,  
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;  
Gaze where some distant sail a speck sup-  
plies,  
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;  
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,  
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:  
No matter where—their chief's allotment this;  
Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.  
But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore  
Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no  
more.

With these he mingles not but to command;  
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.  
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,  
But they forgive his silence for success.  
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,  
That goblet passes him untasted still—  
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew  
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;  
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest  
roots,

And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,  
His short repast in humbleness supply  
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny  
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,  
His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.  
"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"  
—'t is done.

"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.  
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,  
And all obey and few inquire his will;  
'Tis such, brief answer and contemptuous eye  
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

## III.

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope!  
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?  
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:  
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.  
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—  
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the  
dark.

Already doubled is the cape—our bay  
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the  
spray.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!  
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—  
She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.  
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the  
wreck—

To move the monarch of her people's deck?

## IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;  
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she  
swings:

And gathering loiterers on the land discern  
Her boat ascending from the latticed stern.  
'T is mann'd—the oars keep concert to the  
strand,

Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.  
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly  
speech!

When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;  
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,  
And the heart's promise of festivity!

## V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the  
crowd:

The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,  
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—  
Friends—husbands'—lovers' names in each  
dear word:

"Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—  
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?  
From where the battle roars—the billows  
chafe—

They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?  
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,  
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

## VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we bear report—  
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—  
short;

Yet thus sincere—'tis cheering, though so  
But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:

Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,  
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,  
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,  
By bushy brake and wild flowers blossoming,  
And freshness breathing from each silver  
spring,

Whose scatter'd streams from granite basin  
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;  
From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder  
cave,

What lonely straggler looks along the wave?  
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,  
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

"'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here—as wont—alone;  
On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose  
known.

The bark he views—and tell him we would  
His ear with tidings he must quickly meet."

We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood,  
When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

## VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—  
He spake not—but a sign express'd assent.  
These Juan calls—they come—to their salute  
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.  
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—the

spy,  
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:  
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report  
"Much that"—"Peace, peace!"—he cuts their  
prating short. [each

Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to  
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:  
They watch his glance with many a stealing  
look,

To gather how that eye the tidings took;  
But, thus as if he guess'd, with head aside,  
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,  
He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—  
Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchor'd bark."  
"There let him stay—to him this order bear—  
Back to your duty—for my course prepare:  
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."

"To-night, Lord Conrad?"

"Ay! at set of sun:  
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.  
My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are  
gone.

Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust,  
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;  
Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,  
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.  
This let the armourer with speed dispose;  
Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes:  
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,  
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

## VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,  
Too soon to seek again the watery waste  
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;  
And who dare question aught that he decides?  
That man of loneliness and mystery,  
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;  
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,  
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;  
Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.  
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train  
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?

What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?  
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!  
Link'd with success, assumed and kept with  
skill,

That moulds another's weakness to its will;  
Wields with their hands, but, still to these un-  
known, [own.  
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his  
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun  
The many still must labour for the one!  
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who  
toils,

Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils  
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,  
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

## IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,  
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,  
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of  
fire:

Robust but not Herculean—to the sight  
No giant frame sets forth his common height;  
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,  
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;  
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess  
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale,  
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;  
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals  
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce  
conceals.

Though smooth his voice, and calm his general  
mien, [seen

Still seems there something he would not have  
His features' deepening lines and varying hue  
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,  
As if within that murkiness of mind  
Work'd feelings fearful and yet undefined;  
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—  
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.  
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy  
The full encounter of his searching eye:  
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would  
seek [check

To probe his heart and watch his changing  
At once the observer's purpose to espy,  
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,  
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray [day.  
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to  
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,  
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;  
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd far  
well!<sup>3</sup>

## x.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,  
 Within—within—'t was there the spirit wrought!  
 Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition,  
 Guile,

Betray no further than the bitter smile;  
 The lip's leas. curl the lightest paleness thrown  
 Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone  
 Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,  
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen.  
 Then—with the hurried tread, the upward eye,  
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near  
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear:  
 Then—with each feature working from the  
 heart,

With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart:  
 That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or  
 glow,

Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow;  
 Then—Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest  
 not,

Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!  
 Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears  
 The scathing thought of execrated years!  
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,  
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

## xi.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent  
 To lead the guilty—guilt's worse instrument—  
 His soul was changed, before his deeds had  
 driven

Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.  
 Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's  
 school,

In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;  
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,  
 Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,  
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,  
 And not the traitors who betray'd him still;  
 Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better men  
 Had left him joy, and means to give again.  
 Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost  
 her force,

He hated man too much to feel remorse,  
 And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,  
 To pay the injuries of some on all.  
 He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd  
 The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;  
 And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid  
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.  
 He knew himself detested, but he knew  
 The hearts that loath'd him, crouch'd and  
 dreaded too

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt  
 From all affection and from a'l contempt:  
 His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;  
 But they that fear'd him dared not to despise:  
 Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake:  
 The first may turn—but not avenge the blow;  
 The last expires—but leaves no living foe;  
 Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,  
 And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings:

## xii.

None are all evil—quickenng round his heart,  
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;  
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
 By passions worthy of a fool or child;  
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,  
 And even in him it asks the name of Love!  
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,  
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;  
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,  
 He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd  
 them by; [bower,  
 Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd  
 None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.  
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness  
 Fled in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,  
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every cime,  
 And yet—Oh more than all!--untired by  
 time;

Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,  
 Could render sullen were she near to smile,  
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent  
 On her one murmur of his discontent;  
 Which still would meet with joy, with calm-  
 ness part, [heart;  
 Lest that his look of grief should reach her  
 Which naught removed, nor menaced to re-  
 move—

If there be love in mortals—this was love!  
 He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower  
 On him—but not the passion, nor its power,  
 Which only proved, all other virtues gone,  
 Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

## xiii.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men  
 Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen  
 "Strange tidings!"—many a peril have I past,  
 Nor know I why this next appears the last!  
 Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,  
 Nor shall my followers find me falter here.  
 'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait  
 Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;  
 And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,  
 We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.

Aw—let them slumber—peaceful be their  
dreams! [beams

Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant  
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)  
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.  
Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,  
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!  
Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are  
brave!

Ev'r insects sting for aught they seek to save.  
This common courage which with brutes we  
share,

That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,  
Small merit claims—but 't was my nobler hope  
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;  
Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:  
No medium now—we perish or succeed!  
So let it be—it irks not me to die;  
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.  
My lot bath long had little of my care,  
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:  
Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last  
Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?  
Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate—  
She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late."

## XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till  
He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd  
hill:

There at the portal paused—for wild and soft  
He heard those accents never heard too oft;  
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they  
rung,

And these the notes the bird of beauty sung:

## 1.

'Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
Then trembles into silence as before.

## 2.

'There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;  
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,  
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

## 3.

"Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave  
Without one thought whose relics there re-  
cline—

For only pang my bosom dare not brave  
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

## 4.

"My fondest—faintest—latest accents heard  
Grief for the dead not Virtue can improve;  
Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,  
The first—last—sole reward of so much  
love!"

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,  
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave  
o'er.

"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad—"

"In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it  
glad?

Without thine ear to listen to my lay,  
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray  
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,  
My heart unshush'd—although my lips were  
mute!

Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined  
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd  
the wind,

And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy  
sail

The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;  
Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,  
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage  
surge:

Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,  
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;  
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,  
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.  
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,  
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,  
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow  
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!  
At length—'t was noon—I hail'd and blest  
the mast

That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it passed!  
Another came—Oh God! 't was thine at last!  
Would that those days were over! wilt thou  
ne'er,

My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?  
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many  
a home

As bright as this invites us not to roam:  
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,  
I only tremble when thou art not here;  
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,  
Which flies from love and languishes for  
strife—

How strange that heart, to me so tender still,  
Should war with nature and its better will!"

"Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long  
been changed;  
Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged

Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,  
 And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.  
 Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn  
 My very love to thee is hate to them,  
 So closely mingling here, that disentwined,  
 I cease to love thee when I love mankind:  
 Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past  
 Assures the future that my love will last;  
 But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,  
 This hour again—but not for long—we part.”  
 “This hour we part, my heart forboded this:  
 Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.  
 This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!  
 Yon bark hath hardly anchor’d in the bay;  
 Her consort still is absent, and her crew  
 Have need of rest before they toil anew:  
 My love! thou mock’st my weakness; and  
 wouldst steal

My breast before the time when it must feel;  
 But trifle now no more with my distress,  
 Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.  
 Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share  
 The feast these hands delighted to prepare;  
 Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!  
 See, I have pluck’d the fruit that promised best,  
 And where not sure, perplex’d, but pleased, I  
 guess’d

At such as seem’d the fairest; thrice the hill  
 My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;  
 Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,  
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!  
 The grapes’ gay juice thy bosom never cheers;  
 Thou more than Moslem when the cup ap-  
 pears:

Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice  
 What others deem a penance is thy choice.  
 But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp  
 Is trimm’d, and heeds not the sirocco’s damp;  
 Then shall my handmaids while the time along,  
 And join with me the dance, or wake the song;  
 Or my guitar, which still thou lov’st to hear,  
 Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,  
 We’ll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,  
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.  
 Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his  
 vow

To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;  
 Or even that traitor chief—I’ve seen thee smile,  
 When the clear sky show’d Aradne’s Isle,  
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the  
 while:

And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,  
 Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than  
 dread,

Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:  
 And he deceived me—for—he came again.

“Again—again—and oft again—my love!  
 If there be life below, and hope above.  
 He will return—but now, the moments bring  
 The time of parting with redoubled wing:  
 The why—the where—what boots it now to  
 tell? [well!  
 Since all must end in that wild word—fare  
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—  
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes;  
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,  
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared:  
 Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord’s away,  
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;  
 And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,  
 Security shall make repose more sweet.  
 List!—’t is the bugle”—Juan shrilly blew—  
 “One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!”

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his em-  
 brace,

Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.  
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,  
 Which downcast droop’d in tearless agony.  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o’er his arms,  
 In all the wildness of dishevell’d charms;  
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt  
 So full—that feeling seem’d almost unfelt!  
 Hark—peals the thunder of the signal gun!  
 It told ’t was sunset—and he cursed that sun,  
 Again—again—that form he madly press’d,  
 Which mutely clasp’d, imploringly caress’d!  
 And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,  
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;  
 Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,  
 Kiss’d her cold forehead—turn’d—is Conrad  
 gone?

xv.

“And is he gone?”—on sudden solitude  
 How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
 “’T was but an instant past—and here he stood!  
 And now”—without the portal’s porch she  
 rush’d,  
 And then at length her tears in freedom gush’d;  
 Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they  
 fell;  
 But still her lips refused to send—“Farewell!”  
 For in that word—that fatal word—howe’er  
 We promise—hope—believe—there breathes  
 despair.

O’er every feature of that still, pale face,  
 Had sorrow fix’d what time can ne’er erase  
 The tender blue of that large loving eye  
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
 Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,  
 And then it flow’d—and apprehens’d seem’d  
 swim,

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes  
dew'd

With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.

"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is  
driven, [heaven;

Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to  
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;  
The white sail set—she dared not look again;  
But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—  
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

## XVI.

From crag to crag descending—swiftly sped  
'tween Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head;  
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way  
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,  
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,  
That hail'd him first when homeward from the  
deep:

And she—the dim and melancholy star,  
Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,  
On her he must not gaze, he must not think,  
There he might rest—but on Destruction's  
brink:

Yet once almost he stopp'd—and nearly gave  
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:  
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief  
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.  
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,  
And sternly gathers all his might of mind:  
Again he hurries on—and as he hears  
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,  
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,  
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;  
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,  
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,  
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge  
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge;  
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,  
He marvel'd how his heart could seem so soft.  
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,  
He feels of all his former self possess;  
He bounds—he flies—until his foot-steps reach  
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,  
There checks his speed; but pauses less to  
breathe

The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;  
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view:  
For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,  
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;  
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,  
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen:  
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,  
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;

All these he wielded to command assent;  
But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,  
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard  
And others' gifts show'd mean beside his word,  
When echo'd to the heart as from his own  
His deep yet tender melody of tone:  
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued;  
The evil passions of his youth had made  
Him value less who lov'd—than what obey'd

## XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.  
Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared?"  
"They are—nay more—embark'd: the latest  
boat

Waits but my chief——"

"My sword, and my capote."  
Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,  
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung:  
"Call Pedro here!" He comes—and Conrad  
bends,

With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends;  
"Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,  
Words of high trust and truth are given there;  
Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark  
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:  
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall  
shine

On our return—till then all peace be thine!"  
This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,  
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.  
Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with the  
stroke,

Around the waves' phosphoric brightness broke;  
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—  
Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—  
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,  
How gallant all her crew—and deigns to praise.  
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—  
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?  
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,  
And live a moment o'er the parting hour:  
She—his Medora—did she mark the prize?  
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!  
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—  
Again he mans himself and turns away:  
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,  
And there unfolds his plan—his means—and  
ends: [chart,

Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the  
And all that speaks and aids the naval art:  
They to the midnight watch protract debate;  
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?  
Meantime the steady breeze serenely blew,  
And fast and falcon like the vessel flew:







Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering  
isle, [smile:  
To gain their port—long—long ere morning  
And soon the night-glass through the narrow  
bay

Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.  
Count they each sail—and mark how there  
supine

The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.  
Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,  
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie!  
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,  
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.  
Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—  
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;  
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,  
And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood!

## CANTO THE SECOND.

“*Coosceste i dubiosi desiri?*”—DANTE.

## I.

IN Coron's bay floats many a galley light,  
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,  
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:  
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,  
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home:  
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,  
And faithful to his firman and his word,  
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,  
And great the gathering crews, and loud the  
boast;

Already shared the captives and the prize,  
Though far the distant foe they thus despise;  
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun  
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won!  
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,  
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.  
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek  
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;  
How well such deed becomes the turban'd  
brave—

To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!  
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,  
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,  
And do not deign to smite because they may!  
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,  
To keep in practice for the coming foe.  
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,  
And they who wish to wear a head must smile

For Moslem mouths produce their choicest  
cheer.  
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

## II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;  
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead,  
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—  
Forbidden draughts, 't is said, he dared to quaff,  
Thought to the rest the sober berry's juice,<sup>2</sup>  
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;  
The long chibouque's<sup>6</sup> dissolving cloud supply,  
While dance the Almas<sup>7</sup> to wild minstrelsy.  
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;  
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the  
dark:

And revellers may more securely sleep  
On silken conch than o'er the rugged deep;  
Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,  
And less to conquest than to Korans trust;  
And yet the numbers crowded in his host  
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's  
boast.

## III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,  
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,  
Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,  
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:  
“A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest  
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”<sup>8</sup>  
He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,  
And led the holy man in silence nigh.  
His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,  
His step was feeble, and his look deprest:  
Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than  
years, [fears.

And pale his cheek with penance, not from  
Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,  
And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er.  
Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,  
And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone  
Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,  
He calmly met the curious eyes that seem'd,  
And question of his coming fain would seek,  
Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

## IV.

“Whence com'st thou, Dervise?”  
“From the outlaw's den  
A fugitive—”

“Thy capture where and when?”  
“From Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,  
The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile  
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's  
gains [chains.  
The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their

I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,  
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;  
At length a fisher's humble boat by night  
Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of flight;  
I seized the hour, and find my safety here—  
With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can  
fear?

“How speed the outlaws? stand they well  
prepared, [guard?  
Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock, to  
Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd  
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?”

“Pacha! the fetter'd captive's mourning eye,  
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;  
I only heard the reckless waters roar,  
Those waves that would not bear me from the  
shore;

I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,  
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity;  
And felt—that all which Freedom's bosom  
cheers,

Must break my chain before it dried my tears.  
This may'st thou judge, at least, from my escape,  
They little deem of aught in peril's shape;  
Else vainly had I pray'd or sought the chance  
That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance:  
The careless guard that did not see me fly,  
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.  
Pacha!—my limbs are faint—and nature craves  
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:  
Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace  
With all around!—now grant repose—release.”

“Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,  
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!  
More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring:  
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:  
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,  
Clearly and full—I love not mystery.”

‘T were vain to guess what shook the pious man,  
Who look'd not longly on that Divan;  
Nor show'd high relish for the banquet prest,  
And less respect for every fellow guest.

'T was but a moment's peevish hectic past  
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:  
He sate him down in silence, and his look  
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:  
The feast was usher'd in—but sumptuous fare  
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there.  
For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast,  
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.

“What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou sup  
pose  
This feast a Christian's? or my friends thyfoes?”

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge  
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,  
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,  
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!”

“Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still  
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill  
And my stern vow and order's laws oppose  
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes:  
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,  
That peril rests upon my single head;  
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's  
throne,

I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone  
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage  
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage.”

“Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—  
One question answer; then in peace depart.  
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?  
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?  
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!  
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar.  
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!  
Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou  
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay  
him now!”

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light—  
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:  
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,  
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,  
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—  
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's  
ray!

His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,  
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler  
gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,  
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight  
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow  
Of flames on high, and torches from below,  
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—  
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—  
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!

Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves  
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;  
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,  
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!<sup>10</sup>  
He saw their terror—check'd the first despair  
That urged him but to stand and perish there,  
Since far too early and too well obey'd,  
The flame was kindled ere the signal mate;  
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew  
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;  
'T is answer'd—“Well ye speed, my gallant  
crew;

Why did I doubt their quickness of career?  
And deem design had left me single here?"  
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling  
sway

Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;  
Completes his fury what their fear begun,  
And makes the many basely quail to one.  
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,  
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:  
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd, with rage,  
surprise,

Retreats before him, though he still defies.  
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,  
So much Confusion magnifies his foe!  
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,  
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight;<sup>11</sup>  
For now the Pirates pass'd the Haram gate,  
And burst within—and it were death to wait;  
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling--  
throws

The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!  
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,  
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din  
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,  
Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.  
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,  
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!  
But short their greeting—shorter his reply—  
" 'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must  
die— [do—

Much hath been don<sup>99</sup>but more remains to  
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?"

## v.

Quick at the word—they seized him each a  
torch,

And fire the dome from minaret to porch.  
A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,  
But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry  
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell  
Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.

Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on your  
lives

One female form—remember—we have wives,  
On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;  
Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:  
But still we spared—must spare the weaker  
prey.

Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive  
If at my word the helpless cease to live:  
Follow who will—I go—we yet have time  
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."  
He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the  
door,

Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;

His breath choked gasping with the volur'd  
smoke,

But still from room to room his way he broke.  
They search—they find—they save: with lusty  
arms

Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;  
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking  
frames

With all the care defenceless beauty claims:  
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,  
And check the very hands with gore imbrued,  
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey  
From reeking pile and combat's wreck—  
away—

Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?  
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd

## vi.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare, <sup>4</sup>  
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;  
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from  
war,

The foe before retiring, fast and far,  
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,  
First slowlier fled—then rallied—then with-  
stood.

This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few  
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew  
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes  
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.  
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—  
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!  
And flame for flame and blood for blood must  
tell,

The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—  
When wrath returns to renovated strife,  
And those who fought for conquest strike for  
life.

Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld  
His followers faint by freshening foes repell'd.  
"One effort—one—to break the circling host."  
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost  
Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,  
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—  
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
Hemm'd in—cut off—cleft down—and tram-  
pled o'er;

But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
And sinks outworn rather than o'ercome,  
His last faint quittance rendering with his  
breath,

Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

## vii.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blow,  
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,

Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,  
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,  
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,  
And dried those tears for life and fame that  
flow'd :

And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,  
Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,

Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy  
That smooth'd his accents ; soften'd in his eye :  
T was strange—that robber thus with gore bedew'd,

Seem'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood.  
The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave  
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave ;  
The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,  
As if his homage were a woman's right.

"The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—  
vain :

Yet much I long to view that chief again ;  
If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,  
The life—my loving lord remember'd not!"

## VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,  
But gather'd breathing from the happier dead ;  
Far from his band, and battling with a host  
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,  
Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he  
sought,

And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought ;  
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,

While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of  
pain, [again—

And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed  
But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye  
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die!

Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,  
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law!  
T is he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,  
His sole regret the life he still possess ;  
His wounds too slight, though taken with that  
will, [could kill.

Which would have kiss'd the hand that then  
Oh were there none, of all the many given,  
To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven?  
Must he alone of all retain his breath,  
Who more than all had striven and struck for  
death?

He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel  
When thus reversed on faithless fortune's wheel,  
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat  
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—  
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride  
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide,

Still in his stern and self-collected mien  
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,  
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening  
wound,

But few that saw—so calmly gazed around:  
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,  
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,  
The better warriors who beheld him near,  
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;  
And the grim guards that to his durance led,  
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

## IX.

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—there,  
To note how much the life yet left could bear;  
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,  
And promise feeling for the wretch of pain :  
To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening sun  
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,  
And rising with the wonted blush of morn  
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.  
Of torments this the longest and the worst,  
Which adds all other agony to thirst,  
That day by day death still forbears to slake,  
While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.  
"Oh! water—water!"—smiling Hate denies  
The victim's prayer—for if he drinks—he dies.  
This was his doom—the Leech, the guard,  
were gone,  
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

## X.

T were vain to point to what his feelings  
grew—

It even were doubtful if their victim knew.  
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,  
When all its elements convulsed—combined—  
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,  
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse ;  
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—  
But cries "I warn'd thee!" when the deed is  
o'er.

Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,  
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!  
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,  
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,  
No single passion, and no ruling thought  
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought :  
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—  
All rushing through their thousand avenues,  
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regrets,  
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset ;  
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate  
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our  
fate :

The hopeless past, the hasting future driven  
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;  
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remem-  
ber'd not

So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;  
Things light or lovely in their acted time,  
But now to stern reflection each a crime;  
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,  
Not cankeringless because the more conceal'd—  
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,  
That open'd sepulchre—the naked heart  
Peers with its buried woes, till Pride awake,  
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.  
Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,  
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.  
Each has some fear, and he who least betrays,  
The only hypocrite deserving praise:  
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and  
flies;

But he who looks on death—and silent dies  
So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career  
He half-way meets him should he menace near!

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower  
Late Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.  
His palace perish'd in the flame—his fort  
Contain'd at once his captive and his court.  
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,  
His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the  
same:—

Alone he sate—in solitude had scann'd  
His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd:  
One thought alone he could not—dared not  
meet—

“Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?”  
Then—only then—his clanking hands he  
raised, [gazed:  
And strain'd with rage the chain on which he  
But soon he found—or feign'd—or dream'd  
relief,

And smiled in self-derision of his grief  
‘And now come torture when it will—or may  
More need of rest to nerve me for the day!’  
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,  
And, whatso'er his visions, quickly slept.  
T was hardly midnight when that fray begun,  
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done:  
And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,  
She scarce beheld him an uncommitted crime.  
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—  
Disguised -- discover'd -- conquering -- ta'er  
-- condemn'd --

A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—  
Deserving—saving—prison'd—and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath  
Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death.  
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?  
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends:  
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?  
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!  
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,  
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid  
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,  
And once unclosed—but once may close again.  
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,  
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair;  
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,  
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as  
mute—

Through guards and dunest night how came  
it there?

Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?  
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!  
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's  
rest

In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,  
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,  
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before—  
And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way  
Through drowsy guards that must that sign  
obey. [blows,

Worn out with toil, and tired with changing  
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;  
And chill and nodding at the turret door,  
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no  
more:

Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,  
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, “Can he calmly sleep,  
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?  
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—  
What sudden spell hath made this man so  
dear?”

True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,  
And me and mine he spared from worse than  
woe: [breaks—

'T is late to think—but soft—his slumber  
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!’

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light  
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:  
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain  
Too harshly told him that he lived again.  
“What is that form? if not a shape of air,  
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wond'rous  
fair!’

"Pirate! thou knowst me not—but I am one,  
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;  
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand  
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful  
band. [why—

I come through darkness—and I scarce know  
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye  
That would not here in that gay hope delight:  
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their  
right.

But still I thank their courtesy or thine,  
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest  
grief

Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—  
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,  
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;  
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,  
Till even the scaffold<sup>13</sup> echoes with their jest.

Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—  
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.  
Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now  
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:  
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,  
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;  
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short  
life, [strife.

Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and

## XIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power  
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.  
Thee would I spare—nay more—would save  
thee now, [allow;  
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength  
But all I can, I will: at least, delay  
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.  
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth  
The vain attempt should bring but doom to  
both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,  
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:  
Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope,  
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:  
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,  
The one of all my band that would not die?  
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,  
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.  
My sole resources in the path I trod  
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—  
my God!

The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—  
And Man but works his will to lay me low.  
I have no thought to mock his throne with  
prayer

Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;  
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.  
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand  
That might have better kept so true a brand;  
My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—  
For her in sooth my voice would mount above:  
Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—  
And this will break a heart so more than kind,  
And blight a form—till thine appear'd, Gulnare!  
Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair."

"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me  
Is this—'t is nothing—nothing e'er can be:  
But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy those  
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,  
Who never feel the void—the wandering  
thought [wrought."  
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath

"Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom  
This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not  
my love— [stroke

Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once  
To meet his passion—but it would not be.  
I felt—I feel—loved wells with—with the free.  
I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,  
To share his splendour, and seem very blest!  
Oft must my soul the question undergo,  
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer  
'No!'

Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,  
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;  
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear.  
And hide from one—perhaps another there.  
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—  
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly  
cold:

And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight  
From one I never lov'd enough to hate.  
No warmth these lips return by his impress,  
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest  
Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,  
The change to hatred were at least to feel:  
But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns un-  
sought—

And oft when present—absent from my thought  
Or when reflection comes—and come it must—  
I fear that henceforth 't will but bring disgust;  
I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,  
T were worse than bondage to be come his bride.

Oh! that this dotage of his breast would ease,  
 Or seek another and give mine release,  
 But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!  
 Yes—if unwonted fondness now I feign,  
 Remember—captive! 'tis to break thy chain;  
 Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;  
 To give thee back to all endear'd below,  
 Who share such love as I can never know.  
 Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now  
 away: day!"  
 T will cost me dear—but dread no death 'o-

## xv.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,  
 And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,  
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.  
 And was she here? and is he now alone?  
 What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his  
 chain?  
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,  
 That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's  
 mine  
 Already polish'd by the hand divine!

C.: too convincing—dangerously dear—  
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!  
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,  
 To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield  
 Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,  
 Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!  
 What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?  
 The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.  
 Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven;  
 By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!  
 Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,  
 And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe.

## xvi.

'Tis morn—and o'er his altered features play  
 The beams—without the hope of yesterday.  
 What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing,  
 O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,  
 By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;  
 While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,  
 Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffen'd  
 limb,  
 Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!—

## CANTO THE THIRD.

"Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona." DANTE

## I.

Now sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;

Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
 O'er the hush'd deep the ye. low beam he thro' 4  
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.  
 On old Egina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
 O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
 Though there his altars are no more divine,  
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
 Their azure arches through the long expanse  
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of  
 heaven;  
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,  
 When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd his  
 last.

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray  
 That closed their murder'd sage's<sup>14</sup> latest day!  
 Nor yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—  
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
 But sad his light to agonising eyes,  
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:  
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,  
 The land, where Phoebus never frown'd before;  
 But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,  
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;  
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—  
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.<sup>15</sup>  
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form  
 With cornice glimmering as the moon-beam  
 play,  
 There the white column greets her grateful ray  
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset  
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret.  
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide  
 Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,  
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque  
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,<sup>16</sup>  
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,  
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,  
 All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—  
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by

Again the Aegean, heard no more afar,  
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;  
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold.

Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,  
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

## II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?

O! who can look along thy native sea,  
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,  
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?  
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,  
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?  
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,

Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!  
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,  
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—  
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

## III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,  
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height  
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone— [one!  
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless  
The wind was fair though light; and storms  
were none.

Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet  
His only tidings that they had not met!  
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale  
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens—she that day had pass'd

In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;  
Sadly she sat—on high—Impatience bore  
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,  
And there she wander'd, heedless of the spray  
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:  
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,  
Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her heart;  
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—  
His very sight had shock'd from life or sense!

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,  
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought; [few—  
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the  
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.

In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait  
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:  
Something they would have said; but seem'd  
to fear

To trust their accents to Medora's ear.  
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—  
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,

Within that meek fair form were feelings high,  
That deem'd not till they found their energy.  
While yet was Hope—they soften'd—flut-  
ter'd—wept—

All lost—that softness died not—but it slept;  
And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which  
said, [dread."

"With nothing left to love—there's nought to  
'T is more than nature's; like the burning might  
Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

"Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell  
What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it  
well—

Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies  
The—quick your answer—tell me where he  
lies."

"Lady! we know not—scarce with life we fled,  
But here is one denies that he is dead:  
He saw him bound; and bleeding—but alive "

She heard no further—'t was in vain to strive—  
So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then  
withstood; [dread.

Her own dark soul—these words at once sub-  
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave  
Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave;  
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping  
eyes,

They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:  
Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,  
Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew;  
Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave  
That fainting form o'er which they gaze and  
grieve;

Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report  
The tale too tedious—when the triumph short

## IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm and  
strange,

With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;  
All, save repose or flight: still lingering there  
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forlorn despair;  
Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and  
led,

Will save him living, or appease him dead.  
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,  
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

## V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sat  
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's  
fate;

His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell  
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;



Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined  
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of  
 mind; [eye

While many an anxious glance her large dark  
 Sends in its idle search for sympathy,  
 His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,<sup>17</sup>  
 But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest  
 Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!  
 His doom is fix'd—he dies: and well his fate  
 Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy  
 hate:

Methinks, a short release, for ransom told  
 With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;  
 Report speaks largely of his pirate-ward—  
 Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!  
 While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—  
 Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier  
 prey;

But once cut off—the remnant of his band  
 Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

"Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem  
 Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;  
 If for each hair of his a massy mine  
 Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;  
 If all our Arab tales divulge or dream  
 Of wealth were here—that gold should not  
 redeem!

It had not now redeem'd a single hour;  
 But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;  
 And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still  
 On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

"Nay, Seyd!—I seek not to restrain thy rage,  
 Too justly moved for mercy to assuage;  
 My thoughts were only to secure for thee  
 His riches—thus released, he were not free:  
 Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,  
 His capture could but wait thy first command."

"His capture *could!*—and shall I then resign  
 One day to him—the wretch already mine?  
 Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—  
 thine!

Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,  
 That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,  
 Warr: thee and thine alone of all could spare,  
 No doubt—regardless if the prize were fair,  
 My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!  
 I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:  
 I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word  
 Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.  
 Some in his arms through fire from yon Serai—  
 Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?

Thou need'st not answer—thy confession  
 speaks,

Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;  
 Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware  
 'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care.  
 Another word and—nay—I need no more.  
 Accurs'd was the moment when he bore  
 Thee from the flames, which better far—but  
 —no—

I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—  
 Now 't is thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!  
 Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing!  
 In words alone I am not wont to chafe:  
 Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,  
 Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:  
 Ah! little reck'd that chief of womanhood—  
 Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces sub-  
 dued;

And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare!  
 When soft could feel, and when incens'd could  
 dare. [knew

His doubts appear'd to wrong—nor yet she  
 How deep the root from whence compassion  
 grew—

She was a slave—from such may captives claim  
 A fellow-feeling, differing but in name;  
 Still half unconscious—heedless of his wrath,  
 Again she ventured on the dangerous path,  
 Again his rage repell'd—until arose  
 That strife of thought, the source of woman's  
 woes!

## VI.

Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the  
 same [tame—  
 Roll'd day and night—his soul could never  
 This fearful interval of doubt and dread,  
 When every hour might doom him worse than  
 dead,

When every step that echo'd by the gate  
 Might entering lead where axe and stake await;  
 When every voice that grated on his ear  
 Might be the last that he could ever hear;  
 Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high  
 Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;  
 'T was worn—perhaps decay'd—yet silent bore  
 That conflict, deadlier far than all before.  
 The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,  
 Leave scarce one thought inert enough to *quail*;  
 But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude,  
 To pine, the prey of every changing mood;  
 To gaze on thine own heart; and meditate  
 Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—  
 Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—  
 To count the hours that struggle to thine end,

With not a friend to animate, and not  
To other ears that death became thee well;  
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,  
And blot life's latest scene with calumny;  
Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,  
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may  
bear;

But deeply feels a single cry would shame,  
To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim.  
The life thou leav'st below, denied above  
By kind monopolists of heavenly love;  
And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven  
Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven.  
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,  
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:  
And those sustain'd he—boots it well or ill?  
Since not to sink beneath, is something still!

## VII.

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gul-  
nare— [there;  
The second—third—and still she came not  
But what her words avouch'd, her charms had  
done,

Or else he had not seen another sun.  
The fourth day roll'd along, and with the night  
Came storm and darkness in their mingling  
might:

Oh! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,  
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;  
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,  
Roused by the roar of his own element!  
Of had he ridden on that winged wave,  
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;  
And now its dashing echo'd on his ear,  
A long known voice—alas! too vainly near!  
Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,  
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;  
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,  
To him more genial than the midnight star:  
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his  
chain,

And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.  
He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd  
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:  
His steel and impious prayer attract alike—  
The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike;  
Its peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,  
As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

## VIII.

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door  
A light step came—it paused—it moved once  
more;

Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:  
'T is as his heart foreboded—that fair she!

Whate'er her sins, to him a *guardian saint*,  
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;  
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,  
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:  
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,  
Which spoke before her accents—"Thou must  
die!

Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,  
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

"Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim  
What last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the  
same: [spare,

Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to  
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?  
Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed  
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou  
not

Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?  
Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee  
blind

To the fond workings of a woman's mind?  
And must I say? albeit my heart rebel  
With all that woman feels, but should not tell--  
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is  
moved: [—loved.

It fear'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'd  
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,  
Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain,  
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,  
I rush through peril which she would not dare.  
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,  
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:  
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam!  
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?  
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head  
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;  
If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,  
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me!"

"Ay—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,  
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering  
head!

Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?  
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the *guard*  
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.

A single word of mine removes that chain.  
Without some aid how here could I remain?  
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,  
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:  
The crime—'t is none to punish those of Seyd  
That hated tyrant, Gonrad—he must bleed!

I see thee snarler—but my soul is changed—  
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be  
avenged—

Accused of what till now my heart disdain'd—  
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.  
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,  
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear:  
But he has said it—and the jealous well,  
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,  
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.  
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat  
high—

Since with me came a heart he could not buy.  
I was a slave un murmuring: he hath said,  
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.  
'T was false thou know'st—but let such augurs  
rue,

Their words are omens Insult renders true.  
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;  
This fleeting grace was only to prepare  
New torments for thy life, and my despair.  
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still  
Would fain reserve me for his deadly will:  
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,  
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the  
sea!

What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,  
To wear but till the gilding frets away?  
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would  
save,

If but to show how grateful is a slave.  
But had he not thus menaced fame and life,  
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in  
strife,)

I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.  
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:  
Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the  
worst.

Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—  
Oh! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st  
not start,

Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;  
'T is now the beacon of thy safety—now  
It points within the port a Mainote prow:  
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,  
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor  
Seyd!"

"Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now  
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:  
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band  
From earth with ruthless but with open hand  
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,  
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;  
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—  
Who spares a woman seeks not slumber's life.

Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this—  
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.  
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy  
breast!

Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

"Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,  
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake  
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—  
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.  
My life—my love—my hatred—all below  
Are on this cast—Corsair! 't is but a blow!  
Without it flight were idle—how evade  
His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,  
My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted  
years,

One blow shall cancel with our future fears:  
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,  
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.

The guards are gain'd—one moment all were  
o'er—

Corsair! we meet in safety or no more,  
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud  
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud.

## IX.

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,  
But his glance followed far with eager eye;  
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound  
His form, to curl their length, and curb their  
sound,

Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,  
He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.  
'T was dark and winding, and he knew not  
where [there

That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were  
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek  
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?  
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems  
bear

Full on his brow, as if from morning air—  
He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye  
Gleam'd the last star of night, the cleaving sky:  
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light  
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.  
Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door  
Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.  
With hasty step a figure outward past,  
Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'t is  
She at last!

No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—  
"Thanks to that softening heart—she could  
not kill!"

Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye  
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.

She stopp'd—threw back her oark far-floating  
hair,

That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:  
As if she late had bent her leaning head  
Above some object of her doubt or dread.  
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—

Her hurrying hand had left—'t was but a spot—  
Its hue was all he saw, and searce withstood—  
Oh, slight but certain pledge of crime—'t is  
blood!

## X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone  
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt fore-  
shown; [chain

He had been tempted—chastened—and the  
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:  
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—  
From all his feelings in their inmost force—  
So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,  
As now they froze before that purple stain.  
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,  
Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!  
Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—  
but then

It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

## XI.

"'T is done—he nearly waked—but it is done.  
Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.  
All words would now be vain—away—away!  
Our bark is tossing—'t is already day  
The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,  
And these thy yet surviving band shall join:  
Anon, my voice shall vindicate my hand,  
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand."

## XII.

She clapp'd her hands—and through the gal-  
lery pour, [Moor;  
Equipp'd for flight, her vassals—Greek and  
Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;  
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!  
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,  
As if they there transferr'd that iron weight.  
No words are utter'd—at her sign, a door  
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;  
The city lies behind—they speed, they reach  
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;  
And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,  
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;  
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd  
Yet liv'd to view the doom his ire decreed

## XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze  
blew—

How much had Conrad's memory to review!  
Sunk he in Contemplation, till the cape  
Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.  
Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the  
time,

Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.  
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,  
He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he pass'd;  
He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,  
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;  
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:  
He turn'd and saw—Gulnare, the homicide!

## XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear  
Their freezing aspect and averted air,  
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,  
Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.  
She knelt beside him and his hand she press'd,  
"Thou may'st forgive though Alla's self detest.  
But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?  
Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me now!  
I am not what I seem—this fearful night  
My brain bewilder'd—do not madden quite!  
If I had never loved—though less my guilt,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to—hate me—if thou wilt."

## XV.

She wrongs nis thoughts, they more himself  
upbraid [made;  
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he  
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpress'd,  
They bleed within that silent cell—his breast  
Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,  
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;  
Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,  
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!  
Their little bark her men of watch descrie,  
And ampler canvass wows the wind from high;  
She bears her down majestically near,  
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;  
A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow  
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.  
Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,  
A long, long absent gladness in his glance;  
"Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—  
I am not all deserted on the main!"  
They own the signal, answer to the hail:  
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.  
"T is Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the  
deck,  
Command nor duty could their transport check

With light alacrity and gaze of pride,  
They view him mount once more his vessel's  
side;

A smile relaxing in each rugged face,  
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.  
He, half forgetting danger and defeat,  
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,  
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,  
And feels he yet can conquer and command!

## XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,  
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;  
They sail'd prepared for vengeance—had they  
known

A woman's hand secured that deed her own,  
She were their queen—less scrupulous are they  
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.  
With many an asking smile and wondering  
stare,

They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;  
And her, at once above—beneath her sex,  
Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex,  
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,  
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;  
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,  
Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest,  
Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,  
Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,  
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

## XVII.

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he  
less?—

Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;  
What she has done no tears can wash away,  
And Heaven must punish on its angry day:  
But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,  
For him that poniard smote, that blood was  
spilt;

And he was free!—and she for him had given  
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven  
And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave,  
Whose brow was bow'd beneath the glance he  
gave,

Who now seem'd changed and humbled:—  
faint and meek,

But varying off the color of her cheek  
To deeper shades of paleness—all its red  
That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!  
He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—  
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;  
He clasp'd that hand—it trembled—and his  
own

Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.

"Gulnare!"—but she replied not—"dear Gulnare!"

She raised her eye—her only answer there—  
At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:  
If he had driven her from that resting-place,  
His had been more or less than mortal heart,  
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.  
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,  
His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.  
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss  
That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,  
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—  
To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,  
To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance  
fling

As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

## XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.  
To them the very rocks appear to smile:  
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,  
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,  
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
And sportive dolphins bend them through the  
spray; [shriek  
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant  
Greet like the welcome of his tuneless peak!  
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice  
gleams, [beams,  
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the  
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,  
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled  
foam?

## XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,  
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower;  
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,  
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.

'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,  
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.  
With the first boat descends he for the shore,  
And looks impatient on the lingering oar,  
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,  
To bear him like an arrow to that height!  
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,  
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,  
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach,  
and high

Ascends the path familiar to his eye

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no  
sound

Broke from within; and all was night around.  
He knock'd and loudly—footstep nor reply,  
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh

He knock'd—out faintly—for his trembling hand

Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.  
The portal opens—'t is a well known face—  
But not the form he panted to embrace.  
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,  
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;  
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer  
all—

It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall  
He would not wait for that reviving ray—  
As soon could he have linger'd there for day;  
But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,  
Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor;  
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold  
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

## XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,

And set the anxious frame that lately shook:  
He gaz'd—how long we gaze despite of pain,  
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!  
In life itself she was so still and fair,  
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;  
And the cold flowers<sup>18</sup> her colder hand contain'd,  
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd  
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,  
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd  
below—

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,  
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light;  
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,  
And wish'd repose—but only for a while;  
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind,  
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the  
bier—

But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

## XXI.

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now  
By the first glance on that still—marble row.  
It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?  
The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,  
The only living thing he could not hate,  
Was rest at once—and he deserved his fate,

But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
For peace, these realms where guilt can ne'er  
soar:

The proud—the wayward—who have fix'd  
below

Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,  
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
But who in patience parts with all delight?  
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;  
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

## XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest  
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;  
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,  
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;  
No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.  
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,  
And stupor almost hurl'd it into rest;  
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept  
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:  
It was the very weakness of his brain,  
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.  
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,  
That useless flood of grief had never been:  
Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,  
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart:  
The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim;  
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.  
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,  
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest or the blind!  
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside  
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

## XXIII.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to  
wrong;

Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long;  
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew  
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;  
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,  
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.  
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the  
rock,

If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.  
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,  
Though dark the shade—it shelter'd—saved  
till now,

The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,  
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth  
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tea.  
Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell,

And of its cold protector, blacken round  
But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

X XIV.

T is morn—to venture on his lonely hour  
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his  
tower.

He was not there—nor seen along the shore;  
Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed  
o'er:

Another morn—another bids them seek,  
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;

Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in  
vain,

They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:  
Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main  
'T is idle all—moons roll on moons away,  
And Conrad comes not—came not since that  
day:

Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare  
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!  
Long mourn'd his band whom none could  
mourn beside;

And fair the monument they gave his bride:  
For him they raise not the recording stone—  
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;  
He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes

# Lara ; a Tale.

## Lara.

### CANTO THE FIRST.

#### I.

THE Serfs<sup>1</sup> are glad through Lara's wide domain,  
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain;  
He, their unhoped, but unforgotten lord,  
The long self-exiled chieftain, is restored:  
There be bright faces in the busy hall,  
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;  
Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays  
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze;  
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,  
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

#### II.

The chief of Lara is return'd again:  
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?  
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—  
With none to check and few to point in time  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;  
Then, when he most required commandment,  
then  
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.  
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace  
His youth through all the mazes of its race;  
Short was the course his restlessness had run,  
Bu. long enough to leave him half undone

#### III.

And Lara left in youth his father-land;  
But from the hour he waved his parting hand  
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all  
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.  
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,  
'T was all they knew, that Lara was not there;  
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew  
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.  
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,  
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,  
Another chief consoled his destined bride,  
The young forgot him, and the old had died;  
"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir  
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.  
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace  
The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place;  
But one is absent from the mouldering file,  
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

#### IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,  
And whence they know not, why they need  
not guess; [o'er,  
They more might marvel, when the greeting's  
Not that he came, but came not long before  
No train is his beyond a single page.  
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age  
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away  
To those that wander as to those that stay;  
But lack of tidings from another clime  
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.  
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem  
The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,  
Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd  
by time;



His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,  
Might be untaught him by his varied lot;  
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name  
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame:  
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins  
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins;  
And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,  
Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

## v.

And they indeed were changed—'t is quickly  
seen,

Whate'er he be, 't was not what he had been:  
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,  
And spake of passions, but of passion past:  
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;  
A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
Their thoughts from others by a single look;  
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own the  
wound; [neath,

All these seem'd his, and something more be-  
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.  
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,  
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,  
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,  
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;  
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace  
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

## vi.

Not much he loved long question of the past,  
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,  
In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,  
And—as himself would have it seem—un-  
known:

Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,  
Nor glean experience from his fellow man;  
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,  
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;  
If still more prying such inquiry grew,  
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

## vii.

Not un rejoiced to see him once again,  
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;  
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,  
He mingled with the Magnates of his land;  
Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,  
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away;  
But still he only saw, and did not share,  
The common pleasure the general care;

He did not follow what they all pursued,  
With hope still baffled still to be renew'd;  
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain.  
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain  
Around him some mysterious circle thrown  
Repell'd approach, and show'd him still alone:  
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,  
That kept at least frivolity aloof;  
And things more timid that beheld him near  
In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear;  
And they the wiser, friendlier few confess'd  
They deem'd him better than his air express'd

## viii.

'T was strange—in youth all action and all life:  
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;  
Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave  
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,  
In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,  
And found his recompence in joy or woe,  
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought  
In that intensesness an escape from thought:  
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed  
On that the feebler elements hath raised;  
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,  
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:  
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,  
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?  
Alas! he told not—but he did awake  
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break

## ix.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,  
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,  
And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,  
From all communion he would start away:  
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,  
Through night's long hours would sound his  
hurried tread

O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd  
In rude but antique portraiture around:  
They heard, but whisper'd—"that must not be  
known—

The sound of words less earthly than his own.  
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had  
seen [have been.

They scarce knew what, but more than should  
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head  
Which hands profane had gather'd from the  
dead,

That still beside his open'd volume lay,  
As if to startle all save him away?  
Why slept he not when others were at rest?  
Why heard no music, and received no guest?  
All was not well, they deem'd—but where the  
wrong? [long;

Some knew perchance—but 't were a tale too

And such besides were too discreetly wise,  
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;  
But if they would—they could"—around the  
beard,

Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

## x.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream  
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam;  
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
And yet they glide like happiness away;  
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high  
The immortal lights that live along the sky:  
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,  
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;  
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,  
And Innocence would offer to her love.

These deck the shore; the waves their channel  
make

In windings bright and mazy like the snake.  
All was so still, so soft in earth and air.  
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;  
Secure that nought of evil could delight  
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!  
It was a moment only for the good:

So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,  
But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;  
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate;  
Such scene reminded him of other days,  
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,  
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that  
now—

No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,  
Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,  
A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

## xi.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,  
And his high shadow shot along the wall:  
There were the painted forms of other times,  
'T was all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
A vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults  
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;  
And half a column of the pompous page,  
That speeds the specious tale from age to age;

Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,  
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.

He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam  
shone

Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,  
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there  
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,  
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,

Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;  
bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,  
the wide waving of his suaken plume,

Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave  
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

## xii.

'T was midnight—all was slumber; the lone  
light

Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night  
Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—  
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!  
A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear  
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?  
They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,  
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save;  
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,  
And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands

## xiii.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,  
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,  
Was Lara stretch'd; his half-drawn sabre near,  
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's  
fear;

Yet ne was firm, or had been firm till now,  
And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;  
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay  
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;  
Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had  
died,

Some imprecation of despairing pride;  
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook  
Even in its trance the gladiator's look,  
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,  
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.

They raise him—bear him;—hush! he breathes,  
he speaks,

The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,  
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,  
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb  
Recalls its function, but his words are strung  
In terms that seem not of his native tongue;  
Distinct but strange, enough they understand  
To deem them accents of another land;  
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear  
That hears him not—alas! that cannot hear.

## xiv.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd  
To know the import of the words they heard;  
And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,  
They were not such as Lara should avow,  
Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise  
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,  
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,  
And in that tongue which seem'd his own  
replied

And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem  
To soothe away the horrors of his dream—  
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow  
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

## xv.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,  
If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd.  
Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,  
And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame;  
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,  
And soon the same in movement and in speech  
As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,—  
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,  
Than these were wont; and if the coming night  
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,  
He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,  
Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less  
forgot.

In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl,  
The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;  
The waving banner, and the clapping door,  
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;  
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,  
The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;  
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,  
As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

## xvi.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd  
gloom

Came not again, or Lara could assume  
A seeming of forgetfulness, that made  
His vassals more amazed nor less afraid—  
Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?  
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord  
Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these  
That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.  
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke  
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that  
broke [heart  
Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd  
That ceased to beat, the look that made them  
start?

Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,  
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?  
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd  
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd  
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws  
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?  
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,  
Nor common gazers could discern the growth  
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;  
They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

## xvii

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd  
Much to be loved and hated, sought and  
feard;

Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,  
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:  
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—  
They guess'd—they gazed—they fain would  
know his fate.

What had he been? what was he, thus un-  
known, [known?  
Who walk'd their world, his lineage only  
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,  
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay,  
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,  
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer;  
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not  
by,

None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye  
Yet there was softness too in his regard,  
At times, a heart as not by nature hard  
But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to chide  
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,  
And steel'd itself as scorning to redeem  
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;  
In self-inflicted penance of a breast  
Which tenderness might once have wrung from  
rest;

In vigilance of grief that would compel  
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

## xviii.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:  
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,  
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,  
An erring spirit from another hurl'd,  
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped  
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;  
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet  
His mind would half exult and half regret;  
With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth.  
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,  
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth;  
With thought of years in phantom chase mis-  
spent,  
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;  
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath  
In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
And left the better feelings all at strife  
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;  
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,  
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame  
And charged all faults upon the fleshy form  
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worn

Ill as at last confounded good and ill,  
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will:  
 Too high for common selfishness, he could  
 At times resign his own for others' good,  
 But not in pity, not because he ought,  
 But in some strange perversity of thought,  
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride  
 To do what few or none would do beside;  
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,  
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime;  
 So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,  
 The men with whom he felt condemn'd to  
 breathe;

And long'd by good or ill to separate  
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state;  
 His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne  
 Far from the world, in regions of her own:  
 Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,  
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:  
 Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,  
 But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd!  
 'T is true, with other men their path he walk'd,  
 And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,  
 Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,  
 His madness was not of the head, but heart;  
 And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew  
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

## XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,  
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen,  
 He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art  
 Of fixing memory on another's heart:  
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught  
 That words can image to express the thought;  
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,  
 And once beheld, would ask of him again:  
 And those to whom he spake remember'd well,  
 And on the words, however light, would dwell:  
 None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined  
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;  
 There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,  
 If greeted once; however brief the date  
 That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,  
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.  
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,  
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;  
 His presence haunted still; and from the breast  
 He forced an all unwilling interest:  
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,  
 His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

## XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,  
 And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,

Appear—a highborn and a welcome guest  
 To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.  
 The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,  
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;  
 And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train  
 Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:  
 Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands  
 That mingle there in well according bands;  
 It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,  
 And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,  
 And Youth forget such hour was past on earth  
 So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

## XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,  
 His brow believ'd him if his soul was sad;  
 And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair  
 Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:  
 He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,  
 With folded arms and long attentive eye,  
 Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his—  
 Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:  
 At length he caught it—'t is a face unknown  
 But seems as searching his, and his alone;  
 Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,  
 Who still till now had gazed on him unseen:  
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze  
 Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze;  
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,  
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw;  
 Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and stern,  
 Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could  
 learn.

## XXII.

"T is he!" the stranger cried, and those that  
 heard  
 Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.  
 "T is he!"—"T is who?" they question far  
 and near,  
 Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;  
 So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook  
 The general marvel, or that single look:  
 But Lara stir'd not, changed not, the surprise  
 That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
 Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised  
 Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger  
 gazed;  
 And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty sneer,  
 "T is he!—how came he thence?—what doth  
 he here?"

## XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by  
 Such questions, so repeated fierce and high;

With look collected, but with accent cold,  
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,  
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—  
'My name is Lara!—when thine own is known,  
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite  
The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.  
'T is Lara!—further wouldst thou mark or ask?  
I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

"Thou shunn'st no question! Ponder—is there  
none [shun?  
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would  
And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze  
again!

At least thy memory was not given in vain.  
Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,  
Eternity forbids thee to forget."  
With slow and searching glance upon his face  
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace  
The 'knew, or chose to know—with dubious  
look

He reign'd no answer, but his head he shook,  
And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;  
But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.  
'A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here  
To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,  
But as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, lord,  
If false, 't is easy to disprove the word—  
But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,  
Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.  
Art thou not he? whose deeds——"

"Whate'er I be,  
Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,  
I list no further; those with whom they weigh  
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay  
The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can  
tell,

Which thus begins so courteously and well.  
Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,  
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be ex-  
press'd." [posed—

And here their wondering host hath inter-  
"Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,  
This is no time nor fitting place to mar  
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.  
If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show  
Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,  
To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best  
Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;  
I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,  
Though, like Count Lara, now return'd alone  
From other lands, almost a stranger grown;  
and if from Lara's blood and gentle birth  
I augur right of courage and of worth,  
I will not that untainted line belie,  
Nor aught that knighthood may accord, deny."

"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,  
"And here our several worth and truth be tried  
I gage my life, my falchion to attest  
My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"  
What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk  
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;  
The words of many, and the eyes of all  
That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall  
But his wife silent, his appear'd to stray  
In far forgetfulness away—away—  
Alas! that heedlessness of all around  
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

## XXIV.

"To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!" further word  
Than those repeated none from Lara heard;  
Upon his brow no outward passion spoke;  
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;  
Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone  
Which show'd resolve, determined, though un-  
known.

He seized his cloak—his head he slightly  
bow'd,  
And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;  
And, as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown.  
With which that chieftain's brow would bear  
him down:

It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride—  
That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;  
But that of one in his own heart secure  
Of all that he would do or could endure.  
Could this mean peace? the calmness of the  
good?

Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?  
Alas! too like in confidence are each,  
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;  
From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern  
Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart  
to learn.

## XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way—  
Well could that stripling word or sign obey:  
His only follower from those climes afar,  
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;  
For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,  
In duty patient, and sedate though young;  
Silent as him he served, his faith appears  
Above his station, and beyond his years.  
Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,  
In such from him he rarely heard command;  
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would  
come, [home:

When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of  
Those accents, as his native mountains dear,  
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,

Friends', kindreds', parents, wonted voice  
 recall,  
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all :  
 For him earth now disclosed no other guide ;  
 What marvel then he rarely left his side ?

## XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate  
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,  
 But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,  
 The cheek where of the unbidden blush shone  
 through ; [would show  
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health  
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow ;  
 But 't was a hectic tint of secret care  
 That for a burning moment fever'd there ;  
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught  
 From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,  
 Though its black orb those long low lashes'  
 fringe  
 Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge ;  
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,  
 Or, if 't were grief, a grief that none should  
 share : [age,  
 And pleased not him the sports that please his  
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;  
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ;  
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd  
 lone,  
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;  
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;  
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook :  
 He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart  
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ;  
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth  
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

## XXVII.

If aught he loved, 't was Lara ; but was shown  
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;  
 In mute attention ; and his care, which guess'd  
 Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.  
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid ;  
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,  
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;  
 As if 't was Lara's less than his desire  
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.  
 Slight were the tasks enjoind him by his lord,  
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ;  
 To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,  
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore ;  
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,  
 To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain.

But that well-worn reserve which proved he  
 knew

No sympathy with that familiar crew ;  
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem ;  
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
 Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,  
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
 So femininely white it might bespeak  
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooth  
 cheek,  
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;  
 A latent fierceness that far more became  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :  
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd  
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore ;  
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
 Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;  
 Unless 't was Lara's wonted voice that spake,  
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

## XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,  
 And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all,  
 And when the crowd around and near him told  
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,  
 Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore  
 Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,  
 The colour of young Kaled went and came,  
 The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame ;  
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops  
 threw  
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew,  
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection  
 shrinks. [and dare,  
 Yes—there be things which we must dream  
 And execute ere thought be half aware :  
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
 To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.  
 He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast  
 That sidelong smile upon the knight he past.  
 When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,  
 As if on something recognised right well ;  
 His memory read in such a meaning more  
 Than Lara's aspect unto others wore :  
 Forward he spring—a moment, both were gone.  
 And all within that hall seem'd left a one ;  
 Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's men.  
 All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene

That when his long dark shadow through the porch

No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,  
Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem  
To bound as doubting from too black a dream,  
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,  
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.  
And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,  
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;  
Put long remain'd not; ere an hour expired  
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

## XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;  
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,  
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep  
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,  
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,  
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:

There lies love's feverish Lope, and cunning's guile,

Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;  
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
What better name may slumber's bed become?

Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk  
supine,

Alike in naked helplessness recline;  
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,  
And shun, though day but dawn on ills in-  
creased, [least.

That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the moun-  
tains curl'd

Met into morn, and Light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little, but his last;  
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.  
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,  
And cry, exulting inly. "They are thine!"

Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see,  
A morrow comes when they are not for thee.  
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;  
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,  
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all,  
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,  
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

## II.

'T is morn—'t is noon—sembled in the hall,  
The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;  
'T is now the promised hour, that must pro-  
claim

The life or death of Lara's future fame;  
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,  
And whatsoever the tale, it must be told.  
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise  
given,

To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.  
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged  
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

## III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,  
With self-convincing, coldly patient air;  
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,  
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'ercast  
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,  
If yet he be on earth, expect him here;  
The roof that held him in the valley stands  
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;  
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd  
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,  
But that some previous proof forbade his stay  
And urged him to prepare against to-day;  
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,  
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

He ceased—and Lara answer'd, "I am here  
To lend at thy demand a listening ear  
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,  
Whose words already might my heart hav-  
wring,

But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad  
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.  
I know him not—but me it seems he knew  
In lands where—but I must not trifle too:  
Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge;  
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge.

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw  
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew  
"The last alternative befits me best,  
And thus I answer for mine absent guest

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,  
 However near his own or other's tomb ;  
 With hand, whose almost careless coolness  
 spoke

Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke ;  
 With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,  
 Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.

In vain the circling chieftains round them  
 closed,

For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed ;  
 And from his lip those words of insult fell—  
 His sword is good who can maintain them well.

IV.

Short was the conflict ; furious, blindly rash,  
 Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash :  
 He bled, and fell ; but not with deadly wound,  
 Stretch'd by a dextrous sleight along the ground.  
 "Demand thy life!" He answer'd not: and  
 then

From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,  
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue ;  
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now  
 Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow ;  
 Then all was stern collectdness and art,  
 Now rose the unheaven'd hatred of his heart ;  
 So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,  
 That when the approaching crowd his arm  
 withheld,

He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those,  
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose ;  
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent ;  
 Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,  
 As if he loathed the infernal strife  
 That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life ;  
 As if to search how far the wound he gave  
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech  
 Forbade all present question, sign, and speech ;  
 The others met within a neighbouring hall,  
 And he, incensed, and heedless of them all,  
 The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,  
 In haughty silence slowly strode away ;  
 He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took,  
 Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,  
 Who menaced but to disappear with light.  
 Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went  
 To leave no other trace of his intent.  
 He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,  
 In darkness, yet so well the path was worn

He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay,  
 But there he was not, and with coming day  
 Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought  
 Except the absence of the chief it sought.  
 A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,  
 His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires dis-  
 tress'd:

Their search extends along, around the path  
 In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath,  
 But none are there, and not a brake hath born  
 Nor gout of blood, nor shroud of mantle torn ;  
 Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,  
 Which still retains a mark where murder was ;  
 Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,  
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
 When agonised hands that cease to guard,  
 Wound in that pang the smoothness of the  
 sword.

Some such had been, if here a life was left,  
 But these were not; and doubting hope is  
 left ;

And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,  
 Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame ;  
 Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,  
 Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd  
 Again its wonted wondering to renew,  
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,  
 But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:  
 He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,  
 The friend of all who sought to work him woe,  
 And from his country's justice now demands  
 Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.  
 Who else than Lara could have cause to fear  
 His presence? who had made him disappear,  
 If not the man on whom his menaced charge  
 Had set too deeply were he left at large?  
 The general rumour ignorantly loud,  
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd :  
 The seeming friendlessness of him who strove  
 To win no countenance, and wake no love ;  
 The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd.  
 The skill with which he wielded his keen blade  
 Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?  
 Were had that fierceness grown upon his heard?  
 For it was not the blind capricious rage  
 A word can kindle and a word assuage ;  
 But the deep working of a soul unmix'd  
 With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd ;  
 Such as long power and overgorged success  
 Concentrates into all that's merciless.  
 These, link'd with that desire which ever sways  
 Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise.



Gairst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,  
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,  
And he must answer for the absent head  
Of one that baunts him still, alive or dead

## VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law;  
Long war without and frequent broil within  
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,  
That waited but a signal to begin  
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,  
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;  
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,  
In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd.  
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,  
And with them pinning hearts and sluggish  
hands;

But that long absence from his native clime  
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,  
And now, diverted by his milder sway,  
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.

The menials felt their usual awe alone,  
But more for him than them that fear was grown;  
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first  
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,  
And each long restless night, and silent mood,  
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude;  
And though his lonely habits threw of late  
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;  
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed with-  
drew,

For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.  
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,  
The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye;  
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof  
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.  
And they who watch'd might mark that, day  
by day,

Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;  
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,  
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host:  
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread  
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;  
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains  
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.  
If this were policy, so far 't was sound,  
The million judg'd but of him as they found;  
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven  
They but required a shelter, and 't was given  
By him no peasant mourn'd his rifed cot,  
And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot;  
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,  
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;

Youth, present cheer and promised recompence  
Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence:  
To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,  
The deep reversion of delay'd revenge;  
To love, long baffled by the unequal match,  
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch  
All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim  
That slavery nothing which was still a name.  
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought  
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought  
His summons found the destined criminal  
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,  
Fresh from their fendal fetters newly riven,  
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.  
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slave  
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves.  
Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight  
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:  
Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you  
will,

A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;  
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and  
spread, [be fed!  
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms

## IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had  
gain'd

Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;  
Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,  
The Serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both  
They waited but a leader, and they found  
One to their cause inseparably bound;  
By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,  
In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,  
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:  
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun  
Inquiry into deeds at distance done;  
By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall  
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,  
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,  
Roused by events that seem'd fated to  
urge

His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,  
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been.  
And is again; he only changed the scene.  
Light care had he for life, and less for fame,  
But not less fitted for the desperate game.  
He deem'd himself mark'd out for others' hate  
And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.  
What cared he for the freedom of the crowd  
He rais'd the humble but to bend the proud.

He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,  
 But man and destiny beset him there:  
 Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;  
 And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.  
 Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been  
 Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;  
 But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood  
 A leader not unequal to the feud; [spoke,  
 In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature  
 And from his eye the gladiator broke.

## X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,  
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?  
 The varying fortune of each separate field,  
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?  
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?  
 In this the struggle was the same with all;  
 Save that distemper'd passions lent their force  
 In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.  
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,  
 The captive died upon the battle-slain:  
 In either cause, one rage alone possess'd  
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast;  
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway,  
 Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd  
 to slay.

It was too late to check the wasting band,  
 And Desolation reav'd the famish'd land;  
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,  
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

## XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse  
 strung,  
 The first success to Lara's numbers clung:  
 But that vain victory hath ruin'd all;  
 They form no longer to their leader's call:  
 In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
 And think to snatch is to secure success.  
 The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:  
 In vain he doth whate'er a chief way do,  
 To check the headlong fury of that crew;  
 In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,  
 The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;  
 The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,  
 And shown their rashness to that erring brood:  
 The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade,  
 The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,  
 The long privation of the hoped supply,  
 The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
 The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,  
 And palls the patience of his baffled heart,  
 Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day  
 They could encounter as a veteran may;

But more preferr'd the fury of the strife,  
 And present death, to hourly suffering life  
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away  
 His numbers melting fast from their array;  
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,  
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:  
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,  
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:  
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain  
 To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.  
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,  
 And thence they may escape from native war  
 And bear within them to the neighbouring state  
 An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:  
 Hard is the task their father-land to quit,  
 But harder still to perish or submit.

## XII.

It is resolv'd—they march—consenting Nigh  
 Guides with ner star their dim and torchless  
 flight:  
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam  
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;  
 Already they descry—Is yon the bank?  
 Away! 't is lined with many a hostile rank.  
 Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?  
 'T is Otho's banner—the pursner's spear!  
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height  
 Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:  
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,  
 Less blood-perchance hath bought a richer spoil.

## XIII.

A moment's pause—'t is but to breathe their  
 band,  
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?  
 It matters little—if they charge the foes  
 Who by their border-stream their march oppose.  
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the  
 line,  
 However link'd to baffle such design.  
 "The charge be ours! to wait for their assault  
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."  
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,  
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed  
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath  
 How many shall but hear the voice of death!

## XIV.

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air  
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;  
 A something of indifference more than then  
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.  
 He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,  
 And still too faithful to betray one fear:

Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight  
threw  
Along his aspect an unwonted hue  
Dl' mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd  
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.  
This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:  
It trembled not in such an hour as this;  
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,  
His eye alone proclaim'd, "We will not part!  
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,  
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward  
driven, [riven;  
Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder  
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,  
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;  
Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still oppose  
Despair to daring, and a front to foes;  
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,  
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

## XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,  
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,  
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,  
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.  
None fled, for well they knew that flight were  
vain;  
But those that waver turn to smite again,  
While yet they find the firmest of the foe  
Recoil before their leader's look and blow:  
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,  
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own;  
Himself he spared not—once they seem'd to  
fly—

Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,  
And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed  
crest?

The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast!  
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.  
The word of triumph faints from his tongue:  
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!  
But yet the sword instinctively retains,  
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;  
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,  
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,  
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page  
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:  
Meantime his followers charge, and charge  
again;

Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

## XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
The cloven cuirass and the helmless head;

The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth,  
And near, yet quivering with what life re-  
main'd, [rein'd;

The heel that urged him and the hand that  
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;  
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath  
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;  
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,  
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;  
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,  
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to  
taste:

They feel its freshness, and almost partake—  
Why pause? No further thirst have they to  
slake—

It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not—  
It was an agony—but now forgot!

## XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,  
Where but for him that strife had never been,  
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:

'T was Lara bleeding fast from life away.  
His follower once, and now his only guide,  
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,  
And with his scarf would stanch the tides that  
rush,

With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;  
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,  
In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
And merely adds another throb to pain.  
He clasps the hand that pang which would  
assuage,

And sady smiles his thanks to that dark page,  
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor  
sees, [kneels;  
Save that damp brow which rests upon his  
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,  
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

## XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,  
Their triumph nought till Lara too should  
yield [vain

They would remove him, but they see 'twere  
And he regards them with a calm disdain,  
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,  
And that escape to death from living hate:  
And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,  
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed  
And questions of his state he answers not,  
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,

And turn to Kaled :—each remaining word  
They understood not, if distinctly heard ;  
His dying tones are in that other tongue,  
To which some strange remembrance wildly  
clung.

They spake of other scenes, but what—is known  
To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone ;  
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,  
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement  
round :

They seem'd even then—that twain unto—the  
To half forget the present in the past ;

I share between themselves some separate  
fate,

Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

## XIX.

Their words though faint were many—from  
the tone

Their import those who heard could judge alone ;  
From this, you might have deem'd young  
Kaled's death

More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,  
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke  
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke ;  
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear  
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely  
near :

But from his visage little could we guess,  
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,  
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,  
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast ;  
And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,  
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East :  
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high  
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his  
eye,

Or that 't was chance, or some remember'd  
That raised his arm to point where such had  
been,

Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,  
As if his heart abhor'd that coming day,  
And shrunk his glance before that morning  
light,

To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.  
Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its  
loss ;

For when one near display'd the absolving cross,  
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,  
Of which his parting soul might own the need,  
He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
And smiled—Heave a pardon ! if 't were with  
disdain :

And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew  
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,

With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,  
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift  
As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,  
That life of Immortality, secure  
To none, save them whose faith in Christ is  
sure.

## XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew  
And dull the film along his dim eye grew,  
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head  
droop'd o'er

The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;  
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—  
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part  
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain  
For that faint thro' which answers not again.  
"It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is  
gone—

It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

## XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away  
The haughty spirit of that humble clay ;  
And those around have roused him from his  
trance,

But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance  
And when, in raising him from where he bore  
Within his arms the form that felt no more,  
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,  
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain ;  
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear  
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,  
But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and  
fell,

Scarce breathing more than that he loved so  
Than that *he* loved ! Oh ! never yet beneath  
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe  
That trying moment hath at once reveal'd  
The secret long and yet but half conceal'd ;  
In baring to revive that lifeless breast,  
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd ;  
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—  
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame ?

## XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
But where he died his grave was dug as deep,  
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd  
the mound ;

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief  
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief  
Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,  
And vain e'en menace—silent to the last :

She told nor whence, nor why she left behind  
 Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.  
 Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—  
 Is human love the growth of human will?  
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,

And when they love, your smiles guess not how  
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.  
 They were not common links, that form'd the chain

That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;  
 But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,  
 And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

## XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,  
 Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,  
 They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,  
 Which were not planted there in recent war;  
 Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,  
 It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;  
 But all unknown his glory or his guilt,  
 These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,  
 And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,  
 Return'd no more—that night appear'd his last.

## XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)  
 A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,  
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,  
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;  
 A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,  
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,

Pass'd by the river that divides the plain  
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:  
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke  
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak  
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,  
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.  
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,  
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,  
 Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,  
 Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,  
 And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,  
 Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,

Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd  
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,  
 And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,  
 As if even yet too much its surface show'd:  
 At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown  
 The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;  
 Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there  
 And slung them with a more than common care.

Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen  
 Himself might safely mark what this might mean;

He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,  
 And something glitter'd starlike on the vest;  
 But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk  
 A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:  
 It rose again, but indistinct to view,  
 And left the waters of a purple hue,  
 Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman gazet  
 Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised;  
 Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,  
 And instant spur'd him into panting speed.  
 His face was mask'd—the features of the dead  
 If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread  
 But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,  
 Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,  
 And such 't is known Sir Ezzelin had worn  
 Upon the night that led to such a morn.  
 If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!  
 His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;  
 And charity upon the hope would dwell  
 It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

## XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,  
 Alike without their monumental stone!  
 The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean  
 From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been;

Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,  
 Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;  
 But furious would you tear her from the spot  
 Where yet she scarce believed that he was not  
 Her eye shot forth with all the living fire  
 That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;  
 But left to waste her weary moments there,  
 She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,  
 Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,  
 And woos to listen to her fond complaints:  
 And she would sit beneath the very tree  
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;  
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,  
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;  
 And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair  
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there  
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,  
 As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound  
 Herself would question, and for him reply;  
 Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly  
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit;  
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root,  
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,  
 Or trace strange characters along the sand—  
 This could not last—she lies by him she loved;  
 Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

# The Siege of Corinth.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country<sup>1</sup>, thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

## The Siege of Corinth.

In the year since Jesus died for men,  
Eighteen hundred years and ten  
We were a gallant company.  
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea  
Oh! but we went merrily!  
We forded the river, and clomb the high aill,  
Never our steeds for a day stood still;  
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,  
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed:

Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,  
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,  
Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddl  
spread

As a pillow beneath the resting head,  
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:  
All our thoughts and words had scope.  
We had health, and we had hope,  
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.  
We were of all tongues and creeds;—  
Some were those who counted beads,  
Some of mosque, and some of church,  
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;  
Yet through the wide world might ye search  
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,  
And some are scatter'd and alone,  
And some are rebels on the hills<sup>2</sup>  
That look along Epirus' valleys,  
Where freedom still at moments rallies  
And pays in blood oppression's ills;  
And some are in a far countree,  
And some all restlessly at home;  
But never more, oh! never, we  
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily,  
And when they now fall drearily,  
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main.  
And bear my spirit back again  
Over the earth, and through the air,  
A wild bird and a wanderer.  
'T is this that ever wakes my strain,  
And oft, too oft, implores again  
The few who may endure my lay,  
To follow me so far away.  
Stranger—wilt thou follow me now,  
And sit with me on Aero Corinth's brow

## I.

Many a vanish'd year and age,  
 And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,  
 Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,  
 A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.  
 The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's  
 shock,  
 Have left untouched her hoary rock,  
 The keystone of a land, which still,  
 Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill.  
 The landmark to the double tide  
 That purpling rolls on either side,  
 As if their waters chafed to meet,  
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.  
 But could the blood before her shed  
 Since first Tivoleon's brother bled,  
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled,  
 Arise from out the earth which drank  
 The stream of slaughter as it sank,  
 That sanguine ocean would o'erflow  
 Her isthmus idly spread below :  
 Or could the bones of all the slain,  
 Who perish'd there, be piled again,  
 That rival pyramid would rise  
 More mountain-like, through those clear skies  
 Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,  
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

## II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears  
 The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;  
 And downward to the Isthmian plain,  
 From shore to shore of either main,  
 The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines  
 Along the Moslem's leaguering lines  
 And the dusk Spahi's bands<sup>3</sup> advance  
 Beneath each bearded pacha's glance;  
 And far and wide as eye can reach  
 The turban'd cohorts throng the beach;  
 And there the Arab's camel kneels,  
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels;  
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,<sup>4</sup>  
 The sabre round his loins to gird;  
 And there the volleying thunders pour,  
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar.  
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath  
 Wings the far hissing globe of death;  
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,  
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;  
 And from that wall the foe replies,  
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,  
 With fires that answer fast and well  
 The summons of the Infidel.

## III.

But near and nearest to the wall  
 Of those who wish and work 'is fall,

With deeper skill in war's black art,  
 Than Othman's sons, and high of heart  
 As any chief that ever stood  
 Triumphant in the fields of blood;  
 From post to post, and deed to deed,  
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed,  
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail,  
 And make the foremost Moslem quail;  
 Or where the battery, guarded well,  
 Remains as yet impregnable,  
 Alighting cheerily to inspire  
 The soldier slackening in his fire;  
 The first and freshest o' the host  
 Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,  
 To guide the follower o'er the field,  
 To point the tube, the lance to wield,  
 Or whirl around the bickering blade;—  
 Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!

## IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth  
 His gentle sires—he drew his birth;  
 But late an exile from her shore,  
 Against his countrymen he bore  
 The arms they taught to bear; and now  
 The turban girt his shaven brow.  
 Through many a change had Corinth pass'd  
 With Greece to Venice' rule at last;  
 And here, before her walls, with those  
 To Greece and Venice equal foes,  
 He stood a foe, with all the zeal  
 Which young and fiery converts feel,  
 Within whose heated bosom throngs  
 The memory of a thousand wrongs.  
 To him had Venice ceased to be  
 Her ancient civic boast—"the Free;"  
 And in the palace of St. Mark  
 Unnamed accusers in the dark  
 Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed  
 A charge against him uneffaced:  
 He fled in time, and saved his life,  
 To waste his future years in strife,  
 That taught his land how great her loss  
 In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross  
 'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent biga  
 And battled to avenge or die.

## V.

Coumourgi<sup>5</sup>—he whose closing scene  
 Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,  
 When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,  
 The last and mightiest of the slain,  
 He sank, regretting not to die,  
 But cursed the Christian's victory—  
 Coumourgi—can his glory cease.  
 That latest conqueror of Greece.

Fill Christian hands to Greece restore  
 The freedom Venice gave of yore?  
 A hundred years have roll'd away  
 Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway,  
 And now he led the Mussulman,  
 And gave the guidance of the van  
 To Alp, who well repaid the trust  
 By cities levell'd with the dust;  
 And proved, by many a deed of death  
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

## VI.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot  
 Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,  
 With unabating fury sent  
 From battery to battlement;  
 And thunder-like the pealing din  
 Rose from each heated culverin:  
 And here and there some crackling dome  
 Was fired before the exploding bomb:  
 And as the fabric sank beneath  
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,  
 In red and wreathing columns flash'd  
 The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,  
 Or into countless meteors driven,  
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven;  
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,  
 Impervious to the hidden sun,  
 With volumed smoke that slowly grew  
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

## VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,  
 Alone, did Alp, the renegade,  
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach  
 His skill to pierce the promised breach:  
 Within these walls a maid was pent  
 His hope would win, without consent  
 Of that inexorable sire,  
 Whose heart refused him in its ire,  
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,  
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.  
 In happier mood and earlier time,  
 While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,  
 Gayest in gondola or hall,  
 He glitter'd through the Carnival;  
 And tuned the softest serenade  
 That e'er on Adria's waters play'd  
 At midnight to Italian maid.

## VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won;  
 For sought by numbers, given to none,  
 Had young Francesca's hand remain'd  
 Still by the laurel's bowers unclaim'd.

And when the Adriatic bore  
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,  
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,  
 And pensive wax'd the maid and pale;  
 More constant at confessional,  
 More rare at masque and festival;  
 Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,  
 Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize  
 With listless look she seems to gaze;  
 With humbler care her form arrays;  
 Her voice less lively in the song;  
 Her step, though light, less fleet among  
 The pairs, on whom the Morn'ing's glance  
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

## IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,  
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,  
 While Sobieski tamed his pride  
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,  
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away  
 From Patra to Eubora's bay,)  
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers  
 The Doge's delegated powers,  
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace  
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece  
 And ere that faithless truce was broke  
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke  
 With him his gentle daughter came;  
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame  
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove  
 What woes await on lawless love,  
 Had fairer form adorn'd the shore  
 Than she, the matchless stranger bore.

## X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn;  
 And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
 O'er the disjointed mass shall vault  
 The foremost of the fierce assault.  
 The bands are rank'd; the chosen van  
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman,  
 The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"  
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn.  
 And win their way with falchion's force,  
 Or pave the path with many a corse,  
 O'er which the following brave may rise,  
 Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

## XI.

'T is midnight: on the mountains brown  
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down;  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hush on high,  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright;



Who ever gazed upon them shining  
 And turn'd to earth without repining,  
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray?  
 The waves on either shore lay there  
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.  
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves;  
 The banners droop'd along their staves,  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,  
 And echo answer'd from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
 'T was musical, but sadly sweet,  
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
 And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
 It seem'd to those within the wall  
 A cry prophetic of their fall:  
 It struck even the besieger's ear  
 With something ominous and drear,  
 An undefined and sudden thrill,  
 Which makes the heart a moment still,  
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
 Such as a sudden passing bell  
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

## XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;  
 The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er;  
 The watch was set, the night-round made,  
 All mandates issued and obey'd:  
 'T is but another anxious night,  
 His pains the morrow may requite  
 With all revenge and love can pay,  
 In guerdon for their long delay.  
 Few hours remain, and he hath need  
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed  
 Of slaughter: but within his soul  
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll  
 He stood alone among the host;  
 Not his the loud fanatic boast  
 To plant the crescent o'er the cross,  
 Or risk a life with little loss,  
 Secure in paradise to be  
 By Houris loved immortally:

Nor his, what burning patriots feel,  
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,  
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,  
 When battling on the parent soil  
 He stood alone—a renegade  
 Against the country he betray'd;  
 He stood alone amidst his band,  
 Without a trusted heart or hand:  
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,  
 And great the spoil he got and gave;  
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill  
 To warp and wield the vulgar will:  
 But still his Christian origin  
 With them was little less than sin.  
 They envied even the faithless fame  
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name,  
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been  
 In youth a bitter Nazarene.  
 They did not know how pride can stoop,  
 When baffled feelings withering droop;  
 They did not know how hate can burn  
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern  
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal  
 The convert of revenge can feel.  
 He ruled them—man may say the worst,  
 By ever daring to be first:  
 So lions o'er the jackal sway;  
 The jackal points, he feels the prey,  
 Then on the vulgar yelling press,  
 To gorge the relics of success.

## XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse  
 The quick successive throbs convulse;  
 In vain from side to side he throws  
 His form, in courtship of repose;  
 Or if he dozes, a sound, a start  
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.  
 The turban on his hot brow press'd,  
 The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,  
 Though oft and long beneath its weight  
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,  
 Without or couch or canopy,  
 Except a rougher field and sky  
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,  
 Than now along the heaven was spread.  
 He could not rest, he could not stay  
 Within his tent to wait for day,  
 But walk'd him forth along the sand,  
 Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand  
 What pillow'd them? and why should he  
 More wakeful than the humblest be?  
 Since more their peril, worse their toil,  
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;  
 While he alone, where thousands pass'd  
 A night of sleep, perchance their last,

In sickly vigil wander'd on,  
And envied all he gazed upon.

## xiv.

He felt his soul become more light  
Beneath the freshness of the night.  
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,  
And bathed his brow with airy balm:  
Behind, the camp—before him lay,  
In many a winding creek and bay,  
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow  
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Through thousand summers brightly gone,  
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;  
It will not melt, like man, to time:  
Tyrant and slave are swept away,  
Less form'd to wear before the ray;  
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,  
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,  
While tower and tree are torn and rent,  
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;  
In form a peak, in height a cloud,  
In texture like a hovering shroud,  
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,  
As from her fond abode she fled,  
And linger'd on the spot, where long  
Her prophet spirit spake in song.  
Ob! still her step at moments falters  
O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,  
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,  
By pointing to each glorious token:  
But vain her voice, till better days  
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,  
Which shone upon the Persian flying,  
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

## xv.

Not mindless of these mighty times  
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;  
And through this night, as on he wander'd,  
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,  
And thought upon the glorious dead  
Who there in better cause had bled,  
He felt how faint and feebly dim  
The fame that could accrue to him,  
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,  
A traitor in a turban'd horde;  
And led them to the lawless siege,  
Whose best success were sacrilege.  
Not so had those his fancy number'd,  
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;  
Their phalans march'd on the plain,  
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
They fell devoted, but unyielding;  
The very gale their names seem'd sighing,

The waters murmur'd of their name;  
The woods were peopled with their fame;  
The silent pillar, lone and grey,  
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;  
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkled o'er the tountain;  
The meanest rill, the mightiest river  
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.  
Despite of every joke she bears,  
That land is glory's still and theirs!  
'T is still a watch-word to the earth:  
When man would do a deed of worth  
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head.  
He looks to her, and rushes on  
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

## xvi.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,  
And woo'd the freshness Night diffused.  
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,  
Which changeless rolls eternally;  
So that wildcast of waves, in their angriest  
mood, [ mood;  
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a  
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,  
Heedless if she come or go:  
Calm or high, in main or bay,  
On their course she hath no sway.  
The rock unworn its base doth bar,  
And looks o'er the suri, but it comes not there;  
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,  
On the line that it left long ages ago.  
A smooth short space of yellow sand  
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,  
Till within the range of a carbine's reach  
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,  
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?  
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?  
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts  
wax'd cold?  
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall  
There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,  
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,  
That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town;  
Though he heard the sound, and could almost  
tell  
The sullen words of the sentinel,  
As his measured step on the stone below  
Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;  
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,  
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb.  
They were too busy to bark at him!

From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,  
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;  
 And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter  
 skull,<sup>6</sup> [edge grew dull,  
 As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their  
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
 When they scarce could rise from the spot  
 where they fed ;

So well had they broken a lingering fast  
 With those who had fallen for that night's re-  
 past. [sand,

And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the  
 The foremost of these were the best of his band :  
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their  
 wear,

And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,<sup>7</sup>  
 All the rest was shaven and bare.

The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,  
 The hair was tangled round his jaw.

But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,  
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,  
 Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,  
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;  
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,  
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

## XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight :  
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;  
 But he better could brook to behold the dying,  
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,  
 Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in  
 vain,

Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.  
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour,  
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may  
 lower ;

For Fame is there to say who bleeds,  
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds !  
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread  
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,  
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the  
 air,

Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,  
 All regarding man as their prey,  
 All rejoicing in his decay.

## XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,  
 Fashion'd by long forgotten hands ;  
 Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
 Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown !  
 Out upon Time ! it will leave no more  
 Of the things to come than the things before !  
 Out upon Time ! who for ever will leave  
 But enough of the past for the future to grieve

O'er that which hath been and o'er that which  
 must be

What we have seen, our sons shall see ;  
 Remnants of things that have pass'd away,  
 Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay

## XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,  
 And pass'd his hand athwart his face ;  
 Like one in dreary musing mood,  
 Declining was his attitude ;  
 His head was drooping on his breast,  
 Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd :  
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,  
 Oft his beating fingers went,  
 Hurriedly, as you may see  
 Your own run over the ivory key,  
 Ere the measured tone is taken  
 By the chords you would awaken.  
 There he sate all heavily,  
 As he heard the night-wind sigh.  
 Was it the wind through some hollow stone,  
 Send that soft and tender moan ?  
 He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,  
 But it was unrippled as glass may be ;  
 He look'd on the long grass—it waved not  
 a blade ;

How was that gentle sound convey'd ?  
 He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,  
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
 And he felt not a breath come over his cheek ;  
 What did that sudden sound bespeak ?  
 He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight ?  
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright !

## XX.

He started up with more of fear  
 Than if an armed foe were near.  
 " God of my fathers ! what is here ?  
 Who art thou, and wherefore sent  
 So near a hostile armament ? "  
 His trembling hands refused to sign  
 The cross he deem'd no more divine -  
 He had resumed it in that hour,  
 But conscience wrung away the power.  
 He gazed, he saw : he knew the face  
 Of beauty, and the form of grace ;  
 It was Francesca by his side,  
 The maid who might have been his bride

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
 But mellow'd with a tenderer streak :  
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?  
 Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red  
 The ocean's calm within thy view,  
 Beside her eye had less to blue :

As like that cold wave it stood still,  
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.  
 Around her form a thin robe twining,  
 Nought conceal'd her bosom shining ;  
 Through the parting of her hair,  
 Floating darkly downward there,  
 Her rounded arm show'd white and bare :  
 And ere she made reply,  
 Once she raised her hand on high ;  
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,  
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

## XXI.

\* I come from my rest to him I love best,  
 'That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.  
 I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall ;  
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all.  
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee  
 From a maid in the pride of her purity ;  
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good  
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well  
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
 I come—and if I come in vain  
 Never, oh never, we meet again .  
 Thou hast done a fearful deed  
 In falling away from thy father's creed :  
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;  
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

" And where should our bridal couch be spread?  
 In the midst of the dying and the dead ?  
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame  
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.  
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
 Shall be left upon the morn :  
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
 Where our hands shall be join'd, and our  
 sorrow forgot.

There thou yet shalt be my bride,  
 When once again I've quell'd the pride  
 Of Venice ; and her hated race  
 Have felt the arm they would debase  
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own —  
 Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,  
 And shot a chillness to his heart,  
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.  
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,  
 He could not loose him from its hold ;  
 But never did clasp of one so dear  
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,  
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night  
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,  
 As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,  
 So deeply changed from what he knew :  
 Fair but faint—without the ray  
 Of mind, that made each feature play  
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;  
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
 And her words came forth without her breath,  
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's  
 swell, [dwell.  
 And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to  
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were  
 fix'd, [unnix'd  
 And the glance that it gave was wild and  
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem  
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;  
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,  
 Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,  
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,  
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;  
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to  
 come down [frown ;  
 From the shadowy wall where their images  
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,  
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

" If not for love of me be given  
 Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—  
 Again I say—that turban bear  
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,  
 Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—  
 Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me  
 If this thou dost accord, albeit  
 A heavy doom 't is thine to meet,  
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within  
 But pause one moment more, and take  
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;  
 And look once more to heaven, and see  
 Its love for ever shut from thee.  
 There is a light cloud by the moon—  
 'T is passing, and will pass full soon—  
 If, by the time its vapoury sail  
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil.  
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
 Then God and man are both averg'd ;  
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
 Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high  
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;

But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside,  
By deep interminable pride.  
This first false passion of his breast  
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.  
*He sue for mercy! He dismay'd*  
By wild words of a timid maid!  
*He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save*  
Her sons, devoted to the grave!  
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,  
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly  
Without an accent of reply;  
He watch'd it passing; it is flown.  
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,  
And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,  
I am no changeling—'t is too late:  
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.  
What Venice made me, I must be,  
Her foe in all, save love to thee:  
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"  
He turn'd, but she is gone!  
Nothing is there but the column stone.  
Flith she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?  
He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

## XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun  
As if that morn were a jocund one.  
Lightly and brightly breaks away  
The Morning from her mantle grey,  
And the Noon will look on a sultry day. •  
Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn  
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're  
borne, [hum,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's  
And the clash, and the shout, "They come!  
they come!" [the sword  
The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and  
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait  
for the word.  
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,  
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;  
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,  
That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,  
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;  
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.  
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;  
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;  
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:  
The spears are uplifted; and the matches are lit.

The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
And crush the wall they have crumbled before  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
So is the blade of his scimitar:  
The khan and the pachas are all at their post  
The vizier himself at the head of the host.  
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;  
Leave not in Corinth a living one—  
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls  
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!  
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!  
"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder  
to scale; [ye fail?  
And your hands on your sabres, and how should  
He who first downs with the red cross may crave  
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and  
have!"  
Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;  
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,  
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous  
ire:—  
Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

## XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go  
On the stately buffalo,  
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,  
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
The foremost, who rush on his strength bur-  
to die:  
Thus against the wall they went,  
Thus the first were backward bent;  
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,  
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,  
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore  
The ground whereon they moved no more  
Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
When his work is done on the level'd plain  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

## XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,  
From the cliff's invading dash  
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow  
Till white and thundering down they go,  
Like the avalanche's snow  
On the Alpine vales below;  
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,  
Corinth's sons were downward borne  
By the long and oft renew'd  
Charge of the Moslem multitude.

In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,

Heap'd, by the host of the infidel,  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:  
Nothing there, save death, was mute;  
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry  
For quarter, or for victory,  
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,  
Which makes the distant cities wonder  
How the sounding battle goes,  
It with them, or for their foes;  
If they must mourn, or may rejoice  
In that annihilating voice,  
Which pierces the deep hills through and through

With an echo dread and new:  
You might have heard it, on that day,  
O'er Salamis and Megara;  
(We have heard the hearers say)  
Even unto Piræus' bay.

## xxv.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,

Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;  
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,  
And all but the after carnage done.  
Shriller shrieks now mingling come  
From within the plunder'd dome:  
Hark to the haste of flying feet,  
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;  
But here and there, where 'vantage ground  
Against the foe may still be found,  
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,  
Make a pause, and turn again—  
With banded backs against the wall,  
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs werewhite,  
But his veteran arm was full of might:  
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,  
The dead before him, on that day,  
In a semicircle lay;  
Still he combated unwounded,  
Though retreating, unsurrounded.  
Many a scar of former fight  
Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright;  
But of every wound his body bore,  
Each and all had been ta'en before:  
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,  
Few of our youth could cope with him;  
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,  
Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver grey.  
From right to left his sabre swept:  
Many an Othman mother wept  
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd

His weapon first in Moslem gore,  
Ere his years could count a score.  
Of all he might have been the sire  
Who fell that day beneath his ire:  
For, sonless left long years ago,  
His wrath made many a childless foe,  
And since the day, when in the strait<sup>d</sup>  
His only boy had met his fate,  
His parent's iron hand did do more  
More than a human hecatomb.  
If shades by carnage be appeas'd,  
Patroclus' spirit less was pleas'd  
Than his, Minotti's son, who died  
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.  
Buried he lay, where thousands before  
For thousands of years were inhum'd on the shore;

What of them is left, to tell  
Where they lie, and how they fell?  
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;  
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

## xxvi.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band [hand:  
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at  
Their leader's nervous arm is bare,  
Swifter to smite, and never to spare—  
Unelod'd to the shoulder it waves them on;  
Thus in the fight is he ever known:  
Others a gaudier garb may show,  
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;  
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,  
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;  
Many a loftier turban may wear,—  
Alp is but known by the white arm bare;  
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there  
There is not a standard on that shore  
So well advanced the ranks before:  
There is not a banner in Moslem war  
Will lure the Delhis half so far;  
It glances like a falling star!  
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
The bravest be, or late have been;  
There the craven cries for quarter  
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar:  
Or the hero, silent lying,  
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;  
Mustering his last feeble blow  
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,  
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,  
Grappling on the gory ground.

## xxvii.

Still the old man stood erect,  
And Allah's name on his moment check'd

"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,  
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

"Never, renegado, never! [ever."  
Though the life of thy gift would last for

"Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride!  
Must she too perish by thy pride?"

"She is safe."—"Where? where?"—"In  
heaven;

From whence thy traitor soul is driven—  
Far from thee, and undefiled."

Grimly then Minotti smiled,  
As he saw Alp staggering bow  
Before his words, as with a blow.

"Oh God! when died she?"—"Yesternight—  
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:

None of my pure race shall be  
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—  
Come on!"—That challenge is in vain—  
Alp's already with the slain!

While Minotti's words were wreaking  
More revenge in bitter speaking  
Than his falchion's point had found,  
Had the time allow'd to wound,  
From within the neighbouring porch  
Of a long defended church  
Where the last and desperate few  
Would the failing fight renew,  
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;  
Ere an eye could view the wound  
That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,  
Round he spun, and down he fell;  
A flash like fire within his eyes  
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,  
And then eternal darkness sunk  
Through all the palpitating trunk;  
Nought of life left, save a quivering  
Where his limbs were slightly shivering  
They turn'd him on his back; his breast  
And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,  
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,  
From its deep veins lately loosed;  
But in his pulse there was no throb,  
Nor on his lips one dying sob;  
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath  
Heralded his way to death:  
Ere his very thought could pray,  
Unanel'd he pass'd away,  
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—  
To the last—a Renegade.

## XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose  
Of his followers, and his foes;

These in joy, in fury those:  
Then again in conflict mixing,  
Clashing swords, and spears transfix'd  
Interchanged the blow and thrust  
Hurling warriors in the dust.  
Street by street, and foot by foot,  
Still Minotti dares dispute  
The latest portion of the land  
Left beneath his high command;  
With him, aiding heart and hand,  
The remnant of his gallant band.  
Still the church is tenable,

Whence issued late the fated band  
That half avenged the city's fall  
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell  
Thither bending sternly back,  
They leave before a bloody track;  
And, with their faces to the foe,  
Dealing wounds with every blow,  
The chief, and his retreating train,  
Join to those within the fast;  
There they yet may breathe awhile  
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

## XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,  
With adding ranks and raging boast,  
Press onwards with such strength and heat  
Their numbers balk their own retreat;  
For narrow the way that led to the spot  
Where still the Christians yielded not;  
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try  
Through the massy column to turn and fly:  
They performe must do or die.  
They die; but ere their eyes could close,  
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;  
Fresh and furious, fast they fill  
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still:  
And faint the weary Christians wax  
Before the still renew'd attacks:  
And now the Othmans gain the gate,  
Still resists its iron weight,  
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,  
From every crevice comes the shot;  
From every shatter'd window pour  
The volleys of the sulphurous shower;  
But the portal wavering grows and weak—  
The iron yields, the hinges creak—  
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;  
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

## XXX.

Darkly, secretly, and all alone,  
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:  
Madonna's face upon him shone,

Painted in heavenly hues above,  
 With eyes of light and looks of love;  
 And placed upon that holy shrine  
 To fix our thoughts on things divine,  
 When pictured there, we kneeling see  
 Her, and the boy-God on her knee,  
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer  
 To heaven, as if to wait it there  
 Still she smiled; even now she smiles,  
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles:  
 Minotti lifted his aged eye,  
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,  
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;  
 And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,  
 Inward and onward the Mussulman came

## XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone  
 Contain'd the dead of ages gone;  
 Their names were on the graven floor,  
 But now illegible with gore;  
 The carved crests, and curious hues  
 The varied marble's veins diffuse, [strown  
 Were smear'd, and slippery—stain'd and  
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:  
 There were dead above, and the dead below  
 Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;  
 You might see them piled in sable state,  
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate;  
 But War had enter'd their dark caves,  
 And stored along the vaulted graves  
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread  
 In masses by the fleshless dead:  
 Here, throughout the siege, had been  
 The Christians' chiefest magazine,  
 To these a late form'd train now led,  
 Minotti's last and stern resource  
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

## XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain  
 To strive, and those must strive in vain:  
 For lack of further lives, to slake  
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,  
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead,  
 And lop the already lifeless head,  
 And fell the statues from their niche,  
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,  
 And from each other's rude hands wrest  
 The silver vessels saints had bless'd.  
 To the high altar on they go;  
 Oh, but it made a glorious show!  
 On its table still behold  
 The cup of consecrated gold;

Massy and deep, a glittering prize,  
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:  
 That morn it held the holy wine,  
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine  
 Which his worshippers drank at the break  
 of day, [day.  
 To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the  
 Still a few drops within it lay;  
 And round the sacred table glow  
 Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,  
 From the purest metal cast;  
 A spoil—the richest, and the last.

## XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd  
 To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,  
 When old Minotti's hand  
 Touch'd with the torch the train—  
 'Tis fired!  
 Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,  
 The turban'd victors, the Christian band  
 All that of living or dead remain,  
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,  
 In one wild roar expired! [down—  
 The shatter'd town—the walls thrown  
 The waves a moment backward bent—  
 The hills that shake, although unrent,  
 As if an earthquake pass'd—  
 The thousand shapeless things all driven  
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,  
 By that tremendous blast—  
 Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er  
 On that too long afflicted shore:  
 Up to the sky like rockets go  
 All that mingled there below:  
 Many a tall and goodly man,  
 Scorch'd and shrivel'd to a span,  
 When he fell to earth again  
 Like a cinder strew'd the plain:  
 Down the ashes shower like rain;  
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the  
 sprinkles  
 With a thousand circling wrinkles;  
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,  
 Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay;  
 Christian or Moslem, which be they?  
 Let their mothers see and say!  
 When in cradled rest they lay,  
 And each nursing mother smiled  
 On the sweet sleep of her child  
 Little deem'd she such a day  
 Would rend those tender limbs away.  
 Not the matrons that them bore  
 Could discern their offspring more:



That one moment left no trace  
 More of human form or face  
 Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:  
 And down came blazing rafters, strown  
 Around, and many a falling stone,  
 Deeply dinted in the clay,  
 All blacken'd there and reeking lay.  
 All the living things that heard  
 That deadly earth-shock disappear'd:  
 The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,  
 And howling left the unburied dead;  
 The camels from their keepers broke,  
 The distant steer forsook the yoke—  
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,  
 And t'wixt his garth, and tore his rein;

The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,  
 Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;  
 The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill  
 Where echo roll'd in thunder still;  
 The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,<sup>10</sup>  
 Bay'd from afar complainingly,  
 With a mix'd and mournful sound,  
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound  
 With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
 The eagle left his rocky nest,  
 And mounted nearer to the sun,  
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun;  
 Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,  
 And made him higher soar and shriek—  
 Thus was Corinth lost and won!

# Parisina.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." I am aware, that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo, his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470.

## Parisina.

### I.

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight men beneath the moon away

### II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall  
That Parisina leaves her hall,  
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light  
That the lady walks in the shadow of night  
And if she sits in Este's bower,  
'T is not for the sake of its full-blown flower—  
She listens—but not for the nightingale—  
Though her ear expects as so't a tale.  
There glides a step through the foliage thick,  
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats  
quick. [leaves,  
There whispers a voice through the rustling  
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:  
A moment more—and they shall meet—  
'T is past—her lover's at her feet.

### III.

And what unto them is the world beside,  
With all its change of time and tide?  
Its living things—its earth and sky—  
Are nothing to their mind and eye.  
And heedless as the dead are they  
Of aught around, above, beneath;  
As if all else had pass'd away,  
They only for each other breathe;  
Their very sighs are full of joy  
So deep, that did it not decay.  
That happy madness would destroy  
The hearts which feel its fiery sway  
Of guilt, of peril, do they deem?  
In that tumultuous tender dream?  
Who that have felt that passionate power,  
Or paused, or fear'd in such a hour?  
Or thought how brief such moments last!  
But yet—they are already past:  
Alas! we must awake before  
We know such vision comes no more

## IV.

With many a lingering look they leave  
The spot of guilty gladness past;  
And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,  
As if that parting were the last.

The frequent sigh—the long embrace—  
The lip that there would cling for ever,  
While gleams on Parisina's face

The Heaven she fears will not forgive her  
As if each calmly conscious star  
Beheld her frailty from afar—  
The frequent sigh, the long embrace,  
Yet binds them to their trysting-place.  
But it must come, and they must part  
In fearful heaviness of heart,  
With all the deep and shuddering chill  
Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

## V.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,  
To covet there another's bride;  
But she must lay her conscious head  
A husband's trusting heart beside.  
But fever'd in her sleep she seems,  
And red her cheek with troubled dreams,  
And mutters she in her unrest  
A name she dare not breathe by day,  
And clasps her lord unto the breast  
Which pants for one away:  
And he to that embrace awakes,  
And, happy in the thought, mistakes  
That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,  
For such as he was wont to bless;  
And could in very fondness weep  
O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

## VI.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,  
And listen'd to each broken word:  
He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,  
As if the Archangel's voice he heard?  
And well he may—a deeper doom  
Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,  
When he shall wake to sleep no more,  
And stand the eternal throne before.  
And well he may—his earthly peace  
Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.  
That sleeping whisper of a name  
Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame  
And whose that name? that o'er his pillow  
Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,  
Which rolls the plank upon the shore,

And dashes on the pointed rock  
The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—  
So came upon his soul the shock.  
And whose that name? 'tis Hugo's,—his—  
In sooth he had not deem'd of this!

'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one  
He loved—his own all-evil son—  
The offspring of his wayward youth,  
When he betray'd Bianca's truth,  
The maid whose folly could confide  
In him who made her not his bride.

## VII.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,  
But sheath'd it ere the point was us'd—  
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,  
He could not slay a thing so fair—  
At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—  
Nay more:—he did not wake her then.  
But gazed upon her with a glance  
Which had she roused her from her trance  
Had frozen her sense to sleep again—  
And o'er his brow the burning lamp  
Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.  
She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—  
While, in his thought, her days are number'd

## VIII.

And with the morn he sought, and found,  
In many a tale from those around,  
The proof of all he fear'd to know,  
Their present guilt, his future woe;  
The long-couniving damsels seek  
To save themselves, and would transfer  
The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her  
Concealment is no more—they speak  
All circumstance which may compel  
Full credence to the tale they tell:  
And Azo's tortured heart and ear  
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

## IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay:  
Within the chamber of his state,  
The chief of Este's ancient sway  
Upon his throne of judgment sat;  
His nobles and his guards are there,—  
Before him is the sinful pair;  
Both young,—and one how passing fair!  
With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,  
Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand  
Before a father's face!  
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,  
And hear the sentence of his ire,  
The tale of his disgrace!  
And yet he seems not overcome,  
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

## X.

And still, and pale, and silently  
Did Parisina wait her doom;  
How changed since last her speaking eyes  
Glanced gladness round the glittering room.

Where high-born men were proud to wait—

Where Beauty watch'd to imitate

Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—

And gather from her air and gait

The graces of its queen:

Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,

A thousand warriors forth had leapt,

A thousand swords had sheathless shone,

And made her quarrel all their own.

Now,—what is she? and what are they?

Can she command, or these obey?

All silent and unheeding now,

With downcast eyes and knitting brow,

And folded arms, and freezing air,

And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,

Her knights and dames, her court—is there:

And he, the chosen one, whose lance

Had yet been couch'd before her glance,

Who—were his arm a moment free—

Had died or gain'd her liberty;

The minion of his father's bride,—

He, too, is fetter'd by her side;

Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim

Less for her own despair than him:

Those lids—o'er which the violet vein

Wandering, leaves a tender stain,

Shining through the smoothest white

That e'er did softest kiss invite—

Now seem'd with hot and livid glow

To press, not shade, the orbs below;

Which glance so heavily, and fill,

As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI.

And he for her had also wept,

But for the eyes that on him gazed:

His sorrow, if he felt, it slept;

Stern and erect his brow was raised.

Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,

He would not shrink before the crowd;

But yet he dared not look on her:

Remembrance of the hours that were—

His guilt—his love—his present state—

His father's wrath—all good men's hate—

His earthly, his eternal fate—

And hers,—oh hers! he dared not throw

One look upon that deathlike brow!

Else had his rising heart betray'd

Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday

I gloried in a wife and son;

That dream this morning pass'd away;

Ere day declines, I shall have none.

My life must linger on alone;

Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one

Who would not do as I have done:

Those ties are broken—not by me;

Let that too pass;—the doom's prepared

Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,

And then—thy crime's reward!

Away! address thy prayers to Heaven,

Before its evening stars are met—

Learn if thou there canst be forgiven;

Its mercy may absolve thee yet.

But here, upon the earth beneath,

There is no spot where thou and I

Together, for an hour, could breathe:

Farewell! I will not see thee die—

But thou, frail thing! shalt view his heat—

Away! I cannot speak the rest:

Go! woman of the wanton breast

Not I, but thou his blood dost shed:

Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,

And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—

For on his brow the swelling veir

Throbb'd as if back upon his brain

The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again,

And therefore bow'd he for a space,

And pass'd his shaking hand along

His eye, to veil it from the throng;

While Hugo raised his chained hands,

And for a brief delay demands

His father's ear: the silent sire

Forbids not what his words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—

For thou hast seen me by thy side

All redly through the battle ride,

And that not once a useless brand

Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,

Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,

Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:

Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my

A gift for which I thank thee not:

Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,

Her slighted love and ruin'd name,

Her offspring's heritage of shame;

But she is in the grave, where he,

Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.

Her broken heart—my sever'd head—

Shall witness for thee from the dead

How trusty and how tender were

Thy youthful love—paternal care.

'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—

But wrong for wrong:—this deem'd thy

bride,

The other, victim of thy pride,

Thou know'st for me was destined long.

Thou sawst and covetedst her charms—

And with thy very crime—my birth,

Thou tauntedst me—as little worth:

A match ignoble for her arms,  
Because, forsooth, I could not claim  
The lawful heirship of thy name,  
Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :

Yet, were a few short summers mine,  
My name should more than Este's shine  
With honours all my own.

I had a sword—and have a breast  
That should have won as haught<sup>2</sup> a crest  
As ever waved along the line  
Of all these sovereign sires of thine.  
Not always knightly spurs are worn  
The brightest by the better born ;  
And mine have lanced my courser's flank  
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,  
When charging to the cheering cry  
Of ' Este and of Victory !'

I will not plead the cause of crime,  
Nor sue thee to redeem from time  
A few brief hours or days that must  
At length roll o'er my reckless dust ;—  
Such maddening moments as my past,  
They could not, and they did not, last.  
Albeit my birth and name be base,  
And thy nobility of race

Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—  
Yet in my lineaments they trace  
Some features of my father's face,  
And in my spirit—all of thee.  
From thee—this tamelessness of heart—  
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—  
From thee in all their vigour came  
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—  
Thou didst not give me life alone,  
But all that made me more thine own.  
See what thy guilty love hath done!  
Repaid thee with too like a son !

I am no bastard in my soul,  
For that, like thine, abhor'd control :  
And for my breath, that hasty boon  
Thou gav'st and will resume so soon,  
I valued it no more than thou,  
When rose thy casque above thy brow,  
And we, all side by side, have striven,  
And o'er the dead our coursers driven :  
The past is nothing—and at last  
The future can but be the past ;  
Yet would I that I then had died ;

For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,  
And made thy own my destined bride,

I feel thou art my father still ;  
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,  
'T is not unjust, although from thee.  
Begot in sin, to die in shame,  
My life begun and ends the same :  
A<sup>c</sup> err'd the sire, so err'd the son,  
And thou must punish both in kind

My crime seems worse to human view,  
But God must judge between us too !'

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms  
On which the circling fetters sounded ;  
And not an ear but felt as wounded,  
Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,  
When those dull chains in meeting clank'd  
Till Parisina's fatal charms  
Again attracted every eye—

Would she thus hear him doom'd to die !  
She stood, I said, all pale and still,  
The living cause of Hugo's ill :  
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,  
Nor once had turn'd to either side—  
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,  
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,  
But round their orbs of deepest blue  
The circling white dilated grew—  
And there with glassy gaze she stood  
As ice were in her curd'ed blood ;  
But every now and then a tear

So large and slowly gather'd slid  
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,  
It was a thing to see, not hear !

And those who saw, it did surprise,  
Such drops could fall from human eyes.  
To speak she thought—the imperfect note  
Was choked within her swelling throat,  
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan  
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.  
It ceased—again she thought to speak,  
Then burst her voice in one loud shriek,  
And to the earth she fell like stone  
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,  
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—  
A monument of Azo's wife,—  
Than her, that living guilty thing,  
Whose every passion was a sting,  
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear  
That guilt's detection and despair.  
But yet she lived—and all too soon  
Recover'd from that death-like swoon—  
But scarce to reason—every sense  
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense ;  
And each frail fibre of her brain  
(As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,  
The erring arrow launch aside)  
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—  
The past a blank, the future black,  
With glimpses of a dreary track,  
Like lightning on the desert path,  
When midnight storms are mustering wrath  
She fear'd—she felt that something ill  
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—  
That there was sin and shame she knew ;  
That some one was to die—but who ?

She had forgotten:—did she breathe?  
 Could this be still the earth beneath,  
 The sky above, and men around;  
 Or were they fiends who now so frown'd  
 On one, before whose eyes each eye  
 Till then had smiled in sympathy?  
 All was confus'd and undefined  
 To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind;  
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears:  
 And now in laughter, now in tears,  
 But madly still in each extreme,  
 She strove with that convulsive dream:  
 For so it seem'd on her to break:  
 Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

## XV.

The Convent bells are ringing,  
 But mournfully and slow;  
 In the grey square turret swinging,  
 With a deep sound, to and fro.  
 Heavily to the heart they go!  
 Hark! the hymn is singing—  
 The song for the dead below,  
 Or the living who shortly shall be so!  
 For a parting being's soul [knoll:  
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells  
 He is near his mortal goal;  
 Kneeling at the friar's knee;  
 Sad to hear—and piteous to see—  
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground,  
 With the block before and the guards  
 around—  
 And the headman with his bare arm ready,  
 That the blow may be both swift and steady,  
 Feels if the axe be sharp and true—  
 Since he set its edge anew:  
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather  
 To see the Son fall by the doom of the Fa'her.

## XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet  
 Before the summer sun shall set,  
 Which rose upon that heavy day,  
 And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;  
 And his evening beams are shed  
 Full on Hugo's fated head,  
 As his last confession pouring  
 To the monk, his doom deploring  
 In penitential holiness,  
 He bends to hear his accents bless  
 With absolution such as may  
 Wipe our mortal stains away.  
 That high sun on his head did glisten  
 As he there did bow and listen—  
 And the rings of chestnut hair  
 Curl'd half down his neck so bare;  
 But brighter still the beam was thrown  
 Upon the axe which near him shone

With a gleam and ghastly glitter—  
 Oh! that parting hour was bitter!  
 Even the stern stood chill'd with awe:  
 Dark the crime, and just the law—  
 Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

## XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over  
 Of that false son—and daring lover!  
 His beads and sins are all recounted,  
 His hours to their last minute mounted—  
 His mantling cloak before was stripp'd.  
 His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd  
 'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—  
 The vest which till this moment worn—  
 The scarf which Parisina gave—  
 Must not adorn him to the grave.  
 Even that must now be thrown aside,  
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;  
 But no—that last indignity  
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.  
 All feelings seemingly subdued,  
 In deep disdain were half renew'd,  
 When headman's hands prepared to bind  
 Those eyes which would not brook such blind  
 As if they dared not look on death.  
 "No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—  
 These hands are chain'd—but let me die  
 At least with an unshackled eye—  
 Strike:"—and as the word he said,  
 Upon the block he bow'd his head;  
 These the last accents Hugo spoke:  
 "Strike:"—and flashing fell the stroke—  
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk  
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,  
 In the dust, which each deep vein  
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain:  
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,  
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.  
 He died as erring man should die,  
 Without display, without parade:  
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,  
 As not disdaining priestly aid,  
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.  
 And while before the prior kneeling,  
 His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling  
 His wrathful sire—his paramour—  
 What were they in such an hour?  
 No more reproach—no more despair;  
 No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—  
 Save the few which from him broke,  
 When, bared to meet the headman's stroke  
 He claim'd to die with eyes unbound.  
 His sole adieu to those around.

## XVIII.

Shrill as the lips that closed in death,  
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath.

But yet, afar, from man to man,  
A cold electric shiver ran,  
As down the deadly blow descended  
On him whose life and love thus ended;  
And, with a hushing sound compress'd,  
A sigh shrunk back on every breast;  
But no more thrilling noise rose there,  
Beyond the blow that to the block  
Pierced through with forced and sullen  
shock,

Save one:—what cleaves the silent air  
So madly shrill—so passing wild?  
That, as a mother's o'er her child,  
Done to death by sudden blow,  
To the sky these accents go,  
Like a soul's in endless woe.  
Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,  
That horrid voice ascends to heaven,  
And every eye is turn'd thereon;  
But sound and sight alike are gone!  
It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er  
In madlier accents rose despair;  
And those who heard it, as it past,  
In mercy wish'd it were the last.

## XIX.

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,  
No more in palace, hall, or bower,  
Was Parisina heard or seen:  
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—  
Was banish'd from each lip and ear,  
Like words of wantonness or fear;  
And from Prince Azo's voice, by none  
Was mention heard of wife or son;  
No tomb—no memory had they;  
Theirs was unconsecrated clay;  
At least the knight's who died that day.  
But Parisina's fate lies hid  
Like dust beneath the coffin lid:  
Whether in convent she abode,  
And won to heaven her dreary road,  
By blighted and remorseful years  
Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;  
Or if she fell by bowl or steel,  
For that dark love she dared to feel;  
Or if, upon the moment smote,  
She died by tortures less remote;  
Like him she saw upon the block,  
With heart that shared the headman's shock  
In quicken'd brokenness that came,  
In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,  
None knew—and none can ever know:  
But whatsoever its end below,  
Her life began and closed in woe!

## XX.

And Azo found another bride,  
And goodly son drew by his side:

But none so lovely and so brave  
As him who wither'd in the grave:  
Or if they were—on his cold eye  
Their growth but glanced unheeded by,  
Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.  
But never tear his cheek descended,  
And never smile his brow unbended;  
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought  
The intersected lines of thought;  
Those furrows which the burning share  
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there;  
Scars of the lacerating mind  
Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.  
He was past all mirth or woe:  
Nothing more remain'd below  
But sleepless nights and heavy days,  
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,  
A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet  
That would not yield—nor could forget.  
Which, when it least appear'd to melt,  
Intently thought—intensely felt:  
The deepest ice which ever froze  
Can only o'er the surface close—  
The living stream lies quick below,  
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.  
Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted  
By thoughts which Nature hath implanted,  
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,  
Howe'er our stifled fears we banish;  
When, struggling as they rise to start,  
We check those waters of the heart,  
They are not dried—those tears unshed  
But flow back to the fountain head,  
And resting in their spring more pure,  
For ever in its depth endure,  
Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,  
And cherish'd most where least reveal'd  
With inward starts of feeling left,  
To throb o'er those of life bereft;  
Without the power to fill again  
The desert gap which made his pain:  
Without the hope to meet them where  
United souls shall gladness share,  
With all the consciousness that he  
Had only pass'd a just decree;  
That they had wrought their doom of ill,  
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.  
The tainted branches of the tree,

If lopp'd with care, a strength may give  
By which the rest shall bloom and live  
All greenly fresh and wildly free  
But if the lightning, in its wrath,  
The waving boughs with fury scathe,  
The massy trunk the ruin feels,  
And never more a leaf reveals.

# The Prisoner of Chillon:

A FABLE.

## SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—  
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless  
gloom, [dom,  
Their country conquers with their martyr-  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

## The Prisoner of Chillon.<sup>1</sup>

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night.<sup>2</sup>  
As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those

To whom the goovly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare.  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven—who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have seal'd;  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon east,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and grey  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away  
Till I have done with this new day



Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years—I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score,  
When my last brother droop'd and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

## III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three—yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight;  
And thus together—yet apart,  
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;  
'T was still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon stone,  
A grating sound—not full and free  
As they of yore were wont to be:  
It might be fancy—but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

## IV.

I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do—and did my best—  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,  
For him my soul was sorely moved:  
And truly might it be distress'd  
To see such bird in such a nest;  
For he was beautiful as day—  
(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles being free)—  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but others' ills,  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhor'd to view below

## V.

The other was as pure of mind,  
But form'd to combat with his kind;  
Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood  
And perish'd in the foremost rank  
With joy:—but not in chains to pine  
His spirit wither'd with their clank,  
I saw it silently decline—  
And so perchance in sooth did mine  
But yet I forced it on to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
To him this dungeon was a gulf,  
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

## VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow;  
Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,<sup>3</sup>  
Which round about the wave enthrals  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made—and like a living grave  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
And I have felt the winter's spray  
Wash through the bars when winds were high  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,  
Because I could have smil'd to see  
The death that would have set me free

## VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his mighty heart declined,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care:  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,  
Our bread was such as captive's tears  
Have moisten'd many a thousand years  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,

Had his free breathing been denied  
 The range of the steep mountain's side;  
 But why delay the truth?—he died.  
 I saw, and could not hold his head,  
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—  
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,  
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,  
 But then within my brain it wrought,  
 That even in death his freeborn breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest.  
 I might have spared my idle prayer—  
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love;  
 His empty chain above it leant,  
 Such murder's fitting monument!

## VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,  
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free;  
 He, too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood:—  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread:  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray—  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That erst made the dungeon bright,

And not a word of murmur—no  
 A groan o'er his untimely loss,—  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less  
 I listen'd, but I could not hear—  
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;  
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonish'd;  
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound  
 And rush'd to him:—I found him not,  
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,  
 I only lived—I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew,  
 The last—the sole—the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath—  
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe  
 I took that hand which lay so still,  
 Alas! my own was full as chill;  
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive—  
 A frantic feeling, when we know  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
 I know not why  
 I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX.

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well—I never knew—  
 First came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness too:  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,  
 It was not night—it was not day,  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness—without a place;  
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—  
 No check—no change—no good—no  
 crime—  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death;

A sea of stagnant idleness,  
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

## x.

A light broke in upon my brain,—  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard  
And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery;  
But then by dull degrees came back  
My senses to their wonted track,  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before,  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done,  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon the tree;  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seem'd to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
It seem'd like me to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate,  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
But knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!

Or if it were, in winged guise,  
A visitant from Paradise; [while  
For—Heaven forgive that thought! t :  
Which made me both to weep and smile;  
I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew,  
And then 't was mortal—well I knew,  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone,—  
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,  
Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

## xi.

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate;

I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of woe,  
But so it was:—my broken chain  
With links unfasten'd did remain,  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod;  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

## xii.

I made a footing in the wall,  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all,  
Who loved me in a human shape;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me:  
No child—no sire—no kin had I,  
No partner in my misery;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye.

## xiii.

I saw them—and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame—  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,<sup>d</sup>  
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing  
Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seem'd joyous each and all;

The eagle rode the rising blast,  
 Methought he never flew so fast  
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,  
 And then new tears came in my eye,  
 And I felt troubled—and would fain  
 I had not left my recent chain;  
 And when I did descend again,  
 The darkness of my dim abode  
 Fell on me as a heavy load;  
 It was as is a new-dug grave,  
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—  
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,  
 Had almost need of such a rest.

## XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,  
 I kept no count—I took no note,  
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
 And clear them of their dreary mote;  
 At last men came to set me free,  
 I ask'd no why, and reck'd not where

It was at length the same to me,  
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,  
 I learn'd to love despair.  
 And thus when they appear'd at last,  
 And all my bonds aside were cast,  
 These heavy walls to me had grown  
 A hermitage—and all my own!  
 And half I felt as they were come  
 To tear me from a second home:  
 With spiders I had friendship made,  
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,  
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
 And why should I feel less than they?  
 We were all inmates of one place,  
 And I, the monarch of each race,  
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell  
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—  
 My very chains and I grew friends,  
 So much a long communion tends  
 To make us what we are:—even I  
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.<sup>3</sup>

# Manfred :

A DRAMATIC POEM.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.  
CHAMOIS HUNTER.  
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.  
MANUEL.  
HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS  
ARIMANES.  
NEMESIS  
THE DESTINIES.  
SPIRITS, &c.

*The scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher  
Alps—partly in the Castle of Manfred, and  
partly in the Mountains.*

## Manfred.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.

MANFRED alone.—*Scene, a Gothic Gallery —  
Time, Midnight.*

*Man.* THE lamp must be replenish'd, but  
even then

It will not burn so long as I must watch:  
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,  
Which then I can resist not. in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within; and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
But grief should be the instructor of the wise:

Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.  
Philosophy and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is  
A power to make these subject to itself—  
But they avail not: I have done men good,  
And I have met with good even among men—  
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—  
But this avail'd not:—Good or evil, life,  
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread  
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or  
wishes,  
Or lurking love of something on the earth —  
Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!  
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—  
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell  
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops  
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,  
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—  
I call upon ye by the written charm  
Which gives me power upon you—Rise!  
appear! [A pause.  
They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him  
Who is the first among you—by this sign,  
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of  
him  
Who is undying,—Rise! appear!—Appear!  
[A pause

If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,  
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,  
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
Which had its birthplace in a star condemn'd  
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world.

A wandering hel' in the eternal space;  
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,  
The thought which is within me and around me,  
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!

*[A star is seen at the darker end of the galaxy: it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.]*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,  
From my mansion in the cloud,  
Which the breath of twilight builds,  
And the summer's sunset gilds  
With the azure and vermilion,  
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;  
Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
On a star-beam I have ridden;  
To thine adjuration bow'd,  
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

*Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains  
They crown'd him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,  
The Avalanche in his hand;  
But ere it fall, that thundering ball  
Must pause for my command.  
The Glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day;  
But I am he who bids it pass,  
Or with its ice delay.

I am the spirit of the place,  
Could make the mountain bow  
And quiver to his cavern'd base—  
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

*Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.*

In the blue depth of the waters.  
Where the wave hath no strife,  
Where the wind is a stranger,  
And the sea-snake hath life,  
Where the Mermaid is decking  
Her green hair with shells;  
Like the storm on the surface  
Came the sound of thy swells;  
O'er my calm Hall of Coral  
The deep echo roll'd—  
To the Spirit of Ocean  
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake  
Lies pillow'd on fire,  
And the lakes of bitumen  
Rise boilingly higher;

Where the roots of the Andes  
Strike deep in the earth  
As their summits to heaven  
Shoot soaringly forth;  
I have quitted my birthplace,  
Thy bidding to bide—  
Thy spell hath subdued me,  
Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,  
The Stirrer of the storm;  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm  
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea  
I swept upon the blast—  
The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet  
'T will sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,  
Why doth thy magic torture me with light

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny  
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me  
It was a world as fresh and fair  
As e'er revolved round sun in air;  
Its course was free and regular,  
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.  
The hour arrived—and it became  
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,  
A pathless comet, and a curse,  
The menace of the universe;  
Still rolling on with innate force,  
Without a sphere, without a course,  
A bright deformity on high,  
The monster of the upper sky!  
And thou! beneath its influence born—  
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—  
Forced by a power (which is not thine,  
And lent thee but to make thee mine)  
For this brief moment to descend,  
Where these weak spirits round thee bend  
And parley with a thing like thee—  
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with  
me?

*The SEVEN SPIRITS.*

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy  
star,  
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!  
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—  
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals  
—say?

*Man.* Forgetfulness—

*First Spirit.* Of what—of whom—and why?

*Man.* Of that which is within me; read it there—

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

*Spirit.* We can but give thee that which we possess:

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power  
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign  
Which shall control the elements, whereof  
We are the dominators, each and all,  
These shall be thine.

*Man.* Oblivion, self-oblivion—  
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms  
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

*Spirit.* It is not in our essence, in our skill;  
But—thou may'st die.

*Man.* Will death bestow it on me?

*Spirit.* We are immortal, and do not forget;  
We are eternal; and to us the past

Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer'd?

*Man.* Ye mock me—but the power which  
brought ye here [will!

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my  
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark;  
The lightning of my being, is as bright,  
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,  
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in  
clay!

Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

*Spirit.* We answer as we answer'd; our reply  
Is even in thine own words.

*Man.* Why say ye so?

*Spirit.* If, as thou say'st, thine essence be  
as ours,

We have replied in telling thee, the thing  
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

*Man.* I then have call'd ye from your realms  
in vain;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

*Spirit.* Say;

What we possess we offer; it is thine:

Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—  
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length  
of days—

*Man.* Accurs'd! what have I to do with days?  
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

*Spirit.* Yet pause: being here, our will would  
do thee service;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift  
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

*Man.* No, none; yet stay—one moment, ere  
we part—

I would behold ye face to face. I hear  
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds  
As music on the waters; and I see

The steady aspect: 'a clear large star;  
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,  
Or one, or all, in your accenston'd forms.

*Spirit.* We have no forms beyond the ele-  
ments

Of which we are the mind and principle:  
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

*Man.* I have no choice; there is no form on  
earth

Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,  
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect:  
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

*Seventh Spirit.* (*Appearing in the shape of  
a beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

*Man.* Oh God! if it be thou, and thou  
Art not a madness and a mockery,  
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,  
And we again will be— [*The figure vanishes*  
My heart is crush'd!

[MANFRED falls senseless

(*A Voice is heard in the Incantation which  
follows.*)<sup>2</sup>

When the moon is on the wave,  
And the glow-worm in the grass,  
And the meteor on the grave,  
And the wisp on the morass;  
When the falling stars are shooting,  
And the answer'd owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;  
There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;  
By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;  
And for ever shalt thou dwell  
In the spirit of this spell.  
Though thou seest me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
As a thing that, though unseen,  
Must be near thee, and hath been;  
And when in that secret dread  
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,  
Thou shalt marvel I am not  
As thy shadow on the spot,  
And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal

And a magic voice and verse  
 Hath baptized thee with a curse;  
 And a spirit of the air  
 Hath begirt thee with a snare;  
 In the wind there is a voice  
 Shall forbid thee to rejoice;  
 And to thee shall Night deny  
 All the quiet of her sky;  
 And the day shall have a sun,  
 Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil  
 An essence which hath strength to kill;  
 From thy own heart I then did wring  
 The black blood in its blackest spring;  
 From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,  
 For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
 From thy own lip I drew the charm  
 Which gave all these their chiefest harm;  
 In proving every poison known,  
 I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
 By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,  
 By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
 By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;  
 By the perfection of thine art  
 Which pass'd for human thine own heart;  
 By thy delight in others' pain,  
 And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
 I call upon thee! and compel  
 Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial  
 Which doth devote thee to this trial;  
 Nor to slumber, nor to die,  
 Shall be in thy destiny;  
 Though thy death shall still seem near  
 To thy wish, but as a fear;  
 Lo! the spell now works around thee,  
 And the clankless chain hath bound thee;  
 O'er thy heart and brain together  
 Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

## SCENE II.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.*

*Man.* The spirits I have raised abandon me—  
 The spells which I have studied baffle me—  
 The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;  
 I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
 It hath no power upon the past, and for  
 The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,  
 It is not of my search—My mother Earth!

And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye  
 Mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
 And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
 That openest over all, and unto all  
 Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.  
 And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge  
 I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath  
 Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs  
 In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring  
 My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed  
 To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?  
 I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;  
 I see the peril—yet do not recede;  
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm  
 There is a power upon me which withholds,  
 And makes it my fatality to live;  
 If it be life to wear within myself  
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased  
 To justify my deeds unto myself—  
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,  
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should  
 be [gone  
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art  
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine  
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,  
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!  
 How beautiful is all this visible world  
 How glorious in its action and itself!  
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,  
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make  
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
 The breath of degradation and of pride,  
 Contending with low wants and lofty will,  
 Till our mortality predominates,  
 A d men are—what they name not to them  
 selves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the note  
 [*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard*]

The natural music of the mountain reed—  
 For here the patriarchal days are not  
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
 Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering  
 herd; [I were  
 My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, tha  
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
 With the blest tone which made me!



*E ter from below* : CHAMOIS HUNTER.

*Chamois Hunter.*

Even so

This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet  
Have baffled me: my gains to-day will scarce  
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?  
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd  
A height when none even of our mountaineers,  
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb  
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air  
Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this distance—  
I will approach him nearer.

*Man. (not perceiving the other).* To be  
thus— [pines,

Grey-hair'd with anguish<sup>3</sup>, like these blasted  
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,<sup>4</sup>  
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—  
And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er  
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by  
years

And hours—all tortured into ages—hours  
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountainous overwhelming, come and crush  
me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict<sup>5</sup>; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things that still would live;  
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

*C. Hun.* The mists begin to rise from up the  
valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance  
To lose at once his way and life together.

*Man.* The mists boil up around the glaciers;  
clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sul-  
phury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,  
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles,—I am  
giddy.<sup>6</sup>

*C. Hun.* I must approach him cautiously;  
if near,

A sudden step will startle him, and he  
Seems tottering already.

*Man.* Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splin-  
ters;

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel—thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—  
Why stood I not beneath it?

*C. Hun.*

Friend! have a care

Your next step may be fatal!—for the love  
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink

*Man. (not hearing him).* Such would have  
been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their dept's;  
They had not then been strewn upon the rock  
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they  
shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening  
heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—

You were not meant for me—Earth! take  
these atoms!

[As MANFRED is in act to spring from  
the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes  
and retains him with a sudden grasp

*C. Hun.* Hold, madman!—though aweary  
of thy life,

I am not your pure vales with thy guilty blood—  
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

*Man.* I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp  
me not—

I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl  
Spinning around me—I grow blind—  
What art thou?

*C. Hun.* I'll answer that anon.—Away  
with me—

The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean  
on me—

Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and  
cling [hand,

A moment to that shrub—now give me your  
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—

The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour—  
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,  
And something like a pathway, which the  
torrent [done—

Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 't is bravely  
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[As they descend the rocks with difficulty  
the scene closes.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.*

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

*C. Hun.* No, no—yet pause—thou must  
not yet go forth:

Thy mind and body are alike unfit

To trust each other, for some hours, at least;  
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—  
But whither?

*Man.* It imports not: I do know  
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

*C. Hun.* Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of  
high lineage—

One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags  
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these  
May call thee lord? I only know their portals,  
My way of life leads me but rarely down  
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,  
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,  
Which step from out our mountains to their  
doors,

I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

*Man.* No matter.

*C. Hun.* Well, sir, pardon me the  
question,

And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;  
'Tis of an ancient vintage many a day

'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now  
Let it do thus for thine—Come pledge me fairly.

*Man.* Away, away! there's blood upon the  
brim!

Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

*C. Hun.* What dost thou mean? thy senses  
wander from thee. [warn stream

*Man.* I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure  
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in  
ours

When we were in our youth, and had one heart,  
And loved each other as we should not love,  
And this was shed: but still it rises up,  
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from  
heaven,

Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

*C. Hun.* Man of strange words, and some  
half-maddening sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er  
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort  
yet—

The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

*Man.* Patience and patience! Hence—that  
word was made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—  
I am not of thine order.

*C. Hun.* Thanks to heaven.

I would not be of thine for the free fame  
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,

It must be borne, and these wild starts are  
useless. [I live.

*Man.* Do I not bear it?—Look on me—

*C. Hun.* This is convulsion, and no healthful  
life.

*Man.* I tell thee, man! I have lived many  
years,

Many long years, but they are nothing now  
To those which I must number: ages—ages—  
Space and eternity—and consciousness.

With the fierce thirst of death—and still un-  
slaked! [age

*C. Hun.* Why, on thy brow the seal of middle  
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

*Man.* Think'st thou existence doth depend  
on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable,  
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,  
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,  
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

*C. Hun.* Alas! he's mad—but yet I must  
not leave him. [I see

*Man.* I would I were—for then the things  
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

*C. Hun.* What is it  
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

*Man.* Myself, and thee—a peasant of the  
Alps—

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;  
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;  
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy  
toils,

By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,  
With cross and garland over its green turf,  
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;  
This do I see—and then I look within—

It matters not—my soul was sear'd already!

*C. Hun.* And would'st thou then exchange  
thy lot for mine?

*Man.* No, friend! I would not wrong thee  
nor exchange

My lot with living being: I can bear—  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—  
In life what others could not brook to dream.  
But perish in their slumber.

*C. Hun.* And with this—  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.  
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd  
revenge

Upon his enemies?

*Man.* Oh! no, no, no! [me—  
My injuries came down on those who loved  
Or those whom I best loved: I never quell'd  
An enemy, save in my just defence—  
But my embrace was fatal!

*C. Hur* Heaven give thee rest!  
And penitence restore thee to thyself;  
My prayers shall be for thee.

*Man.* I need them not,  
But can endure thy pity. I depart—  
'T is time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks  
for thee—

No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—  
I know my path—the mountain peril's past:—  
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[*Exit MANFRED.*]

## SCENE II.

*A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.*

*Enter MANFRED*

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays<sup>7</sup> still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse<sup>8</sup>. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;  
' should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[*MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.*]

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters  
grow

To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven,—  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er  
thee.

Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser Powers permit  
At times to commune with them—if that he

Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment

*Witch.* Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give thee  
power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what would'st thou with  
me?

[*further*]

*Man.* To look upon thy beauty—nothing  
The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I  
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce  
To the abodes of those who govern her—  
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought  
From them what they could not bestow, and now  
I search no further.

*Witch.* What could be the quest  
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,  
The rulers of the invisible?

*Man.* A boon;  
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

*Witch.* I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

*Man.* Well, though it torture me, 'tis but  
the same;

[*upwards*]

My pang shall find a voice. From my youth  
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,  
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;  
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
The aim of their existence was not mine:  
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,  
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,  
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,  
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me  
Was there but one who—but of her anon.  
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,  
I held but slight communion; but instead,  
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,  
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's  
wing

Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
Into the torrent, and to roll along  
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave  
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.  
In these my early strength exulted; or  
To follow through the night the moving moon  
The stars and their development; or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;  
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,  
While Autumn winds were at their evening  
song.

These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—  
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path  
I felt myself degraded back to them,

And was all clay again. And then I dived,  
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,  
Search'ing its cause in its effect; and drew  
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd  
up dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd  
The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
Save in the old time and with time and toil,  
And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
As in itself hath power upon the air,  
And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made  
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,  
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and  
He who from out their fountain dwellings  
raised

Eros and Anteros<sup>9</sup>, at Gadara,  
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew  
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and  
joy

Of this most bright intelligence, until,—

*Witch.* Proceed.

*Man.* Oh! I but thus prolong'd my  
words,

Boasting these idle attributes, because  
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—  
But to my task. I have not named to thee  
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,  
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;  
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—  
Yet there was one—

*Witch.* Spare not thyself—proceed.

*Man.* She was like me in lineaments—her  
eyes,

Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;  
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty:  
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
To comprehend the universe: nor these  
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,  
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;  
And tenderness—but that I had for her;  
Humility—and that I never had.  
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her  
own—

I loved her, and destroy'd her!

*Witch.* With thy hand?

*Man.* Not with my hand, but heart—which  
broke her heart—

It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed  
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was  
shed—

I saw—and could not stanch it

*Witch.* And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,

The order which thine own would rise above,  
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego  
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st  
back

To recreant mortality—Away!

*Man.* Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since  
that hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies;—I rave gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have pray'd  
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have affronted death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand  
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair, which would not break  
In fantasy, imagination, all

The affluence of my soul—which one day was  
A Cræsus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
Into the gulf of my unfa'om'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness  
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn—my sciences,  
My long pursued and superhuman art,  
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.

*Witch.*

It may be

That can aid thee.

*Man.* To do this thy power  
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.  
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—

With any torture—so it be the last. [thou

*Witch.* That is not in my province; but if  
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do  
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

*Man.* I will not swear—Obey! and whom?  
the spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the slave  
Of those who served me—Never!

*Witch.*

Is this all?

Has thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink  
thee,

And pause ere thou rejectest.

*Man.* I have said it

*Witch.* Enough!—I may retire then—say

*Man.*

Retire

[*The WITCH disappears*]

*Man.* (alone). We are the fools of time and  
terror: Days

Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die  
In all the days of this detested yoke—

This vital weight upon the struggling heart,  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with  
pain,

Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back  
As from a stream in winter, though the chill  
Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be:  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing—if they answer not—  
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag  
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit  
An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing who he slew  
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid  
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigialia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,  
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied  
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.<sup>10</sup>  
If I had never lived, that which I love  
Had still been living; had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beautiful—  
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?  
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—  
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.  
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—  
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:  
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze  
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.  
But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears.—The night ap-  
proaches. (Exit.)

## SCENE III.

*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.**Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;  
And here on snows, where never human foot  
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,  
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,  
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,  
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on  
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,  
Frozen in a moment!—a dead whirlpool's  
image:

And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,

The fretwork of some earthquake—where the  
clouds

Pause to repose themselves in passing by—  
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;  
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way  
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night  
Is our great festival—'tis strange they come  
not.

*A Voice without, singing.*

The Captive Usurper,  
Hurl'd down from the throne,  
Lay buried in torpor,  
Forgotten and lone;  
I broke through his slumbers,  
I shiver'd his chain,  
I leagu'd him with numbers—  
He's Tyrant again! [care,  
With the blood of a million he'll answer me  
With a nation's destruction—his flight and de-  
spair.

*Second Voice, without.*

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,  
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;  
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,  
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his  
wreck; [hair,  
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the  
And he was a subject well worthy my care;  
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—  
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me.

*FIRST DESTINY, answering.*

The city lies sleeping;  
The morn, to deplore it,  
May dawn on it weeping.  
Sullenly, slowly,  
The black plague flew o'er it—  
Thousands lie lowly;  
Tens of thousands shall perish  
The living shall fly from  
The sick they shall cherish;  
But nothing can vanquish  
The touch that they die from.  
Sorrow and anguish,  
And evil and dread,  
Envelope a nation—  
The blest are the dead,  
Who see not the sight  
Of their own desolation—  
This work of a night—  
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doir  
For ages I've done, and shall still be renew

*Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.*

*The Three*

Our hands contain the hearts of men,  
Our footsteps are their graves;  
We only give to take again  
The spirits of our slaves!

*First Des.* Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

*Second Des.* At some great work;

But what I know not, for my hands were full.

*Third Des.* Behold she cometh.

*Enter NEMESIS.*

*First Des.* Say, where hast thou been?  
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

*Nem.* I was detain'd repairing shatter'd  
thrones,

Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge;  
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull  
Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,  
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak  
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!  
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our  
clouds! [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his  
Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the  
Spirits.*

*Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!  
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his  
hand

The sceptre of the elements, which tear  
Themselves to chaos at his high command!

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;  
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in  
thunder;

He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;  
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world  
asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;  
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path  
The comets herald through the crackling skies;  
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

To him War offers daily sacrifice;  
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his

With all its infinite of agonies—  
And his the spirit of whatever is!

*Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.*

*First Des.* Glory to Arimanes! on the earth  
His power increaseth—both my sisters did  
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

*Second Des.* Glory to Arimanes! we who bow  
The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

*Third Des.* Glory to Arimanes! we await  
His nod!

*Nem.* Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,  
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,  
And most things wholly so; still to increase  
Our power, increasing thine, demands our care.  
And we are vigilant—Thy late commands  
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

*Enter MANFRED.*

*A Spirit.* What is here?  
A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,  
Bow down and worship!

*Second Spirit.* I do know the man—  
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

*Third Spirit.* Bow down and worship,  
slave!—What, know'st thou not

Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble, and obey  
*All the Spirits.* Prostrate thyself, and thy  
condemned clay,

Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

*Man.* I know it;  
And yet ye see I kneel not.

*Fourth Spirit.* 'T will be taught thee.

*Man.* 'T is taught already;—many a night  
on the earth,

On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my  
face, [known

And strew'd my head with ashes; I have  
The fulness of humiliation, for

I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt  
To my own desolation.

*Fifth Spirit.* Dost thou dare  
Re-use to Arimanes on his throne  
What the whole earth accords, beholding  
The terror of his Glory?—Crouch! I say.

*Man.* Bid him bow down to that which is  
above him,

The overruling Infinite—the Maker  
Who made him not for worship—let him  
kneel,

And we will kneel together.

*The Spirits.* Crush the worm!  
Tear him in pieces!—

*First Des.* Hence! Avaunt!—he's mine,  
 Prince of the Powers invisible! This man  
 Is of no common order, as his port  
 And presence here denote; his sufferings  
 Have been of an immortal nature, like [will,  
 Our own; his knowledge, and his powers and  
 As far as is compatible with clay, [such  
 Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been  
 As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations  
 Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,  
 And they have only taught him what we know—  
 That knowledge is not happiness, and science  
 But an exchange of ignorance for that  
 Which is another kind of ignorance.  
 This is not all—the passions, attributes  
 Of earth and heaven, from which no power,  
 nor being,  
 Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,  
 Have pierced his heart; and in their conse-  
 quence

Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,  
 Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,  
 And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,  
 No other Spirit in this region hath  
 A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

*Nem.* What doth he here then?

*First Des.* Let him answer that.

*Man.* Ye know what I have known; and  
 without power

I could not be amongst ye: but there are  
 Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest  
 Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

*Nem.* What would'st thou?

*Man.* Thou canst not reply to me.  
 Call up the dead—my question is for them.

*Nem.* Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch  
 The wishes of this mortal?

*Ari.* Yea.

*Nem.* Whom would'st thou  
 Uncharnel?

*Man.* One without a tomb—call up  
 Astarte.

#### NEMESIS.

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,

Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part

Of the form of thy birth,

Of the mould of thy clay,

Which return'd to the earth,

Re-appear to the day!

Bear what thou borest,

The heart and the form,

And the aspect thou worest,

Redeem from the worm.

Appear!—Appear!—Appear!

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[*The Phantom of Astarte rises and stands  
 in the midst.*

*Man.* Can this be death? there's blood  
 upon her cheek;

But now I see it is no living hue

But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red

Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf

It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dream

To look upon the same—Astarte!—No.

I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—

Forgive me or condemn me.

#### NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken  
 The grave which enthral'd thee,  
 Speak to him who hath spoken,  
 Or those who have call'd thee!

*Man.* She is silent,

And in that silence I am more than answer'd.

*Nem.* My power extends no further. Prince  
 of air!

It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

*Ari.* Spirit—obey this sceptre!

*Nem.* Silent still!

She is not of our order, but belongs

To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,

And we are baffled also.

*Man.* Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:

I have so much endured—so much endure—

Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee  
 more

Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me

Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made

To torture thus each other, though it were

The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.

Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear

This punishment for both—that thou wilt be

One of the blessed—and that I shall die;

For hitherto all hateful things conspire

To bind me in existence—in a life

Which makes me shrink from immortality—

A future like the past. I cannot rest.

I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:

I feel but what thou art—and what I am,

And I would hear yet once before I perish

The voice which was my music—Speak to me

For I have call'd on thee in the still night,

Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd

boughs, [caves

And woke the mountain wolves, and made the

Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name.

Which answer'd me—many things answer'd  
me—

Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.  
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,  
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.  
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,  
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!  
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:  
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—  
I reckon not what—but let me hear thee once—  
This once—once more!

*Phantom of Astarte.* Manfred!

*Man.* Say on, say on—  
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

*Phan.* Manfred! To-morrow ends thine  
earthly ills.

Farewell!

*Man.* Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

*Phan.* Farewell!

*Man.* Say, shall we meet again?

*Phan.* Farewell! [me.]

*Man.* One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest

*Phan.* Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]<sup>12</sup>

*Nem.* She's gone, and will not be  
recall'd;

Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

*ASpirit.* He is convulsed—This is to be a  
mortal,

And seek the things beyond mortality.

*Another Spirit.* Yet, see, he mastereth him-  
self, and makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made  
An awful spirit.

*Nem.* Hast thou further question  
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

*Man.* None.

*Nem.* Then for a time farewell.

*Man.* We meet then! Where? On the earth?—  
Even as thou wilt; and for the grace accorded  
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit MANFRED.*]

(*Scene closes*)

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Man.* What is the hour?

*Her.* I want but one till sunset,  
And promises a lovely twilight.

*Man.* Say,

Are all things so disposed of in the tower  
As I directed?

*Her.* All, my lord, are ready:  
Here is the key and casket.

*Man.* It is well:  
Thou may'st retire. [*Exit HERMAN*]

*Man. (alone).* There is a calm upon me—  
Inexplicable stillness! which till now  
Did not belong to what I knew of life.  
If that I did not know philosophy  
To be of all our vanities the mostliest,  
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear  
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,  
And seated in my soul. It will not last,  
But it is well to have known it, though but once  
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense  
And I within my tablets would note down  
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

*Re-enter HERMAN.*

*Her.* My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves  
To greet your presence.

*Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.*

*Abbot.* Peace be with Count Manfred

*Man.* Thanks, holy father! welcome to these  
walls;

Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those  
Who dwell within them.

*Abbot.* Would it were so, Count!—  
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

*Man.* Herman, retire.—What would my  
reverend guest?

*Abbot.* Thus, without prelude:—Age and  
zeal, my office,

And good intent, must plead my privilege;  
Our near, though not acquainted neighbour-  
hood,

May also be my herald. Rumours strange,  
And of unholy nature, are abroad,  
And busy with thy name; a noble name  
For centuries: may he who bears it now  
Transmit it unimpair'd!

*Man.* Proceed,—I listen.

*Abbot.* 'Tis said thou holdest converse with  
the things

Which are forbidden to the search of man;  
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,  
The many evil and unheavenly spirits  
Which walk the valley of the shade of death  
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,  
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely  
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude  
Is as an anchorite's were it but hoiv



*Man.* And what are they who do avouch these things?

*Abbot.* My pious brethrers—the scared peasantry—

Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee With most inquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

*Man.* Take it.

*Abbot.* I come to save, and not destroy—I would not pry into thy secret soul; But if these things be sooth, there still is time For penitence and pity: reconcile thee With the true church, and through the church to heaven. [e'er

*Man.* I hear thee. This is my reply: what I may have been, or am, doth rest between Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal

To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

*Abbot.* My son! I did not speak of punishment,

But penitence and pardon;—with thyself The choice of such remains—and for the last, Our institutions and our strong belief [sin Have given me power to smooth the path from To higher hope and better thoughts; the first I leave to heaven,—“Vengeance is mine alone!”

So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness His servant echoes back the awful word.

*Man.* Old man! there is no power in holy men,

Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—Nor agony—nor, greater than all these, The innate tortures of that deep despair, Which is remorse without the fear of hell, But all in all sufficient to itself Would make a hell of heaven—can, exorcise From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge Upon itself; there is no future pang Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd He deals on his own soul.

*Abbot.* All this is well;

For this will pass away, and be succeeded By an auspicious hope, which shall look up With calm assurance to that blessed place, Which all who seek may win, whatever be Their earthly errors, so they be atoned; And the commencement of atonement is The sense of 'ts necessity.—Say on— And all our church can teach thee shall be to r'ght;

And all we can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.

*Man.* When Rome's sixth emperor<sup>h</sup> was near his last,

The victim of a self-inflicted wound, To shun the torments of a public death From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier, With show of loyal pity, would have stanch'd The gushing throat with his officious robe; The dying Roman thrust him back, and said— Some empire still in his expiring glance, “It is too late—is this fidelity?”

*Abbot.* And what of this?

*Man.* I answer with the Roman— “It is too late!”

*Abbot.* It never can be so, To reconcile thyself with thy own soul, And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?

'T is strange—even those who do despair above, Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth. To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men. [visions

*Man.* Ay—father! I have had those earthly And noble aspirations in my youth, To make my own the mind of other men, The enlightener of nations; and to rise I knew not whither—it might be to fall; But fall, even as the mountain-cataract, Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,

Even in the foaming strength of its abyss, (Which casts up misty columns that become Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,) Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past, My thoughts mistook themselves.

*Abbot.* And wherefore so?

*Man.* I could not tame my nature down, for he Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—

And watch all time—and pry into all place— And be a living lie—who would become A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves. The lion is alone, and so am I.

*Abbot.* And why not live and act with other men? [life;

*Man.* Because my nature was averse from And yet not cruel; for I would not make, But find a desolation:—like the wind, The red-hot breath of the most lone simoom, Which dwells in the desert, and sweeps o'er The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast And revels o'er their wild and arid waves, And seeketh not, so that it is not sought, But being met is deadly; such hath been

The course of my existence; but there came  
Things in my path which are no more.

*Abbot.* Alas!  
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid  
From me and from my calling; yet so young,  
I still would—

*Man.* Look on me! there is an order  
Of mortals on the earth, who do become  
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,  
Without the violence of warlike death;  
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—  
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—  
Some of disease—and some insanity—<sup>14</sup>  
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;  
For this last is a malady which slays  
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,  
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names,  
Look upon me! for even of all these things  
Have I partaken; and of all these things,  
One were enough; then wonder not that I  
Am what I am, but that I ever was,  
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

*Abbot.* Yet, hear me still—

*Man.* Old man! I do respect  
Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem  
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:  
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,  
Far more than me, in shunning at this time  
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.<sup>15</sup>

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

*Abbot.* This should have been a nobler creature;<sup>16</sup> he

Hath all the energy which would have made  
A goodly frame of glorious elements,  
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,  
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—  
And mind and dust—and passions and pure  
thoughts,

Mix'd and contending without end or order,  
All dormant or destructive; he will perish,  
And yet he must not; I will try once more  
For such are worth redemption; and my duty  
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.  
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.]

## SCENE II.

*Another Chamber.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Her.* My lord, you bade me wait on you at  
sunset:

He sinks behind the mountain

*Man.*

I will look on him.

Doth he so

[MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall

Glorious Orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons<sup>17</sup>  
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex  
More beautiful than they, which did draw down  
The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—  
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere  
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!  
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladden'd on their mountain tops, the  
hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd  
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!  
And representative of the Unknown—  
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief  
star!

Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth  
Endurable, and temperest the hues  
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,  
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,  
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,  
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,  
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well:  
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance  
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take  
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one  
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been  
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
I follow.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

## SCENE III.

*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at  
some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.  
—Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants  
of MANFRED.

*Her.* 'T is strange enough; night after night,  
for years,

He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,  
Without a witness. I have been within it.—  
So have we all been oft-times: but from it,  
Or its contents, it were impossible  
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught  
His studies tend to. To be sure there is  
One chamber where none enter: I would give  
The fee of what I have to come these three years  
To pore upon its mysteries.

*Manuel.* 'T were dangerous;  
Content thyself with what thou know'st at  
road

*Her.* Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,  
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within  
the castle—

How many years is't?

*Manuel.* Ere Count Manfred's birth,  
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

*Her.* There be more sons in like predicament.  
But wherein do they differ?

*Manuel.* I speak not  
Of features or of form, but mind and habits;  
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and  
free,—

A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not  
With books and solitude, nor made the night  
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,  
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks  
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside  
From men and their delights.

*Her.* Beshrew the hour,  
But those were jocund times! I would that such  
Would visit the old walls again; they look  
As if they had forgotten them.

*Manuel.* These walls  
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have  
seen

Some strange things in them, Herman.

*Her.* Come, be friendly;  
Relate me some to while away our watch:  
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event  
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.

*Manuel.* That was a night indeed! I do re-  
member

'T was twilight, as it may be now, and such  
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests  
On Fisher's pinnacle, so rested then,—  
So like that it might be the same; the wind  
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows  
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;  
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—  
How occupied, we knew not, but with him  
The sole companion of his wanderings  
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things  
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—  
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,  
The Lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes here?

*Enter the ABBOT.*

*Abbot.* Where is your master?

*Her.* Yonder, in the tower.

*Abbot.* I must speak with him.

*Manuel.* 'T is impossible;  
He is most private, and must not be thus  
Intruded on.

*Abbot.* Upon myself I take  
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—  
But I must see him.

*Her.* Thou hast seen him once  
This eve already.

*Abbot.* Herman! I command thee,  
Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

*Her.* We dare not.

*Abbot.* Then it seems I must be herald  
Of my own purpose.

*Manuel.* Reverend father, stop—  
I pray you pause.

*Abbot.* Why so?

*Manuel.* But step this way,  
And I will tell you further. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

*Interior of the Tower.*

MANFRED *alone.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her stary shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learn'd the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,<sup>18</sup>  
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
The trees which grew along the broken arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant centinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some eypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through level'd battle  
ments,

And twines its roots with the imperial hearth's  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection! [halls,  
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity

Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old!—  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.—

"I was such a night!

'T is strange that I recall it at this time;  
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight  
Even at the moment when they should array  
Themselves in pensive order.

*Enter the ABBOT.*

*Abbot.* My good lord!  
I crave a second grace for this approach;  
But yet let not my humble zeal offend  
By its abruptness—all it bath of ill  
Recoils on me; its good in the effect  
Maylight upon your head—could I say *heart*—  
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I  
should  
Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd;  
But is not yet all lost.

*Man.* Thou know'st me not;  
My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded:  
Retire, or 't will be dangerous—Away!

*Abbot.* Thou dost not mean to menace me?  
*Man.* Not I;  
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,  
And would preserve thee.

*Abbot.* What dost mean?  
*Man.* Look there!  
What dost thou see?  
*Abbot.* Nothing.

*Man.* Look there, I say  
And stedfastly;—now tell me what thou seest.  
*Abbot.* That which should shake me,—but  
I fear it not—

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,  
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;  
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form  
Robed as with angry clouds: he stands between  
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

*Man.* Thou hast no cause—he shall not  
harm thee—but  
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.  
I say to thee—Retire!

*Abbot.* And I reply—  
Never—till I have battled with this fiend:—  
What doth he here?

*Man.* Why—ay—what doth he here?—  
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

*Abbot.* Alas! lost mortal! what with guests  
like these

Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:  
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him!  
Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow  
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye  
Glares forth the immortality of hell—  
Avant!—

*Man.* Pronounce—what is thy mission?  
*Spirit.* Come!

*Abbot.* What art thou, unknown being? answer!—speak!

*Spirit.* The genius of this mortal.—Come!  
'tis time.

*Man.* I am prepared for all things, but deny  
The power which summons me. Who sent thee  
here?

*Spirit.* Thou 'lt know anon—Come! come!

*Man.* I have commanded  
Things of an essence greater far than thine,  
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

*Spirit.* Mortal! thine hour is come—Away!  
I say. [but not

*Man.* I knew, and know my hour is come,  
To render up my soul to such as thee:  
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

*Spirit.* Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise! [*Other Spirits rise up.*

*Abbot.* Avant! ye evil ones!—Avant! I  
say,—

Ye have no power where piety hath power,  
And I do charge ye in the name—

*Spirit.* Old man!  
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;  
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,  
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.  
Once more I summon him—Away! away

*Man.* I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul  
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;  
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath  
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength  
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take  
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

*Spirit.* Reluctant mortal  
Is this the magian who would so pervade  
The world invisible, and make himself  
Almost our equal?—Can it be that thou  
Art thus in love with life? the very life  
Which made thee wretched!

*Man.* Thou false fiend, thou liest  
My life is in its last hour,—that I know,  
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;  
I do not combat against death, but thee  
And thy surrounding angels; my past power  
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew  
But by superior science—penance—daring—  
And length of watching—strength of mind—  
and skill

In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth  
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,  
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand  
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—  
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

*Spirit.* But thy many crimes  
Have made thee——

*Man.* What are they to such as thee?  
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,  
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!  
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;  
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:  
What I have done is done; I bear within  
A torture which could nothing gain from thine.  
The mind which is immortal makes itself  
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—  
Is its own origin of ill and end—  
And its own place and time—its innate sense,  
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives  
No colour from the fleeting things without;  
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,  
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.  
*Thou* didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not  
tempt me;  
**I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—**

But was my own destroyer, and will be  
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!  
The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

[*The Demons disappear.*]

*Abbot.* Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips  
are white—

And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping  
throat

The accents rattle—Give thy prayers o  
Heaven—

Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus

*Man.* 'T is over—my dull eyes can fix thee  
not;

But all things swim around me, and the earth  
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee  
well—

Give me thy hand.

*Abbot.* Cold—cold—even to the heart—  
But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with  
thee?

*Man.* Old man! 't is not so difficult to die.  
[*MANFRED expires.*]

*Abbot.* He's gone—his soul hath ta'en his  
earthless flight—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

# Cain :

## A MYSTERY.

Now the Serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made.  
GEN. ch. iii. ver. 1.

### PREFACE.

THE following scenes are entitled "A Mystery," in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled "Mysteries, or Moralities." The author has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject which were common, formerly, as may be seen by any reader curious enough to refer to those very profane productions, whether in English, French, Italian, or Spanish. The author has endeavoured to preserve the language adapted to his characters; and where it is (and this is but rarely) taken from actual *Scripture*, he has made as little alteration, even of words, as the rhythm would permit. The reader will recollect that the book of Genesis does not state that Eve was tempted by a demon, but by "the Serpent;" and that only because he was "the most subtil of all the beasts of the field." Whatever interpretation the Rabbins and the Fathers may have put upon this, I take the words as I find them, and reply, with Bishop Watson upon similar occasions, when the Fathers were quoted to him, as Moderator in the schools of Cambridge, "Behold the Book!"—holding up the *Scripture*. It is to be recollectcd that my present subject has nothing to do with the *New Testament*, to which no reference can be here made without anachronism. With the poems upon similar topics I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty, I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's "Death of Abel" I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is

delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza: in the following pages I have called them "Adah" and "Zillah," the earliest female names which occur in Genesis; they were those of Lamech's wives: those of Cain and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.

The reader will please to bear in mind (what few choose to recollect), that there is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, nor indeed in the Old Testament.<sup>1</sup> For a reason for this extraordinary omission he may consult Warburton's "Divine Legation;" whether satisfactory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have therefore supposed it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ.

With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.

If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.

*Note.*—The reader will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation of man. This speculation, derived from the different strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in them, is not contrary to the Mosæic account but rather con-

frms it; as no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although those of many known animals are found near the remains of the unknown. The assertion of Lucifer, that the pre-Adamite world was also peopled by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and proportionably powerful to the mammoth, &c. &c. is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case.

I ought to add, that there is a "tramelogedia" of Alfieri, called "Abele."—I have never read that, nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his Life.

Ravenna, Sept. 20, 1821.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.—ADAM.  
CAIN.  
ABEL.

Spirits.—ANGEL OF THE LORD  
LUCIFER.

Women —EVE.  
ADAH.  
ZILLAH.

Cain:

A MYSTERY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Land without Paradise.—Time, Sunrise.

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH,  
offering a Sacrifice.

Adam. God, the Eternal! Infinite! All-wise!—

Who out of darkness on the deep didst make Light on the waters with a word—all hail! Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!

Eve. God! who didst name the day, and separate

Morning from night, till then divided never—

Who didst divide the wave from wave, and call Part of thy work the firmament—all hail!

Abel. God! who didst call the elements into Earth—ocean—air—and fire, and with the day And night, and worlds, which these illuminate, Or shadow, madest beings to enjoy them, And love both them and thee—all hail! all hail!

Alah. God, the Eternal! Parent of all things! Who didst create these best and beautiful beings,

To be beloved, more than all, save thee— Let me love thee and them:—All hail! all hail! [bles sit g all,

Zillah. Oh, God! who loving, making, Yet didst permit the Serpent to creep in, And drive my father forth from Paradise, Keep us from further evil:—Hail! all hail!

Adam. Son Cain, my first-born, wherefore art thou silent?

Cain. Why should I speak?

Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not pray'd?

Adam. We have, most fervently.

Cain. And loudly: I Have heard you.

Adam. So will God, I trust.

Abel. Amen!

Adam. But thou, my eldest born, art silent still.

Cain. 'T is better I should be so.

Adam. Wherefore so?

Cain. I have nought to ask.<sup>2</sup>

Adam. Nor aught to thank for?

Cain. No.

Adam. Dost thou not live?

Cain. Must I not die?

Eve. Alas!

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins To fall<sup>3</sup>.

Adam. And we must gather it again. Oh, God! why didst thou plant the tree of knowledge?

Cain. And wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life?

Ye might have then defied him.

Adam. Oh! my son, Blaspheme not: these are serpents' words,

Cain. Why not? The snake spoke truth: it was the tree of knowledge;

It was the tree of life: knowledge is good, And life is good; and how can both be evil?

Eve. My boy! thou speakest as I spoke, in sin, Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd

My wisery in thine. I have repented.

Let me not see my offspring fall into  
The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,  
Which e'en in Paradise destroy'd his parents.  
Content thee with what is. Had we been so  
Thou now hadst been contented.—Oh, my son  
*Adam.* Our orisons completed, let us heretofore,  
Each to his task of toil—not heavy, though  
Useful: the earth is young, and yields us kindly  
Her fruits with little labour.

*Eve.* Cain, my son,  
Behold thy father cheerful and resign'd,  
And do as he doth. [*Exeunt ADAM and EVE.*  
*Zillah.* Wilt thou not, my brother?

*Abel.* Why wilt thou wear this gloom upon  
thy brow,  
Which can avail thee nothing, save to rouse  
The Eternal anger?

*Adah.* My beloved Cain,  
Wilt thou frown even on me?

*Cain.* No, Adah! no;  
I fain would be alone a little while.  
*Abel.* I'm sick at heart; but it will pass.  
Precede, me, brother—I will follow shortly.  
And you, too, sisters, tarry not behind;  
Your gentleness must not be harshly met:  
I'll follow you anon.

*Adah.* If not, I will  
Return to seek you here.

*Abel.* The peace of God  
Be on your spirit, brother!

[*Exeunt ABEL, ZILLAH, and ADAM*  
*Cain (solus).* And this is  
Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil?—  
because

My father could not keep his place in Eden.  
What had I done in this?—I was unborn:  
I sought not to be born; nor love the state  
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he  
Yield to the serpent and the woman? or,  
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?  
The tree was planted, and why not for him?  
If not, why place him near it, where it grew,  
The fairest in the centre? They have but  
One answer to all questions, "T was his will,  
And he is good." How know I that? Because  
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?  
I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—  
Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.  
Whom have we here?—A shape like to the  
angels,

Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect  
Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?  
Why should I fear him more than other spirits,  
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords  
Before the gates round which I linger oft,  
In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those

Gardens which are my just inheritance,  
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls  
And the immortal trees which overtop  
The cherubim-defended battlements?  
If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels  
Why should I quail from him who now  
approaches?

Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less  
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful  
As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems  
Half of his immortality.<sup>4</sup> And is it  
So? and can aught grieve save humanity?  
He cometh.

*Enter LUCIFER.*

*Lucifer.* Mortal!

*Cain.* Spirit, who art thou?

*Lucifer.* Master of spirits.

*Cain.* And being so, canst thou  
Leave them, and walk with dust?

*Lucifer.* I know the thoughts  
Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

*Cain.* How!  
You know my thoughts?

*Lucifer.* They are the thoughts of all  
Worthy of thought;—'t is your immortal part  
Which speaks within you.

*Cain.* What immortal part?  
This has not been reveal'd: the tree of life  
Was withheld from us by my father's folly,  
While that of knowledge, by my mother's haste,  
Was pluck'd too soon; and all the fruit is death!

*Lucifer.* They have deceived thee; thou  
shalt live

*Cain.* I live,  
But live to die: and, living, see no thing  
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,  
A loathsome, and yet all invincible  
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I  
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—  
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

*Lucifer.* Thou livest, and must live for ever:  
think not

The earth, which is thine outward covering, is  
Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be  
No less than thou art now.

*Cain.* No less! and why  
No more?

*Lucifer.* It may be thou shalt be as we.

*Cain.* And ye?

*Lucifer.* Are everlasting.

*Cain.* Are ye happy.

*Lucifer.* We are mighty.

*Cain.* Are ye happy?

*Lucifer.* No: art thou?

*Cain.* How should I be so? Look on me!



*Lucifer.* Poor clay!  
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

*Cain.* I am:—and thou, with all thy might,  
what art thou?

*Lucifer.* One who aspired to be what made  
thee, and

Would not have made thee what thou art.

*Cain.* Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and——

*Lucifer.* I am none:

And having fail'd to be one, would be nought  
Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him reign!

*Cain.* Who?

*Lucifer.* Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

*Cain.* And heaven's,

And all that in them is. So I have heard  
His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

*Lucifer.* They say——what they must sing  
and say, on pain

Of being that which I am—and thou art—  
Of spirits and of men.

*Cain.* And what is that? \*

*Lucifer.* Souls who dare use their immor-  
tality——

Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in  
His everlasting face, and tell him, that

His evil is not good! If he has made,  
As he saith——which I know not, nor believe——

But, if he made us——he cannot unmake:  
We are immortal!——nay, he'd have us so,

That he may torture:——let him! He is great——  
But, in his greatness, is no happier than

We in our conflict! Goodness would not make  
Evil; and what else hath he made? But lethim

Sit on his vast and solitary throne,  
Creating worlds, to make eternity

Less burthensome to his immense existence  
And unparticipated solitude!

Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone  
Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant! [boon

Could he but crush himself, 't were the best  
He ever granted: but, let him reign on,

And multiply himself in misery!  
Spirits and men, at least we sympathise——

And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,  
Innumerable, more endurable,

By the unbounded sympathy of all——  
With all! But *He!* so wretched in his height,

So restless in his wretchedness, must still  
Create, and re-create——

*Cain.* Thou speak'st to me of things which  
long have swum

In visions through my thought: I never could  
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.

My father and my mother talk to me  
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see

The gates of what they call their Paradise  
Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,

Which shut them out, and me: I feel the weight  
Of daily toil and constant thought: I look

Around a world where I seem nothing, with  
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they

Could master all things:——but I thought alone  
This misery was *mine*.——My father is

Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind  
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk

Of an eternal curse; my brother is  
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up

The firstlings of the flock to him who bids  
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat

My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn  
Than the birds' matins; and my Adah, my

Own and beloved, she, too, understands not  
The mind which overwhelms me: never till

Now met I aught to sympathise with me.  
'T is well——I rather would consort with spirits.

*Lucifer.* And hadst thou not been fit by  
thine own soul

For such companionship, I would not now  
Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent

Had been enough to charm ye, as before.

*Cain.* Ah! didst thou tempt my mother?

*Lucifer.* I tempt none,  
Save with the truth: was not the tree, the tree  
Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life

Still fruit'ful? Did I bid her pluck them not?  
Did I plant things prohibitive within

The reach of beings innocent, and curious  
By their own innocence? I would have made

ye [thrust ye  
Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so

Because "ye should not eat the fruits of life,  
And become gods as we." Were those his

words?  
*Cain.* They were, as I have heard from those  
who heard them.

In thunder,  
*Lucifer.* Then who was the demon? He

Who would not let ye live, or he who would  
Have made ye live for ever in the joy

And power of knowledge?  
*Cain.* Would they had snatch'd both

The fruits, or neither!  
*Lucifer.* One is yours already;

The other may be still.  
*Cain.* How so?

*Lucifer.* By being  
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can

Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself  
And centre of surrounding things——'t is made

To sway.  
*Cain.* But didst thou tempt my parents?

*Lucifer.*  
Poor clay! what should I tempt them for, or how?

*Cain* They say the serpent was a spirit.  
*Lucifer.* Who saith that? It is not written so on high: The proud One will not so far falsify, Though man's vast fears and little vanity Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature

His own low failing. The snake was the snake— [tempted, No more; and yet not less than those he In nature being earth also—*more* in wisdom, Since he could overcome them, and foreknew The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys. Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things that die?

*Cain.* But the thing had a demon?  
*Lucifer.* He but woke one In those he spake to with his forked tongue. I tell thee that the serpent was no more Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubim Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages

Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes, and your seed's, The seed of the then world may thus array Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute 'To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all That bows to him, who made things but to bend Before his sullen, sole eternity; But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing, And fell. For what should spirits tempt them?

What  
Was there to envy in the narrow bounds Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,

With all thy tree of knowledge.  
*Cain.* But thou canst not Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,

And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind To know.

*Lucifer.* And heart to look on?  
*Cain.* Be it proved.

*Lucifer.* Darest thou to look on Death?  
*Cain.* He has not yet Been seen.

*Lucifer.* But must be undergone.  
*Cain.* My father

Says he is something dreadful, and my mother Weeps when he is named; and Abel lifts his eyes

To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,

I? And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me, And speaks not.

*Lucifer.* And thou? Thoughts unspeakable Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems, Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him? I wrestled with the lion, when a boy, In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.

*Lucifer.* It has no shape; but will absorb all things That bear the form of earth-born being.

*Cain.* Ah! I thought it was a being: who could do Such evil things to beings save a being?

*Lucifer.* Ask the Destroyer.  
*Cain.* Who?  
*Lucifer.* The Maker—call him

Which name thou wilt; he makes but to destroy.  
*Cain.* I knew not that, yet thought it, since I heard

Of death: although I know not what it is, Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out In the vast desolate night in search of him; And when I saw gigantic shadows in The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords, I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for With fear rose longing in my heart to know What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.

And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off Our native and forbidden Paradise, Up to the lights above us, in the azure, Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

*Lucifer.* Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

*Cain.* I'm glad of that: I would not have them die—

They are so lovely. What is death? I fear I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what, I cannot compass: 'tis denounced against us. Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill— What ill?

*Lucifer.* To be resolved into the earth.  
*Cain.* But shall I know it?

*Lucifer.* As I know not death, I cannot answer.

*Cain.* Were I quiet earth That were no evil: would I ne'er had been Aught else but dust!

*Lucifer.* That is a grovelling wish, Less than thy father's, for he wish'd to know.

*Cain.* But not to live, or wherefore pluck'd he not The life tree?

*Lucifer.* He was hinder'd.  
*Cain.* Deadly error!  
 Not to snatch first that fruit:—but ere he pluck'd  
 The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.  
 Alas! I scarcely now know what it is,  
 And yet I fear it—fear I know not what!  
*Lucifer.* And I, who know all things, fear  
 nothing: see  
 What is true knowledge.  
*Cain.* Wilt thou teach me all?  
*Lucifer.* Ay, upon one condition.  
*Cain.* Name it.  
*Lucifer.* That  
 Thou dost fall down and worship me—thy  
 Lord.  
*Cain.* Thou art not the Lord my father  
 worshipp'st.  
*Lucifer.* No.  
*Cain.* His equal?  
*Lucifer.* No:—I have nought in common  
 with him! [beneath—  
 Nor would; I would be aught above—  
 Aught save a sharer or a servant of  
 His power. I dwell apart; but I am great:—  
 Many there are who worship me, and more  
 Who shall—be thou amongst the first.  
*Cain.* I never  
 As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,  
 Although my brother Abel oft implores  
 That I would join with him in sacrifice:—  
 Why should I bow to thee?  
*Lucifer.* Hast thou ne'er bow'd  
 To him?  
*Cain.* Have I not said it?—need I say it?  
 Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that?  
*Lucifer.* He who bows not to him has  
 bow'd to me!  
*Cain.* But I will bend to neither.  
*Lucifer.* Ne'er the less,  
 Thou art my worshipper: not worshipping  
 Him makes thee mine the same.  
*Cain.* And what is that?  
*Lucifer.* Thou'lt know here—and hereafter.  
*Cain.* Let me but  
 Be taught the mystery of my being.  
*Lucifer.* Follow  
 Where I will lead thee.  
*Cain.* But I must retire  
 To till the earth—for I had promised—  
*Lucifer.* What?  
*Cain.* To cull some first-fruits.  
*Lucifer.* Why  
*Cain.* To offer up  
 With Abel on an altar  
*Lucifer.* Saidst thou not  
 Thou ne'er hadst bent to him who made thee?

*Cain.* Yes—  
 But Abel's earnest prayer has wrought upon  
 me; [Adah—  
 The offering is more his than mine—and  
*Lucifer.* Why dost thou hesitate?  
*Cain.* She is my sister,  
 Born on the same day, of the same womb;  
 and [and  
 She wrung from me, with tears, this promise;  
 Rather than see her weep, I would, methinks,  
 Bear all—and worship aught.  
*Lucifer.* Then follow me!  
*Cain.* I will.  
*Enter ADAM.*  
*Adah.* My brother, I have come for thee;  
 It is our hour of rest and joy—and we [not  
 Have less without thee. Thou hast labour'd  
 This morn'; but I have done thy task: the  
 fruits [ripens:  
 Are ripe, and glowing as the light which  
 Come away.  
*Cain.* See'st thou not?  
*Adah.* I see an angel,  
 We have seen many: will he share our hour  
 Of rest?—he is welcome.  
*Cain.* But he is not like  
 The angels we have seen.  
*Adah.* Are there, then, others?  
 But he is welcome, as they were: they deign'd  
 To be our guests—will he?  
*Cain (to Lucifer).* Wilt thou?  
*Lucifer.* I ask  
 Thee to be mine.  
*Cain.* I must away with him.  
*Adah.* And leave us?  
*Cain.* Ay.  
*Adah.* And me?  
*Cain.* Beloved Adah!  
*Adah.* Let me go with thee.  
*Lucifer.* No, she must not.  
*Adah.* Who  
 Art thou that stepp'st between heart and heart?  
*Cain.* He is a god.  
*Adah.* How know'st thou?  
*Cain.* He speaks like  
 A god.  
*Adah.* So did the serpent, and it lied.  
*Lucifer.* Thou errest, Adah!—was not the  
 tree that  
 Of knowledge?  
*Adah.* Ay—to our eternal sorrow  
*Lucifer.* And yet that grief is knowledge—  
 so he lied not:  
 And if he did betray you, 't was with truth;  
 And truth in its own essence cannot be  
 But good.

*Adah.* But all we know of it has gather'd  
Evil on ill: expulsion from our home,  
And dread, and toil, and sweat, and heaviness;  
Remorse of that which was—and hope of that  
Which cometh not. Cain! walk not with  
this spirit.

—I  
Bear with what we have borne, and love  
Love thee.

*Lucifer.* More than thy mother, and thy

*Adah.* I do. Is that a sin, too?

*Lucifer.* No, not yet:  
It one day will be in your children.

*Adah.* What!  
Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch?

*Lucifer.* Not as thou lovest Cain.

*Adah.* Oh, my God!  
Shall they not love and bring forth things  
that love

Out of their love? have they not drawn their  
Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,  
Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour  
With me? did we not love each other? and  
In multiplying our being multiply  
Things which will love each other as we love  
Them?—And as I love thee, my Cain! go not  
Forth with this spirit; he is not of ours.

*Lucifer.* The sin I speak of is not of my  
making,

And cannot be a sin in you—whate'er  
It seem in those who will replace ye in  
Mortality.

*Adah.* What is the sin which is not  
Sin in itself? Can circumstance make sin  
Or virtue?—if it doth, we are the slaves  
Of—

[and higher  
*Lucifer.* Higher things than ye are slaves:  
Than them or ye would be so, did they not  
Prefer an independency of torture  
To the smooth agonies of adulation, [prayers,  
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking  
To that which is omnipotent, because  
It is omnipotent, and not from love,  
But terror and self-hope.

*Adah.* Omnipotence  
Must be all goodness.

*Lucifer.* Was it so in Eden?

*Adah.* Fiend! tempt me not with beauty;  
thou art fairer

Than was the serpent, and as false.

*Lucifer.* As true.  
Ask Eve, your mother: bears she not the  
knowledge

Of good and evil?

*Adah.* Oh, my mother! thou  
Hast pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine  
offspring

Than to thyself; thou at the least hast pass'd  
Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent  
And happy intercourse with happy spirits:  
But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,  
Are girt about by demons, who assume  
The words of God, and tempt us with our own  
Dissatisfied and curious thoughts—as thou  
Wert work'd on by the snake, in thy most  
flush'd

And heedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.  
I cannot answer this immortal thing  
Which stands before me; I can not abhor him;  
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,  
And yet I fly not from him: in his eye  
There is a fastening attraction which  
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart  
Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me  
near,

[from him.  
Nearer, and nearer:—Cain—Cain—save me  
*Cain.* What dreads my Adah? This is no  
ill spirit.

[beheld  
*Adah.* He is not God—nor God's: I have  
The cherubs and the seraphs; he looks not  
Like them.

*Cain.* But there are spirits loftier still—  
The archangels

*Lucifer.* And still loftier than the archangels.

*Adah.* Ay—but not blessed.

*Lucifer.* If the blessedness  
Consists in slavery—no.

*Adah.* I have heard it said,  
The seraphs love most—cherubim know most—  
And this should be a cherub—since he loves not.

*Lucifer.* And if the higher knowledge  
quenches love,

What must he be you cannot love when known?  
Since the all-knowing cherubim love least,  
The seraphs' love can be but ignorance:

That they are not compatible, the doom  
Of thy fond parents, for their daring, proves.  
Choose betwixt love and knowledge—since  
there is

[already;  
No other choice: your sire hath chosen  
His worship is but fear.

*Adah.* Oh, Cain! choose love

*Cain.* For thee, my Adah, I choose not—  
it was

Born with me—but I love nought else.

*Adah.* Our parents?  
*Cain.* Did they love us when they snatch'd  
from the tree

That which hath driven us all from Paradise?

*Adah.* We were not born then—and if we  
had been,

Should we not love them and our children  
Cain?

**Cain.** My little Enoch! and his lisping sister!

Could I but deem them happy, I would half Forget—but it can never be forgotten Through thrice a thousand generations! never Shall men love the remembrance of the man Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree of science

And sin—and, not content with their own sorrow,

Begot me—thee—and all the few that are, And all the unnumber'd and innumerable Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be, To inherit agonies accumulated By ages!—and I must be sire of such things! Thy beauty and thy love—my love and joy, The rapturous moment and the placid hour, All we love in our children and each other, But lead them and ourselves through many years

Of sin and pain—or few, but still of sorrow, Intercheck'd with an instant of brief pleasure To Death—the unknown! Methinks the tree of knowledge

Hath not fulfill'd its promise:—if they sinn'd At least they ought to have known all things that are

Of knowledge—and the mystery of death. What do they know?—that they are miserable. What need of snakes and fruits to teach us that?

**Adah.** I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou Wert happy—

**Cain.** Be thou happy, then, alone— I will have naught to do with happiness, Which humbles me and mine.

**Adah.** Alone I could not, Nor would be happy: but with those around us, I think I could be so, despite of death,

Which, as I know it not, I dread not, though it seems an awful shadow—if I may Judge from what I have heard.

**Lucifer.** And thou couldst not Alone, thou say'st, be happy?

**Adah.** Alone! Oh, my God! Who could be happy and alone, or good? To me my solitude seems sin; unless

When I think how soon I shall see my brother, His brother, and our children, and our parents.

**Lucifer.** Yet thy God is alone; and is he happy?

Lonely, and good?

**Adah.** He is not so; he hath The angels and the mortals to make happy, And thus becomes so in diffusing joy! What else can joy be, but the spreading joy?

**Lucifer.** Ask of your sire, the exile first from Eden;

Or of his first-born son: ask your own heart It is not tranquil.

**Adah.** Alas! no! and you— Are you of heaven?

**Lucifer.** If I am not, inquire The cause of this all-spreading happiness (Which you proclaim) of the all-great and good Maker of life and living things; it is His secret, and he keeps it. *We* must bear, And some of us resist, and both in vain,

His seraphs say; but it is worth the trial, Since better may not be without: there is A wisdom in the spirit, which directs To right, as in the dim blue air the eye Of you, young mortals, lights at once upon The star which watches, welcoming the morn.

**Adah.** It is a beautiful star; I love it for Its beauty

**Lucifer.** And why not adore?

**Adah.** Our father Adores the Invisible only.

**Lucifer.** But the symbols Of the Invisible are the loveliest Of what is visible; and yon bright star Is leader of the host of heaven.

**Adah.** Our father Saith that he has beheld the God himself Who made him and our mother.

**Lucifer.** Hast thou seen him?

**Adah.** Yes—in his works.

**Lucifer.** But in his being?

**Adah.** No—

Save in my father, who is God's own image Or in his angels, who are like to thee—

And brighter, yet less beautiful and powerful In seeming: as the silent sunny noon,

All light they look upon us; but thou seem'st Like an ethereal night, where long white clouds

Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd stars Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault

With things that look as if they would be suns; So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing,

Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them, They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou

Thou seem'st unhappy: do not make us so, And I will weep for thee.

**Lucifer.** Alas! those tears!

Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed—

**Adah.** By me?

**Lucifer.** By all

**Adah.** What all?

**Lucifer.** The million millions— The myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth—

The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled  
Hell,

Of which thy bosom is the germ.

*Adah.* O Cain!

This spirit curseth us.

*Cain.* Let him say on;

Him will I follow.

*Adah.* Whether?

*Lucifer.* To a place

Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour;

But in that hour see things of many days.

*Adah.* How can that be?

*Lucifer.* Did not your Maker make  
Out of old worlds this new one in few days?

And cannot I, who aided in this work,  
Show in an hour what he hath made in many,  
Or hath destroyed in few?

*Cain.* Lead on.

*Adah.* Will he

In sooth, return within an hour?

*Lucifer.* He shall.

With us acts are exempt from time, and we

Can crowd eternity into an hour,

Or stretch an hour into eternity:

We breathe not by a mortal measurement—

But that's a mystery. Cain, come on with me.

*Adah.* Will he return?

*Lucifer.* Ay, woman! he alone  
Of mortals from that place (the first and last  
Who shall return, save ONE),—shall come  
back to thee,

To make that silent and expectant world

As populous as this: at present there

Are few inhabitants.

*Adah.* Where dwellest thou?

*Lucifer.* Throughout all space. Where  
should I dwell? Where are

Thy God or Gods—there am I: all things are

Divided with me; life and death—and time—

Eternity—and heaven and earth—and that

Which is not heaven nor earth, but peopled with

Those who once peopled or shall people both—

These are my realms! So that I do divide

*His*, and possess a kingdom which is not

*His*. If I were not that which I have said,

Could I stand here? *His* angels are within

Your vision.

*Adah.* So they were when the fair serpent  
Spoke with our mother first.

*Lucifer.* Cain! thou hast heard.  
If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate

That thirst; nor ask thee to partake of fruits

Which shall deprive thee of a single good

The conqueror has left thee. Follow me.

*Cain.* Spirit, I have said it.

[*Exeunt LUCIFER and CAIN.*]

*Adah.* (*follows, exclaiming.*) Cain! my  
brother! Cain!

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

#### *The Abyss of Space.*

*Cain.* I tread on air, and sink not; yet I fear  
To sink.

*Lucifer.* Have faith in me, and thou shalt be  
Borne on the air, of which I am the prince.

*Cain.* Can I do so without impiety?

*Lucifer.* Believe—and sink not! doubt—  
and perish! thus

Would run the edict of the other God,  
Who names me demon to his angels; they  
Echo the sound to miserable things,

Which, knowing nought beyond their shallow  
senses, [deem

Worship the word which strikes their ear, and  
Evil or good what is proclaim'd to them

In their abasement. I will have none such  
Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold

The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be  
Amerc'd for doubts beyond thy little life

With torture of *my* dooming. There will come  
An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-drops,

A man shall say to a man, "Believe in me,  
And walk the waters;" and the man shall walk

The billows and be safe. I will not say,  
Believe in *me*, as a conditional creed

To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf  
Of space an equal flight, and I will show

What thou dar'st not deny,—the history  
Of past, and present, and of future worlds.

*Cain.* Oh, god, or demon, or whate'er thou art,  
Is yon our earth?

*Lucifer.* Dost thou not recognize  
The dust which form'd your father?

*Cain.* Can it be?  
Yon small blue circle, swinging in far ether.

With an inferior circlet near it still,  
Which looks like that which lit our earthly

night?  
Is this our Paradise? Where are its walls,  
And they who guard them?

*Lucifer.* Point me out the site  
Of Paradise.

*Cain.* How should I? As 'we move  
Like sunbeams onward, it grows small and

smaller,  
And as it waxes little, and then less,  
Gathers a halo round it, like the light

Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I  
Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:  
Methinks they both, as we recede from them,  
Appear to join the innumerable stars  
Which are around us; and, as we move on,  
Increase their myriads.

*Lucifer.* And if there should be  
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited  
By greater things, and they themselves far more  
In number than the dust of thy dull earth,  
Though multiplied to animated atoms,  
All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched,  
What wouldst thou think?

*Cain.* I should be proud of thought  
Which knew such things.

*Lucifer.* But if that high thought were  
Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and,  
Knowing such things, aspiring to such things,  
And science stil' beyond them, where chain'd  
down

To the most gross and petty paltry wants,  
All foul and fulsome, and the very best  
Of thine enjoyments a sweet degradation,  
A most enervating and filthy cheat  
To lure thee on to the renewal of  
Fresh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be  
As frail, and few so happy——

*Cain.* Spirit! I  
Know nought of death, save as a dreadful thing  
Of which I have heard my parents speak, as of  
A hideous heritage I owe to them  
No less than life; a heritage not happy,  
If I may judge, till now. But, spirit! if  
It be as thou hast said (and I within  
Feel the prophetic torture of its truth),  
Here let me die: for to give birth to those  
Who can but suffer many years, and die,  
Methinks is merely propagating death,  
And multiplying murder.

*Lucifer.* Thou canst not  
All die—there is what must survive.

*Cain.* The Other  
Spake not of this unto my father, when  
He shut him forth from Paradise, with death  
Written upon his forehead. But at least  
Let what is mortal of me perish, that  
I may be in the rest as angels are.

*Lucifer.* I am angelic: wouldst thou be as  
I am? [power,

*Cain.* I know not what thou art: I see thy  
And see thou show'st me things beyond my  
power,

Beyond all power of my born faculties,  
Although inferior still to my desires  
And my conceptions.

*Lucifer.* What are they which dwell

So humbly in their pride, as to sojourn  
With worms in clay?

*Cain.* And what art thou who dwellest  
So haughtily in spirit, and canst range  
Nature and immortality—and yet  
Seem'st sorrowful?

*Lucifer.* I seem that which I am.  
And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou  
Wouldst be immortal?

*Cain.* Thou hast said, I must be  
Immortal in despite of me. I knew not  
This until lately—but since it must be,  
Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn:  
To anticipate my immortality.

*Lucifer.* Thou didst before I came upon thee.

*Cain.* How?

*Lucifer.* By suffering

*Cain.* And must torture be immortal?

*Lucifer.* We and thy sons will try. But  
now, behold!

Is it not glorious?

*Cain.* Oh, thou beautiful  
And unimaginable ether! and  
Ye multiplying masses of increased  
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what  
Is this blue wilderness of interminable  
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen  
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?  
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye  
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
Through an aërial universe of endless  
Expansion—at which my soul aches to think—  
Intoxicated with eternity?

Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!  
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er  
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die,  
(If that they die) or know ye in your might  
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this  
hour

Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;  
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

*Lucifer.* Art thou not nearer? look back to  
thine earth! [mass

*Cain.* Where is it? I see nothing save a  
Of most innumerable lights.

*Lucifer.* Look there!

*Cain.* I cannot see it.

*Lucifer.* Yet it sparkles still.

*Cain.* That!—yonder!

*Lucifer.* Yea.

*Cain.* And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms  
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks  
In the dim twilight, brighter than on world  
Which bears them.

*Lucifer.* Thou hast seen both worms and worlds, [of them?

Each bright and sparkling—what dost think

*Cain.* That they are beautiful in their own sphere,

And that the night, which makes both beautiful,

The little shining fire-fly in its flight,

And the immortal star in its great course,

Must both be guided.

*Lucifer.* But by whom or what?

*Cain.* Show me.

*Lucifer.* Dar'st thou behold?

*Cain.* How know I what

I dare behold? As yet, thou hast shown nought

I dare not gaze on further.

*Lucifer.* On, then, with me.

Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

*Cain.* Why, what are things?

*Lucifer.* Both partly: but what doth

Sit next thy heart?

*Cain.* The things I see.

*Lucifer.* But what

Sate nearest it!

*Cain.* The things I have not seen,  
Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death.

*Lucifer.* What, if I show to thee things  
which have died,

As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

*Cain.* Do so

*Lucifer.* Away, then! on our mighty wings.

*Cain.* Oh! how we cleave the blue! The  
stars fade from us!

The earth! where is my earth? Let me look  
on it,

For I was made of it.

*Lucifer.* 'Tis now beyond thee,

Less, in the universe, than thou in it;

Yet deem not that thou canst escape it; thou

Shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust:

'Tis part of thy eternity, and mine.

*Cain.* Where dost thou lead me?

*Lucifer.* To what was before thee!

The phantasm of the world; of which thy world  
Is but the wreck.

*Cain.* What! is it not then new?

*Lucifer.* No more than life is; and that was  
ere thou

Or I were, or the things which seem to us  
Greater than either: many things will have

No end; and some, which would pretend to have

Had no beginning, have had one as mean

As thou; and mightier things have been extinct

To make way for much meaner than we can

Surmise; for moments only and the space

Have been and must be all unchangeable.

But changes make not death except, to clay;

But thou art clay,—and canst but comprehend  
That which was clay, and such thou shalt  
behold. [survey

*Cain.* Clay, spirit what thou wilt, I can

*Lucifer.* Away, then!

*Cain.* But the lights fade from me fast,

And some till now grew larger as we ap-  
proach'd,

And wore the look of worlds.

*Lucifer.* And such they are

*Cain.* And Edens in them?

*Lucifer.* It may be.

*Cain.* And men?

*Lucifer.* Yea, or things higher.

*Cain.* Ay? and serpents too?

*Lucifer.* Wouldst thou have men without  
them? must no reptiles

Breathe save the erect ones?

*Cain.* How the lights recede.

Where fly we?

*Lucifer.* To the world of phantoms, which  
Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

*Cain.* But it grows dark and dark—the stars  
are gone!

*Lucifer.* And yet thou seest

*Cain.* 'Tis a fearful light!

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.

The very blue of the empurpled night

Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see

Huge dusky masses: but unlike the worlds

We were approaching, which, begirt with light,

Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere

Of light gave way, and show'd them taking  
shapes

Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains:

And some emitting sparks, and some displaying

Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt

With luminous belts, and floating moons, which  
took,

Like them, the features of fair earth:—instead

All here seems dark and dreadful.

*Lucifer.* But distinct

Thou seekest to behold death, and dead things?

*Cain.* I seek it not; but as I know there are

Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and me

And all that we inherit, liable

To such, I would behold at once, what I

Must one day see performe.

*Lucifer.* Behold!

*Cain.* 'Tis darkness.

*Lucifer.* And so it shall be ever; but we will  
Unfold its gates!

*Cain.* Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this?

*Lucifer.* Enter!

*Cain.* Can I return?



*Lucifer.* Return! be sure: how else should death be peopled?

Its present realm is thin to what it will be,  
Through thee and thine.

*Cain.* The clouds still open wide  
And wider, and make widening circles round us.

*Lucifer.* Advance!

*Cain.* And thou!

*Lucifer.* Fear not—without me thou  
Couldst not have gone beyond thy world.  
On! on!

[*They disappear through the clouds.*]

SCENE II.

*Hades.*<sup>8</sup>

*Enter LUCIFER and CAIN.*

*Cain.* How silent and how vast are these dim worlds! [peopled  
For they seem more than one, and yet more  
Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung

So thickly in the upper air, that I  
Had deem'd them rather the bright populace  
Of some all unimaginable heaven,  
Than things to be inhabited themselves,  
But that on drawing near them I beheld  
Their swelling into palpable immensity [on,  
Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell  
Rather than life itself. But here, all is  
So shadowy and so full of twilight, that  
It speaks of a day past.

*Lucifer.* It is the realm  
Of death.—Wouldst have it present?

*Cain.* 'Till I know  
That which it really is, I cannot answer.  
But if it be as I have heard my father  
Deal out in his long homilies, 't is a thing—  
Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be  
He who invented life that leads to death!  
Or the dull mass of life, that, being life,  
Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—  
Even for the innocent!

*Lucifer.* Dost thou curse thy father?

*Cain.* Cursed he not me in giving me my birth?

Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring  
To pluck the fruit forbidden?

*Lucifer.* Thou say'st well:  
The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and thee—  
But for thy sons and brother?

*Cain.* Let them share it  
With me, their sire and brother? What else is

Bequeath'd to me? I leave them my inheritance.

Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms  
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,  
Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all  
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?  
Live ye, or have ye lived?

*Lucifer.* Somewhat of both.

*Cain.* Then what is death?

*Lucifer.* What? Hath not he who made ye  
Said 't is another life?

*Cain.* Till now he hath  
Said nothing, save that all shall die.<sup>9</sup>

*Lucifer.* Perhaps  
He one day will unfold that further secret.

*Cain.* Happy the day!

*Lucifer.* Yes; happy! when unfolded  
Through agonies unspeakable, and clogg'd  
With agonies eternal, to innumerable  
Yet unborn myriads of unconscious atoms  
All to be animated for this only! [which I see

*Cain.* What are these mighty phantoms  
Floating around me?—They wear not the form  
Of the intelligences I have seen.  
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,  
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it  
In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,  
Nor in my sister-bridg's, nor in my children's  
And yet they have an aspect, which, though

not

Of men nor angels, looks like something, which  
If not the last, rose higher than the first,  
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full  
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable  
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not  
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,  
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is  
Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful  
As the most beautiful and mighty which  
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce  
Can call them living.

*Lucifer.* Yet they lived.

*Cain.* Where?

*Lucifer.* Where

Thou livest.

*Cain.* When?

*Lucifer.* On what thou callest earth

They did inhabit.

*Cain.* Adam is the first.

*Lucifer.* Of thine, I grant thee—but too  
mean to be

The last of these.

*Cain.* And what are they?

*Lucifer.* That which

Thou shalt be.

*Cain.* But what were they?

*Lucifer* Living, high,  
Intelligent, good, great, and glorious things,  
As much superior unto all thy sire,  
Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as  
The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,  
In its dull damp degeneracy, to [judge  
Thee and thy son;—and how weak they are,  
By thy own flesh

*Cain.* Ah me! and did *they* perish?

*Lucifer.* Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt  
fade from thine.

*Cain.* But was *mine* theirs?

*Lucifer.* It was.

*Cain.* But not as now.

It is too little and too lowly to  
Sustain such creatures.<sup>10</sup>

*Lucifer.* True, it was more glorious.

*Cain.* And wherefore did it fall?

*Lucifer.* Ask him who fells.

*Cain.* But how?

*Lucifer.* By a most crushing and inexorable  
Destruction and disorder of the elements,  
Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos  
Subsiding has struck out a world: such things,  
Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity—  
Pass on, and gaze upon the past.

*Cain.* 'T is awful!

*Lucifer.* And true. Behold these phantoms!  
they were once

Material as thou art

*Cain.* And must I be

like them?

*Lucifer.* Let He who made thee answer that,  
show thee what thy predecessors are,  
And what they *were* thou feelest, in degree  
inferior as thy petty feelings and  
Thy pettier portion of the immortal part  
Of high intelligence and earthly strength.  
What ye in common have with what they had  
As life, and what ye *shall* have—death. The rest  
Of your poor attributes is such as suits  
Raptures engender'd out of the subsiding  
Some of a mighty universe, crush'd into  
A scarcely-yet shaped planet, people'd with  
Beings whose enjoyment was to be in  
blindness—

A Paradise of Ignorance, from which  
Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But behold  
What these superior beings are or were;  
Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and till  
The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in  
safety.

*Cain.* No: I'll stay here.

*Lucifer.* How long?

*Cain.* For ever! Since

I must one day return here from the earth,

I rather would remain; I am sick of all  
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in  
shadows.

*Lucifer.* It cannot be: thou now beholdest as  
A vision that which is reality.

To make thyself fit for this dwelling, thou  
Must pass through what the things thou see'st  
have pass'd—

The gates of death. [enter'd

*Cain.* By what gate have we  
Even now?

*Lucifer.* By mine! But, plighted to return,  
My spirit buoys thee up to breathe in regions  
Where all is breathless save thyself. Gaze on;  
But do hot think to dwell here till thine hour  
Is come. [repass

*Cain.* And these, too; can they ne'er  
To earth again?

*Lucifer.* Their earth is gone for ever—  
So changed by its convulsion, they would not  
Be conscious to a single present spot  
Of its new scarcely harden'd surface—'t was--  
Oh, what a beautiful world it *was*!

*Cain.* And is.  
It is not with the earth, though I must till it,  
I feel at war, but that I may not profit  
By what it bears of beautiful untailing,  
Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts  
With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears  
Of death and life

*Lucifer.* What thy world is, thou see'st,  
But canst not comprehend the shadow of  
That which it was.

*Cain.* And those enormous creatures,  
Phantoms inferior in intelligence [pass'd.  
(At least so seeming) to the things we have  
Resembling somewhat the wild habitants  
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which  
Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold  
In magnitude and terror; taller than  
The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with  
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which  
fence them,

And tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd of  
Their bark and branches—what were they?

*Lucifer.* That which  
The Mammoth is in thy world;—but these Æ  
By myriads underneath its surface.

*Cain.* But

None on it?<sup>11</sup>

*Lucifer.* No: for thy frail race to war  
With them would render the curse on it  
useless—

'T would be destroy'd so early.

*Cain.* But why *war*!

*Lucifer.* You have forgotten the denunciation

Which drove your race from Eden—war with  
 all things, [things,  
 And death to all things, and disease to most  
 And pangs, and bitterness; these were the  
 fruits

Of the forbidden tree.

*Cain.* But animals—

Did they, too, eat of it, that they must die?

*Lucifer.* Your Maker told ye, *they* were  
 made for you, [doom

As you for him.—You would not have their  
 Superior to your own? Had Adam not  
 Fallen, all had stood.

*Cain.* Alas! the hopeless wretches!

They too must share my sire's fate, like his  
 sons; [apple;

Like them, too, without having shared the  
 Like them, too, without the so dear-bought  
*knowledge!*

It was a lying tree—for we *know* nothing.

At least it *promised knowledge* at the price

Of death—but *knowledge* still: but what  
*knows* man? [knowledge;

*Lucifer.* It may be death leads to the *highest*  
 And being of all things the sole thing certain,  
 At least leads to the *surest* science: therefore  
 The tree was true, though deadly

*Cain.* These dim realms!

I see them, but I know them not.

*Lucifer.* Because

Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot  
 Comprehend spirit wholly—but 't is something  
 To know there are such realms.

*Cain.* We knew already

That there was death.

*Lucifer.* But not what was beyond it.

*Cain.* Nor know I now.

*Lucifer.* Thou knowest that there is  
 A state, and many states beyond thine own—  
 And this thou knewest not this morn.

*Cain.* But all

seems dim and shadowy

*Lucifer.* Be content; it will

seem clearer to thine immortality.

*Cain.* And yon immeasurable liquid space  
 Of glorious azure which floats on beyond us,  
 Which looks like water, and which I should  
 deem

The river which flows out of Paradise  
 Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless  
 And boundless, and of an ethereal hue—  
 What is it?

*Lucifer.* There is still some such on earth,  
 Although inferior, and thy children shall

Dwell near it—'t is the phantasm of an ocean.

*Cain.* 'T is like another world; a liquid sun—

And those inordinate creatures sporting o'er  
 Its shining surface?

*Lucifer.* Are its inhabitants,

The past leviathans.

*Cain.*

And yon immense [vasty  
 Serpent, which rears its dripping mane and  
 Head ten times higher than the haughtiest  
 cedar

Forth from the abyss, looking as he could coil  
 Himself around the orbs we lately look'd on—  
 Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath  
 The tree in Eden?

*Lucifer.* Eve, thy mother, best

Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her

*Cain.* This seems too terrible. No other  
 the other

Had more of beauty.

*Lucifer.* Hast thou ne'er beheld her

*Cain.* Many of the same kind (at least  
 call'd),

But never that precisely which persuaded  
 The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect

*Lucifer.* Your father saw him not?

*Cain.* No: 't was my mother

Who tempted him—she tempted by the serpent

*Lucifer.* Good man! whene'er thy wife, &  
 thy sons' wives [strange

Tempt thee or them to aught that's new or  
 Be sure thou see'st first who hath tempted them

*Cain.* Thy precept comes too late: there is  
 no more

For serpents to tempt woman to.

*Lucifer.* But there

Are some things still which woman may tempt  
 man to,

And man tempt woman:—let thy sons look to  
 it!

My counsel is a kind one; for 't is even  
 Given chiefly at my own expense: 't is true,  
 'T will not be follow'd, so there's little lost.

*Cain.* I understand not this.

*Lucifer.* The happier thou!—

Thy world and thou are still too young!  
 Thou thinkest

Thyself most wicked and unhappy: is it  
 Not so?

*Cain.* For crime, I know not; but for pain,  
 I have felt much.

*Lucifer.* First-born of the first man!

Thy present state of sin—and thou art evil,  
 Of sorrow—and thou sufferest, are both Eden  
 In all its innocence compared to what

Thou shortly may'st be; and that state again  
 In its redoubled wretchedness, a Paradise

To what thy sons' sons' sons accumulating  
 In generations like to dust (which they

In fact but add to), shall endure and do.—  
Now let us back to earth!

*Cain.* And wherefore didst thou lead me here only to inform me this?

*Lucifer.* Was not thy quest for knowledge?

*Cain.* Yes; as being

The road to happiness.

*Lucifer.* If truth be so,

Thou hast it.

*Cain.* Then my father's God did well when he prohibited the fatal tree.

*Lucifer.* But had done better in not planting it.

But ignorance of evil doth not save from evil; it must still roll on the same,

A part of all things.

*Cain.* Not of all things. No:

I'll not believe it—for I thirst for good.

*Lucifer.* And who and what doth not?

*Who covets evil*

For its own bitter sake?—None—nothing! 'tis the heaven of all life, and lifelessness.

*Cain.* Within those glorious orbs which we behold,

Distant, and dazzling, and innumerable, ere we came down into this phantom realm, it cannot come: they are too beautiful.

*Lucifer.* Thou hast seen them from afar—

*Cain.* And what of that?

Distance can but diminish glory—they,

When nearer, must be more ineffable.

*Lucifer.* Approach the things of earth most beautiful,

and judge their beauty near.

*Cain.* I have done this—

The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

*Lucifer.* Then there must be delusion.—

What is that,

Which being nearest to thine eyes is still

More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

*Cain.* My sister Adah.—All the stars o' heaven,

The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb

Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—

The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—

His setting indescribable, which fills

My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold him

Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with

Along that western paradise of clouds—

The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—

The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,

And mingles with the song of cherubim,

As the day closes over Eden's walls;—

All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,

Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven

To gaze on it.

*Lucifer.* 'Tis fair as frail mortality,

In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,

And earliest embraces of earth's parents,

Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

*Cain.* You think so, being not her brother.

*Lucifer.* More!

My brotherhood's with those who have no children.

*Cain.* Then thou canst have no fellowship with us.

*Lucifer.* It may be that thine own shall be for me.

But if thou dost possess a beautiful

Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes,

Why art thou wretched?

*Cain.* Why do I exist?

Why art thou wretched? why are all things so?

Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker

Of things unhappy! To produce destruction

Can surely never be the task of joy,

And yet my sire says he's omnipotent:

Then why is evil—he being good? I ask'd

This question of my father; and he said,

Because this evil only was the path [out

To good. Strange good, that must arise from

Its deadly opposite. I lately saw

A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling

Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the van

And piteous bleating of its restless dam;

My father pluck'd some herbs, and laid them to

The wound; and by degrees the helpless wretch

Resumed its careless lie, and rose to drain

The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous

Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy.

Behold, my son! said Adam, how from evil

Springs good!

*Lucifer.* What didst thou answer?

*Cain.* Nothing; for

He is my father: but I thought, that 't were

A better portion for the animal

Never to have been stung at all, than to

Purchase renewal of its little life

With agonies unutterable, though

Dispell'd by antidotes.

*Lucifer.* But as thou saidst

Of all beloved things thou lovest her

Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers

Unto thy children—

*Cain.* Most assuredly:

What should I be without her?

*Lucifer.* What am I:

*Cain.* Dost thou love nothing?

*Lucifer.* What does thy God love?

*Cain.* All things, my father says; out I confess

I see it not in their allotment here. [*if I love Lucifer.* And, therefore, thou canst not see Or no, except some vast and general purpose, To which particular things must melt like snows

*Cain.* Snows! what are they?

*Lucifer.* Be happier in not knowing What thy remoter offspring must encounter; But bask beneath the clime which knows no winter [like thyself?

*Cain.* But dost thou not love something

*Lucifer.* And dost thou love *thyself*?

*Cain.* Yes, but love more

What makes my feelings more endurable, And is more than myself, because I love it.

*Lucifer.* Thou lovest it, because 't is beautiful,

As was the apple in thy mother's eye; And when it ceases to be so, thy love Will cease, like any other appetite. [*be?*

*Cain.* Cease to be beautiful! how can that

*Lucifer.* With time.

*Cain.* But time has past, and hitherto

Even Adam and my mother both are fair:

Not fair like Adah and the seraphim— But very fair.

*Lucifer.* All that must pass away

In them and her.

*Cain.* I'm sorry for it: but

Cannot conceive my love for her the less. And when her beauty disappears, methinks He who creates all beauty will lose more Than me in seeing perish such a work.

*Lucifer.* I pity thee who lovest what must perish.

*Cain.* And I thee who lov'st nothing.

*Lucifer.* And thy brother—

Sits he not near thy heart?

*Cain.* Why should he not?

*Lucifer.* Thy father loves him well—so does thy God.

*Cain.* And so do I

*Lucifer.* 'T is well and meekly done.

*Cain.* Meekly!

*Lucifer.* He is the second born of flesh, And is his mother's favourite.

*Cain.* Let him keep

Her favour, since the serpent was the first To win it.

*Lucifer.* And his father's?

*Cain.* What is that

To me? should I not love that which all love?

*Lucifer.* And the Jehovah—the indulgent Lord,

And bounteous planter of barr'd Paradise— He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

*Cain.* I

Ne'er saw him, and I know not if he smiles.

*Lucifer.* But you have seen his angels.

*Cain.* Rarely

*Lucifer.* But

Sufficiently to see they love your brother.

*His sacrifices are acceptable.*

*Cain.* So be they! wherefore speak to me of this?

*Lucifer.* Because thou hast thought of this ere now.

*Cain.* And if

I have thought, why recall a thought that— [*he pauses, as agitated*—Spirit!

Here we are in *thy* world: speak not of *mine*. Thou hast shown me wonders; thou hast shown me those

Mighty pre-Adamites who walk'd the earth Of which ours is the wreck; thou hast pointed out

Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own Is the dim and remote companion, in Infinity of life; thou hast shown me shadows Of that existence with the dreaded name Which my sire brought us—Death; thou hast shown me much—

But not all: show me where Jehovah dwells In his especial Paradise,—or *thine*: Where is it?

*Lucifer.* Here, and o'er all space.

*Cain.* But ye

Have some allotted dwelling—as all things; Clay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants;

All temporary breathing creatures their Peculiar element; and things which have Long ceased to breathe *our* breath, have theirs thou say'st;

And the Jehovah and thyself have thine—

Ye do not dwell together?

*Lucifer.* No, we reign

Together; but our dwellings are asunder.

*Cain.* Would there were only one of ye. perchance

An unity of purpose might make union In elements which seem now jarr'd in storms. How came ye, being spirits, wise and infinite, To separate? Are ye not as brethren in Your essence, and your nature, and your glory?

*Lucifer.* Art thou not Abel's brother?

*Cain.* We are brethren,

And so we shall remain; but were it not so.

Is spirit like to flesh? can it fall out?

Infinity with Immortality?

Jarring and turning space to misery—

For what?

*Lucifer.* To reign.

*Cain.* Did ye not tell me that  
e are both eternal?

*Lucifer.* Yea!

*Cain.* And what I have seen,  
on blue immensity, is boundless?

*Lucifer.* Ay.

*Cain.* And cannot ye both reign then?—  
is there not

Enough?—why should ye differ?

*Lucifer.* We both reign

*Cain.* But one of you makes evil.

*Lucifer.* Which?

*Cain.* Thou! for

If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not?

*Lucifer.* And why not he who made? I  
made ye not:

Ye are *his* creatures, and not mine.

*Cain.* Then leave us

*His* creatures, as thou say'st we are, or show me  
Thy dwelling, or his dwelling.

*Lucifer.* I could show thee

Both; but the time will come thou shalt see one  
Of them for evermore.

*Cain.* And why not now?

*Lucifer.* Thy human mind hath scarcely  
grasp to gather

The little I have shown thee into calm

And clear thought; and thou wouldst go on  
aspiring

To the great double Mysteries! the *two Prin-*  
*ciples*! <sup>B2</sup>

And gaze upon them on their secret thrones!  
Dust! limit thy ambition; for to see

Either of these, would be for thee to perish!

*Cain.* And let me perish, so I see them!

*Lucifer.* There

The son of her who snatch'd the apple spake!  
But thou wouldst only perish, and not see them;

That sight is for the other state.

*Cain.* Of death?

*Lucifer.* That is the prelude.

*Cain.* Then I dread it less,

Now that I know it leads to something definite

*Lucifer.* And now I will convey thee to thy  
world,

Where thou shalt multiply the race of Adam,  
Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep,  
and die. [things

*Cain.* And to what end have I beheld these  
Which thou hast shown me?

*Lucifer.* Didst thou not require

Knowledge? And have I not, in what I show'd,  
Taught thee to know thyself?

*Cain.*

A's! I seem

Nothing.

*Lucifer.* And this should be the human sun  
Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's no  
thingness:

Bequeath that science to thy children, and  
'T will spare them many tortures.

*Cain.*

Haughty spirit  
Thou speak'st it proudly; but thyself, though  
proud,

Hast a superior.

*Lucifer.*

No! by heaven, which He  
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity [No!  
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—  
I have a victor—true; but no superior.

Homage he has from all—but none from me

I battle it against him, as I battled

In highest heaven. Through all eternity,

And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,

And the interminable realms of space,

And the infinity of endless ages,

All, all, will I dispute! And world by world

And star by star, and universe by universe,

Shall tremble in the balance, till the great

Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,

Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quenched

And what can quench our immortality,

Or mutual and irrevocable hate?

He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd

*Evil*; but what will be the *good* he gives?

Were I the victor, *his* works would be deem'd

The only evil ones. And you, ye new [gifts

And scarce born mortals, what have been his

To you already, in your little world? <sup>B3</sup>

*Cain.* But few! and some of those but bitter.

*Lucifer.*

Back

With me, then, to thine earth, and try the  
rest

Of his celestial boons to you and yours.

Evil and good are things in their own essence,

And not made good or evil by the giver;

But if he gives you good—so call him; if

Evil springs from *him*, do not name it *mine*,

Till ye know better its true fount; and judge

Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruit

Of your existence, such as it must be.

*One good* gift has the fatal apple given—

Your *reason*:—let it not be over-sway'd

By tyrannous threats to force you into faith

'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling

Think and endure.—and form an inner world

In your own bosom—where the outward  
fails;

So shall you nearer be the spiritual

Nature, and war triumphant with your own

[*They disagree*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.*

Enter CAIN and ADAH.

Adah. Hush! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress! 't is a gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd o'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou choose it

For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches snut out the sun like night, and therefore seem'd

Fitting to shadow slumber

Cain. Ay, the last—  
And longest; but no matter—lead me to him  
[*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,  
In their pure incarnation, vying with  
The rose leaves strew'd beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,  
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not  
Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake  
soon—

His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over;  
But it were pity to disturb him till  
T is closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain  
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—  
Sleep on

And smile, thou little, young inheritor [smile!  
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and  
Thine are the hours and days when both are  
cheering

And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—  
n<sup>o</sup>u know'st not thou art naked! Must the  
time

Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,  
Which were not mine nor thine? But now  
sleep on!

His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,  
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long  
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er  
them;

Half open, from beneath them the clear blue  
laughs out, although in slumber. He must  
dream—

Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,  
My disinherited boy! 'T is but a dream;

For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,  
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

Adah. Dear Cain! Nay, do not whisper  
o'er our son

Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:  
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?  
Can we not make another?

Cain. Where?

Adah. Here, or  
Where'er *thou* wilt: where'er thou art, I feel no  
The want of this so much regretted Eden.

Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother,  
And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,  
To whom we owe so much besides our birth?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the  
debts we owe her. [drew thee hence,

Adah. Cain! that proud spirit, who with-  
Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hope'd  
The promised wonders which thou hast beheld  
Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds  
Would have composed thy mind into the calm  
Of a contented knowledge; but I see [him,  
Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank  
And can forgive him all, that he so soon  
Hath given thee back to us.

Cain. So soon?

Adah. 'T is scarcely  
Two hours since ye departed: two long hours  
To me, but only *hours* upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd that sun,  
and seen

Worlds which he once shone on, and never more  
Shall light; and worlds he never lit: methought  
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adah. Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind then hath capacity of time,  
And measures it by that which it beholds,  
Pleasing or painful; little or almighty  
I had beheld the immemorial works  
Of endless beings; skirr'd extinguish'd worlds;  
And, gazing on eternity, methought  
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages  
From its immensity; but now I feel  
My littleness again. Well said the spirit,  
That I was nothing!

Adah. Wherefore said he so?  
Jehovah said not that.

Cain. No: *he* contents him  
With making us the *nothing* which we are;  
And after flattering dust with glimpses of  
Eden and Immortality, resolves  
It back to dust again—for what?

Adah. Thou know'st—  
Even for our parents' error

Cain. What is that  
To us? they sinn'd, then *let them* die!

*Adam.* Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought

Thy own, but of the spirit who was with thee. Would I could die for them, so *they* might live!

*Cain.* Why, so say I—provided that one victim

Might satiate the insatiable of life, And that our little rosy sleeper there

Might never taste of death nor human sorrow Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

*Adam.* How know we that some such atonement one day

May not redeem our race?

*Cain.* By sacrificing  
The harmless for the guilty? What atonement  
Were there? why, *we* are innocent: what have we

Done, that we must be victims for a deed  
Before our birth, or need have victims to  
Atone for this mysterious, nameless sin—  
If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

*Adam.* Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain:  
thy words

Sound impious in mine ears.

*Cain.* Then leave me!  
*Adam.* Never,

Though thy God left thee.

*Cain.* Say, what have we here?  
*Adam.* Two altars, which our brother Abel made

During thine absence, wherenpon to offer  
A sacrifice to God on thy return.

*Cain.* And how knew *he*, that *I* would be  
so ready

With the burnt offerings, which he daily brings  
With a meek brow, whose base humility  
Shows more of fear than worship, as a bribe  
To the Creator?

*Adam.* Surely, 't is well done.

*Cain.* One altar may suffice; *I* have no offering.

*Adam.* The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful  
Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers and fruits,

These are a goodly offering to the Lord,  
Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

*Cain.* I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweaten  
in the sun

According to the curse:—must I do more?  
For what should I be gentle? for a war  
With all the elements ere they will yield  
The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful,  
For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,  
Till I return to dust? If I am nothing—  
For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,

And seem well-pleas'd with pain? For what should I

Be contrite? for my father's sin, already  
Expiate with what we all have undergone,  
And to be more than expiated by  
The ages prophesied, upon our seed.  
Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there  
The germs of an eternal misery  
To myriads is within him! better 't were  
I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd li  
'gainst

The rocks, than let him live to—

*Adam.* Oh, my God!  
Touch not the child—my child! *thy* child:  
Oh Cain! [power]

*Cain.* Fear not! for all the stars, and all the  
Which sways them, I would not accost you  
infant

With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

*Adam.* Then, why so awful in thy speech?

*Cain.* I said,  
'T were better that he ceased to live, than give  
Life to so much of sorrow as he must

Endure, and, harder still, bequeath; but since  
That saying jars you, let us only say—  
'T were better that he never had been born.

*Adam.* Oh, do not say so! Where were  
then the joys,

The mother's joys of watching, nourishing,  
And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet  
Ereoch! [She goes to the child.]

Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,  
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,  
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,  
For *then* we are all alike; is 't not so, Cain?  
Mother, and sire, and son, our features are  
Reflected in each other: as they are

In the clear waters, when *they* are gentle, and  
When *thou* art gentle. Love us, then, my Cain!

And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee.  
Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms  
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
To hail his father; while his little form

Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain  
The childless cherubs well might envy thee  
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain!  
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but  
His heart will, and thine own too.

*Cain.* Bless thee, boy  
If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,  
To save thee from the serpent's curse!

*Adam.* It shall  
Surely a father's blessing may avert  
A reptile's subtlety.

*Cain.* Of that I doubt;  
But bless him ne'er the less.



*Adah* Our brother comes.  
*Cain.* Thy brother Abel.

*Enter ABEL.*

*Abel.* Welcome, Cain! My brother,  
 The peace of God be on thee!

*Cain.* Abel, hail!

*Abel.* Our sister tells me that thou hast been  
 wandering,

In high communion with a spirit, far  
 Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those  
 We have seen and spoken with, like to our  
 father?

*Cain.* No. [may be

*Abel.* Why then commune with him? he  
 A foe to the Most High

*Cain.* And friend to man.  
 Has the Most High been so—if so you term him?

*Abel.* Term him! your words are strange  
 to-day, my brother.

My sister Adah, leave us for awhile—  
 We mean to sacrifice.

*Adah.* Farewell, my Cain;  
 But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,  
 And Abel's pious ministry, recall thee  
 To peace and holiness!

[*Exit ADAH, with her child.*

*Abel.* Where hast thou been?

*Cain.* I know not.

*Abel.* Nor what thou hast seen?

*Cain.* The dead,

The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,  
 The overpowering mysteries of space—

The innumerable worlds that were and are—  
 A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,  
 Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud  
 voiced spheres

Singing in thunder round me, as have made me  
 Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.

*Abel.* Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural  
 light—

Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural hue—  
 Thy words are fraught with an unnatural  
 sound—

What may this mean?

*Cain.* It means—I pray thee, leave me.

*Abel.* Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed  
 together.

*Cain.* Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice alone—  
 Jehovah loves thee well.

*Abel.* Both well, I hope.

*Cain.* But thee the better: I care not for that;  
 Thou art fitter for his worship than I am;

Revere him, then—but let it be alone—  
 At least without me.

*Abel.* Brother, I should ill

Deserve the name of our great father's son,  
 If, as my elder, I revered thee not,  
 And in the worship of our God call'd not  
 On thee to join me, and precede me in  
 Our priesthood—'t is thy place.

*Cain.* But I have ne'er

Asserted it.

*Abel.* The more my grief; I pray thee  
 To do so now: thy soul seems labouring in  
 Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.

*Cain.* No;  
 Nothing can calm me more. *Calm!* say I?  
 Never

Knew I what calm was in the soul, although  
 I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel, leave  
 me!

Or let me leave thee to thy pious purpose.

*Abel.* Neither; we must perform our task  
 together.

Spurn me not.

*Cain.* If it must be so—well, then  
 What shall I do?

*Abel.* Choose one of those two altars.

*Cain.* Choose for me: they to me are so  
 much turf

And stone.

*Abel.* Choose thou!

*Cain.* I have chosen.

*Abel.* 'T is the highest,

And suits thee, as the elder Now prepare  
 Thine offerings.

*Cain.* Where are thine?

*Abel.* Behold them here—

The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof—  
 A shepherd's humble offering.

*Cain.* I have no flocks

I am a tiller of the ground, and must

Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit

[*He gathers fruits*

Behold them in their various bloom and  
 ripeness.

[*They dress their altars, and kindle a  
 flame upon them.*

*Abel.* My brother, as the elder, offer first  
 Thy prayer and thanksgiving with sacrifice.

*Cain.* No—I am new to this; lead thou  
 the way,

And I will follow—as I may.

*Abel (kneeling).* Oh God!

Who made us, and who breathed the breath  
 of life

Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us  
 And spared, despite our father's sin, to make

His children all lost, as they might have been  
 Had not thy justice been so temper'd with

The mercy which is thy delight, as to

Accord a pardon like a Paradise, [of light!  
Compared with our great crimes:—Sole Lord  
O' good, and glory, and eternity;  
Without whom all were evil, and with whom  
Nothing can err, except to some good end  
O: thine omnipotent benevolence—  
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd—  
Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's  
First of the first-born flocks—an offering,  
In itself nothing—as what offering can be  
Anght unto thee?—but yet accept it for  
The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in  
The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own  
Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour  
Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

*Cain (standing erect during this speech).*  
Spirit! whate'er or whosoe'er thou art,  
Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,  
Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil;  
Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven,  
And it may be with other names, because  
Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:—  
If thou must be propitiated with prayers,  
Take them! If thou must be induced with altars,  
And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them!  
Two beings here erect them unto thee.  
If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine  
which smokes

On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service  
In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek  
In sanguinary incense to thy skies,  
Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,  
And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf  
I spread them on now offers in the face  
Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem  
Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not  
Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form  
A sample of thy works, than supplication  
To look on ours! If a shrine without victim,  
And altar without gore, may win thy favour,  
Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,  
He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks  
nothing

Which must be won by kneeling if he's evil,  
Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may'st—  
For what can he oppose? If he be good,  
Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! since all  
Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem  
To have no power themselves, save in thy will;  
And whether that be good or ill I know not,  
Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge  
Omnipotence, but merely to endure  
Its mandate; which thus far I have endured.

[*The fire upon the altar of ABEL  
kindles into a column of the  
brightest flame, and ascends to*

*heaven, while a whirlwind  
throws down the altar of CAIN,  
and scatters the fruits abroad  
upon the earth.*

*Abel. (kneeling).* Oh, brother, pray! Jeh-  
vah's wrath with thee.

*Cain.* Why so?

*Abel.* Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

*Cain.* From earth they came, to earth let  
them return; [summe.

Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere thou  
Thy burnt flesh-off'ring prospers better; see  
How heav'n licks up the flames, when thick  
with blood!

*Abel.* Think not upon my offering's accept-  
ance,

But make another of thine own before  
It is too late

*Cain.* I will build no more altars,

Nor suffer any.—

*Abel (rising).* Cain! what meanest thou?

*Cain.* To cast down you vile flatterer o'  
the clouds,

The smoky harbinger of thy dull pray'rs—  
Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids  
Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.

*Abel (opposing him).* Thou shalt not:—add  
not impious works to impious  
Words! let that altar stand—'tis hallow'd now  
By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah.  
In his acceptance of the victims.

*Cain.* *His!*

*His pleasure!* what was his high pleasure in  
The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood  
To the pain of the bleating mothers, which  
Still yearn for their dead offspring? or the pang-  
Of the sad ignorant victims underneath  
Thy pious knife? Give way! this bloody record  
Shall not stand in the sun, to shame creation!

*Abel.* Brother, give back! thou shalt not  
touch my altar

With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,  
To try another sacrifice, 't is thine.

*Cain.* Another sacrifice! Give way, or else  
That sacrifice may be—

*Abel.* What mean'st thou?

*Cain.* Give— Give—  
Give way!—thy God loves blood!—then look  
to it:—

Give way, ere he hath more!

*Abel.* In his great name.  
I stand between thee and the shrine which hath  
Had his acceptance.

*Cain.* If thou lov'st thyself,  
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along  
Its native soil:—else—

*Abel (opposing him).* I love God far more than life.

*(striking him with a brand, on the temples, which he snatches from the altar).*

*Cain.* Then take thy life unto thy God, Since he loves lives. [brother?

*Abel (falls).* What hast thou done, my Cain. Brother!

*Abel.* Oh, God! receive thy servant, and forgive his slayer, for he knew not what he did—Cain, give me—give me thy hand; and tell

Poor Zillah—

*Cain (after a moment's stupefaction).* My hand! 't is all red, and with—

What?

*[A long pause.—Looking slowly round.]*

Where am I? alone! Where's Abel? where Cain? Can it be that I am he? My brother, Awake!—why liest thou so on the green earth? 'T is not the hour of slumber;—why so pale? What, hast thou!—thou wert full of life this morn!

*Abel!* I pray thee, mock me not! I smote Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why Wouldst thou oppose me? This is mockery; And only done to daunt me:—'t was a blow— And but a blow. Stir—stir—nay, only stir! Why, so—that's well!—thou breath'st! breathe upon me!

Oh, God! Oh, God! [of God?

*Abel (very faintly).* What's he who speaks Cain. Thy murderer.

*Abel.* Then may God forgive him! Cain, Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one brother Now. [ABEL *dies.*

*Cain.* And I none!—Who makes me brotherless?

His eyes are open! then he is not dead! [lids, Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathes! And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his heart!— Let me see, doth it beat? methinks—No!—no!

This is a vision, else I am become The native of another and worse world. The earth swims round me;—what is this?— 't is wet;

*[Puts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.]* [blood—

And yet there are no dews! 'T is blood—my My brother's and my own! and shed by me! Then what have I further to do with life, Since I have taken life from my own flesh?

But he can not be dead!—Is silence death? No; he will wake: then let me wake him!—his Life cannot be so slight, as to be quench'd Thus quickly!—he hath spoken to me since— What shall I say to him?—My brother!—No He will not answer to that name; for brother: Smite not each other. Yet—yet—speak to me Oh! for a word more of that gentle voice, That I may bear to hear my own again!

*Enter ZILLAH.*

*Zillah.* I heard a heavy sound; what can it be? [What 'T is Cain; and watching by my husband Dost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep? Oh, heav'n! [No, no!

What means this paleness, and yon stream?— It is not blood; for who would shed his blood? Abel! what's this!—who hath done this? He moves not; [from mine

He breathes not; and his hands drop down With stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain! Why cam'st thou not in time to save him from This violence? Whatever hath assail'd him, Thou wert the stronger, and should'st have stepp'd in

Between him and aggression! Father!—Eve!—

*Adah!*—come hither! Death is in the world [Exit ZILLAH, calling on her Parents, &c Cain (solus). And who hath brought him there?—I—who abhor

The name of Death so deeply, that the thought Empoison'd all my life, before I knew His aspect—I have led him here, and giv'n My brother to his cold and still embrace, As if he would not have asserted his Inexorable claim without my aid I am awake at last—a dreary dream Had madden'd me;—but he shall ne'er awake.

*Enter ADAM, EVE, ADAH, and ZILLAH.*

*Adam.* A voice of woe from Zillah brings me here.— [son

What do I see?—'T is true!—My son!—my Woman, behold the serpent's work, and thine! [To EVE

*Eve.* Oh! speak not of it now: the serpent's fangs

Are in my heart. My best beloved, Abel! Jehovah! this is punishment beyond A mother's sin, to take him from me!

*Adam.* Who

Or what hath done this deed?—speak, Cain since thou

Wert present; was it some more hostile angel

Who walks not with Jehovah? or some wild  
Brute of the forest?

*Eve.* Ah! a livid light [brand,  
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud! yon  
Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the altar,  
And black with smoke, and red with ——

*Adam.* Speak, my son!  
Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are,  
That we are not more miserable still.

*Adah.* Speak, Cain! and say it was not thou,  
*Eve.* It was.  
I see it now—he hangs his guilty head,  
And covers his ferocious eye with hands  
Incarnadine

*Adah.* Mother, thou dost him wrong—  
Cain! clear thee from this horrible accusation,  
Which grief wrings from our parent.

*Eve.* Hear, Jehovah!  
May the eternal serpent's curse be on him!  
For he was fitter for his seed than ours.  
May all his days be desolate. May ——

*Adah.* Hold!  
Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son—  
Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother,  
And my betroth'd.

*Eve.* He hath left thee no brother—  
Zillah no husband—*me no son!*—for thus  
I curse him from my sight for evermore!  
All bonds I break between us! as he broke  
That of his nature, in yon—Oh death! death!  
Why didst thou not take me, who first incur'd  
thee?

Why dost thou not so now?

*Adam.* Eve! let not this,  
Thy natural grief, lead to impiety!  
A heavy doom was long forespoken to us;  
And now that it begins, let it be borne  
In such sort as may show our God, that we  
Are faithful servants to his holy will.

*Eve* (*pointing to Cain*) *His will!* the will  
of yon incarnate spirit  
Of death, whom I have brought upon the earth  
To strew it with the dead. May all the curses  
Of life be on him! and his agonies  
Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us  
From Eden, till his children do by him  
As he did by his brother! May the swords  
And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him  
By day and night—snakes spring up in his  
path—

Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves  
On which he lays his head to sleep be strew'd  
With scorpions! May his dreams be of his  
victim!

His waking a continual dread of death!  
May the clear rivers turn to blood, as he

Stoops down to stain them with his raging lip  
May every element shun or change to him!  
May he live in the pangs which others die with!  
And death itself wax something worse than  
death

To him who first acquainted him with man!  
Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is *Cain*  
Through all the coming myriads of mankind,  
Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert their  
sire!

May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods  
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust  
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God!  
*[Exit EVE]*

*Adam.* Cain! get thee forth; we dwell no  
more together.

Depart! and leave the dead to me—I am  
Henceforth alone—we never must meet more.

*Adah.* Oh, part not with him thus, my  
father: do not

Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!  
*Adam.* I curse him not: his spirit be his curse  
Come, Zillah!

*Zillah.* I must watch my husband's corse.

*Adam.* We will return again, when he is gone  
Who hath provided for us this dread office.

Come, Zillah.

*Zillah.* Yet one kiss on yon pale clay,  
And those lips once so warm—my heart! my  
heart

*[Exit ADAM and ZILLAH, weeping]*

*Adah.* Cain! thou hast heard, we must go  
forth. I am ready,

So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch  
And you his sister. Ere the sun declines  
Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness  
Under the cloud of night. Nay, speak to me,  
To me—*thine own.*

*Cain.* Leave me!

*Adah.* Why, all have left thee

*Cain.* And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost  
thou not fear

To dwell with one who hath done this?

*Adah.* I fear  
Nothing except to leave thee, much as I  
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brother  
less.

I must not speak of this—it is between thee  
And the great God.

*A voice from within exclaims,* Cain! Cain!

*Adah.* Hear'st thou that voice

*The voice within.* Cain! Cain!

*Adah.* It soundeth like an angel's tone

*Enter the ANGEL of the Lord.*  
*Angel.* Where is thy brother Abel?

*Cain.* Am I then  
My brother's keeper?

*Angel.* Cain! what hast thou done?  
The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out,  
Even from the ground, unto the Lord!—Now  
art thou [mouth  
Cursed from the earth, which open'd late her  
To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand.  
Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground,  
it shall not

Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou  
Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

*Adah.* This punishment is more than he can  
bear.

Behold, thou drivest him from the face of earth,  
And from the face of God shall he be hid.

A fugitive and vagabond on earth,  
'T will come to pass, that whoso findeth him  
Shall slay him.

*Cain.* Would they could! but who are they  
Shall slay me? Where are these on the lone earth  
As yet unpeopled?

*Angel.* Thou hast slain thy brother,  
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

*Adah.* Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say  
That this poor aching breast now nourishes  
A murderer in my boy, and of his father. [is.

*Angel.* Then he would but be what his father  
Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment  
To him thou now see'st so besmear'd with blood?  
The fratricide might well engender parricides.—

But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God  
And mine commandeth me to set his seal  
On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety.  
Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance shall  
Be taken on his head. Come hither!

*Cain.* What  
Wouldst thou with me?

*Angel.* To mark upon thy brow  
Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

*Cain.* No, let me die!

*Angel.* It must not be.

*The ANGEL sets the mark on CAIN'S brow.*

*Cain.* It burns  
My brow, but nought to that which is within it.  
Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

*Angel.* Stern hast thou been and stubborn  
from the womb,

As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he  
Thou slew'st was gentle as the flocks he tended

*Cain.* A.ter the fall too soon was I begotten;  
Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from  
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for  
Eden.

That which I am, I am; I did not seek

For life, nor did I make myself; but could I  
With my own death redeem him from the dust—  
And why not so? let him return to day,  
And I lie ghastly! so shall be restored  
By God the life to him he loved; and taken  
From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

*Angel.* Who shall heal murder? what is  
done is done;  
Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds  
Unlike the last! [*The ANGEL disappears*

*Adah.* He's gone, let us go forth.  
I hear our little Enoch cry within  
Our bower.

*Cain.* Ah! little knows he what he weeps  
for!

And I who have shed blood cannot shed  
tears!

But the four rivers<sup>14</sup> would not cleanse my  
soul.

Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on  
me?

*Adah.* If I thought that he would not, I  
would—

*Cain (interrupting her).* No,  
No more of threats: we have had too many  
of them:

Go to our children; I will follow thee?

*Adah.* I will not leave thee lonely with the  
dead;

Let us depart together.

*Cain.* Oh! thou dead  
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking  
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou  
now art

I know not! but if thou see'st what I am,  
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God  
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul—  
Farewell!

I must not, dare not touch what I have made  
thee.

I, who sprung from the same womb with  
thee, drain'd

The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my  
own,

In fondness brotherly and boyish, I  
Can never meet thee more, nor even dare  
To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have  
done

For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—  
The first grave yet dug for mortality.

But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth!  
Oh, earth!

For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I  
Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness

[*ADAH stoops down: and kisses the  
body of ABEEL.*

*Adah.* A dreary, and an early doom, my  
brother

Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee  
I alone must not weep. My office is

Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed  
them

But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn like  
me,

Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee  
Now, Cain! I will divide thy burden with thee

*Cain.* Eastward from Eden will we take  
our way:

'Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.

*Adah.* Lead! Thou shalt be my guide, and  
- ay our God

Be thine! Now let us carry forth our chil-  
dren

*Cain* And *he* who lieth there was child-  
less. I

Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,  
Which might have graced his recent marriage  
couch,

And might have temper'd this stern blood of  
mine,

Uniting with our children Abel's offspring!

O Abel!

*Adah.* Peace be with him!

*Cain.*

But with *me*

[*Exeunt.*]

# Hours of Idleness :

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

*Virginibus puerisque canto.*—HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.

*Μῆτ' ἄρ' με μάλ' αἶνετε, μήτε τι νείκευ.*—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 349.

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.—DRYDEN.

## PREFACE

In submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the former influence, "*CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS*," in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," we must "dare greatly;" and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable

that I may have dared much and done little, for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please every body; because they who have no connection, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe; on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin:" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these pro

ductions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accenstomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virum volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peetrage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor, even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine<sup>1</sup>, "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed<sup>2</sup>," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

## Hours of Idleness.

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY  
DEAR TO HIM.<sup>3</sup>

HUSH'd are the winds, and still the evening  
gloom,

Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,  
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,  
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,  
That clay, where once such animation beam'd:  
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey;  
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,  
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!  
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,  
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars  
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;  
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers  
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven ar-  
raign,

And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?  
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—  
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,  
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face:  
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,  
Still in my heart retain their wonted place

1802

### TO E——.<sup>4</sup>

LET Folly smile, to view the names  
Of thee and me in friendship twined:  
Yet Virtue will have greater claims  
To love, than rank with vice combined

And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since title deck'd my higher birth<sup>1</sup>  
Yet envy not this gaudy state;  
Thine is the pride of modest worth



Our souls at least congenial meet,  
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace ;  
Our intercourse is not less sweet,  
Since worth of rank supplies the place.  
November, 1802.

## TO D——.5

In thee, I fondly hoped to clasp  
A friend, whom death alone could sever ;  
Till envy, with malignant grasp,  
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,  
Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat ;  
There, there thine image still must rest,  
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,  
When life again to dust is given,  
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—  
Without thee, where would be my heaven ?  
February, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.<sup>6</sup>

Ἄσπ' ἔργον μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωαῖσιν ἔωσες.  
LAERTIUS.

OH, Friend ! for ever loved, for ever dear !  
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier !

What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,  
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death !

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;  
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;  
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,  
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;  
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,  
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight,  
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh

The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,  
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,  
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,  
But living statues there are seen to weep ;

Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,  
Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.

What though thy sire lament his failing line,  
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !

Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer.

Vet other offspring soothe his anguish here :

But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?  
Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?  
Ah ! none !—a father's tears will cease to flow—  
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;  
To all, save one, is consolation known,  
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

## A FRAGMENT

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voices  
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice,  
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall  
ride,

Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;  
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns  
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns !  
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd  
stone ;

My epitaph shall be my name alone ;<sup>7</sup>  
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,  
Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay .  
*That*, only *that*, shall single out the spot ;  
By that remember'd, or with that forgo.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.<sup>8</sup>

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the  
winged days ? Thou lookest from thy tower to-  
day : yet a few years, and the blast of the desert  
comes, it howls in thy empty court."—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the  
hollow winds whistle ;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to  
decay : [thistle

In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and  
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd  
in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to  
battle [plain,<sup>9</sup>

Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's  
The escutcheon and shield, which with every  
blast rattle,

Are the only sad vestiges now that remain

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing  
numbers,

Raise a flame in the breast for the war-  
laurel'd wreath ; [slumbers .

Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan<sup>10</sup>  
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel by  
death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of  
Cressy ;<sup>11</sup> [fell :

For the safety of Edward and England they  
y fathers ! the tears of your country redress  
ye ; [annals can tell.

How you fought, how you died, still her

Marston <sup>12</sup>, with Rupert<sup>13</sup>, 'gainst traitors  
contending [bleak field ;

Your brothers enrich'd with their blood the  
the rights of a monarch their country  
defending,

Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.<sup>14</sup>

Ades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant,  
departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !  
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance im-  
parting

New courage, he 'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,  
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;

Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,  
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he  
cherish ; [renown :

He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your  
like you will he live, or like you will he  
perish : [your own !

When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with

1803

### LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS TO AN ITALIAN NUN  
AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J.  
ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"AWAY, away, your flattering arts  
May now betray some simple hearts ;  
And you will smile at their believing,  
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED  
TO MISS —.

DEAR, simple girl, those flattering arts,  
From which thou 'dst guard frail female hearts,  
Exist but in imagination,—  
Mere phantoms of thine own creation ;  
For he who views that witching grace,  
That perfect form, that lovely face,

With eyes admiring, oh ! believe me  
He never wishes to deceive thee  
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance  
Thou 'lt there desery that elegance,  
Which from our sex demands such praises,  
But envy in the other raises :  
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,  
Believe me, only does his duty  
Ah ! fly not from the candid youth ;  
It is not flattery,—'t is truth.

July, 1804

### ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.<sup>15</sup>

[ANIMULA ! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quae nunc abibis in loca—  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos ?]

AH ! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,  
Friend and associate of this clay !  
To what unknown region borne,  
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?  
No more with wonted humour gay,  
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn

### TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—  
Greater than Jove he seems to me—  
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,  
Securely views thy matchless charms,  
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,  
That mouth, from whence such music flows,  
To him, alike, are always known,  
Reserved for him, and him alone.  
Ah Lesbia ! though 't is death to me,  
I cannot choose but look on thee ;  
But, at the sight, my senses fly ;  
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die ;  
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,  
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,  
My pulse beat quick, my breath heaven shorn,  
My limbs deny their slight support,  
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,  
With deadly languor droops my head,  
My ears with tingling echoes ring  
And life itself is on the wing ;  
My eyes refuse the cheering light,  
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night ;  
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath  
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON  
VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,  
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,  
By Death's<sup>16</sup> unequal hand alike controll'd,  
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

## IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib. 4.*

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease  
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom  
please?

Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,  
That I might live for love and you again;  
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate;  
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Jugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &amp;c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,  
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,  
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,  
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved  
For he was gentle, and so true,  
Obedient to her call he flew,  
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,  
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,  
He never sought to cleave the air,  
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,  
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.  
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne  
From whence he never can return,  
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,  
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!  
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,  
From whom no earthly power can save,  
For thou hast ta'en the bird away  
From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,  
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;  
Thou art the cause of all her woe,  
Receptacle of life's decay.

## IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,  
A million scarce would quench desire.  
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,  
And dwell an age on every kiss:  
Nor then my soul should sated be;  
Still would I kiss and cling to thee  
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever;  
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;  
E'en though the numbers did exceed  
The yellow harvest's countless seed.  
To part would be a vain endeavour:  
Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

## TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &amp;c.]

THE man of firm and noble soul  
No factious clamours can control:  
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow  
Can swerve him from his just intent:  
Gales the warring waves which plough,  
By Auster on the billows spent,  
To curb the Adriatic main,  
Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,  
Hurling his lightnings from above,  
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,  
He would, unmoved, unawed behold.  
The flames of an expiring world,  
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,  
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,  
Might light his glorious funeral pile. [smile  
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he's

## FROM ANACREON.

[Ὀίλω λεγὺν Ἀρεσίδας, π. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre  
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;  
To echo, from its rising swell,  
How heroes fought and nations fell:  
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,  
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;  
But still, to martial strains unknown  
My lyre recurs to love alone:

Fired with the hope of future fame,  
 I seek some nobler hero's name ;  
 The dying chords are strung anew,  
 To war, to war, my harp is due  
 With glowing strings, the epic strain  
 To Jove's great son I raise again ;  
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,  
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.  
 All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre  
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.  
 Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !  
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms !  
 To other deeds my soul is strung,  
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;  
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,  
 To tell the tale my heart must feel :  
 Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,  
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

## FROM ANACREON.

[Νέισονυκτίας πρὸ ἑώρας, κ. τ. λ.]

"T WAS NOW the hour when Night had driven  
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;  
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll  
 His arctic charge around the pole ;  
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,  
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :  
 At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,  
 Descending from the realms of joy,  
 Quick to my gate directs his course,  
 And knocks with all his little force.  
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—  
 "What stranger breaks my blest repose?"  
 "Alas!" replies the wily child,  
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,  
 "A hapless infant here I roam,  
 Far from my dear maternal home.  
 Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!  
 The nightly storm is pouring fast.  
 No prowling robber lingers here.  
 A wandering baby who can fear?"  
 I heard his seeming artless tale  
 I heard his sighs upon the gale:  
 My breast was never pity's foe,  
 But felt for all the baby's woe.  
 I drew the bar, and by the light,  
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight;  
 His bow across his shoulders flung,  
 And thence his fatal quiver hung  
 (Ah! little did I think the dart  
 Would rankle soon within my heart),

With care I tend my weary guest,  
 His little fingers chill my breast :  
 His glossy curls, his azure wing,  
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring  
 His shivering limbs the embers warm ;  
 And now reviving from the storm,  
 Scarcely had he felt his wonted glow,  
 Than swift he seized his slender bow—  
 "I fain would know, my gentle host,"  
 He cried, "if this its strength has lost ;  
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,  
 The strings their former aid refuse."  
 With poison tipped, his arrow flies,  
 Deep in my tortured heart it lies,  
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—  
 "My bow can still impel the shaft :  
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;  
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS  
OF ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδαιμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT JOVE, to whose almighty throne  
 Both gods and mortals homage pay,  
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,  
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.  
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall  
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;  
 My voice shall raise no impious strain  
 Against him who rules the sky and azure main  
 How different now thy joyless fate,  
 Since first Hesione thy bride,  
 When placed aloft in godlike state,  
 The blushing beauty by thy side,  
 Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,  
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,  
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,  
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relent  
 less frown'd.<sup>17</sup>

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804

## TO EMMA

SINCE now the hour is come at last,  
 When you must quit your anxious lover  
 Since now our dream of bliss is past,  
 One pang, my girl, and all is over.  
 Alas! that pang will be severe,  
 Which bids us part to meet no more,  
 Which tears me far from one so dear,  
 Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,  
And joy will mingle with our tears;  
When thinking on these ancient towers,  
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,  
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell;  
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,  
We lingering look a last farewell,

O'er fields through which we used to run,  
And spend the hours in childish play;  
O'er shades where, when our race was done,  
Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,  
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,  
Yet envied every fly the kiss  
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,  
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;  
See there, high waving o'er the park,  
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,  
You leave me, leave this happy vale;  
These scenes I must retrace alone:  
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,  
The anguish of a last embrace?  
When, torn from all you fondly loved,  
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,  
For this these tears our cheeks bedew  
This is of love the final close,  
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

## TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,  
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;  
Yet I forego that bliss divine,  
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,  
How could I dwell upon its snows!  
Yet is the daring wish repress;  
For that,—would banish its repose

A glance from thy soul-searching eye  
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;  
Yet I conceal my love,—and why?  
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou  
Hast seen my ardent flame too well,  
And shall I plead my passion now,  
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,  
United by the priest's decree:  
By any ties but those divine,  
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,  
Let it consume, thou shalt not know  
With joy I court a certain doom,  
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,  
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;  
Rather than such a sting impart,  
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave  
More than I here shall dare to tell;  
Thy innocence and mine to save,—  
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,  
And hope no more thy soft embrace;  
Which to obtain my soul would dare,  
All, all reproach—but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,  
No matron shall thy shame reprove;  
Though careless pangs may prey on me,  
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

## TO CAROLINE

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,  
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;  
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,  
Which said far more than words can say

Though keen the grief thy tears express,  
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;  
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast  
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine own

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd  
 When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,  
 The tears that from my eyelids flow'd  
 Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,  
 Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame;  
 And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,  
 In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,  
 In vain our fate in sighs deplore;  
 Remembrance only can remain,—  
 But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!  
 Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret;  
 Nor let thy mind past joys review,—  
 Our only hope is to forget!

## TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,  
 Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;  
 For your lip would the soul of suspicion disclose,  
 And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,  
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sea;  
 That age will come on, when remembrance,  
 deploring, [a tear,  
 Contemplates the scenes of her youth with

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining  
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to  
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,  
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom  
 o'er my features, [decree,  
 Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the  
 Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his  
 creatures, [of me  
 In the death which one day will deprive you

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,  
 No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;  
 He worships each look with such faithful devotion,  
 A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall  
 o'ertake us, [pathy glow,  
 And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy  
 Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall  
 awake us, [low —  
 When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts  
 of pleasure, [ceasingly flow  
 Which from passion like ours may un-  
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in  
 full measure,  
 And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805

## TO CAROLINE.

OH! when shall the grave hide for ever my  
 sorrows? [from this clay?  
 Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight  
 The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow  
 But brings, with new torture, the curse of  
 to-day

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow  
 no curses, [from bliss;  
 I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me  
 For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses  
 Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury  
 flakes bright'ning,  
 Would my lips breathe a flame which no  
 stream could assuage,  
 On our foes should my glance launch in ven-  
 geance its lightning, [its rage.  
 With transport my tongue give a loose to

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,  
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;  
 Could they view us our sad separation be-  
 wailing, [sight.  
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resig-  
 nation, [can cheer  
 Life beams not for us with one ray of  
 Love and hope upon earth bring no more con-  
 solation; [fear  
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they  
 place me, [are fled!  
 Since, in life, love and friendship for ever  
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee  
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead

1805

## STANZAS TO A LADY.

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.<sup>18</sup>

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,  
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize,  
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,  
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,  
The old and disappointed maid;  
Or pupil of the prudish school,  
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,  
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;  
To thee in vain I shall not plead  
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;  
His was no faint, fictitious flame:  
Like his, may love be thy reward,  
But not thy hapless fate the same.<sup>19</sup>

## THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α Βαρβιτος δι Χορδαίς  
'Ερωτα μουνον ήχη. ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance;  
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has  
wove! [glance,  
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing  
Or the rapture which dwells on the first  
kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,  
Whose pastoral passions are made for the  
grove; [would flow,  
From what blest inspiration your sonnets  
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss or  
love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,  
Or the Nine be disposed from your service  
to rove,  
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,  
And try the effect of the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!  
Though prudes may condemn me, and  
bigots reprove,  
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,  
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss  
of love

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastic  
themes,

Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move  
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:  
What are visions like these to the first kiss  
of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth  
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness  
strove;  
Some portion of paradise still is on earth.  
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures  
are past— [dove—  
For years fleet away with the wings of the  
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,  
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A  
GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.<sup>20</sup>

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own.  
When Probus<sup>21</sup> filled your magisterial throne?  
As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,  
Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,  
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,  
And seat Pomposus where your Probus sat.  
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,  
Pomposus<sup>22</sup> holds you in his harsh control;  
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,  
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;  
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,  
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.  
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,  
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,  
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,  
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:  
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,  
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

## TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

DORSET<sup>23</sup>! whose early steps with mine have  
stray'd,  
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;  
Whom still affection taught me to defend,  
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,  
Though the harsh custom of our youthful bar  
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command:<sup>24</sup>  
Thee, on whose head a few short years will show  
The gift of riches, and the pride of power

E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,  
 Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne  
 Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul  
 To shun fair science, or evade control,  
 Though passive tutors<sup>25</sup>, fearful to dispraise,  
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,  
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,  
 And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee  
 To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—  
 And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn  
 Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—  
 When these declare, "that pomp alone should  
 wait

On one by birth predestined to be great;  
 That books were only meant for drudging fools  
 That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"  
 Believe them not;—they point the path to  
 shame,

And seek to blast the honours of thy name.  
 Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,  
 Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;  
 Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,  
 None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,  
 Ask thine own heart; 'twill bid thee, boy  
 forbear;

For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.[day,  
 Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing  
 But now new scenes invite me far away;  
 Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind  
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.  
 Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,  
 Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;  
 Though every error stamps me for her own,  
 And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;  
 Though my proud heart no precept now can  
 tame,

I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,  
 To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;  
 To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,  
 With long-drawn names that grace no page  
 beside;

Then share with titled crowds the common lot—  
 In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;  
 While nought divides thee from the vulgar  
 dead,

Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head  
 The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,  
 That well-embazon'd but neglected scroll,  
 Where lords, unhonour'd in the tomb may find  
 One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.  
 There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults  
 That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,  
 A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,  
 In records destined never to be read.

Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,  
 Exalted more among the good and wise,  
 A glorious and a long career pursue,  
 As first in rank, the first in talent too:  
 Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun  
 Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day;  
 Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display  
 One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,  
 And call'd, proud boast! the British dram:  
 forth.<sup>26</sup>

Another view, not less renown'd for wit;  
 Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;  
 Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;  
 In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;  
 Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng  
 The pride of princes, and the boast of song.<sup>27</sup>  
 Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their  
 name;

Not heir to titles only, but to fame.  
 The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will  
 close

To me, this little scene of joys and woes;  
 Each knell of Time now warns me to resign  
 Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship  
 all were mine

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,  
 And gild their pinions as the moments flew;  
 Peace, that reflection never frown'd away.  
 By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;  
 Friendship, whose truth let childhood only  
 tell;

Alas! they love not long, who love so well.  
 To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er  
 Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore.  
 Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,  
 Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part  
 Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;  
 The coming morrow from thy youthful mind  
 Will sweep in yname, nor leave a trace behind  
 And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year.  
 Since chance has thrown us in the self-same  
 sphere,

Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,  
 May one day claim our suffrage for the state  
 We hence may meet, and pass each other by,  
 With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,  
 A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,  
 With thee no more again I hope to trace  
 The recollection of our early race;  
 No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,  
 Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice  
 Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught  
 To veil those feelings which perchance it ought



If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—

Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,  
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate  
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.<sup>28</sup>  
1805.

## FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE  
OF MISS CHAWORTH.

HILLS of Annesley! bleak and barren,  
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,  
How the northern tempests, warring,  
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,  
Former favourite haunts I see;  
Now no more my Mary smiling  
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.<sup>29</sup>

1805.

## GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

*Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα  
Κρατήσῃσι.*

OH! could Le Sage's<sup>30</sup> demon's gift  
Be realised at my desire,  
This night my trembling form he'd lift  
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls  
Pedantic inmates full display;  
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,  
The price of venal votes to pay

Then would I view each rival wight,  
Petty and Palmerston survey;  
Who canvass there with all their might,  
Against the next elective day.<sup>31</sup>

Lo! candidates and voters lie  
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number:  
A race renown'd for piety, [slumber  
Whose conscience won't disturb their

Lord H—<sup>32</sup>, indeed, may not demur;  
Fellows are sage reflecting men:  
They know preferment can occur  
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got  
Some pretty livings in disposal:  
Each hopes that one may be his lot,  
And therefore smiles on his proposal

Now from the soporific scene  
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later  
To view, unheeded and unseen,  
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,  
The candidate for college prizes  
Sits poring by the midnight lamp:  
Goes late to bed, yet early rises

He surely well deserves to gain them,  
With all the honours of his college,  
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,  
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest  
To scan precisely metres Attie;  
Or agitates his anxious breast  
In solving problems mathematic:

Who reads false quantities in Seale,<sup>33</sup>  
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;  
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;  
In barbarous Latin<sup>34</sup> doom'd to wrangle!

Renouncing every pleasing page  
From authors of historic use;  
Preferring to the letter'd sage,  
The square of the hypothenuse.<sup>35</sup>

Still, harmless are these occupations,  
That hurt none but the hapless student  
Compared with other recreations,  
Which bring together the imprudent,

Whose daring revels shock the sight,  
When vice and infamy combine,  
When drunkenness and dice invite,  
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,  
Who plans of reformation lay  
In humble attitude they sue,  
And for the sins of others pray

!forgetting that their pride of spirit,  
Their exultation in their trial,  
Detracts most largely from the merit  
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight.  
 What scene is this which meets the eye?  
 A numerous crowd, array'd in white,<sup>36</sup>  
 Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell; [hear?  
 'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I  
 The organ's soft celestial swell  
 Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,  
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;  
 Though he who hears the music long  
 Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,  
 Even as a band of raw beginners;  
 All mercy now must be refused  
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended, [him,  
 Had heard these blockheads sing before  
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—  
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken  
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,  
 Were asked to sing, by joy forsaken,  
 On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,  
 Inspired by stratagem or fear,  
 They might have set their hearts at ease,  
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,  
 The deuce a soul will stay to read:  
 My pen is blunt, my ink 's low;  
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed,

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires.  
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly;  
 No more thy theme my muse inspires:  
 The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VIL-  
 LAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW  
 ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—  
 VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved re-  
 collection [past;  
 Embitters the present, compared with the

Where science first dawn'd on the powers &  
 reflection, [last;<sup>37</sup>  
 And friendships were form'd too romantic to

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance  
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief  
 allied; [brance.  
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remem-  
 Which rests 'in the bosom, though hope is  
 denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,  
 The streams where we swam, and the fields  
 where we fought;<sup>38</sup> [resorted,  
 The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we  
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues  
 taught.

[der'd,  
 Again I behold where for hours I have pou-  
 As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone<sup>39</sup> I lay;  
 Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I  
 wander'd, [ray.  
 To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting

I once more view the room, with spectators  
 surrounded, [thrown;  
 Where, as Zanga<sup>40</sup>, I trod on Alonzo o'er-  
 While, to swell my young pride, such applauses  
 resounded, [shone.  
 I fancied that Mossop<sup>41</sup> himself was out-

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprec-  
 tion, [deprived;  
 By my daughters, of kingdom and reason  
 Till, fired by loud plaudits and self adulation,  
 I regarded myself as a Garrick revived. <sup>42</sup>

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret  
 you!  
 Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;  
 Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you  
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess'd.

To Ida full o't may remembrance restore me,  
 While fate shall the shades of the future  
 unroll! [me  
 Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before  
 More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which  
 await me, [view.  
 Some new scene of pleasure should open 't  
 I will say, while with rapture the thought shal  
 elate me, [knew!  
 " Oh' such were the days which my infancy  
 1296

## TO M——.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
With bright but mild affection shine,  
Though they might kindle less desire,  
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,  
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,  
We must admire, but still despair;  
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,  
So much perfection in thee shone,  
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,  
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,  
Lest angels might dispute the prize,  
She bade a secret lightning lurk  
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,  
When gleaming with meridian blaze;  
Thy beauty must enrapture all;  
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair  
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;  
But they would ne'er permit thee there,  
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,  
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:  
E'en suns, which systems now control,  
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere  
1806.

## TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,  
That all must love thee who behold thee:  
Surely experience might have taught  
Thy firmest promises are nought  
But, plac'd in all thy charms before me,  
All I forget, but to adore thee.  
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing  
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;  
But how much cursed by every lover  
When hope is fled and passion's over.  
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,  
How prompt are striplings to believe her!  
How throbs the pulse when first we view  
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,

Or sparkles black, or mildly throws  
A beam from under hazel brows!  
How quick we credit every oath,  
And hear her plight the willing troth!  
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,  
When lo! she changes in a day.  
This record will for ever stand,  
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."<sup>43</sup>

## TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely  
forgive;  
Extend not your anger to sleep;  
For in visions alone your affection can live.—  
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,  
Shed o'er me your languor benign; [last,  
Should the dream of to-night but resemble thee  
What rapture celestial is mine!]

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death  
Mortality's emblem is given;  
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath.  
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft  
brow,  
Nor deem me too happy in this;  
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,  
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you  
may smile,  
Oh! think not my penance deficient!  
When dreams of your presence my slumbers  
beguile,  
To awake will be torture sufficient.

## TO MARY.

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.<sup>44</sup>

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,  
Though strong as mortal art could give,  
My constant heart of fear disarms,  
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold  
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,  
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,  
The lips which made me beauty's slave

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,  
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,  
Must all the painter's art defy,  
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;  
But where's the beam so sweetly straying,  
Which gave a lustre to its blue,  
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,  
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,  
Than all the living forms could be,  
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,  
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,  
Unconscious that her image there  
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time,  
'twill cheer;  
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;  
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,  
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

## TO LESBIA.

LESBIA! since far from you I've ranged,  
Our souls with fond affection glow not;  
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,  
I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;  
And Lesbia! we are not much older  
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,  
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,  
Two years have lingering past away, love!  
And now new thoughts our minds engage,  
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,  
I, that am guilty of love's treason;  
Since your sweet breast is still the same,  
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,  
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;  
Warm was the passion of my youth,  
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;  
For, oh! I love'd you most sincerely,  
And—though our dream at last is ended—  
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;  
Absence has made me prone to roving;  
But older, firmer hearts than ours  
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,  
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,  
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,  
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,  
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!  
More constant they may prove, indeed;  
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.]<sup>45</sup>

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,  
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,  
And hurtling<sup>46</sup> o'er thy lovely head,  
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,  
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,  
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,  
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour  
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;  
But Heaven, with interposing power,  
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear  
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;  
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,  
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone  
For such an outrage done to thee?  
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,  
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,  
The sentence I should scarce deplore;  
Only would restore a heart  
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make  
Is to become no longer free;  
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,  
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject  
Such expiation of my guilt;  
Come then, some other mode elect;  
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear  
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;  
Yet hold—one little word forbear!  
Let it be aught but banishment.

## LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

*Αἶ, δ' αἶ με φῦγε.*—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtur'd amid weeds dropping  
pestilent dew,  
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,  
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu.

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad  
heart,  
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;  
The chance of an hour may command us to part,  
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-  
swollen breast, [renew:"]  
Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may  
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's  
represt,  
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!"

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of  
youth [flow'rs as they grew;  
Love twined round their childhood his  
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,  
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu.

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way  
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in  
hue?  
Yet why do I ask?—to distraction a prey,  
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu.

Oh! who 's yon misanthrope, shunning  
mankind?

From cities to caves of the forest he flew.  
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the  
wind;  
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu.

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy  
chains [knew,  
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments  
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;  
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt  
in steel! [are few,  
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles  
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,  
And dreads not the anguish of love's last  
adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;  
No more with love's former devotion we sue:  
He spreads his young wing, he retires with  
the blast;  
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,  
Astrea declares that some penance is due;  
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle  
shrine,  
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light  
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:  
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;  
His cypress the garland of love's last adieu!

## DAMETAS.

In law an infant,<sup>47</sup> and in years a boy,  
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;  
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;  
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;  
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;  
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;  
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;  
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from  
school;

Damætas ran through all the maze of sin.  
And found the goal when others just begin:  
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,  
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;  
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,  
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.<sup>48</sup>

## TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?  
 What disgust to life hast thou?  
 Change that discontented air;  
 Frowns become not one so fair.  
 'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,  
 Love's a stranger to thy breast;  
 He in dimpling smiles appears,  
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,  
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,  
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown.  
 Then resume thy former fire,  
 Some will love, and all admire;  
 While that icy aspect chills us,  
 Nought but cool indifference thrills us.  
 Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,  
 Smile at least, or seem to smile.  
 Eyes like thine were never meant  
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint;  
 Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,  
 Still in truant beams they play.  
 Thy lips—but here my modest Muse  
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:  
 She blushes, curtsies, frowns—in short she  
 Dreads lest the subject should transport me;  
 And flying off in search of reason,  
 Brings prudence back in proper season.  
 All I shall therefore say (whate'er  
 I think, is neither here nor there)  
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,  
 Were form'd for better things than sneering:  
 Of smoothing compliments divested,  
 Advice at least's disinterested;  
 Such is my artless song to thee,  
 From all the flow of flattery free;  
 Counsel like mine is like a brother's  
 My heart is given to some others;  
 That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,  
 It shares itself among a dozen.  
 Marion, adieu! oh, prythee slight not  
 This warning, though it may delight not,  
 And, lest my precepts be displeasing  
 To those who think remonstrance teasing,  
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion  
 Concerning woman's soft dominion:  
 Howe'er we gaze with admiration  
 On eyes of blue or lips carnation,  
 Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,  
 Howe'er those beauties may distract us  
 Still fickle, we are prone to rove,  
 These cannot fix our souls to love.  
 It is not too severe a stricture  
 To say they form a pretty picture;  
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain  
 Which binds us in your humble train,

To hail you queens of all creation,  
 Know, in a word, 't is ANIMATION.

## TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF  
 HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND AP-  
 POINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET  
 HIM IN THE GARDEN.

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,  
 In firmer chains our hearts confire,  
 Than all th' unmeaning protestations  
 Which swell with nonsense love orations.  
 Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,  
 Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;  
 Then wherefore should we sigh and whine  
 With groundless jealousy repine,  
 With silly whims and fancies frantic,  
 Merely to make our love romantic?  
 Why should you weep like Lydia Languish  
 And fret with self-created anguish?  
 Or doom the lover you have chosen,  
 On winter nights to sigh half frozen;  
 In leafless shades to sue for pardon,  
 Only because the scene's a garden?  
 For gardens seem, by one consent,  
 Since Shakspeare set the precedent,  
 Since Juliet first declared her passion  
 To form the place of assignation.  
 Oh! would some modern muse inspire,  
 And seat her by a sea-coal fire;  
 Or had the bard at Christmas written,  
 And laid the scene of love in Britain,  
 He surely, in commiseration,  
 Had changed the place of declaration.  
 In Italy I've no objection;  
 Warm nights are proper for reflection;  
 But here our climate is so rigid,  
 That love itself is rather frigid:  
 Think on our chilly situation,  
 And curb this rage for imitation;  
 Then let us meet, as oft we've done,  
 Beneath the influence of the sun;  
 Or, if at midnight I must meet you,  
 Within your mansion let me greet you  
 There we can love for hours together,  
 Much better, in such snowy weather,  
 Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves  
 That ever witness'd rural loves;  
 Then, if my passion fail to please,  
 Next night I'll be content to freeze;  
 No more I'll give a loose to laughter,  
 But curse my fate for ever after.

## OSCAR OF ALVA.

## A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies  
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;  
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,  
And hear the din of arms no more

But often has yon rolling moon  
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;  
and view'd, at midnight's silent noon,  
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,  
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow  
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,  
She saw the gasping warrior low;

While many an eye which ne'er again  
Could mark the rising orb of day,  
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,  
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,  
They blest her dear propitious light,  
But now she glimmer'd from above,  
A sad, funereal torch of night

Faded is Alva's noble race,  
And gray her towers are seen afar;  
No more her heroes urge the chase,  
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan?  
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?  
Her towers resound no steps of man,  
Their echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,  
A sound is heard in yonder hall;  
It rises hoarsely through the sky,  
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,  
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;  
But there no more his banners rise,  
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,  
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;  
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth  
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer  
The pibroch raised its piercing note;<sup>49</sup>  
To gladden more their highland cheer,  
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild  
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain  
Should play before the hero's child  
While he should lead the tartan train,

Another year is quickly past,  
And Angus hails another son;  
His natal day is like the last,  
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow  
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,  
The boys in childhood chased the roe,  
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,  
They mingle in the ranks of war;  
They lightly wheel the bright claymore  
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,  
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;  
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,  
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,  
His dark eye shone through beams of truth  
Allan had early learn'd control,  
And smooth his words had been from youth

Both, both were brave: the Saxon spear  
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;  
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,  
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,  
Unworthy with such charms to dwell:  
Keen as the lightning of the storm,  
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower  
Arrived a young and noble dame;  
With Kenneth's lands to form her dowry,  
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,  
And Angus on his Oscar smiled:  
It soothed the father's feudal pride  
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!  
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!  
In joyous strains the voices float,  
And still the coral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes  
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;  
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,  
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,  
The pibroch plays the song of peace;  
To Oscar's nuptials through the bands,  
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:  
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?  
While thronging guests and ladies wait,  
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride:  
"Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:  
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;  
"With me he roved not o'er the glade

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,  
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;  
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;  
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,  
"Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;  
Would he to Mora seem unkind?  
Would aught to her impede his way?"

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around  
Allan, with these through Alva fly;  
Fill Oscar, till my son is found,  
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale  
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,  
It rises on the murmuring gale,  
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,  
But echoes through her shades in vain,  
It sounds through morning's misty light,  
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief  
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave!  
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,  
His locks in gray-torn ringle's wave.

"Oscar! my son!—thou God of Heav'n  
Restore the prop of sinking age!  
Or if that hope no more is given,  
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore  
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;  
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,  
With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live,—away, despair!  
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live  
T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!  
O God! my impious prayer forgive

"What, if he live for me no more,  
I sink forgotten in the dust,  
The hope of Alva's age is o'er;  
Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,  
Till Time, which soothes severest woe  
Had bade serenity return,  
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived  
That Oscar might once more appear;  
His hope now droop'd and now revived,  
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light  
Again had run his destined race;  
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,  
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,  
And now his father's only joy:  
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,  
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy

She thought that Oscar low was laid,  
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;  
If Oscar lived, some other maid  
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care

And Angus said, if one year more  
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,  
His fondest scruples should be o'er,  
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last  
Arrived the dearly destined morn;  
The year of anxious trembling past,  
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn







Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!  
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!  
In joyous strains the voices float,  
And still the coral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,  
Throug through the gate of Alva's hall;  
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,  
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow  
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?  
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow  
The blue flames curl'd o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,  
And tall his plume of gory red;  
His voice is like the rising storm,  
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,  
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;  
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,  
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,  
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;  
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,  
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;  
Thou saw'st 't was duly drank by me:  
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:  
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,  
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,  
Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?  
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,  
The big tear starting as he spoke,  
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,  
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course  
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;  
And Allan is my last resource,  
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'T is well," replied the stranger stern,  
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye:  
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn:  
Perhaps the hero did not die

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved  
Would call, thy Oscar might return;  
Perchance the chief has only roved;  
For him thy beltane yet may burn."<sup>50</sup>

"Fill high the bowl the table round,  
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;  
With wine let every cup be crown'd;  
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,  
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;  
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,  
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped;  
But why does Allan trembling stand?  
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,  
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face  
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;  
The drops of death each other chase  
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,  
And thrice his lips refused to taste;  
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye  
On his with deadly fury plac'd.

"And is it thus a brother hails  
A brother's fond remembrance here?  
If thus affection's strength prevails,  
What might we not expect from fear?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,  
"Would Oscar now could share our mirth!"  
Internal fear appall'd his soul;  
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

"'T is he! I hear my murderer's voice!"  
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form,  
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies  
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,  
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew  
A form was seen in tartan green,  
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round  
His plume of sable stream'd on high:  
But his breast was bare, with the red wound  
there,  
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,  
On Angus bending low the knee; [ground,  
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the  
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,  
The thunders through the welkin ring,  
And the gleaming form, through the mist of  
the storm,  
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased,  
Who lies upon the stony floor?  
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,  
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away, away! let the leech essay  
To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"  
His sand is done,—his race is run;  
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay  
His locks are lifted by the gale:  
And Allan's barbed arrow lay  
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,  
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;  
But no one doubts the form of flume,  
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,  
Expunging demons wing'd his dart;  
While Envy waved her burning brand,  
And pour'd her venom round his heart

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow,  
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?  
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,  
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,  
She bade his wounded pride rebel;  
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love  
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb  
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?  
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;  
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave  
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;  
And o'er his corse no banners wave,  
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,  
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?  
The song is glory's chief reward,  
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,  
No minstrel dare the theme awake;  
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,  
His harp in shuddering chords would break

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,  
Shall sound his glories high in air:  
A dying father's bitter curse,  
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

### THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,  
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;  
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,  
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field.  
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,  
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.  
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,  
With him Euryalus sustains the post;  
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,  
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;  
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,  
As yet a novice in the martial strife,  
'T was his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—  
A soul heroic, as his form was fair: [love;  
These burn with one pure flame of generous  
In peace, in war, united still they move;  
Friendship and glory form their joint reward,  
And now combined they hold their nightly  
guard

"What god, exclaim'd the first, "matis  
this fire?  
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?  
My labouring soul, with anxious thought  
oppress'd,  
Abhors this station of inglorious rest,  
The love of fame with this can ill accord,  
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword  
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling  
dim,  
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?  
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain  
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?"

Then hear my thought:—In deep and sulen  
grief [chief:  
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent  
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine  
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),  
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound  
Methinks an easy path perchance were found;  
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls  
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,  
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy:—  
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?  
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?  
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,  
As one unfit to share the toils of war?  
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;  
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;  
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,  
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:  
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of  
fear,

And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear  
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,  
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.  
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath—  
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

When Nisus,—“Calm thy bosom's fond  
alarms,  
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.  
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,  
I swear by him who fills Olympus throne!  
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth.  
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!  
But should I fall,—and he who dares advance  
through hostile legions must abide by  
chance,—

If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,  
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,  
Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,  
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.  
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,  
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;  
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,  
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;  
Or, if my destiny these last deny,  
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,  
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,  
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.  
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep  
Her only boy, recline in endless sleep?  
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,  
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;  
Who braved what woman never braved before,  
And left her native for the Latian shore."

"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul.  
Replied Euryalus: "it scorns control! [arose  
Hence, let us haste!"—their brother guard,  
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;  
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing  
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,  
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;  
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold,  
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.  
On one great point the council are agreed,  
An instant message to their prince decreed;  
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,  
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;  
When Nisus and his friend their leave request  
To offer something to their high behest.  
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,  
The faithful pair before the throne appear:  
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,  
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)  
"Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan  
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,  
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream  
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,  
Between the ocean and the portal placed.  
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,  
Whose shade securely our design will cloak.  
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,  
We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's  
brow,  
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight  
Scen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:  
Then shall Æneas in his pride return, [urn  
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's  
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead  
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.  
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;  
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,  
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,  
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,  
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd,—  
"Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,  
Still dwell the Dardan spirit in the boy;  
When minds like these in striplings thus ye  
raise,  
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;  
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,  
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."  
Then in his warm embrace the boy he  
press'd,  
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast

With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,  
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:  
 "What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize  
 Can we bestow, which you may not despise?  
 Our deities the first best boon have given—  
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.  
 What poor rewards can bless your deeds on  
 earth,

Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.  
 Æneas and Ascanius shall combine  
 To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."  
 Iulus then:—"By all the powers above!  
 By those Penates who my country love!  
 By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,  
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!  
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,  
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.  
 Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own.  
 Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown  
 My sire secured them on that fatal day,  
 Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey:  
 Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;  
 Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine;  
 An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,  
 While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave—  
 But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down  
 When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,  
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed  
 Which Turnus guides with more than mortal  
 speed,

Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,  
 I pledge my word, irrevocably past: [dames,  
 Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive  
 To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,  
 And all the realms which now the Latins sway  
 The labours of to-night shall well repay.  
 But thou, my generous youth, whose tender  
 years [veres,

Are near my own, whose worth my heart re  
 Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,  
 Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;  
 Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;  
 Without thy dear advice, no great design;  
 Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy  
 In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus:—"No day shall shame  
 The rising glories which from this I claim.  
 For me may favour, or the skies may frown  
 But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.  
 Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,  
 One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:  
 My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,  
 Line thine ennobled, hardly less divine,  
 Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain  
 A feeble age from dangers of the main;

Alone she came, all selfish fears above.  
 A bright example of maternal love.  
 Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,  
 Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave  
 From this alone no fond adieus I seek,  
 No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;  
 By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow  
 Her parting tears would shake my purpose  
 now:

Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,  
 In thee her much loved child may live again;  
 Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,  
 Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:  
 So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,  
 To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."  
 Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,  
 In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:  
 Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;  
 Such love was his, and such had been his woe  
 "All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince  
 replied;

"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.  
 To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,  
 Creusa's<sup>51</sup> style but wanting to the dame.  
 Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,  
 But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.  
 Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred oath—  
 To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,  
 All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd  
 If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd.  
 Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to  
 view

A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;  
 Lyeaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,  
 For friends to envy and for foes to feel:  
 A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,  
 Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil  
 Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,  
 And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.  
 Arm'd, thence they go, while all th'assembled  
 train,  
 To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain  
 More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,  
 Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:  
 His prayer he sends; but what can prayers  
 avail,

Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is passed, and, favour'd by the  
 night, [flight.  
 Through sleeping foes they wheel their way  
 When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?  
 Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!  
 Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;  
 And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops be  
 tween:

Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;  
 A mingled chaos this of war and wine. [pare,  
 "Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood pre-  
 With me the conquest and the labour share:  
 Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,  
 Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain  
 dies:

I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,  
 And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."  
 His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,  
 And pierced proud Rhamnes through his  
 panting breast:

Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;  
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed  
 To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,  
 His omens more than augur's skill evince;  
 But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,  
 Could not avert his own untimely fall.

Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,  
 And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;  
 The charioteer along his courser's sides  
 Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;  
 And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead  
 Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;  
 From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents  
 pour;

Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore  
 Young Lamyris and Lanus next expire,  
 And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;  
 Half the long night in childish games was  
 pass'd,

Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:  
 Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,  
 And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd fold, the keepers lost in sleep,  
 His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;  
 Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,  
 With murder glutt'd, and in carnage rolls:  
 Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;  
 In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,  
 But falls on feeble crowds without a name;  
 His wound unconscious Padus scarce can feel  
 Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;  
 His coward breast behind a jar he hides,  
 And vainly in the weak defence confides;  
 Full in his heart, the falchion searched his veins,  
 The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;  
 Through wine and blood, commingling as  
 they flow,

One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.  
 Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their  
 way,

Those fires emit a faint and trembling ray:

There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed  
 Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:  
 Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,  
 Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest  
 warn:

"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is  
 pass'd; [last:  
 Full foes enough to-night have breathed their  
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;  
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

With silver arms, with various art emboss'd,  
 What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,  
 They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize  
 Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;  
 The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,  
 The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt.  
 This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,  
 Once by a line of former chieftains worn.  
 Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,  
 Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;  
 Then from the tents their cautious steps they  
 bend,  
 To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse  
 To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course  
 While the slow foot their tardy march delay,  
 The knights, impatient, spur along the way:  
 Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led  
 To Turnus with their master's promise sped:  
 Now they approach the trench, and view the  
 walls,

When, on the left, a light reflection falls;  
 The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night  
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.  
 Volscens with question loud the pair alarms:—  
 "Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in  
 arms?" [reply:

From whence, to whom?"—He meets with no  
 Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:  
 The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,  
 While round the wood the hostile squadron  
 spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,  
 Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:  
 Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,  
 The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead:  
 But Nisus scours along the forest's maze  
 To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,  
 Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend  
 On every side they seek his absent friend.  
 "Oh God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,  
 In what impending perils art thou left!"

Listening he runs—above the waving trees,  
 Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;  
 The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around  
 Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.  
 Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise;  
 The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys.  
 The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,  
 While lengthening shades his weary way  
 confound;

Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,  
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.  
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers  
 dare?

Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share?  
 What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,  
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?

His life a votive ransom nobly give,  
 Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live?  
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,  
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:—  
 "Goddess serene, transcending every star!

Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!  
 Bynight heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,  
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;  
 If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace  
 Thine altars with the produce of the chase,  
 Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting  
 crowd,

To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."  
 Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;  
 Through parted shades the hurtling weapon  
 sung;

The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,  
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the  
 clay:

He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,  
 Unconscious whence the death, with horror  
 gaze.

[riven,  
 While pale they stare, through Tagus temples  
 A second shaft with equal force is driven.

Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes;  
 'Eil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.

Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall.  
 "Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all!"

Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he  
 drew,

And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.  
 Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,

Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals:  
 Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,

And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:  
 "Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone;

Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.  
 Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven!

attest! [fest!  
 He could not—durst not—lo! the guile con-

All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend;  
 He only loved too well his hapless friend:  
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage  
 remove;

His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."  
 He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword  
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored,  
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-lad crest,  
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:  
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents  
 the air,

Languid in death, expires beneath the share;  
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,  
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower;  
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,  
 And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,  
 Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;  
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,  
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's  
 ghost;

[foe,  
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on  
 Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every  
 blow;

In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,  
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heads;  
 In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,  
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;  
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,  
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the  
 wound.

Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—  
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;  
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,  
 And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace.

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,  
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame;  
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,  
 No future day shall see your names expire,  
 While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!  
 And vanquish'd millions hail their empress,  
 Rome.

#### TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

[Ἐρωτες ὑπερ μιν ἀγαν, κ.τ.λ.]

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge  
 The breast where love is wont to glow  
 What mind can stem the stormy surge  
 Which rolls the tide of human woe?



The hope of praise, the dread of shame,  
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;  
The wild desire, the guilty flame,  
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills  
The soul by purer dreams possest,  
The pleasing balm of mortal ills  
In love can soothe the aching breast.  
If thus thou comest in disguise,  
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,  
What heart unfeeling would despise  
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow  
May I beneath the shaft expire!  
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,  
Awakes an all-consuming fire:  
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!  
With others wage internal war;  
Repentance, source of future tears,  
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy  
The holy calm of sacred love!  
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,  
Which hover faithful hearts above!  
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine  
May I with some fond lover sigh,  
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—  
With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil! beloved before,  
Now dearer as my peaceful home,  
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,  
A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!  
This very day, this very hour,  
May I resign this fleeting breath!  
Nor quit my silent humble bower;  
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?  
And seen the exile's silent tear,  
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,  
A pensive weary wanderer here?  
Ah! hapless dame!<sup>52</sup> no sire bewails,  
No friend thy wretched fate depleores,  
No kindred voice with rapture hails  
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,  
To fair affection's truth unknown,  
Bids her he fondly loved depart,  
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;  
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key<sup>53</sup>  
The milder treasures of his soul,—  
May such a friend be far from me,  
And ocean's storms between us roll!

### THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,  
MAGNUS<sup>54</sup> his ample front sublime uprears:  
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,  
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.  
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,  
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome  
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,  
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried  
Though little versed in any art beside;  
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,  
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.  
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,  
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,  
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,  
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France:  
Though marvelling at the name of Magna  
Charta,

Yet well he recollects the law of Sparta;  
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,  
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;  
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame  
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name

Such is the youth whose scientific pate  
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;  
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,  
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.  
But lo! no common orator can hope  
The envied silver cup within his scope.  
Not that our heads much eloquence require,  
Th' ATHENIAN'S<sup>55</sup> glowing style, or Tully's fire  
A manner clear or warm is useless, since  
We do not try by speaking to convince.  
Be other orators of pleasing proud:  
We speak to please ourselves, not move the  
crowd:

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,  
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan.  
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,  
The slightest motion would displease the  
Dean;<sup>55</sup>

Whilst every staring graduate would prate  
Against what he could never imitate

The man who hopes to obtain the promised cup  
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up.  
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—  
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.  
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:  
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best!

Who utters most within the shortest space  
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,  
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;  
Where on Cam's sedge bank supine they lie  
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:  
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,  
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:  
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,  
All modern arts affecting to despise;  
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's  
note,

More than the verse on which the critic wrote:  
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,  
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;  
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel

When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.  
With eager haste they court the lord of power,  
Whether 't is Pitt or Petty rules the hour;  
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the  
head,

While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.  
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,  
They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.  
Such are the men who learning's treasures  
guard!

Such is their practice, such is their reward!  
This much, at least we may presume to say—  
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

#### TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,  
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;  
And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Remembrance will thy form retain.  
I would not say, "I love," but still  
My senses struggle with my will:  
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,  
My thoughts are more and more repress;  
In vain I check the rising sighs,  
Another to the last replies:  
Perhaps this is not love, but yet  
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,  
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;  
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,  
And tells a tale it never feels:  
Deceit the guilty lips impart;  
And hush the mandates of the heart;

But soul's interpreters, the eyes,  
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.  
As thus our glances oft conversed,  
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed.  
No spirit, from within, reproved us,  
Say rather, "'t was the spirit moved us."  
Though what they utter'd I repress,  
Yet I conceive thou 'lt partly guess:  
For as on thee my memory ponders,  
Perchance to me thine also wanders.  
This for myself, at least, I'll say,  
Thy form appears through night, through  
day:

Awake, with it my fancy teems;  
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams:  
The vision charms the hours away,  
And bids me curse Aurora's ray.  
For breaking slumbers of delight,  
Which make me wish for endless night.  
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,  
Shall joy or woe my steps await,  
Tempted by love, by storms beset,  
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,  
No more our former looks repeat;  
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,  
The dictate of my bosom's care:  
"May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker  
That anguish never can o'ertake her;  
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,  
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!"  
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated  
To be, by dearest ties, related,  
For her each hour new joys discover,  
And lose the husband in the lover!  
May that fair bosom never know  
What 't is to feel the restless woe,  
Which stings the soul with vain regret,  
Of him who never can forget!"

#### THE CORNELIAN.<sup>56</sup>

No specious splendour of this stone  
Endears it to my memory ever;  
With lustre only once it shone,  
And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,  
Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me  
Yet still the simple gift I prize,—  
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,  
As fearful that I might refuse it;  
I told him when the gift I took,  
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,  
And sparkling as I held it near,  
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,  
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,  
Nor wealth, nor birth their treasures yield;  
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,  
Must quit the garden for the field.

'T is not the plant uprear'd in sloth,  
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;  
The flowers which yield the most of both  
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,  
For once forgetting to be blind,  
His would have been an ample share,  
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,  
His form had fix'd her fickle breast;  
Her countless hoards would his have been,  
And none remain'd to give thee rest.

### AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE  
OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.<sup>57</sup>

ANCE the refinement of this polish'd age  
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;  
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,  
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;  
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,  
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;  
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,  
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.  
Still, not for her alone we wish respect;  
Others appear more conscious of defect:  
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,  
In all the arts of scenic action old;  
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,  
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;  
To-night you throng to witness the *debut*  
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:  
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;  
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly.

Fa'ling in this our first attempt to soar,  
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.  
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,  
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your  
praise;

But all our dramatis personæ wait  
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.  
No venal views our progress can retard,  
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward  
For these, each Hero all his power displays,  
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze  
Surely the last will some protection find;  
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:  
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,  
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.  
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,  
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,  
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,  
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

### ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU  
APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER.

"OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,  
But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath  
These feelings wide, let sense and truth incline  
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES  
SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

OH factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth  
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth,  
What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate  
With generous feeling, of the good and great.  
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name  
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?  
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,  
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,  
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,  
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:"  
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave  
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;  
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight  
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:  
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,  
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:  
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,  
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died:  
Not one great people only raise his urn,  
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.

• These feelings wide, let sense and truth un-  
clue,

To give the palm where Justice points its due ;"  
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,  
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil  
Fox ! o'er whose corse a mourning world  
must weep,

Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep ;  
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,  
While friends and foes alike his talents own ;  
Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,  
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign ;  
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,  
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.<sup>58</sup>

### THE TEAR.

" O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater  
Felix ! in imo qui scatenentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."—*Gray*.

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies  
move,

When Truth in a glance should appear,  
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,  
But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,  
To mask detestation or fear ;  
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling  
eye  
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,  
Shows the soul from barbarity clear ;  
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,  
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the  
gale,  
Through billows Atlantic to steer,  
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon  
be his grave,  
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath  
In Glory's romantic career ;  
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his  
bride,  
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,  
All his toils are repaid when, embracing the  
maid,  
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth<sup>59</sup> ! seat of Friendship  
and Truth.

Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,  
Loth to leave thee. I mourn'd, for a last look  
I turned. [Tear.

But thy spire was scarce seen through a

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no  
more,

My Mary to Love once so dear ;  
In the shade of her bower I remember the hour  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess'd, may she live ever blest !  
Her name still my heart must revere :  
With a sigh I resign what I once thought  
was mine,  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart  
This hope to my breast is most near :  
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions  
of night,  
And my corse shall recline on its bier,  
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes con-  
sume,  
Oh ! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,  
Which the children of vanity rear ;  
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name ,  
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

October 26th, 1806.

### REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M B. PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,  
Why thus in despair do you fret ?  
For months you may try, yet, believe me, a  
sigh  
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time  
seem to rove ;  
At first she may frown in a pet ;  
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile  
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the arts of these fanciful fairs,  
They think all our homage a debt  
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,  
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,  
And seem her hauteur to regret;  
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny  
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, yours pangs she deride,  
This whimsical virgin forget;  
Some other admire, who will melt with your  
fire,  
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,  
And love them most dearly; but yet,  
Thought my heart they enthral, I'd abandon  
them all,  
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,  
And break through her slight-woven net;  
Away with despair, no longer forbear  
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,  
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:  
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed  
by the smart,  
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

#### TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did  
offend,  
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er:  
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,  
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,  
No more I your folly regret;  
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine  
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known  
From your verses, what else she deserved;  
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,  
As your fair was so devilish reserved

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical  
m<sup>is</sup>s  
Can such wonderful transports produce:

Since the "world you forget, when your lip  
once have met,"  
My counsel will get but abuse

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of  
love;"

'Tis true, I am given to range  
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,  
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,  
To humour a whimsical fair;  
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't  
affright,  
Or drive me to dreadful despair

When my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform  
To mix in the Platonists' school;  
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,  
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,  
Whose image must fill my whole breast—  
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—  
What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny  
Your passion appears most absurd;  
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,  
For it only consists in the word

#### TO ELIZA.<sup>60</sup>

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,  
Who to woman deny the soul's future exist-  
ence, [defect,  
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own thee;  
And this doctrine would meet with a general  
resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of  
sense, [driven  
He ne'er would have women from paradise  
Instead of his hours, a flimsy pretence,  
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,  
Not content with depriving your bodies of  
spirit, [four:—  
He allots one poor husband to share amongst  
With souls you'd dispense; but this last  
who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;  
 On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most  
 uncivil; [said,  
 Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been  
 " Though women are angels, yet wedlock 's  
 the devil."

LACHIN Y GAIR.<sup>61</sup>

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
 Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake  
 reposes, [love:  
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and  
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements  
 war; [ing fountains,  
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flow-  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy  
 wander'd; [plaid;<sup>62</sup>

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the  
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory pou-  
 der'd, [glade.

As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd  
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar  
 star;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na  
 Garr.

• Shades of the dead! have I not heard your  
 voices

Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices, [vale.

And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland  
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist  
 gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy ear:  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch  
 na Garr.

" Ill-starr'd<sup>63</sup>, though brave, did no visions  
 foreboding

Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"  
 Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,<sup>64</sup>

Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:  
 Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,  
 You rest with your clan in the caves of  
 Braemar.<sup>65</sup>

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud num-  
 ber,  
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na  
 Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since  
 left you,

Years must elapse ere I tread you again:  
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,  
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains  
 afar:

Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!  
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na  
 Garr.

## TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance  
 Auspicious queen of childish joys  
 Who lead'st along, in airy dance,  
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;  
 At length, in spells no longer bound,  
 I break the fetters of my youth;  
 No more I tread thy mystic round,  
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams  
 Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,  
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,  
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;  
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,  
 And all assume a varied hue;  
 When virgins seem no longer vain,  
 And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,  
 And from thy hail of clouds descend?  
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,  
 A Pylades<sup>66</sup> in every friend?  
 But leave at once thy realms of air  
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;  
 Confess that woman's false as fair,  
 And friends have feeling for—themselves

With shame I own I've felt thy sway  
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:  
 No more thy precepts I obey,  
 No more on fancied pinions soar.  
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,  
 And think that eye to truth was dear;  
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,  
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,  
Far from thy motley court I fly,  
Where Affectation holds her seat,  
And sickly Sensibility;  
Whose silly tears can never flow  
For any pangs excepting thine;  
Who turns aside from real woe,  
To step in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,  
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds  
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,  
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;  
And call thy sylvan female choir,  
To mourn a swain for ever gone,  
Who once could glow with equal fire,  
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears,  
On all occasions swiftly flow;  
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,  
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;  
Say, will you mourn my absent name,  
Apostate from your gentle train?  
An infant bard at least may claim  
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!  
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;  
E'en now the galph appears in view,  
Where unlamented you must lie,  
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,  
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;  
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,  
Alas! must perish altogether.

#### ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES

SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COM-  
PLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIP-  
TIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,  
Should condemn me for printing a second  
edition;  
If good Madam Squintum my work should  
abuse,  
May I venture to give her a smack of my  
muse?" *New Bath Guide.*

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER!<sup>67</sup> to com-  
mend [friend].  
The verse which blends the censor with the  
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause  
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.

For this wild error which pervades my strain  
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?  
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways  
depart:

Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?  
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,  
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.  
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing  
mind,

Limping Decorum lingers far behind:  
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,  
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.  
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love  
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove  
Let those whose souls condemn the pleasing  
power

Their censures on the hapless victim shower.  
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,  
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,  
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,  
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!  
The artless Helicon I boast is youth;—  
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth  
Far be 't from me the "virgin's mind" to  
"taint:"

Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.  
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile  
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,  
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer  
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—  
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine  
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.  
But for the nymph whose premature desires  
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,  
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;  
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had  
read.

For me, I fain would please the chosen few,  
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,  
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy  
The light effusions of a heedless boy.  
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;  
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:  
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize.  
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.  
November 26, 1806.

#### ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.<sup>69</sup>

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they  
roll before me with all their deeds.—*Ossian.*"

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent  
dome! [pride]  
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY:

Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd  
tomb,  
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall  
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;  
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,  
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,  
In grim array the crimson cross<sup>71</sup> demand;  
Or gay assemble round the festive board  
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye (time,  
Retrace their progress through the lapse of  
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,  
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;  
His feudal realm in other regions lay.  
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,  
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound  
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could  
view;

Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,  
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,  
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont  
to prowl;

And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,  
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,  
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,  
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,  
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings  
extend [shade,  
Soon as the gloaming<sup>72</sup> spreads her waning  
Æne choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,  
Or matin orisons to Mary<sup>73</sup> paid.

Tears roll on years; to ages, ages yield;  
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:  
Religion's charter their protecting shield  
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothic walls,  
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;  
Another HENRY<sup>74</sup> the kind gift recalls  
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each tateat or supplicating prayer;  
He drives them exiles from their blest abode  
To roam a dreary world in deep despair—  
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,  
Shake's with the martial music's novel din  
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,  
High crested banners wave thy walls within

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,  
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd  
arns,  
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,  
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress<sup>75</sup> now,  
Encircled by insulting rebel powers, [brow,  
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening  
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,  
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes  
the brave;  
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,  
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;  
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain  
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields  
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew  
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave.  
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,  
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope,  
to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him<sup>76</sup> from th' un-  
equal strife,  
In other fields the torrent to repel;  
For nobler combats, here, reserv'd his life,  
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND<sup>77</sup>  
fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,  
While dying groans their painful requiem  
sound,  
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,  
Such victims wallow on the gory ground

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,  
Noisome and ghastr, defiles thy sacred sod;  
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with  
horse,  
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod



Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds  
o'erspread, [mould  
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal  
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,  
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,  
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in  
death; [fire,  
No more he strikes the quivering chords with  
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,  
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;  
Silence again resumes her awful sway,  
And sable Horror guards the massy door

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:  
What satellites declare her dismal reign!  
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort.  
To fit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel  
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;  
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,  
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;  
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring  
breath;  
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,  
Loathing<sup>78</sup> the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler<sup>79</sup> now resumes the helm,  
He guides through gentle seas the prow of  
state; [realm,  
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful  
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied  
hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,  
Howling, resign their violated nest;  
Again the master on his tenure dwells,  
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,  
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;  
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,  
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to  
mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,  
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;  
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,  
The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the  
breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake  
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the  
chase!

The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake<sup>80</sup>  
Exulting shouts announce the *l'homme à cheval*.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure! [knew  
Such simple sports our plain forefathers  
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure; [few  
Their joys were many, as their cares were

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;  
Time steals along, and Death uprears his  
dart;  
Another chief impels the foaming steed,  
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene  
is thine!

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay!  
The last and youngest of a noble line  
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;  
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;  
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;  
These, these he views, and views them but  
to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:  
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.  
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,  
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes  
Or gewgaw grottoes of the vainly great;  
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,  
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of  
fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,  
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;  
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine  
And bless thy future as thy former day.

#### CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,  
And were most dear to me."

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,  
Chills the warm tide which flows along the  
veins;

When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing  
And flies with every changing gale of spring.

Not to the aching frame alone confined,  
 Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:  
 What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,  
 Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,  
 With Resignation wage relentless strife,  
 While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.  
 Yet lest the pang when, through the tedious  
 hour,

Remembrance sheds around her genial power  
 Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,  
 When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our  
 heaven;

Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,  
 Those fairy towers, where all in turn have been.  
 As when through clouds that pour the summer  
 storm

The orb of day unveils his distant form,  
 Gilds with faint beams the crystal dew of rain,  
 And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;  
 Thus, while the future dark and cheerless  
 gleams, [dreams,

The sun of memory, glowing through my  
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,  
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays;  
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,  
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,  
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;  
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,  
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields:  
 Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,  
 To which I long have bade a last adieu!  
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;  
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;  
 Some who in marble prematurely sleep,  
 Whose forms I now remember but to weep;  
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course  
 Of early science, future fame the source;  
 Who, still contending in the studious race,  
 In quick rotation fill the senior place.  
 These with a thousand visions now unite,  
 To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight,  
 Ida! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,  
 How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!  
 Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,  
 Again I mingle with thy playful quire;  
 Our tricks of mischief, every child'sh game,  
 Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;  
 Through winding paths along the glade, I trace,  
 The social smile of every welcome face;  
 My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,  
 Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,  
 Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship  
 past:—

I bless the former, and forgive the last.

Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my  
 breast,

To love a stranger, friendship made me blest;—  
 Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,  
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth,  
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,  
 And check each impulse with prudential rein,  
 When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—  
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes;  
 No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,  
 No dear-bought knowledge purchased by  
 deceit.

Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,  
 Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.  
 When now the boy is ripen'd into man,  
 His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;  
 Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,  
 Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;  
 Still to assent, and never to deny—

A patron's praise can well reward the lie:  
 And who, when Fortune's warning voice is  
 heard,

Would lose his opening prospects for a word?  
 Although against that word his heart rebel,  
 And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the  
 task

From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask  
 Let keener bards delight in satire's string;  
 My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:  
 Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow  
 To hurl defiance on a secret foe;  
 But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,  
 The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,  
 Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, re-  
 tired,

With this submission all her rage expired.  
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,  
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave,  
 Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,  
 Pomposus' virtues are but known to few;  
 I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,  
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the  
 rod.

If since on Granta's failings, known to all  
 Who share the converse of a college hall,  
 She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,  
 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again,  
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,  
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,  
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command;  
 Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—  
 Their first adviser, and their last resort;

Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,  
Or all the sable glories of his gown ;  
Who, thus transplanted from his father's  
school—

Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—  
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,  
The dear preceptor of my early days ;  
POMPOSUS<sup>81</sup>, the pride of science, and the boast,  
To IDA now, alas ! for ever lost. [page,  
With him, for years, we search'd the classic  
And fear'd the master, though we loved the

sage :  
Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat,  
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.  
POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair ;  
POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear :  
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot ;  
His name and precepts be alike forgot !  
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—  
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary  
branches crown'd,  
Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round ;  
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys  
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise ;  
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,  
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;  
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt  
pursue ;

Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;  
Flash'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,  
In rival bands, between the wickets run,  
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,  
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.  
But these with slower steps direct their way,  
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents  
stray ; [treat,

While yonder few search out some green re-  
And arbours shade them from the summer heat.  
Others again, a pert and lively crew, [view,  
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in  
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,  
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;  
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray  
Tradition treasures for a future day : [fought,  
" 'T was here the gather'd swains for vengeance  
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;  
Here have we fled before superior might,  
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."  
While thus our souls with early passions swell  
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;  
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,  
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.  
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,  
But ruder records fill the dusky wall ;

There, deeply carved, behold ! each tyro's name  
Secures its owner's academic fame ;  
Here mingling view the names of sire and son  
The one long grav'd, the other just begun :  
These shall survive alike when son and sire  
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire :<sup>82</sup>  
Denies their last memorial these alone,  
Perished in death a monumental stone,  
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave  
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless  
grave.

And here my name, and many an early friend's,  
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.  
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,  
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,  
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,  
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was  
law ;

And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,  
To rule the little tyrants of an hour ;—  
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,  
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—  
" And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,  
And thus they dealt the combat side by side  
Just in this place the mouldering walls they  
scaled, [avail'd ;<sup>83</sup>

Nor bolts nor bars against their strength  
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,  
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;  
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,  
While bold POMPOSUS bravely stayed at  
home ;"—

While thus they speak, the hour must soon  
arrive,  
When names of these, like ours, alone survive.  
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm  
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race ! though now we meet no  
more,

One last long look on what we were before—  
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—  
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.  
Through splen'd circles, fashion's gaudy  
world,

Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,  
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret.  
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.  
Vain wish ! if chance some well-remember'd  
face,

Some old companion of my early race,  
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy  
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy ;  
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups  
around,

Were quite forgotten when my friend was found

The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known  
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty  
throne)— [dear,

The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were  
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was  
near:

My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,  
The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;  
I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,  
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;  
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,  
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.<sup>84</sup>

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,  
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?  
Is there no cause beyond the common claim  
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?

Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,  
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear,  
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,  
And seek abroad the love denied at home.

Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee—  
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share  
The tender guidance of a father's care.

Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply  
The love which glistens in a father's eye?

For this can wealth or title's sound atone,  
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?<sup>85</sup>

What brother springs a brother's love to seek?  
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?

For me how dull the vacant moments rise,  
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!

Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream  
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;

While still the visions to my heart are prest,  
The voice of love will murmur in my rest

I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice  
I hear again,—but ah! no brother's voice.

A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray  
Alone though thousand pilgrims fill the way;

While these a thousand kindred wreaths en-  
twine,

I cannot call one single blossom mine.  
What then remains? in solitude to groan,

To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone,  
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,

And none more dear than IDA's social band.

Alonzo!<sup>86</sup> best and dearest of my friends,  
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:

From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise;  
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.

Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,  
If hope anticipate the words of truth,

Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,  
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.

Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list  
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest  
Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;  
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more  
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was  
done,

Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:  
Together we impell'd the flying ball;  
Together waited in our tutor's hall;  
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,  
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;  
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,  
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;  
In every element, unchanged, the same,  
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!  
DAVUS<sup>87</sup>, the harbinger of childish joy;

For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,  
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;

Yet with a breast of such materials made—  
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;

Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel  
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel

Still I remember, in the factious strife,  
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:<sup>88</sup>

High poised in air the massy weapon hung,  
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;

Whilst I, in combat with another foe,  
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow,

Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—  
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;

Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,  
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand:

An act like this, can simple thanks repay?  
Or all the labours of a grateful lay?

Oh no! when'er my breast forgets the deed,  
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS!<sup>89</sup> on methy claims are justly great  
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate.

To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong  
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.

Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,  
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit:

Though yet in embryo these perfections shine  
LYCUS! thy father's fame will soon be thine.

Where learning nurtures the superior mind,  
What may we hope from genius thus refined

When time at length matures thy growing years  
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers

Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,  
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS<sup>90</sup> pass by unsung?  
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung

What though one sad dissension bade us part,  
That name is yet embalm'd within my heart;  
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,  
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.  
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:  
We once were friends,—I'll think we are so still.

A form unmatch'd in nature's partial meald,  
A heart untainted, we in thee behold:  
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,  
Nor seek for glory in the tented field;  
To minds of ruder texture these be given—  
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.  
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,  
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit:  
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,  
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,  
Would make that breast with indignation burn,  
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.  
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;  
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;  
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore;—  
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,  
See honest, open, generous CLEON<sup>91</sup> stand;  
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing  
scene,

No vice degrades that purest soul serene.  
On the same day our studious race begun,  
On the same day our studious race was run;  
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,  
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;  
At last concluded our scholastic life,  
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:  
As speakers<sup>92</sup> each supports an equal name,  
And crowds allow to both a partial fame.  
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,  
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,  
Yet candour's self compels me now to own,  
Justice awards it to my friend alone

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,  
Remembrance haik you with her warmest tear!  
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,  
To trace the hours which never can return;  
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,  
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!  
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,  
As infant laurels round my head were twined,  
When PRŪBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,<sup>93</sup>  
Or placed me higher in the studious throng;  
Or when my first harangue received applause,  
His sage instruction the primeval eause,  
What gratitude to him my soul possess'.  
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!

For all my humble fame, to him alone  
The praise is due, who made that fame my own  
Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays.  
These young effusions of my early days,  
To him my muse her noblest strain would give  
The song might perish, but the theme might live.  
Yet why for him the needless verse essay?  
His honour'd name requires no vain display:  
By every son of grateful IDA blest,  
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;  
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,  
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,  
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream  
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain  
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!  
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,  
This parting song, the dearest and the last;  
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,  
To me a silent and a sweet employ,  
While future hope and fear unlike unknown,  
I think with pleasure on the past alone;  
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,  
And chase the phantom of what once was mine

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,  
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide:  
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere  
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;—  
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow  
O'er their last scene of happiness below.  
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,  
The feeble veterans of some former throng,  
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests  
whirl'd,

Are swept for ever from this busy world;  
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,  
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth,  
Say if remembrance days like these endears  
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?  
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow  
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?  
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son  
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won  
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,  
(For glittering bangles are not left to boys)  
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,  
As those where Youth her garland twined for  
you?

Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age  
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page:  
Peruse the record of your days on earth,  
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;  
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf  
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief:

Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,  
 Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;  
 But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,  
 Fraced by the rosy finger of the morn ;  
 When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of  
 truth,  
 And Love, without his pinion<sup>94</sup>, smiled on  
 youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,  
 ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."<sup>95</sup>

MONTGOMERY ! true, the common lot  
 Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave ;  
 Yet some shall never be forgot—  
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

" Unknown the region of his birth,"  
 The hero<sup>96</sup> rolls the tide of war ;  
 Yet not unknown his martial worth,  
 Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,  
 Perchance may 'scape the page of fame ;  
 Yet nations now unborn will know  
 The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame  
 Must share the common tomb of all ;  
 Their glory will not sleep the same ;  
*That* will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye  
 Assumes the ghastly stare of death ;  
 The fair, the brave, the good must die,  
 And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,  
 Still beaming through the lover's strain ;  
 For Petrarch's Laura still survives :  
 She died, but ne'er will die again

The rolling seasons pass away,  
 And Time, untiring, waves his wing ;  
 Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,  
 But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,  
 Collected in the silent tomb ;  
 The old and young, with friends and foes,  
 Pesteering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,  
 Yet falls at length an useless lane ;  
 To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,  
 The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,  
 From dark oblivion meant to guard ;  
 A bright renown shall be enjoy'd  
 By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot  
 Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave ;  
 Some few who ne'er will be forgot  
 Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806

## TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE  
 VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,  
 Is mine, sweet girl ! thy pledge of love ;  
 It claims my warmest, dearest care,  
 Like relics left of saints above.

Oh ! I will wear it next my heart ;  
 'T will bind my soul in bonds to thee :  
 From me again 't will ne'er depart,  
 But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip  
 Is not so dear to me as this ;  
*That* I but for a moment sip,  
 And banquet on a transient bliss :

*This* will recall each youthful scene,  
 E'en when our lives are on the wane ;  
 The leaves of Love will still be green  
 When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh ! little lock of golden hue,  
 In gently waving ringlet curl'd,  
 Beneath the dear head on which you grew,  
 would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn  
 The polish'd brow where once you shone  
 Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,  
 Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [First published, 1827.]

## REMEMBRANCE.

It is done!—I saw it in my dreams:  
 No more with Hope the future beams;  
 My days of happiness are few;  
 Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,  
 My dawn of life is overcast,  
 Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!—  
 Would I could add Remembrance too!  
 1806. [First published, 1832.]

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON  
 HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE  
 WITH SOCIETY.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with man-  
 kind:—  
 I cannot deny such a precept is wise;  
 But retirement accords with the tone of my  
 mind:  
 I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,  
 Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go  
 forth;  
 When infancy's years of probation expire,  
 Perchance I may strive to distinguish my  
 birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,  
 Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—  
 At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,  
 No torrent can quench it, no bounds can  
 repress.<sup>97</sup>

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame  
 Bids me live but to hope for posterity's  
 praise. [flame,  
 Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions of  
 With him I would wish to expire in the  
 blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,  
 What censure, what danger, what woe would  
 I brave! [breath!  
 Their lives did not end when they yielded their  
 Their glory illumines the gloom of their  
 grave.

'Tis not why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?  
 Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her  
 rules?

Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?  
 Why search for delight in the friendship of  
 fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of  
 love;  
 In friendship I early was taught to believe;  
 My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;  
 I have found that a friend may profess, yet  
 deceive.

To me what is wealth?—it may pass in an  
 hour, [frown,  
 If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should  
 To me what is title?—the phantom of power:  
 To me what is fashion?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;  
 I still am unpractised to varnish the truth:  
 Then why should I live in a hateful control?  
 Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?  
 1806.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND  
 ORLA.

N Imitation of Macpherson's Ossian<sup>98</sup>

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on  
 their remembrance through the mist of time.  
 In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours or  
 morn. He lifts his spear with trembling  
 hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel  
 before my fathers!" Past is the race of  
 heroes! But their fame rises on the harp;  
 their souls ride on the wings of the wind.  
 they hear the sound through the sighs of the  
 storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds!  
 Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his  
 narrow house. He looks down from eddying  
 tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind,  
 and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of wa-  
 to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked  
 in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his  
 angry spear; but mild was the eye of Cal-  
 mar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks  
 they streamed like the meteor of the night.  
 No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts  
 were given to friendship,—to dark-haired  
 Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their  
 swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of  
 Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together  
 they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the

blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. Ta watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Sons of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek ear-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my

grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghosts shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fall in smoke. All is hush'd; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar. "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps; see'st thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chief's bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strannon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs o.



Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. 'Rise,' said the king, 'rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven.'

'Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla,' said the hero. 'What were the chase to me alone? Who should share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!'

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

'What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven.

Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm."

## L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES

Why should my anxious breast repine,

Because my youth is fled?

Days of delight may still be mine;

Affection is not dead.

In tracing back the years of youth,

One firm record, one lasting truth

Celestial consolation brings;

Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,

Where first my heart responsive beat,—

"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,

What moments have been mine!

Now half obscured by clouds of tears,

Now bright in rays divine;

How'er my future doom be cast;

My soul, enraptured with the past,

To one idea fondly clings;

Friendship! that thought is all thine own.

Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—

"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave

Their branches on the gale,

Unheeded heaves a simple grave,

Which tells the common tale;

Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,

Till the dull knell of childish play

From yonder studious mansion rings;

But here when'er my footsteps move,

My silent tears too plainly prove,

"Friendship is love without his wings!"

On Love! before thy glowing shrine

My early vows were paid;

My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,

But these are now decay'd;

For thine are pinions like the wind,

No trace of thee remains behind,

Except, alas! thy jealous stings.

Away, away! delusive power,

Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;

Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth<sup>199</sup> thy distant spire

Recalls each scene of joy:

My bosom glows with former fire—

In mind again a boy.

Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,  
 Thy every path delights me still,  
 Each flower a double fragrance flings ;  
 Again, as once, in converse gay,  
 Each dear associate seems to say,  
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus!<sup>100</sup> wherefore dost thou weep?  
 Thy falling tears restrain ;  
 Affection for a time may sleep,  
 But, oh, 't will wake again!<sup>101</sup>  
 Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,  
 Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!  
 From this my hope of rapture springs ;  
 While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,  
 Absence, my friend, can only tell,  
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone deceived,  
 Did I my error mourn?  
 No—from oppressive bonds relieved,  
 I left the wretch to scorn.  
 I turn'd to those my childhood knew,  
 With feelings warm, with bosoms true,  
 Twined with my heart's accordant strings:  
 And till those vital chords shall break,  
 For none but these my breath shall wake  
 Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,  
 My memory and my hope ;  
 Your worth a lasting love ensures,  
 Unfetter'd in its scope ;  
 From smooth deceit and terror sprung,  
 With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,  
 Let Adulation wait on kings ;  
 With joy elate, by snares beset,  
 We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget,  
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard  
 Who rolls the epic song ;  
 Friendship and Truth be my reward—  
 To me no bays belong ;  
 If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,  
 Me the enchantress ever flies,  
 Whose heart and not whose fancy sings ;  
 Simple and young, I dare not feign ;  
 Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,  
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

[First published, 1832.]

### THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven  
 Hear'st thou the accents of despair?  
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?  
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!  
 Thou seest my soul is dark within ;  
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
 Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown ;  
 Oh point to me the path of truth !  
 Thy dread omnipotence I own ;  
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,  
 Let superstition hail the pile,  
 Let priests, to spread their sable reign,  
 With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway  
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?  
 Thy temple is the face of day ;  
 Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell,  
 Unless they bend in pompous form?  
 Tell us that all, for one who fell,  
 Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,  
 Yet doom his brother to expire,  
 Whose soul a different hope supplies,  
 Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,  
 Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?  
 Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,  
 Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those who live for self alone,  
 Whose years float on in daily crime—  
 Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,  
 And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—  
 Thy laws in Nature's works appear :—  
 I own myself corrupt and weak,  
 Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou who canst guide the wandering star  
 Through trackless realms of ether's space  
 Who calm'st the elemental war,  
 Whose hand from pole to pole I trace.—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,  
 Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,  
 Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,  
 Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!  
 Whatever weal or woe betide,  
 By thy command I rise or fall,  
 In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,  
 My soul shall float on airy wing,  
 How shail thy glorious name adored  
 Inspire her teeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share  
 With clay the grave's eternal bed,  
 While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,  
 Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,  
 Grateful for all thy mercies past,  
 And hope, my God, to thee again  
 This erring life may fly at last.

December 29, 1806.  
 [First published, 1830.]

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.<sup>102</sup>

*Nil ego contulerim jocundo sanus amico.*—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,  
 While all around in slumber lie,  
 The joyous days which ours have been  
 Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye:  
 Thus if amidst the gathering storm,  
 While clouds the darken'd noon deform,  
 Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,  
 I hail the sky's celestial bow,  
 Which spreads the sign of future peace,  
 And bids the war of tempests cease.  
 Ah! though the present brings but pain,  
 I think those days may come again;  
 Or if, in melancholy mood,  
 Some lurking envious fear intrude,  
 To check my bosom's fondest thought,  
 And interrupt the golden dream,  
 I crush the fiend with malice fraught,  
 And still indulge my wonted theme.  
 Although we ne'er again can trace,  
 In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;  
 Nor through the groves of Ida chase,  
 Our raptur'd visions as before,

Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,  
 And Manhood claims his stern dominion—  
 Age will not every hope destroy,  
 But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing  
 Will shed around some dew's of spring:  
 But if his scythe must sweep the flowers  
 Which bloom among the fairy bowers,  
 Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,  
 And hearts with early rapture swell;  
 If frowning Age, with cold control,  
 Confines the current of the soul,  
 Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,  
 Or checks the sympathetic sigh,  
 Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,  
 And bids me feel for self alone;  
 Oh may my bosom never learn  
 To soothe its wonted heedless flow;  
 Still, still despise the censor stern,  
 But ne'er forget another's woe.  
 Yes, as you knew me in the days  
 O'er which Remembrance yet delays,  
 Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,  
 And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,  
 To you my soul is still the same.  
 Oft has it been my fate to mourn,  
 And all my former joys are tame.  
 But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!  
 Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er  
 By every bliss my childhood knew,  
 I'll think upon your shade no more.  
 Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,  
 And caves their sullen roar enclose,  
 We heed no more the wintry blast,  
 When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse  
 Attuned to love her languid lyre;  
 But now without a theme to choose,  
 The strains in stolen sighs expire.  
 My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;  
 E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,  
 And Carolina sighs alone,  
 And Mary's given to another;  
 And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,  
 Can now no more my love recall:  
 In truth, dear LONG, 't was time to flee;  
 For Cora's eye will shine on all.  
 And though the sun, with genial rays,  
 His beams alike to all displays,  
 An every lady's eye's a sun,  
 These last should be confined to one

The soul's meridian don't become her,  
Whose sun displays a general *summer*  
Thus faint is every former flame,  
And passion's self is now a name.  
As when the ebbing flames are low,

The aid which once improved their light  
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,  
Now quenches all their sparks in night;  
Thus has it been with passion's fires,  
As many a boy and girl remembers,  
While all the force of love expires,  
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear Long, 't is midnight's noon,  
And clouds obscure the watery moon,  
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,  
Described in every stripling's verse;  
For why should I the path go o'er,  
Which every bard has trod before?  
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night

Has thrice perform'd her stated round,  
Has thrice retraced her path of light,  
And chased away the gloom profound,  
I trust that we, my gentle friend,  
Shall see her rolling orbit wend  
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat  
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;  
And then with those our childhood knew,  
We'll mingle in the festive crew;  
While many a tale of former day  
Shall wing the laughing hours away;  
And all the flow of souls shall pour  
The sacred intellectual shower,  
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn  
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

#### TO A LADY.<sup>103</sup>

OH! had my fate been join'd with thine,  
As once this pledge appear'd a token,  
These follies had not then been mine,  
For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,  
To thee, the wise and old reproving:  
They know my sins, but do not know  
'T was thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,  
And all its rising fires could smother;  
But now thy vows no more endure,  
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,  
And spoil the blisses that await him;  
Yet let my rival smile in joy,  
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
My heart no more can rest with any;  
But what it sought in thee alone,  
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!  
'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,  
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,  
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;  
These varied loves, these matron's fears,  
These thoughtless strains to passion's  
measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—  
This cheek now pale from early riot,  
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,  
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,  
For Nature seem'd to smile be ore thee;  
And once my breast abhor'd deceit,—  
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys:  
To think would drive my soul to madness  
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,  
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,  
In spite of every vain endeavour,—  
And fiends might pity what I feel,—  
To know that thou art lost for ever

#### I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,  
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,  
Or roaming through the dusky wild,  
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;  
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon<sup>104</sup> pride  
Accords not with the freeborn soul,  
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,  
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,  
 Take back this name of splendid sound!  
 I hate the touch of servile hands,  
 I hate the slaves that eringe around.  
 Place me along the rocks I love,  
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;  
 I ask but this—again to rove  
 Through scenes my youth hath known  
 before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel  
 The world was ne'er design'd for me  
 Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal  
 The hour when man must cease to be?  
 Once I beheld a splendid dream.  
 A visionary scene of bliss:  
 Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam  
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;  
 Had friends—my early friends are fled:  
 How cheerless feels the heart alone  
 When all its former hopes are dead!  
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,  
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those  
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or  
 power,  
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes  
 Associates of the festive hour.  
 Give me again a faithful few,  
 In years and feelings still the same,  
 And I will fly the midnight crew,  
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,  
 My hope, my comforter, my all!  
 How cold must be my bosom now,  
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!  
 Without a sigh would I resign  
 This busy scene of splendid woe,  
 To make that calm contentment mine,  
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—  
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;  
 My breast requires the sullen glen,  
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.  
 Oh! that to me the wings were given  
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!  
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,  
 To flee away, and be at rest.<sup>105</sup>

### WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGH LANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the  
 dark heath, [snow!<sup>106</sup>  
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of  
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,  
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd  
 below,<sup>107</sup>

Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,  
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy  
 grew,  
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;  
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 't was center'd  
 in you? <sup>108</sup>

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the  
 name,—  
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a  
 child?

But still I perceive an emotion the same  
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd  
 wild.

One image alone on my bosom impress'd,  
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new.  
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were  
 bless'd;

And pure were my thoughts, for my soul  
 was with you

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my  
 guide, [along;  
 From mountain to mountain I bounded  
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,  
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's  
 song:

At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,  
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread  
 my view;

And warm to the skies my devotions arose,  
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing  
 on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,  
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no  
 more;

As the last of my race, I must wither alone,  
 And delight but in days I have witness'd  
 before: [lot;

Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my  
 More dear were the scenes which my in-  
 fancy knew:

Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they  
 are not forgot; [you.

Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with

When I see some dark hill point its crest to  
the sky, [bleen; 109

I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Col-  
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,  
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude  
scene;

When haply, some light-waving locks I behold,  
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,  
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,  
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and  
you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains  
once more [snow:

Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of  
but while these soar above me, unchanged as  
before,

Will Mary be there to receive me!—ah, no!  
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was  
bred!

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!  
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—

Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but  
with you?

#### TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

O! yes, I will own we were dear to each  
other; [are true;

The friendships of childhood, though fleeting,  
The love which you felt was the love of a  
brother,

Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;  
The attachment of years in a moment ex-  
pires: [pinion,

Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving  
But glows not, like Love, with unquench-  
able fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,  
and blest were the scenes of our youth, I  
allow: [weather!

But the spring of our life, how serene is the  
But winter's rude tempests are gathering  
now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,  
The wonted delights of our childhood re-  
trace: [bending,

When pride steals the bosom, the heart is un-  
And what would be justice appears a dis-  
grace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem  
you—

The few whom I love I can never upbraid—  
The chance which has lost may in future re-  
deem you, [made  
Repentance will cancel the vow you have

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affec-  
tion,

With me no corroding resentment shall live  
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection.  
That both may be wrong, and that both  
should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my  
existence,

If danger demanded, were wholly your own,  
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance.  
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retro-  
spection!

The bond of affection no longer endures;  
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recol-  
lection, [yours  
And sigh for the friend who was formerly

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for  
ever;

For time and regret will restore you at last  
To forget our dissension we both should en-  
deavour,

I ask no atonement, but days like the pas-

#### TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

“Tu semper amoris  
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago.”  
VAL FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved  
Like striplings, mutually beloved,

With friendship's purest glow,  
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours  
Was such as pleasure seldom showers  
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone  
Dearer than all the joys I've known,

When distant far from you  
Though pain, 't is still a pleasing pain,  
To trace those days and hours again,  
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er  
 Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,  
 Those scenes regretted ever :  
 The measure of our youth is full,  
 Life's evening dream is dark and dull,  
 And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies  
 Two streams which from one fountain rise,  
 Together join'd in vain ;  
 How soon, diverging from their source,  
 The measure of our youth is full,  
 Till mingled in the main !

Our vital streams of weal or woe,  
 Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,  
 Nor mingle as before :  
 Now swift or slow, now black or clear,  
 Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,  
 And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied  
 One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,  
 Now flow in different channels :  
 Disdaining humbler rural sports,  
 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,  
 And shine in fashion's annals :

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,  
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,  
 Without the aid of reason ;  
 For sense and reason (critics know it)  
 Have quitted every amorous poet,  
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE ! sweet, melodious bard !  
 Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,  
 That he, who sang before all,—  
 He who the lore of love expanded,—  
 By dire reviewers should be branded,  
 As void of wit and moral. <sup>110</sup>

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,  
 Harmonious favorite of the Nine !  
 Repine not at thy lot.  
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,  
 When Persecution's arm is dead,  
 And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,  
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,  
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;  
 And though myself may be the next,  
 By critic sarcasm to be vex'd,  
 I really will not fight them. <sup>111</sup>

Perhaps they would do quite as well  
 To break the rudely sounding shell  
 Of such a young beginner ;  
 He who offends at pert nineteen,  
 Ere thirty may become, I ween,  
 A very harden'd sinner.

Now Clare, I must return to you ;  
 And, sure, apologies are due :  
 Accept, then, my concession  
 In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight  
 I soar along from left to right ;  
 My muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate  
 To add one star to royal state :—  
 May regal smiles attend you !  
 And should a noble monarch reign,  
 You will not seek his smiles in vain,  
 If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,  
 Where specious rivals glitter round,  
 From snares may saints preserve you :  
 And grant your love or friendship ne'er  
 From any claim a kindred care,  
 But those who best deserve you.

Not for a moment may you stray  
 From truth's secure, unerring way !  
 May no delights decoy !  
 O'er roses may your footsteps move,  
 Your smiles be ever smiles of love,  
 Your tears be tears of joy !

Oh ! if you wish that happiness  
 Your coming days and years may bless,  
 And virtues crown your brow ;  
 Be still as you were wont to be,  
 Spotless as you've been known to me,—  
 Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,  
 To cheer my last declining days,  
 To me were doubly dear,  
 Whilst blessing your beloved name  
 I'd waive at once a poet's fame,  
 'Tc prove a prophet here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM  
IN THE CHURCHYARD OF  
HARROW.<sup>112</sup>

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches  
sigh, [sky ;  
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless  
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,  
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;  
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance de-  
plore,

Like me, the happy scenes they knew before :  
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,  
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,  
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs  
I lay,

And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;  
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs  
recline, [were mine :

But, ah! without the thoughts which then  
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,  
Invite the bosom to recall the past,

And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,  
• Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last  
Garewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd  
breast,

And calm its cares and passions into rest.  
Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying  
hour,— [power,—

If aught may soothe when life resigns her  
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,  
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell ;  
With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet  
to die—

And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie ;  
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose ;  
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;  
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,  
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood  
play'd ;

Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,  
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps  
moved ; [ful ear,

Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youth-  
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged  
here ;

Deplored by those in early days allied,  
And unremember'd by the world beside

September 4, 1807.



# English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:

A SATIRE.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."—POPE.

## PREFACE.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do so of me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,<sup>1</sup> who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead: my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which

was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Mas singer, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cauterization can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra, but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

## English Bards, &amp;c.

STILL must I hear?<sup>2</sup>—shall hoarse Fitzgerald<sup>3</sup>  
bawl

His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,<sup>4</sup>  
And I not sing, lest haply, Scotch reviews  
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my  
muse?

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:  
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-  
quill!

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men!  
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes  
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,  
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,  
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.  
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!  
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!  
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,  
With all the pages which 't was thine to write.  
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!  
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,  
Our task complete, like Hamet's<sup>5</sup> shall be free;  
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:  
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,  
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream  
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is  
plain;  
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign  
sway,  
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;  
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,  
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;  
When knaves and fools combined o'er all pre-  
vail,  
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;  
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers  
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,  
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,  
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong  
To me the arrows of satiric song;  
The royal vices of our age demand  
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.  
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,  
And yield at least amusement in the race:

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;  
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.  
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,  
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!

I too can scrawl, and once upon a time  
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,  
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame,  
I printed—older children do the same  
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't,  
Not that a title's sounding charm can save  
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:  
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name  
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame  
No matter, George continues still to write,  
Though now the name is veil'd from public  
sight.

Moved by the great example, I pursue  
The self-same road, but make my own review:  
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him, will be  
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade  
Save censure—critics all are ready made.  
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote.  
With just enough of learning to misquote;  
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,  
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;  
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet  
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit;  
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit,  
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,  
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—  
as soon

Seek roses in December—ice in June;  
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
Believe a woman or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false, before  
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore:  
Or yield one single thought to be misled  
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.  
To these young tyrants<sup>6</sup>, by themselves mis-  
placed,  
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;  
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,  
And hail their voice as truth, their word as  
law—

While these are censors, 't would be sin to spare;  
While such are critics, why should I forbear?  
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,  
'T is doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun  
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike  
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me? why I venture o'er  
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;  
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:

Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.  
'B it hold!' exclaims a friend,—"here's some  
neglect:

This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect."  
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,  
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has  
not:"—

Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?  
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days  
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,  
When sense and wit with poesy allied,  
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;  
From the same fount their inspiration drew,  
And rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.  
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's<sup>8</sup> pure strain  
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in  
vain;

A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,  
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.  
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,  
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly  
strong. [mel.—

Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's  
For nature then an English audience felt.

But why these names, or greater still, retrace,  
When all to feebler bards resign their place?  
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,  
When taste and reason with those times are past.  
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,  
Survey the precious works that please the age;  
This truth at least let satire's self allow,  
No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.  
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,  
And printer's devils shake their weary bones;  
While Southey's epics cram the creaking  
shelves.

And Little's lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.  
Thus saith the preacher: "Nought beneath  
the sun

Is new;" yet still from change to change we  
run:

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!  
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,  
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,  
Till the swollen bubble bursts—and all is air!  
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,  
Where dull pretenders gapple for the prize:  
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;  
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,  
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,  
Erects a shrine and idol of its own:

Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not.  
From soaring Southey down to grovelling  
Stott.<sup>9</sup>

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling  
crew,

For notice eager, pass in long review:  
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,  
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race  
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;  
And tales of terror jostle on the road;  
Immeasurable measures move along;  
For simpering folly loves a varied song.  
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend  
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.  
Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the  
last!—

On half-strung harps whine mournful to the  
blast.

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,  
That dames may listen to the sound at nights  
and goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood.  
Pecoy young border-nobles through the  
wood,

And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,  
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows  
why;

While high-born ladies in their magic cell,  
Forbidding knights to read who cannot  
spell,

Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,  
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his  
roam,

The golden-crested haughty Marnion,  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight:  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base.  
And think'st thou, Scott!<sup>10</sup> by vain con-  
ceit  
perchance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,  
Though Murray with his Miller may combine  
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown yet  
line?

No! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade  
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre.<sup>11</sup> not for fame  
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain.  
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!  
Such be their need, such still the just reward  
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!  
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long "good night to Marnion

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now ;

[bow ;

These are the bards to whom the muse must  
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,  
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was  
young,

When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,  
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,  
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic  
name ;

The work of each immortal bard appears  
The single wonder of a thousand years.  
Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,  
Tongues have expired with those who gave  
them birth,

Without the glory such a strain can give,  
As even in ruin bids the language live.  
Not so with us, though minor bards content,  
On one great work a life of labour spent:  
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,  
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise !  
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,  
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.

First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,  
The scourge of England and the boast of  
France!

Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,  
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche ;  
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,  
A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.

Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,<sup>12</sup>  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son ;  
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,  
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !  
Since started metre fled before thy face,

Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race !  
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,  
Illustrious conqueror of common sense !

Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,  
Cacicque in Mexico, and prince in Wales ;  
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,  
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true  
Oh, Southey ! Southey !<sup>13</sup> cease thy varied  
song !

A bard may chant too often and too long .  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare !  
A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.  
But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;  
If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,  
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,<sup>14</sup>

The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :  
" God help thee," Southey,<sup>15</sup> and thy  
readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,  
That mild apostate from poetic rule,  
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay  
As soft as evening in his favourite May,  
Who warns his friend " to shake off toil and  
trouble,

And quit his books, for fear of growing double ;  
Who, both by precept and example, shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose  
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,  
Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;  
And Christmas steries tortured into rhyme  
Contain the essence of the true sublime.  
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
The idiot motner of " an idiot boy ;"  
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way  
And, like his bard, confounded night with  
day.<sup>16</sup>

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
That all who view the " idiot in his glory,"  
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shalt gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here.  
To turgid ode and timid stanza dear ?

Though themes of innocence amuse him best  
Yet still obscurity 's a welcome guest.  
If Inspiration should her aid refuse  
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,<sup>17</sup>  
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.  
So well the subject suits his noble mind,  
He brays<sup>18</sup>, the laureat of the long-eared kind.

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis!<sup>19</sup> monk, or  
bard,  
Who fair wouldst make Parnassus a church-  
yard !

Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !  
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand  
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band ;  
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
To please the females of our modest age ;  
All hail, M. P. !<sup>20</sup> from whose infernal brain  
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;  
At whose command " grim women " throng  
in crowds,  
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds.  
With " small gray men," " wild yagers,"  
and what not,  
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott ;

Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,  
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease:  
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to  
dwell,  
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir,  
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,  
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion  
flush'd, [hush'd?  
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are  
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,  
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay! [just,  
Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be  
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.  
Pure is the flame which o'er her altars burns;  
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:  
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er, [more."  
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,  
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,  
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of  
blue,<sup>21</sup>  
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,  
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss  
admires,  
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,  
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's  
sense,  
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.  
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,  
By dressing Camoëns<sup>22</sup> in a suit of lace?  
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy  
taste;  
be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:  
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,  
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts! one moment spare the  
text—  
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;  
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,  
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,  
His style in youth or age is still the same,  
For ever feeble and for ever tame. [shine!"  
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs"  
At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.  
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may  
swear,  
That luckless music never triumph'd there.<sup>23</sup>

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward  
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,  
Sepulchral Grahame,<sup>24</sup> pours his notes sublime  
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme:

Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,  
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;  
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,  
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings  
A thousand visions of a thousand things  
And shows, still whimpering through the  
score of years.

The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.  
And art thou not their prince, harmonious  
Bowles!

Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?  
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief  
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;  
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells  
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford  
bells,<sup>25</sup>

Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend  
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;  
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,  
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!  
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest  
All love thy strain, but children like it best.  
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,  
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!  
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears  
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:  
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain  
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.  
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine  
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;  
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"  
Such as none heard before, or will again!  
Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,  
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,  
By more or less, are sung in every book,  
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.  
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,  
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;<sup>26</sup>  
And gravely tells—attentive, each beauteous  
miss!—

When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.  
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell.  
Stuck to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.<sup>27</sup>  
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe  
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a  
scribe; [feared,

If chance some bard, though once by dunces  
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;  
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,  
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst  
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan.  
The first of poets was, alas! but man.  
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,  
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curl:<sup>28</sup>

Let all the scandals of a former age  
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;  
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,  
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;  
Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,  
And do from hate what Mallet<sup>29</sup> did for hire,  
Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,  
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to  
rhyme ;<sup>30</sup>

Throng'd with the rest around his living head,  
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead :  
A meek reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,  
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

Another epic ! Who inflicts again  
More books of blank upon the sons of men ?  
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,  
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,  
And sends his goods to market—all alive !  
Lines forty thousand, eantos twenty-five !  
Fresh fish from Helicon<sup>31</sup> ! who 'll buy ? who 'll  
buy ?

The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.  
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,  
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat :  
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,  
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.  
In him an author's luckless lot behold,  
Condemn'd to make the books which once he  
sold.

Oh ! Amos Cottle !—Phœbus ! what a name,  
To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—  
Oh, Amos Cottle ! for a moment think  
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !  
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,  
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?  
Oh pen perverted ! paper misapplied !  
Had Cottle<sup>32</sup> still adorn'd the counter's side,  
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,  
Been taught to make the paper which he sons,  
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty  
limb,  
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep  
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may  
sleep,  
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves  
Dull Maurice<sup>33</sup> all his granite weight of leaves.  
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !  
The petrifications of a plodding brain,  
That ere they reach the top, fall lumbering  
back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,  
Lo ! sad Alæus wanders down the vale ;

Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd  
at last,  
His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast  
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,  
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails :  
O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep ;  
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep !<sup>34</sup>

Yet say ! why should the bard at once resign  
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine ?  
For ever startled by the mingled howl  
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prow ;  
A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,  
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way ;  
Aged or young, the living or the dead,  
No mercy find—these harpies<sup>35</sup> must be fed.  
Why do the injured unresisting yield  
The calm possession of their native field ?  
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,  
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's  
Seat ?<sup>36</sup>

Health to immortal Jeffrey !<sup>37</sup> once, in name,  
England could boast a judge almost the same ;  
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,  
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,  
And given the spirit to the world again,  
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.  
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,  
With voice as willing to decree the rack ;  
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law  
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw ;  
Since well instructed in the patriot school  
To rail at party, though a party tool,  
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore  
Back to the sway they forfeited before,  
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,  
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat ?  
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,  
And greeting thus, present him with a rope :  
" Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind !  
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,  
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,  
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey ! Heaven preserve  
his life  
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
And guard it sacred in its future wars,  
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars.  
Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,  
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by ?<sup>38</sup>  
Oh, day disastrous ! On her firm-set rock,  
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock ;

Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,  
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;  
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,  
 The other half pursued its calm career;<sup>39</sup>  
 Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,  
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;  
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,  
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—  
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,  
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:  
 Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,  
 The sixteenth story where himself was born,  
 His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,  
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:  
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white  
 reams,

Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;  
 His of his candour seem'd the sable dew,  
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;  
 And all with justice deem'd the two combined  
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.  
 But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er  
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of  
 Moore;

From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,  
 And straight restored it to her favorite's head;  
 That head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,  
 Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,  
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce  
 refine,

Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.  
 'My son,' she cried, 'ne'er thirst for gold  
 again,

Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;  
 O'er politics and poesy preside,  
 Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!  
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,  
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,  
 So long shall last thine unmolested reign,  
 Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.  
 Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,  
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.  
 First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen  
 The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.<sup>40</sup>  
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer<sup>41</sup>, and  
 sometimes,

In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,  
 Smug Sydney<sup>42</sup> too thy bitter page shall seek,  
 And classic Hallam<sup>43</sup>, much renown'd for Greek;  
 Scott may perchance his name and influence  
 lend,

And paltry Pillans<sup>44</sup> shall traduce his friend;  
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe<sup>45</sup>  
 Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.  
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!  
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;

While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,  
 To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.  
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review  
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,  
 Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the  
 sale,<sup>46</sup>

Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail.  
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist  
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

Then prosper Jeffrey! pertest of the train  
 Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!  
 Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,  
 In double portion swells thy glorious lot;  
 For thee Edina culis her evening sweets,  
 And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,  
 Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—  
 This scents its pages, and that glids its rear.<sup>47</sup>  
 Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd  
 grown,

Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone  
 And, too unjust to other Pictish men,  
 Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!  
 Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,  
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!  
 Holland, with Henry Petty<sup>48</sup> at his back,  
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack,  
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,  
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!  
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof  
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.  
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,  
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,  
 And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,  
 Declare his landlord can at least translate!<sup>49</sup>  
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,  
 They write for food—and feed because they  
 write:

And lest, when heated with the unusual grape  
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press  
 escape,  
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,  
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;  
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,  
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.<sup>50</sup>

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!  
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!  
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,<sup>51</sup>  
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.  
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's  
 o'er,

And full-grown actors are endured once more;  
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,  
 While British critics suffer scenes like these;

While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!"  
and "zounds!"<sup>52</sup> [ounds?  
nd common-place and common sense con-  
bile Kenney's "World"—ah! where is  
Kenney's<sup>53</sup> wit?—

Tires the sad gallery, hurls the listless pit;  
And Beaumont's pillar'd Caratuch affords  
tragedy complete in all but words?<sup>54</sup>

Who but must mourn, while these are all the  
rage,

The degradation of our vaunted stage!  
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?  
Have we no living bard of merit?—none!  
Awake, George Colman<sup>55</sup>! Cumberland<sup>56</sup>,  
awake!

Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!

Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,  
Let Comedy assume her throne again;  
Abjure the mummery of the German schools;  
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;  
Give us thy last memorial to the age,  
One classic drama, and reform the stage.

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,  
Where Garrick trod, and Siddons livest to tread?  
On those shall Farce display Buffoonry's mask,  
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?

Shall sapient managers new scenes produce  
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?  
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, Jorgot,  
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?  
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim  
The rival candidates for Attic fame!

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,  
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.  
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,  
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays  
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines  
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;  
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon  
In five jacetious acts comes thundering on,<sup>59</sup>  
While poor John Bull, bewild'rd with the scene,  
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;  
But as some hands applaud, a venal few!  
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should  
we turn

To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?  
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,  
Or, kind to dulness, do you tear to blame?  
Well may the nobles of our *res* resent race  
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;  
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,  
And worship Catalani's pantaloons,<sup>60</sup>  
Since their own drama yields no fairer trace  
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art  
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down.  
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes  
And bless the promise which his form displays,  
While Gayton bounds before th'enraptured look,  
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:  
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prèsle  
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless  
veil;

Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,  
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant  
toe;

Collini trill her love-inspiring song,  
Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening  
through!

Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!  
Reforming saints! too delicately nice!  
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,  
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave,  
And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display  
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile  
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!<sup>61</sup>  
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd  
fane,

Spreads wide her portals for the motley train.  
Behold the new Petronius<sup>62</sup> of the day,  
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!  
There the hired eunuch the Hesperian choir,  
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,  
The song from Italy, the step from France,  
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,  
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,  
For tops, fools, gamblers, knaves, and lords  
combine:

Each to his humour—Comus all allows;  
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's  
spouse.

Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade;  
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;  
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,  
Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"  
When for the night some lately titled ass  
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.  
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,  
The audience take their turn upon the floor;  
Now round the room the circling dow'gers  
sweep, [leap,

Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters  
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swin,  
The last display the free unfetter'd limb!  
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair [spare,  
With art the charms which nature could not



These after husbands wing their eager flight,  
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,  
Where all forgotten but the power to please,  
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,  
Each swain may teach new systems, or be  
taught:

[Spain,  
There the blithe youngster, just return'd from  
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;  
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick.  
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!  
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,  
And all your hope or wish is to expire,  
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,  
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife;  
Fit consummation of an earthly race,  
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;  
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,  
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering  
breath;  
Trauded by liars, and forgot by all,  
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,  
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide  
his hand,  
To drive this pestilence from out the land.  
E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the  
wrong,  
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,  
To fight my course through passion's countless  
host,

Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way  
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—  
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel  
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;  
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,  
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than  
they?"

And every brother rake will smile to see  
That miracle, a moralist in me.  
No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,  
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening  
song,  
Then sleep my part for ever! and my voice  
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;  
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I  
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals  
From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,  
Why should we call them from their dark abode.  
In broad St Giles's or in Tottenham-road?

Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare  
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the  
Square?

If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight  
What harm? In spite of every critic elf,  
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;  
Miles Andrews<sup>63</sup>, till his strength in couplets try  
And live in prologues, though his drains die.  
Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,  
And 't is some praise in peers to write at all.  
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,  
Ah! who would take their titles with their  
rhymes?

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,  
No future laurels deck a nook head;  
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,  
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.  
The puny schoolboy and his early lay  
Men pardon, if his follies pass away,  
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse  
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow  
worse?

What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!  
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!<sup>64</sup>  
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,  
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage:  
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"  
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff  
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,  
And ease his volumes in congenial calf:  
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,  
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,  
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;  
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand  
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous  
band.

On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;  
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.  
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
And Melville's Mantle<sup>65</sup> prove a blanket too!  
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,  
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.  
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give  
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;  
But now at once your fleeting labours close,  
With names of greater note in blest repose.  
Far be 't from me unkindly to upbraid  
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,  
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,  
Leave wondering comprehension far behind.<sup>66</sup>  
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals  
fill, [still  
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns

Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,  
Matilda snivels yet, and Haiz yells;  
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,  
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.<sup>67</sup>

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a  
stall,<sup>68</sup>

Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,  
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,  
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,  
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds  
applaud!

How ladies read, and literati laud!<sup>69</sup>  
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,  
Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know  
best? [rhyme,

Genius must guide when wits admire the  
And Capel Loft<sup>70</sup> declares 'tis quite sublime.  
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!  
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless  
spade!<sup>1</sup>

Lo! Burns<sup>71</sup> and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,  
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,  
Forsook the labours of a servile state, [fate:  
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over  
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on  
you

Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?<sup>71</sup>  
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;  
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased;  
And now no boor can seek his last abode,  
No common be enclosed without an ode.  
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile  
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,  
Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,  
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!  
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,  
Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,  
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your  
shoes.

May Moorland weavers<sup>72</sup> boast Pindaric skill,  
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!  
While punctual beaux reward the grateful  
notes,  
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute  
due,  
Neglected genius! let me turn to you. [scope;  
Come forth, oh Campbell!<sup>73</sup> give thy talents  
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?  
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,  
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;  
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,  
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lute::

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,  
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.  
What! must deserted Poesy still weep  
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?  
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns  
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel  
Burns! [rious brood  
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spu  
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food.  
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast  
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:  
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—  
Bear witness Gifford,<sup>74</sup> Sotheby,<sup>75</sup> Macneil<sup>76</sup>

“Why slumbers Gifford?” once was ask'd  
in vain;

Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.  
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?<sup>77</sup>  
Are there no fools whose backs demand the  
scourge?

Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?  
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?  
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,  
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?  
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time  
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?  
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,  
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White!<sup>78</sup> while life was in its  
spring, [wing,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous  
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,  
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.  
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son  
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,  
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the  
fruit.

'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee  
low:

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel.  
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his  
nest

Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days  
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise  
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,  
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:

'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,  
Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;  
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,  
And decorate the verse herself inspires:  
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;  
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee<sup>79</sup> and Genius find a place,  
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;  
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,  
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;  
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,  
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,  
While honours, doubly merited, attend  
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower  
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;  
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,  
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,  
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,  
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.  
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands  
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;  
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!  
Wright!<sup>80</sup> 't was thy happy lot at once to view  
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;  
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen  
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards!<sup>81</sup> who snatch'd to light  
Those gems too long withheld from modern  
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath  
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,  
And all their renovated fragrance flung,  
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;  
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse  
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,  
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:  
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Lest these, or such as these, with just applause,  
Restore the muse's violated laws;  
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,  
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,  
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,  
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;  
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,  
But now, worn down, appear in native brass;

While all his train of hovering sylphs around  
Evaporate in similes and sound:  
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:  
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,  
The meanest object of the lowly group,  
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,  
Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd:<sup>82</sup>  
Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach  
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:  
The native genius with their being given  
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott, resign to minstrels rude  
The wilder slogan of a border feud:  
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;  
Enough for genius, if itself inspire!  
Let Southey sing, although his seeming muse,  
Prolific every spring, be too profuse; [verse  
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish  
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;  
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,  
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost,  
Let Moore still sigh; let Strangford steal from Moore, [yore;  
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of  
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,  
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;  
Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,  
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;  
Let Scott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest  
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,  
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,  
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.  
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of  
praise,  
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays—  
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the mine,  
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine  
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield  
The glorious record of some nobler field,  
Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,  
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of  
man?  
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food  
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood?  
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard  
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!  
Yet not with thee alone his name should live  
But own the vast renown a world can give;  
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,  
And tell the tale of what she was before;

To future times her faded fame recall,  
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,  
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?  
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,  
And other victors fill the applauding skies;  
A few brief generations fleet along,  
Whose sons forget the poet and his song.  
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce  
may elain  
The transient mention of a dubious name!  
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest  
blast,  
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;  
And glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,  
Exhales her odours, waxes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,  
Expert in science, more expert at puns?  
Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,  
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;  
Though printers condescend the press to soil  
With rhyme by Hoare<sup>83</sup>, and epic blank by  
Hoyle;<sup>84</sup>

Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,  
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list,<sup>85</sup>  
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,  
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;  
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to  
please,"  
Forgetting doggerel leads not to degrees,  
A would be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon.  
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,  
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,  
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;  
Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!<sup>86</sup>  
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!  
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's<sup>87</sup> verse  
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's<sup>88</sup>  
worse.

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,  
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;  
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,  
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;  
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,  
And modern Britons glory in their sires.<sup>89</sup>

For me, who, thus unask'd have dared to tell  
My country, what her sons should know too well,

Zeal for her honour bade me here engage  
The host of idiots that infest her age;  
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,  
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.  
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,  
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!  
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,  
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,  
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—  
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen.  
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the  
plain, [main;  
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the  
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin  
hurl'd,  
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.  
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate  
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;  
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,  
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest  
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!  
Still hear thy motley orators dispense  
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,  
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his  
wit,  
And old dame Portland<sup>90</sup> fills the place of Pitt

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail  
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale  
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,  
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:  
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native  
clime.<sup>91</sup>

Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown'd with  
snows sublime.

But should I back return, no tempting press  
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:  
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,  
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr;<sup>92</sup>  
Let Aberdeen and Elgin<sup>93</sup> still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of virtue;  
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian  
freaks,

Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;  
And make their grand saloons a general mart  
For all the mutilated blocks of art.  
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,  
I leave topography to rapid<sup>94</sup> Gell;<sup>95</sup>  
And, quite content, no more shall interpose  
To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,  
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish  
fear:

This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—  
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:  
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,  
 My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;  
 And now at once I tear the veil away:—  
 Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,  
 Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,  
 By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,  
 By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,  
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.  
 Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,  
 And feel they too "are penetrable stuff:"  
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.  
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound  
 would fall  
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;  
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise  
 The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my  
 eyes;

But now, so callous grown, so changed since  
 youth,  
 I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the  
 truth;  
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,  
 And break him on the wheel he meant for me,  
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,  
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:  
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters  
 frown,  
 I too, can hunt a poetaster down;  
 And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once  
 To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.  
 Thus much I've dared; if my incondite lay  
 Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others  
 say:  
 This, let the world, which knows not how to  
 spare,  
 Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.<sup>95</sup>

# Hebrew Melodies.'

## ADVERTISEMENT

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies<sup>2</sup>, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan. January, 1815.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.<sup>3</sup>

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent'

### THE HARP THE MONARCH MIN- STREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,  
Which Music hallow'd while she wept  
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven

It soften'd men of iron mould,  
It gave them virtues not their own;  
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his  
throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,  
It wafted glory to our God;  
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,  
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
Its sound aspir'd to Heaven and there abode  
Since then, though heard on earth no more,  
Devotion and her daughter Love,  
Still hid the bursting spirit soar  
To sounds that seem as from above,  
In dreams that day's broad light can not  
remove.

### IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
Our own, surviving Love endears;  
If there the cherish'd heart be found,  
The eye the same, except in tears—  
How welcome those untrdden spaces  
How sweet this very hour to die!  
To soar from earth and find all fears,  
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink;  
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
Oh! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that  
With them the immortal waters drink  
And soul in soul grow deathless then!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills  
 Exulting yet may bound,  
 And drink from all the living rills  
 That gush on holy ground;  
 Its airy step and glorious eye  
 May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,  
 Hath Judah witness'd there;  
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight  
 Inhabitants more fair.  
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone

More blest each palm that shades those plains  
 Than Israel's scatter'd race;  
 For, taking root, it there remains  
 In solitary grace:  
 It cannot quit its place of birth,  
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,  
 In other lands to die;  
 And where our fathers' ashes be,  
 Our own may never lie:  
 Our temple hath not left a stone,  
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;  
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;  
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the God-  
 less dwell!

And where shall Israel 'ave her bleeding feet?  
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?  
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest!  
 The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
 Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thum-  
 ders sleep:

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet  
 stone!

There—where thy shadow to thy people shone.  
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:  
 Thyself—none living see and not expire.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;  
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's  
 spear:

How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!  
 How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my sire  
 Demand that thy Daughter expire;  
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—  
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
 And the mountains behold me no more:  
 If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—  
 That the blood of thy child is as pure  
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
 Be the judge and the hero unbest!  
 I have won the great battle for thee,  
 And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
 When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
 Let my memory still be thy pride,  
 And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S  
 BLOOM.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb:

But on thy turf shall roses rear  
 Their leaves, the earliest o' the year ;  
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom .

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
 And lingering pause and lightly dead ;  
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the  
 dead !

Away ! we know that tears are vain,  
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress .  
 Will this unteach us to complain ?  
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?  
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

### MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh ! quickly string  
 The harp I yet can brook to hear ;  
 And let thy gentle fingers fling  
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
 If in this heart a hope be dear,  
 That sound shall charm it forth again :  
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
 'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first :  
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
 Or else this heavy heart will burst ;  
 For it hath been my sorrow nursed,  
 And ached in sleepless silence long ;  
 And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,  
 And break at once—or yield to song.

### I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear  
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;  
 And then methought it did appear  
 A violet dropping dew :  
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze  
 Beside thee ceased to shine ;  
 It could not match the living rays  
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
 A deep and mellow dye,  
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
 Can banish from the sky,

Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
 Their own pure joy impart ;  
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
 That lightens o'er the heart.

### THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun :  
 Thy country's strains record  
 The triumphs of her chosen Son,  
 The slaughters of his sword !  
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,  
 The freedom he restored !

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free  
 Thou shalt not taste of death !  
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee  
 Disdain'd to sink beneath :  
 Within our veins its currents be,  
 Thy spirit on our breath !

Thy name, our charging hosts along,  
 Shall be the battle-word !  
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song  
 From virgin voices pour'd !  
 To weep would do thy glories wrong ;  
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

### SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the  
 sword  
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your  
 path :  
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from  
 the foe,  
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !  
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

Farewell to others, but never we part.  
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !  
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day.



SAUL.

**THOU** whose spell can raise the dead,  
 Bid the prophet's form appear.  
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
 King, behold the phantom seer!"  
 Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:  
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his  
 shroud.

Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;  
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;  
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there.  
 Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare:  
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing  
 frame,

Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?  
 Who is he that calls the dead?  
 Is it thou, O King? Behold,  
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:  
 Such are mine; and such shall be  
 Thine to-morrow, when with me.  
 Ere the coming day is done,  
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
 Fare thee well, but for a day,  
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.  
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
 And the falchion by thy side  
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide:  
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
 Son and sire, the house of Saul.

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE  
 PREACHER."

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine  
 And health and youth possess'd me;  
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,  
 And lovely forms carcass'd me;  
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
 And felt my soul grow tender;  
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days  
 Remembrance can discover,  
 Which all that life or earth displays  
 Would lure me to live over.  
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour  
 Of pleasure unembitter'd;

And not a trapping deck'd my power,  
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art  
 And spells, is won from harming;  
 But that which coils around the heart,  
 Oh! who hath power of charming?  
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
 Nor music's voice can lure it;  
 But there it stings for evermore  
 The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS  
 SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay.  
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stray,  
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back,  
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track.  
 And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,  
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure:  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die

## VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,  
The Satraps throng'd the hall;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deem'd divine—  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand:  
The fingers of a man;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice;  
All bloodless wax'd his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
"Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth,  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view;  
He read it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom pass'd away,  
He, in the balance weigh'd,  
Is light and worthless clay,  
The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone:  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne."

## SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel  
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!  
So gleams the past, the light of other days,  
Which shines, but warms not with its power  
less rays;  
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,  
Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how cold

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS  
THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st  
to be,  
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;  
It was but abjuring my creed to efface  
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of  
my race:

If the bad never triumph, then God is with  
thee!  
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and  
free!  
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,  
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst  
bestow,  
As the God who permits thee to prosper dost  
know;  
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and  
in thine  
The land and the life which for him I resign

## HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

OH, Mariamne! now for thee  
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;  
Revenge is lost in agony,  
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.  
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?  
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading.  
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,  
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheed-  
ing

And is she dead?—and did they dare  
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?  
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair:  
 The sword that smote her's o'er me  
 waving.—

But thou art cold, my murder'd love!  
 And this dark heart is vainly craving  
 For her who soars alone above,  
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;  
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing;  
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem,  
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;  
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,  
 This bosom's desolation dooming;  
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,  
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION  
 OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy  
 dome [Rome.  
 I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to  
 'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames  
 of thy fall [wall.  
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my  
 home,  
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;  
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy  
 fane,  
 And the fast fetter'd hands that made ven-  
 geance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed  
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;  
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the  
 decline  
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on  
 thy shrine.

and now on that mountain I stood on that  
 day, [away;  
 But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting  
 Oh! might that the lightning had glared in  
 its stead,  
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's  
 head!

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane  
 The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to  
 reign; [be,  
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may  
 Our worship, oh Father, is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE  
 SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

WE sate down and wept by the waters  
 Of Babel, and thought of the day  
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,  
 Made Salem's high places his prey;  
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters!  
 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river  
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,  
 They demanded the song; but, oh never  
 That triumph the stranger shall know!  
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever  
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,  
 Oh Salem! its sound should be free;  
 And the hour when thy glories were ended  
 But left me that token of thee.  
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended  
 With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNA  
 CHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on  
 the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and  
 gold;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars  
 on the sea, [Galilee.  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is  
 green, [seen  
 That host with their banners at sunset were  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn  
 hath blown, [strown.  
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on  
 the blast, [pass'd;  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he  
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and  
 chill, [grew still!  
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of  
 his pride: [turf,  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his  
 mail;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the  
 sword, [Lord!  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the

## A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld  
 The face of immortality unveil'd—  
 Deep sleep came down on every eye sav  
 miæ—  
 And there it stood,—all formless—but di  
 vine:  
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;  
 And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

“Is man more just than God? Is man more  
 pure  
 Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?  
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the  
 dust!  
 The moth survives you, and are ye more  
 just?  
 Things of a day! you wither ere the night,  
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted  
 light!”

# Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte.

“ Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo  
Invenies ?”  
JUVENAL, *Sat. x.*<sup>1</sup>

“ The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

\* \* \* \* \*

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till ————.”—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220

It is done—but yesterday a King!  
And arm'd with Kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing:  
So abject—yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind  
Who bow'd so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—  
Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
To those that worshipp'd thee;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach  
To after-warrior; more,  
Than high Philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preach'd before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,  
The capture of the strife<sup>2</sup>—  
The earthquake voice of Victory  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seem'd made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife—  
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be  
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!  
The Victor overthrown!  
The Arbiter of others' fate  
A Suppliant for his own!  
Is it some yet imperial hope,  
That with such change can calmly cope?  
Or dread of death alone?  
To die a prince—or live a slave—  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,  
Dream'd not of the rebound;  
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—  
Alone—how look'd he round?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found:  
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;  
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman<sup>3</sup>, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home—  
He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well:  
Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
 The thunderbolt is wrung—  
 Too late thou leav'st the high command  
 To which thy weakness clung;  
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
 It is enough to grieve the heart  
 To see thine own unstrung;  
 To think that God's fair world hath been  
 The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
 Who thus can hoard his own!  
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,  
 And thank'd him for a throne!  
 Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,  
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
 In humblest guise have shown.  
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
 A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
 Nor written thus in vain—  
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
 Or deepen every stain:  
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
 Some new Napoleon might arise,  
 To shame the world again—  
 But who would soar the solar height,  
 To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
 Is vile as vulgar clay;  
 Thy scales, Mortality! are just  
 To all that pass away:  
 But yet methought the living great  
 Some higher sparks should animate,  
 To dazzle and dismay:  
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth  
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
 Thy still imperial bride;  
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
 Still clings she to thy side?  
 Must she too bend, must she too share  
 Thy late repentance, long despair,  
 Thou throneless Homicide?  
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;  
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!<sup>4</sup>

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea;  
 That element may meet thy smile—  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!

Or trace with thine all idle hand,  
 In loitering mood upon the sand,  
 That Earth is now as free!  
 That Corinth's pedagogue<sup>5</sup> hath now  
 Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou 'Timour! in his captive's cage<sup>6</sup>  
 What thoughts will there be thine,  
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage?  
 But one—"The world *was* mine!"  
 Unless, like he of Babylon,  
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
 Life will not long confine  
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—  
 So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,<sup>7</sup>  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock!  
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,  
 And that last act, though not thy worst,  
 The very Fiend's arch mock;<sup>8</sup>  
 He in his fall preserved his pride,  
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,  
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—  
 When that immeasurable power  
 Unsated to resign  
 Had been an act of purer fame,  
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
 And gilded thy decline,  
 Through the long twilight of all time,  
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,  
 And don the purple vest,—  
 As if that foolish robe could wring  
 Remembrance from thy breast.  
 Where is that faded garment? where  
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
 The star—the string—the crest?  
 Vain froward child of empire! say,  
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,  
 When gazing on the Great;  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state?  
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate,  
 Bequeath the name of Washington,  
 To make man blush there was but **ONE**

# The Curse of Minerva.

— "Pallas te hoc vult ere, et nas  
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."

*Æneid, lib. xii.*

Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 17, 1811.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;  
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light ;  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows ;  
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;  
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !  
Their azure arches through the long expanse,  
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;  
I'll, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast  
When, Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last.  
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,  
That closed their murder'd sage's<sup>2</sup> latest day !  
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,  
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;  
But sad his light to agonising eyes,  
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes ;  
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,  
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before ;  
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,  
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;  
The soul of him that scor'd to fear or fly,  
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain  
The queen of night asserts her silent reign ;<sup>3</sup>  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.

With cornice glimmering as the *usontean*  
play,

There the white column greets her grateful  
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,  
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :  
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,  
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,  
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,<sup>4</sup>  
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,  
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm ;  
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye ;  
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ;  
Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,  
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,  
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,  
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,  
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,  
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore ;  
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,  
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,  
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease.  
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece !

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high  
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky ;  
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod  
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god .  
But chiefly, Pallas ! thine ; when Hecate's glare  
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair  
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread  
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead .

Long had I mused, and treasured every trace  
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,  
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but, ah! how  
changed

Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!  
Not such as erst, by her divine command,  
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:  
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;  
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance  
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance,  
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,  
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her  
grasp;

And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,  
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;  
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,  
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!"—'twas thus she spake—"that  
blush of shame

Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;  
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:  
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.  
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look  
around.

Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,  
I saw successive tyrannies expire.  
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,<sup>5</sup>  
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.  
Survey this vacant, violated fane;  
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:  
*These* Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,<sup>6</sup>  
*That* Adrian rear'd when drooping Science  
mourn'd.

What more I owe let gratitude attest—  
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.  
That all may learn from whence the plunderer  
came,

The insulted wall sustains his hated name:  
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,  
Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!  
Never hail'd with equal honour here  
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:  
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,  
But basely stole what less barbarians won.  
So when the lion quits his fell repast,  
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:  
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,  
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.  
Yet still the rods are just, and crimes are cross'd:  
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!

Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:  
Behold where Dian's beams disclaim to shine  
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,  
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply  
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye  
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,  
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.  
Frown not on England; England owns him not  
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.  
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's  
towers

Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.  
And well I know within that bastard land<sup>8</sup>  
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command,  
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined  
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;  
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,  
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;  
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;  
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.  
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain  
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,  
Till, burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,  
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.  
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride  
Despatch her scheming children far and wide  
Some east, some west, some every where but  
north,

In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.  
And thus—accursed be the day and year!—  
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,  
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;  
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave  
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,  
And shine like children of a happier strand;  
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,  
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed  
"once more

Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.  
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is *mine*  
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine  
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;  
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed  
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed  
Without one spark of intellectual fire,  
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:  
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,  
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:



Suli with his hireling artists let him prate,  
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;  
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,  
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:  
To sell, and make—may Shame record the  
day!—

The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey,<sup>9</sup>  
A wantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,  
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,  
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er  
And own himself an infant of fourscore.<sup>10</sup>

See all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles,  
That art and nature may compare their styles;  
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,  
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop'<sup>11</sup> there.  
Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering cox-  
combs creep,

To lounge and lucubrate, *u. prate* and peep;  
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,  
On giant statues casts the curious eye;  
The room with transient glance appears to skim,  
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;  
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;  
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper  
men!'

Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,  
And envies Luís all her Attic beaux.

When shall a modern maid have swains like  
these!

Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!  
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew.  
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,  
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,  
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.<sup>12</sup>  
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,  
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust  
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian  
dome,

Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,  
And Eratostratus and Elgin shine  
In new a branding page and burning line;  
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,  
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn.  
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;  
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,  
But fits thy country for her coming fate:  
Others were the deeds that taught her lawless son  
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.  
Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,  
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.<sup>13</sup>  
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,  
Or break the compact which herself had made;  
Far from such councils, from the faithless field  
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:

A fatal gift, that turn'd your friends to stone,  
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy  
race  
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base,  
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,  
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;  
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,  
And claims his long arrears of northern blood.  
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave  
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

\* Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hand  
she hates, [gates.  
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her  
Bear witness, bright Barossa; thou canst tell  
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and  
fell.

But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,  
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.  
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,  
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!  
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat  
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home—ye love not to look  
there;

On the grim smile of comfortless despair:  
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls  
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls  
See all alike of more or less bereft;  
No misers tremble when there's nothing left  
'Blest paper credit'<sup>14</sup>; who shall dare to sing?  
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.  
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,  
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;  
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,  
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas; too late  
Then raves for \*\*; to that Mentor bends,  
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.  
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,  
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.  
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog  
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'  
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,  
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;  
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;  
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;  
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a  
dream.

Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,  
And pirates barter all that's left behind.<sup>15</sup>  
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,  
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.

The idle merchant on the useless quay  
 Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away ;  
 Or, back returning, sees rejected stores  
 Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores :  
 The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,  
 And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming  
 doom.

Then in the senate of your sinking state  
 Show me the man whose counsels may have  
 weight. [command ;

Vain is each voice where tones could once  
 E'en factions cease to charm a factious land :  
 Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,  
 And light with maddening hands the mutual  
 pile.

" 'T is done, 't is past, since Pallas warns in  
 vain ;

The Furies seize her abdicated reign :  
 Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling  
 brands,

And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.  
 But one convulsive struggle still remains,  
 And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.  
 The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering  
 files,

O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;

The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,  
 That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;  
 The hero bounding at his country's call,  
 The glorious death that consecrates his fall,  
 Swell the young heart with visionary charms,  
 And bid it antedate the joys of arms.

But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,  
 With death alone are laurels cheaply bought  
 Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,  
 His day of mercy is the day of fight.  
 But when the field is fought, the battle won,  
 Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but  
 begun :

His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;  
 The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame.  
 The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,  
 Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.  
 Say with what eye along the distant down  
 Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?  
 How view the column of ascending flames  
 Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?  
 Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine  
 That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :  
 Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,  
 Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.  
 The law of heaven and earth is life for life,  
 And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife."

# The Dream.'

## I.

OUR life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,  
 A boundary between the things misnamed  
 Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,  
 And a wide realm of wild reality,  
 And dreams in their developement have breath,  
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
 They do divide our being; they become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity;  
 They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak  
 Like sibyls of the future; they have power—  
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain; [will,  
 They make us what we were not—what they  
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
 The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?  
 Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
 Creations of the mind?—The mind can make  
 Substance, and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been, and give  
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
 I would recall a vision which I dream'd  
 Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought  
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

## II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
 Green and of mild declivity, the last  
 As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,  
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
 But a most living landscape, and the wave  
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men  
 Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
 Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
 Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem  
 Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,  
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:  
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath  
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;  
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:

And both were young—yet not alike in youth  
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
 There was but one beloved face on earth,  
 And that was shining on him; he had look'd  
 Upon it till it could not pass away;  
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers:  
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
 But trembled on her words: she was his sight,  
 For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,  
 Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased  
 To live within himself; she was his life,  
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
 Which terminated all: upon a tone,  
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart  
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
 Even as a brother—but no more; 't was much,  
 For brotherless she was, save in the name  
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;  
 Herself the solitary scion left  
 Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name  
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not  
 —and why? [loved  
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she  
 Another; even *now* she loved another,  
 And on the summit of that hill she stood  
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

## III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 There was an ancient mansion, and before  
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:  
 Within an antique oratory stood  
 The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,  
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon  
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced  
 Words which I could not guess of; then he  
 lean'd [t were  
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook his head  
 With a convulsion—then arose again,

And with his teeth and quivering hands did  
tear

What he had written, but he shed no tears.

And he did calm himself, and fix his brow

Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,

The Lady of his love re-enter'd there;

She was serene and smiling then, and yet

She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew

For quickly comes such knowledge, that his  
heart

Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw

That he was wretched, but she saw not all.<sup>2</sup>

He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp

He took her hand; a moment o'er his face

A tablet of unutterable thoughts

Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;

He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow  
steps

Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,

For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd

From out the massy gate of that old Hall,

And mounting on his steed he went his way;

And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

## IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds

Of fiery climes he made himself a home,

And his Soul drank their sunbeams: he was  
girt

With strange and dusky aspects; he was not

Himself like what he had been; on the sea

And on the shore he was a wanderer;

There was a mass of many images

Crowded like waves upon me, but he was

A part of ail; and in the last he lay

Reposing from the noontide sultriness,

Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade

Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names

Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side

Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds

Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man

Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,

While many of his tribe slumber'd around:

And they were canopied by the blue sky,

So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,

That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

## V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

The Lady of his love was wed with One

Who did not love her better:—in her home,

A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,

She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,

Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,

The settled shadow of an inward strife,

And an unquiet drooping of the eye,

As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.

What could her grief be?—she had all she  
loved,

And he who had so loved her was not there

To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,

Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.

What could her grief be?—she had loved him  
not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved.

Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd

Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

## VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand

Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;

Her face was fair, but was not that which made

The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood

Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came

The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock

That in the antique Oratory shook

His bosom in its solitude; and then—

As in that hour—a moment o'er his face

The tablet of unutterable thoughts

Was traced—and then it faded as it came,

And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke

The fitting vows, but heard not his own words

And all things reel'd around him; he could see

Not that which was, nor that which should  
have been—

But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,

And the remember'd chambers, and the place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,

All things pertaining to that place and hour,

And her who was his destiny, came back

And thrust themselves between him and the  
light:

What business had they there at such a time?!

## VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

The Lady of his love;—Oh! she was changed,

As by the sickness of the soul; her mind

Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,

They had not their own lustre, but the look

Which is not of the earth; she was become

The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts

Were combinations of disjointed things;

And forms impalpable and unperceived

Of others' sight familiar were to hers.

And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise

Have a far deeper madness, and the glance

Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
 What is it but the telescope of truth ?  
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
 Making the cold reality too real !

## VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,  
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark  
 For blight and desolation, compass'd round  
 With Hatred and Contention ; Pain was mix'd  
 In all which was served up to him, until,  
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,<sup>4</sup>  
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
 But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived  
 Through that which had been death to many

men.

And made him friends of mountains . with the  
 stars

And the quick Spirit of the Universe  
 He held his dialogues ! and they did teach  
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;  
 To him the book of Night was open'd wide,  
 And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd  
 A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

## IX.

My dream was past ; it had no further change  
 It was of a strange order, that the doom  
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced  
 out  
 Almost like a reality—the one  
 To end in madness—both in misery.

July, 1916.

# The Lament of Tasso.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

AT Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Giernsalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated: the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the *anal* of Gibbon.<sup>1</sup>

## The Lament of Tasso.

### I.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear  
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—  
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;  
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,  
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
When the impatient thirst of light and air  
Parches the heart: and the abhorred grate,  
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,  
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the  
brain,  
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;  
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd  
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,  
Which nothing through its bars admits, save  
day,  
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;  
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,

Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave  
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.  
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may  
wear,  
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;  
For I have battled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;  
And revell'd among men and things divine  
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,  
In honour of the sacred war for Him,  
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,  
For he has strengthen'd me in heart and limb.  
That through this sufferance I might be for-  
given,  
I have employ'd my penance to record  
How Salem's shrine was won and how adored.

### II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—  
My long sustaining friend of many years!  
If I do blot thy final page with tears,  
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me  
none.  
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child  
Which ever playing round me came and smiled  
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight  
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:  
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed  
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.  
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?  
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?  
I know not that—but in the innate force,  
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.  
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,  
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and  
why?  
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?  
I was indeed delirious in my heart  
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;  
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;  
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment  
Not less because I suffer it unbent.  
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind.  
Hath been the sin which shuts me from man-  
kind;

But let them go, or torture as they will,  
My heart can multiply thine image still;  
Successful love may sate itself away,  
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate  
To have all feeling save the one decay,  
And every passion into one dilate,  
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;  
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

## III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry  
Of minds and bodies in captivity.  
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,  
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!  
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,  
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,  
And dim the little light that's left behind  
With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:<sup>3</sup>  
With these and with their victims am I class'd,  
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years  
have pass'd; [close:  
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may  
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

## IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;  
I had forgotten half I would forget,  
But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot  
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—  
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell  
In this vast lazarus-house of many woes?  
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the  
mind,  
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind,  
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,  
And each is tortured in his separate hell—  
For we are crowded in our solitudes—  
Many, but each divided by the wall,  
Which echoes Madness in her babbling  
moods;— [call—  
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's  
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,<sup>4</sup>  
Who was not made to be the mate of these,  
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.  
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?  
Who have debased me in the minds of men.  
Debarring me the usage of my own,  
Blighting my life in best of its career,  
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and  
fear?  
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,  
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?  
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,  
'Which undermines our Stoical success?

No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I  
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die  
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake  
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,  
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;  
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest,<sup>5</sup>  
Thou piest not—but I can not forsake.

## V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,  
But all unquench'd is still my better part,  
Uwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,  
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,  
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,  
Till struck,—forth flies the all-etherial dart!  
And thus at the collision of thy name  
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,  
And for a moment all things as they were  
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.  
And yet my love without ambition grew;  
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew  
A Princess was no love-mate for a bard;  
I told it not, I breath'd it not, it was  
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;  
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!  
Were punish'd by the silence of thise,  
And yet I did not venture to repine.  
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded siren,  
Worshipp'd at holy distance, and ador'd  
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground:  
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love  
Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd  
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—  
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above  
And in that sweet severity there was  
A something which all softness did surpass—  
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—  
My star stood still before thee:—if it were  
Presumptuous thus to love without design,  
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;  
But thou art dearest still, and I should be  
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for  
*thee*.

The very love which lock'd me to my chain  
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the  
rest,

Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain  
And look to thee with undivided breast,  
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.<sup>7</sup>

## VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth  
My soul was drunk with love,—which did  
pervade  
And mingle with what'er I saw on earth;  
Of objects all inanimate I made

Idois, and out of wild and lonely flowers,  
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,  
Where I did lay me down within the shade  
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,  
Though I was chid for wandering; and the  
Wise

Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said  
Of such materials wretched men were made,  
And such a truant boy would end in woe,  
And that the only lesson was a blow;—  
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,  
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt  
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again  
The visions which arise without a sleep.  
And with my years my soul began to pant  
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;  
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,  
But undefined and wandering, till the day  
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;  
And then I lost my being all to be  
Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—  
*Thou* didst annihilate the earth to me!

## VII.

I loved all Solitude—but little thought  
To spend I know not what of life, remote  
From all communion with existence, save  
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been  
Their fellow. many years ere this had seen  
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,  
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me  
rave?

Perchance in such a cell we suffer more  
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;  
The world is all before him—*mine is here*,  
Scarce twice the space they must accord my  
bier.

What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye  
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—  
I will not raise my own in such reproof,  
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

## VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,  
But with a sense of its decay:—I see  
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,  
And a strange demon, who is vexing me  
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below  
The feeling of the healthful and the free;  
But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,  
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,  
And all that may be borne, or can debase.  
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,  
But Spirits may be leagued with them—all  
Earth

Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth

Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,  
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail  
Against the outworn creature they assail.  
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved  
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved.  
Because I loved what not to love, and see,  
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

## IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—  
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd  
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd  
In mockery through them;—If I bear and bore  
The much I have recounted, and the more  
Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not  
die

And sanction with self-slaughter the dull  
Which snared me here, and with the brand of  
shame

Stamp Madness deep into my memory,  
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,  
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.

No—it shall be immortal!—and I make  
A future temple of my present cell,  
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.

While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell  
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down  
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless  
halls,

A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—  
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,  
While strangers wander o'er thy unpeopled  
walls! [shame]

And thou, Leonora!—thou—who wert  
That such as I could love—who blush'd to  
hear [dear]

To less than monarchs that thou couldst be  
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed  
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be  
A taint of that he would impute to me—  
From long infection of a den like this,  
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss  
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the  
towers

And battlements which guard his joyous hour  
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,  
Or left untended in a dull repose,  
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!  
But thou—when all that Birth and Beauty  
throws

Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have  
One half the laurel which o'er-shades my grave.  
No power in death can tear our names apart,  
As none in life could rend thee from my heart  
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate  
To be entwined for ever—but too late!



# The Vision of Judgment,

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.<sup>1</sup>

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

## PREFACE.

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed, "That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

*Pope.*

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the unanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists any where, excepting in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him*;" for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler?"

2dly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegade?"

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-acobin" by his present patrons.<sup>5</sup> Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—*qualis ab incepto.*"

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history.

Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them, than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

#### QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, Swift's Tale of a Tub, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

\* \* Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could suppose, that in this same *Gebir* the aforesaid Savage Landor

(for such is his grim cognome...) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:—

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he claims to his ghostly guide)—

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine, Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.

He too amongst my ancestors! I hate The despot, but the dastard I despise. Was he our countryman?"

"Alas, O king!

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst  
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east  
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?"  
"Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,  
Though them indeed his daily face adored;  
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives  
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,  
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—  
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!"—  
*Gebir*, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

### The Vision of Judgment.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:  
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,  
So little trouble had been given of late;  
Not that the place by any means was full,  
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"  
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pul',  
And "a pull altogether," as they say  
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,  
And hoarse with having little else to do,  
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,  
Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon

Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,  
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

## III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high.

Finding their charges past all care below;  
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
Save the recording angel's black bureau;

Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply

With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,  
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

## IV.

His business so augmented of late years,

That he was forced, against his will no doubt,  
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)

For some resource to turn himself about,  
And claim the help of his celestial peers,

To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,  
By the increased demand for his remarks;  
Six angels and twelve saints were named his  
clerks.

## V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;

And yet they had even then enough to do,  
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,  
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;

Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,

Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,  
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—  
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

## VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record

What angels shrink from: even the very devil  
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,

So surfeited with the infernal revel:

Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,  
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.

(Here Satan's sole good work deserves inser-  
tion—

'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

## VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,

Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,  
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,

With nothing but new names subscribed  
upon't

'T will one day finish: meantime they increase,

"With seven heads and ten horns," and all  
in front, [born

Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are  
Less formidable in the head than horn.

## VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn  
Died George the Third; although no tyrant  
one

Whoshielded tyrants, till each sense withdraw  
Left him nor mental nor external sun:

A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,

A worse king never left a realm undone!

He died—but left his subjects still behind,  
One half as mad—and 't other no less blind.

## IX.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth,

His burial made some pomp; there was  
profusion

Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth

Of aught but tears—save those shed by  
collusion. [worth;

For these things may be bought at their true

Of elegy there was the due infusion—

Bought also, and the torches, cloaks, and  
banners,

Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

## X.

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all

The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show

Who cared about the corpse? The funeral

Made the attraction, and the black the woe

There throbb'd not there a thought which  
pierced the pall;

And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low

It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold

The rottenness of eighty years in gold'

## XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might

Return to what it *must* far sooner, were

The natural compound left alone to fight

Its way back into earth, and fire, and air

But the unnatural balsams merely blight

What nature made him at his birth, as bare

As the mere million's base unummied clay—

Yet all his spices but prolong decay

## XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done

He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,

Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone

For him, unless he left a German will:

But where's the proctor who will ask his son

In whom his qualities are reigning still,

Except that household virtue, most uncommon

Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

## XIII.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy  
 In God to save the like; but if he will  
 Be saving, all the better; for not one am I  
 Of those who think damnation better still:  
 I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
 In this small hope of bettering future ill  
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
 The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

## XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know  
 'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd  
 For hoping no one else may e'er be so;  
 I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd  
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;  
 I know that all save England's church have  
 shamm'd,  
 And that the other twice two hundred churches  
 And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

## XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,  
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,  
 And not a whit more difficult to damn,  
 Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,  
 Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;  
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,  
 As one day will be that immortal fry  
 Of almost every body born to die.

## XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
 And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there  
 came  
 A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—  
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and  
 flame;  
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,  
 Which would have made aught save a saint  
 exclaim;  
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,  
 Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

## XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,  
 A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his  
 eyes—  
 A. which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his  
 nose:  
 "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!"  
 Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows  
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;  
 To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the  
 matter?  
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

## XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third  
 is dead." [apostle:  
 "And who is George the Third?" replied the  
 "What George? what Third?" "The king of  
 England," said [jostle  
 The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to  
 Him on his way; but does he wear his head?  
 Because the last we saw here had a tustle,  
 And ne'er would have got into heaven's good  
 graces,  
 Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

## XIX.

'He was, if I remember, king of France;'<sup>8</sup>  
 That head of his, which could not keep a  
 crown  
 On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance  
 A claim to those of martyrs—like my own  
 If I had had my sword, as I had once  
 When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;  
 But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,  
 I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

## XX.

'And then he set up such a headless howl,  
 That all the saints came out and took him  
 in;  
 And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;  
 That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin  
 Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl  
 In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,  
 So as to make a martyr, never sped  
 Better than did this weak and wooden head.

## XXI.

'But had it come up here upon its shoulders,  
 There would have been a different tale to  
 tell:  
 The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders  
 Seems to have acted on them like a spell;  
 And so this very foolish head heaven solders  
 Back on its trunk: it may be very well,  
 And seems the custom here to overthrow  
 Whatever has been wisely done below."

## XXII.

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout:  
 The king who comes has head and all entire,  
 And never knew much what it was about—  
 He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,  
 And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:  
 My business and your own is not to inquire  
 Into such matters, but to mind our cue—  
 Which is to act as we are bid to do"

## XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,  
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan  
 Some silverstream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,  
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and midst them an  
 old man

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,  
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud  
 Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

## XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host  
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved  
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks  
 is paved ;

His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd ;  
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved  
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

## XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate  
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,  
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,  
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within ;  
 He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,  
 And sweat'd through his apostolic skin :  
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,  
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

## XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,  
 Like birds when soars the falcon ; and they  
 felt  
 A tingling to the tip of every feather,  
 And form'd a circle like Orion's belt  
 Around their poor old charge ; who scarce knew  
 whither [dealt  
 His guards had led him, though they gently  
 With royal manes (for by many stories,  
 and true, we learn the angels are all Tories).

## XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew  
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges  
 Flung over space an universal hue  
 Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges  
 Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a  
 new  
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes  
 O'er the North Pole ; the same seen, when ice-  
 bound, [Sound."9  
 By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's

## XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming  
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,  
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming  
 Victorious from some world-j'ethrowing  
 fight :

My poor comparisons must needs be teeming  
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night  
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving  
 Johanna Southcote<sup>10</sup>, or Bob Southey raving.

## XXIX.

It was the archangel Michael : all men know  
 The make of angels and archangels, since  
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show  
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince,  
 There also are some altar-pieces, though  
 I really can't say that they much evince  
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits ;  
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

## XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good ;  
 A goodly work of him from whom all glory  
 And good arise ; the portal past—he stood ;  
 Before him the young cherubs and saints  
 hoary—  
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood  
 By looks, not years ; and should be very  
 sorry  
 To state, they were not older than St. Peter,  
 But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter).

## XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before  
 That arch-angelic hierarch, the first  
 Of essences angelical, who wore  
 The aspect of a god ; but this ne'er nursed  
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core  
 No thought, save for his Maker's service  
 durst  
 Intrude, however glorified and high ;  
 He knew him but the vicery of the sky

## XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—  
 They knew each other both for good and ill ;  
 Such was their power, that neither could forget  
 His former friend and future foe ; but still  
 There was a high, immortal, proud regret  
 In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will  
 Than destiny to make the eternal years  
 Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the  
 spheres.

## XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space. we know  
 From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay  
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so ;  
 And that "the sons of God," like those of  
 clay,  
 Must keep him company; and we might show  
 From the same book, in how polite a way  
 The dialogue is held between the Powers  
 Of Good and Evil—but 't would take up hours.

## XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,  
 To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,  
 If Job be allegory or a fact,  
 But a true narrative; and thus I pick  
 From out the whole but such and such an act,  
 As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.  
 'T is every tittle true, beyond suspicion,  
 And accurate as any other vision.

## XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before  
 The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is  
 The place where Death's grand cause is argued  
 o'er,  
 And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;  
 And therefore Michael and the other wore  
 A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,  
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Bright-  
 ness  
 There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

## XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,  
 But with a graceful oriental bend,  
 Pressing one radiant arm just where below  
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend.  
 He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,  
 But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend  
 With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian  
 Poor noble mee a mushroom rich civilian.

## XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow  
 An instant; and then raising it, he stood  
 To act to assert his right or wrong, and show  
 Cause why King George by no means could  
 or should  
 Make out a case to be exempt from woe  
 Eternal, more than other kings, endued  
 With better sense and hearts, whom history  
 mentions, [intentions."<sup>11</sup>  
 Who long have "paved hell with their good

## XXXVIII.

Michael began "What wouldst thou with this  
 man. [What ill  
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord?  
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began.  
 That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do  
 thy will,  
 If it be just: if in this earthly span  
 He hath been greatly failing to fulfil  
 His duties as a king and mortal, say,  
 And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

## XXXIX.

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even  
 here,  
 Before the Gate of him thou servest, must  
 I claim my subject: and will make appear  
 That as he was my worshipper in dust,  
 So shall he be in spirit, although dear  
 To thee and thine, because nor wine nor ~~last~~  
 Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne  
 He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

## XL

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*, it was,  
 Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not  
 In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!  
 Need he thou servest envy me my lot:  
 With all the myriads of bright worlds which  
 pass  
 In worship round him, he may have forgot  
 Yon weak creation of such paltry things:  
 I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

## XLI.

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to  
 Assert my right as lord: and even had  
 I such an inclination, 't were (as you  
 Well know) superfluous; they are grown so  
 bad,  
 That hell has nothing better left to do  
 Than leave them to themselves: so muc  
 more mad  
 And evil by their own internal curse,  
 Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

## XLII

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:  
 When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak,  
 poor worm  
 Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,  
 The world and he both wore a different form,  
 And much of earth and all the watery plain  
 Of ocean call'd him king through many a  
 storm

His isles had floated on the abyss of time;  
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

## XLIII.

"He came to his sceptre young, he leaves it  
old :

Look to the state in which he found his realm,  
And left it; and his annals too behold,  
How to a minion first he gave the helm;  
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,  
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm  
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance  
Thine eye along America and France.

## XLIV.

" 'T is true, he was a tool from first to last  
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool  
So let him be consumed. From out the past  
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule  
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd  
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars  
school,  
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign  
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with  
the slain.

## XLV.

' He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:  
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,  
So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'  
Found George the Third their first opponent.

Whose

History was ever stain'd as his will be  
With national and individual woes?  
I grant his household abstinence; I grant  
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

## XLVI.

"I know he was a constant consort; own  
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.  
All this is much, and most upon a throne;  
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,  
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.  
I grant him all the kindest can accord;  
And this was well for him, but not for those  
Minions who found him what oppression chose.

## XLVII.

"The New World shook him off, the Old yet  
groans  
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not  
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones  
To all his vices, without what begot  
Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones  
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot  
The lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake  
Upon the thrones of earth: but let them quake!

## XLVIII.

' Five millions of the primitive, who hold  
The faith which makes ye great on earth  
implored

A part of that vast all they held of old,—  
Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,  
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold  
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorrd  
The foe to Catholic participation  
In all the license of a Christian nation.

## XLIX.

"True! he allow'd them to pray God: but as  
A consequence of prayer, refused the law  
Which would have placed them upon the same  
base [awe.]  
With those who did not hold the saints in  
But here Saint Peter started from his place,  
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:  
Ere heaven shall open her portals to this Guelph,  
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

## L.

' Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange  
My office (and his is no sinecure)  
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range  
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"  
"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge  
The wrongs he made your satellites endure;<sup>12</sup>  
And if to this exchange you should be given,  
I'll try to coax our Cerberus up to heaven."

## LI.

Here Michael interposed. "Good saint! and  
devil!

Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion,  
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil—  
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,  
And condescension to the vulgar's level:  
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in  
session. [please,  
Have you got more to say?—"No"—"If you  
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

## LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand  
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities  
Clouds farther off than we can understand,  
Although we find him sometimes in our skies  
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land  
In all the planets, and hell's batteries  
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions  
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions

## LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls  
 As have the privilege of their damnation  
 Extended far beyond the mere controls  
 Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station  
 Is theirs particularly in the rolls  
 Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination  
 Or business carries them in search of game,  
 They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

## LIV.

They are proud of this—as very well they may,  
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key  
 Stuck in their loins<sup>13</sup>; or like to an "entré"  
 Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.  
 I borrow my comparisons from clay,  
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be  
 Offended with such base low likenesses;  
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

## LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—  
 About ten million times the distance reckon'd  
 From our sun to its earth, as we can tell  
 How much time it takes up, even to a second,  
 For every ray that travels to dispel  
 The fogs of London, through which, dimly  
 beacon'd,  
 The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,  
 If that the *summer* is not too severe:<sup>14</sup>

## LVI.

I say that I can tell—'t was half a minute:  
 I know the solar beams take up more time  
 Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;  
 But then their telegraph is less sublime,  
 And if they ran a race, they wou'd not win it  
 'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own  
 clime.  
 The sun takes up some years for every ray  
 To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

## LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size  
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd  
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies  
 In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,  
 And, growing bigger, took another guise;  
 Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,  
 Or was steer'd (I am doubtful o' the grammar  
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza  
 stammer;—

## LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud  
 And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.  
 But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd  
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these,  
 They shadow'd with their myriads space; their  
 loud  
 And varied cries were like those of wild geese  
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),  
 And realised the phrase of "hell broke loose."

## LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,  
 Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:  
 There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"—"What's  
 your wull?" [ghost swore  
 The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French  
 In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,  
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war  
 The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,  
 Our president is going to war, I guess."

## LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and  
 Dane;  
 In short, an universal shoal of shades,  
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,  
 Of all climes and professions, years and trades,  
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,  
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades.  
 All summon'd by this grand "subpœna," to  
 Try if kings may n't be damn'd like me or you.

## LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,  
 As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,  
 He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,  
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic sky-  
 light  
 In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,  
 Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night  
 Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review  
 Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

## LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why—  
 My good old friend, for such I deem you  
 though  
 Our different parties make us fight so shy,  
 I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;  
 Our difference is *political*, and I  
 Trust that, whatever may occur below,  
 You know my great respect for you: and this  
 Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—



## LXIII.

‘Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse  
My call for witnesses? I did not mean  
That you should half of earth and hell produce;  
’T is even superfluous, since two honest,  
clean,  
True testimonies are enough: we lose  
Our time, nay, our eternity, between  
The accusation and defence: if we  
Hear both, ’t will stretch our immortality.”

## LXIV.

Satan replied, “To me the matter is  
Indifferent, in a personal point of view:  
I can have fifty better souls than this  
With far less trouble than we have gone  
through  
Aready; and I merely argued his  
Late majesty of Britain’s case with you  
Upon a point of form: you may dispose  
Of him; I’ve kings enough below, God  
knows!”

## LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call’d “multifaced”  
By multo-scribbling Southey). “Then we’ll  
call  
One or two persons of the myriads placed  
Around our congress, and dispense with all  
The rest,” quoth Michael: “Who may be so  
graced [who shall  
As to speak first? there’s choice enough—  
It be?’ Then Satan answer’d, “There are  
many; [any.”  
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as

## LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite  
Upon the instant started from the throng,  
Dress’d in a fashion now forgotten quite;  
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long  
By people in the next world; where unite  
All the costumes since Adam’s, right or  
wrong,  
From Eve’s fig-leaf down to the petticoat,  
Almost as scanty, of days less remote

## LXVII

The spirit look’d around upon the crowds  
Assembled, and exclaim’d, “My friends or  
all [clouds;  
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these  
So let’s to business: why this general call?  
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,  
And ’tis for an election that they bawl,  
Behold a candidate with unturn’d coat!  
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?”

## LXVIII.

“Sir,” replied Michael, “you mistake; these  
things  
Are of a former life, and what we do  
Above is more august; to judge of kings  
Is the tribunal met: so now you know.”  
“Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,”  
Said Wilkes, “are cherubs; and that soul  
below [mind  
Looks much like George the Third, but to my  
A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?”

## LXIX.

“He is what you behold him, and his doom  
Depends upon his deeds,” the Angel said.  
“If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb  
Gives license to the humblest beggar’s head  
To lift itself against the loftiest.”—“Some,”  
Said Wilkes, “don’t wait to see them laid  
in lead,  
For such a liberty—and I, for one, [sun.  
Have told them what I thought beneath the

## LXX.

“Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast  
To urge against him,” said the Archangel.  
“Why,”  
Replied the spirit, “since old scores are past,  
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.  
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last, [sky  
With all his Lords and Commons: in the  
I don’t like ripping up old stories, since  
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

## LXXI.

“Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress  
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;  
But then I blame the man himself much less  
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be un-  
willing  
To see him punish’d here for their excess,  
Since they were both damn’d long ago, and  
still in  
Their place below. For me, I have forgiv-en,  
And vote his ‘habeas corpus’ into heaven.”

## LXXII.

“Wilkes,” said the Devil, “I understand all  
this;  
You turn’d to half a courtier ere you died,<sup>15</sup>  
And seem to think it would not be amiss  
To grow a whole one on the other side  
Of Charon’s ferry; you forget that *his*  
Reign is concluded; whatsoever betide,  
He won’t be sovereign more: you’ve lost  
your labour,  
For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

## LXXIII.

✓ However, I knew what to think of it,  
 When I beheld you in your jesting way,  
 Flitting and whispering round about the spit  
 Where Belial, upon duty for the day,  
 With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,  
 His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:  
 That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;  
 I'll have him *gagg'd*—'t was one of his own  
 bills.

## LXXIV.

" Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow  
 stalk'd,  
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,  
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
 In comfort, at their own aerial ease,  
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be  
 balk'd,  
 As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,  
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a  
 bladder,  
 Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

## LXXV.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-hair'd  
 figure,  
 That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;  
 Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,  
 But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:  
 Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,  
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;  
 But as you gazed upon its features, they  
 Changed every instant—to *what*, none could  
 say.

## LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less  
 Could they distinguish whose the features  
 were;  
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;  
 They varied like a dream—now here, now  
 there,  
 And several people swore from out the press,  
 They knew him perfectly; and one could  
 swear  
 He was his father, upon which another  
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

## LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,  
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
 A nabob, a man-midwife<sup>16</sup>: but the wight  
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least  
 As oft as they their minds: though in full sight  
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased;  
 The man was a phantasmagoria in  
 himself—he was so volatile and thin.

## LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,  
 Presto! his face changed, and he was another;  
 And when that change was hardly well put on,  
 It varied, till I don't think his own mother  
 (If that he had a mother) would her son  
 Have known, he shifted so from one to  
 t' other;  
 Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,  
 At this epistolary "Iron Mask."<sup>17</sup>

## LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—  
 " Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says  
 Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem  
 That he was not even *one*; now many rays  
 Were flashing round him; and now a thick  
 steam [days:  
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London  
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's  
 fancies,  
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.<sup>18</sup>

## LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'t is quite my own:  
 I never let it out till now, for fear  
 Of doing people harm about the throne,  
 And injuring some minister or peer,  
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown.  
 It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!  
 'T is that what Junius we are wont to call  
 Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

## LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be  
 Written without hands, since we daily view  
 Them written without heads; and books, we  
 see,  
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too.  
 And really till we fix on somebody  
 For certain sure to claim them as his due,  
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will  
 bother  
 The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

## LXXXII.

" And who and what art thou?" the Archangel  
 said  
 " For *that* you may consult my title-page,"  
 Replied this mighty shadow of a shade.  
 " If I have kept my secret half an age,  
 I scarce shall tell it now."—" Canst thou *re*  
 braid,"  
 Continue<sup>d</sup> Michael, " George Rex, or allege  
 Aught further?" Junius answer'd, " You had  
 better  
 First ask him for *his* answer to my letter."

## LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast  
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."  
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some  
past  
Exaggeration? something which may doom  
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast  
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom  
Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom  
dim,  
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

## LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let  
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke  
Old "Nominis Umbra"<sup>19</sup>; and while speaking  
Away he melted in celestial smoke. [yet,  
Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget  
To call George Washington, and John  
Home Tooke, [heard  
and Franklin;"—but at this time there was  
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

## LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid  
Of cherubim appointed to that post,  
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made  
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost  
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,  
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis  
not a ghost?"  
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he  
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

## LXXXVI.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd  
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would  
think  
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.  
But to the point; while hovering o'er the  
brink  
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),<sup>20</sup>  
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—  
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

## LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and  
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair  
Belongs to all of us, you understand.  
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,  
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:  
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—  
At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

## LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,  
And have expected him for some time he. e. c;  
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
Or more conceited in his petty sphere.  
But surely it was not worth while to fold  
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear.  
We had the poor wretch safe (without being  
bored  
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

## LXXXIX.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has  
done."  
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates  
The very business you are now upon,  
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.  
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,  
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,  
prates!"  
"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has  
to say;  
You know we're bound to that in every way."

## XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which  
By no means often was his case below,  
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch  
His voice into that awful note of woe  
To all unhappy hearers within reach  
Of poets when the tide of rhyme 's in flow;  
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

## XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd  
Into recitative, in great dismay,  
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
To murmur loudly through their long array;  
And Michael rose ere he could get a word  
Of all his founder'd verses under way,  
And cried "For God's sake, stop, my friend  
't were best—  
*Non Di, non homines*—you know the rest."<sup>21</sup>

## XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,  
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;  
The angels had of course enough of song  
When upon service; and the generation  
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long  
Before to profit by a new occasion;  
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What!  
23 what!<sup>22</sup>  
*Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!"

## XCIII.

The tumult grew; an universal cough  
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,  
 When Castlereagh has been up long enough  
 (Before he was first minister of state,  
 I mean—the *slaves hear now*); some cried "Off,  
 off!"

As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate  
 The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

## XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;  
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave  
 A snarl and sharper-looking sort of grace  
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,  
 Was by no means so ugly as his case;  
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,  
 Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

## XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the  
 noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode  
 On earth besides; except some grumbling  
 voice, [road

Which now and then will make a slight in  
 Upon decorous silence, few will twice  
 Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;  
 And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,  
 With all the attitudes of self-applause.

## XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said.  
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 't was his  
 way  
 Upon all topics; 't was, besides, his bread,  
 Of which he butter'd both sides; 't would  
 delay  
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),  
 And take up rather more time than a day,  
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—  
 "Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—  
 "Waterloo."

## XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;  
 He had written praises of all kings whatever;  
 He had written for republics far and wide,  
 And then against them bitterer than ever,  
 For pantisocracy he once had cried  
 Aloud, scheme less moral than 't was clever;  
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—  
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd  
 his skin.

## XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again  
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd  
 Reviewing<sup>24</sup> "the ungentle craft," and then  
 Became as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—  
 Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men  
 By whom his muse and morals had been  
 maul'd: [prose  
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker  
 And more of both than any body knows.

## XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning  
 round  
 To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,  
 In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,  
 With notes and preface, all that most allure  
 The pious purchaser; and there's no ground  
 For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers  
 So let me have the proper documents  
 That I may add you to my other saints."

## C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you  
 With amiable modesty decline  
 My offer, what says Michael? There are few  
 Whose memoirs could be render'd mor  
 divine.  
 Mine is a pen of all work; not so new  
 As it was once, but I would make you shine  
 Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own  
 Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown

## CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision  
 Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you  
 shall  
 Judge with my judgment, and by my decision  
 Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.  
 I settle all these things by intuition,  
 Times present, past, to come, heaven, he,  
 and all,  
 Like king Alfonso.<sup>25</sup> When I thus see double  
 I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

## CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no  
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,  
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so  
 He read the first three lines of the contents  
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show  
 Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,  
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,  
 Like lightning, off from his "melodiow  
 twang."<sup>26</sup>

## CIII.

Those grand heroes acted as a spell ;  
 The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their  
 pinions ;  
 The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;  
 The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own  
 dominions—  
 (For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,  
 And I leave every man to his opinions) ;  
 Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo !  
 His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

## CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known  
 For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,  
 And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down ;  
 Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,  
 Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;  
 A different web being by the Destinies  
 Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, when-  
 e'er  
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

## CV.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,  
 But soon rose to the surface—like himself  
 For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,<sup>2</sup>  
 By their own rottenness, light as an elf,  
 Or wisp that flits o'er a morass : he lurks,  
 It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,  
 In his own den, to scrawl some " Life " or  
 " Vision,"  
 As Welborn says—" the devil turn'd precisian "

## CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion  
 Of this true dream, the telescope is gone  
 Which kept my optics free from all delusion,  
 And show'd me what I in my turn have  
 shown ;  
 All I saw farther, in the last confusion,  
 Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven  
 for one ;  
 And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,  
 I left him praising the hundredth psalm.

## Domestic Pieces. — 1816.

### FARE THEE WELL.<sup>1</sup>

Alas! they have been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain;

But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining.  
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly go away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*

FARE thee well; and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare *thee well*;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
"T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—  
Though it smiles upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the arm that once embraced me,  
'To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth—  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is press'd,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with *thee* they grow.

Every feeling hath been shaken;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will—

Fare thee well!—thus dismissed,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816.

### A SKETCH.<sup>3</sup>

“Honest—honest Iago!  
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”  
SHAKSPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;  
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,  
And from its wages only to be guess'd—  
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where  
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.  
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,  
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.  
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—  
The genial confidante, and general spy—  
Who could, ye gods! her next employment  
guess—

An only infant's earliest governess!  
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.  
An adept next in penmanship she grows.  
As many a nameless slander deftly shows.  
What she had made the pupil of her art,  
None know—but that high Soul secured the  
heart,  
And panted for the truth it could not hear,  
With longing breast and undeluded ear.  
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,  
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseress could  
not blind,

Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—  
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—  
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down  
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—  
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—  
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—  
Nor fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion  
bow,

Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.  
Serenely purest of her sex that live,  
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,  
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,  
She seems that all could be like her below:

Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,  
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long,  
The baleful burthen of this honest song—  
Though all her former functions are no more,  
She rules the circle which she served before.  
If mothers—none know why—before her  
quake;

If daughters dread her for the mothers sake,  
If early habits—those false links, which bind  
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—  
Have given her power too deeply to instil  
The angry essence of her deadly will;  
If like a snake she steal within your walls,  
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls  
If like a viper to the heart she wind,  
And leave the venom there she did not find;  
What marvel that this hag of hatred works  
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,  
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,  
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?  
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints  
With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneer  
with smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles;  
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming  
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden-  
scheming;

A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;  
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:  
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;  
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.  
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood  
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,  
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,  
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—  
For drawn from reptiles only may we trace  
Congenial colours in that soul or face!—  
Look on her features! and behold her mind  
As in a mirror of itself defined:  
Look on the picture! deem it not overcharged—  
There is no trait which might not be enlarged  
Yet true to “Nature's journeymen,” who made  
This monster when their mistress left off trade—  
This female dog-star of her little sky,  
Where all beneath her influence droop or die

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a  
thought,  
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—  
The time shall come, nor long remote, when  
thou  
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;  
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,

And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.  
May the strong curse of crush'd affections  
light

Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!

And make thee in thy leprosy of mind

As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!

'Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,

Black—as thy will for others would create

'Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust;

And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.

Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—

The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast  
spread!

Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven

Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!

Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,

Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

But for the love I bore, and still must bear,

To her thy malice from all ties would tear—

Thy name—thy human name—to every eye

The climax of all scorn should hang on high,

Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—

And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,  
That still unbroke, though gently bent,  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour  
But there thou wert—and still wouldst be  
Devoted in the stormiest hour  
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,  
Whatever fate on me may fall;  
For heaven in sunshine will requite  
The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love  
Be broken—thine will never break;  
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;  
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,  
Were found and still are fix'd in thee;—  
And bearing still a breast so tried,  
Earth is no desert—ev'n to me

### STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.<sup>3</sup>

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,  
And reason half withheld her ray—  
And hope but shed a dying spark  
Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,  
And that internal strife of heart,  
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,  
The weak despair—the cold depart;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,  
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,  
Thou wert the solitary star  
Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!  
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,  
And stood between me and the night,  
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,  
And teach it what to brave or brook—  
There's more in one soft word of thine  
Than in the world's defied rebuke

### STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.<sup>4</sup>

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find;  
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine;  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me: [tern-  
They may crush, but they shall not con-  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.



Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst  
 shake,—

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
 Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,  
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one—  
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'T was folly not sooner to shun:  
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath per-  
 ish'd,

Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most c' erish'd  
 Deserved to be dearest of all:  
 In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24, 1816.

### EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.  
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:  
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—  
 A loved regret which I would not resign.  
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—  
 A world to roam through, and a home with  
 thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,  
 It were the haven of my happiness;  
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and  
 past  
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
 Reversed for him our grandsire's<sup>5</sup> fate of  
 yore,—  
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
 In other elements, and on the rocks  
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,  
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen  
 My errors with defensive paradox;  
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward  
 My whole life was a contest, since the day  
 That gave me being, gave me that which mar-'<sup>1</sup>  
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;  
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay  
 But now I fain would for a time survive,  
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
 And when I look on this, the petty spray  
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd  
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
 Something—I know not what—docs still uphold  
 A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,  
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
 Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,  
 Brought on when ills habitually recur,—  
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,  
 And with light armour we may learn to bear,)  
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not  
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and  
 brooks,  
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
 My heart with recognition of their looks;  
 And even at moments I could think I see  
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
 A fund for contemplation;—to admire  
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date; [spire  
 But something worthier do such scenes in  
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
 For much I view which I could most desire,  
 And, above all, a lake I can behold  
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;  
There may be others which I less may show;—  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

did remind thee of our own dear Lake.<sup>6</sup>  
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.  
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,  
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;  
Though, like all things which I have loved,  
they are  
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will comply—  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall be  
My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
And that I would not;—for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun  
The earliest—even the only paths for me—  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,  
I had been better than I now can be;  
The passions which have torn me would have  
slept;  
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?  
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;  
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
And made me all which they can make—a  
name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over—I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may  
From me demand but little of my care;  
I have outlived myself by many a day;  
Having survived so many things that were;  
My years have been no slumber, but the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
Of life which might have fill'd a century,  
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come  
I am content; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless.—for within the crowded sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
And for the present, I would not benumb  
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal  
That with all this I still can look around,  
And worship Nature with a thought profound

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;  
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow decline  
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast  
The tie which bound the first endures the last

## LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.<sup>7</sup>

AND thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee!  
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;  
Methought that joy and health alone could be  
Where I was *not*—and pain and sorrow here.  
And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,  
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils  
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,  
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.  
It is not in the storm nor in the strife  
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,  
But in the after-silence on the shore,  
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 't was my right;  
What'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent  
To be the Nemesis who should requite—  
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instru-  
ment.

Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou  
Hast been of such, 't will be accorded now.  
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of  
sleep!—

Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel  
A hollow agony which will not heal,  
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;  
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap  
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!  
I have had many foes, but none like thee;  
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,  
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;  
But thou in safe implacability

Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness  
shielded,

And in my love, which hath but too much  
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not  
spare—

And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—  
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—  
On things that were not, and on things that  
are—

Even upon such a basis hast thou built  
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!  
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,  
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,  
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life

Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart  
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,  
And found a nobler duty than to part.

But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,

Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,  
For present anger, and for future gold—  
And buying other's grief at any price.

And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,  
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,  
Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,  
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,  
Deceit, averments incompatible,  
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell

In Janus-spirits—the significant eye  
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext  
Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—  
The acquiescence in all things which tend,  
No matter how, to the desired end—

All found a place in thy philosophy.  
The means were worthy, and the end is won—  
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

September, 1816

# Occasional Pieces.

## FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal avail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:  
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!  
These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by.  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel:  
'T only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

## BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.  
On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with thee  
Light be the turf of thy tomb!  
May its verdure like emeralds be:  
There should not be the shadow of gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.  
Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest:  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;  
For why should we mourn for the blest?

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,

He grew thy cheek and cold  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well:—  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?—  
With silence and tears.

## TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have pass'd since thou and I  
Were firmest friends, at least in name  
And childhood's gay sincerity  
Preserved our feelings long the same.  
But now, like me, too well thou know'st  
What trifles oft the heart recall;  
And those who once have loved the most  
Too soon forget they loved at all.  
And such the change the heart displays  
So frail is early friendship's reign,  
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,  
Will view thy mind estranged again.

∴ so, it never shall be mine  
 To mourn the loss of such a heart;  
 The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,  
 Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,  
 So human feelings ebb and flow;  
 And who would in a breast confide,  
 Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,  
 Our childish days were days of joy:  
 My spring of life has quickly fled;  
 Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,  
 Slaves to the specious world's control  
 We sigh a long farewell to truth;  
 That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind  
 Dares all things boldly but to lie;  
 When thought ere spoke is unconfined,  
 And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,  
 When Man himself is but a tool;  
 When interest sways our hopes and fears  
 And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,  
 We learn at length our faults to blend  
 And those, and those alone, may claim  
 The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:  
 Can we then 'scape from folly free?  
 Can we reverse the general plan,  
 Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate  
 Through every turn of life hath been;  
 Man and the world so much I hate,  
 I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,  
 Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;  
 As glow-worms sparkle through the night,  
 But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls  
 Where parasites and princes meet,  
 For cherish'd first in royal halls,  
 The welcome vices kindly greet

Ev'n now thou 'rt nightly seen to add  
 One insect to the fluttering crowd;  
 And still thy trifling heart is glad  
 To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,  
 Still simpering on with eager haste,  
 As flies along the gay parterre,  
 That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame  
 Which seems, as marshy vapours move,  
 To flit along from dame to dame,  
 An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,  
 Will deign to own a kindred care?  
 Who will debase his manly mind,  
 For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng  
 No more so base a thing be seen;  
 No more so idly pass along:  
 Be something, any thing, but—mean.

1808

#### LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.<sup>8</sup>

START not—nor deem my spirit fled:  
 In me behold the only skull,  
 From which, unlike a living head,  
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:  
 I died: let earth my bones resign,  
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me;  
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood,  
 And circle in the goblet's shape  
 The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone  
 In aid of others' let me shine;  
 And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
 What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst; another race,  
 When thou and thine, like me, are sped  
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why no—since through life's little day  
Our heads such sad effects produce?  
Reclaim'd from worms and wasting clay,  
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

### WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.<sup>9</sup>

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 't will impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot:  
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart  
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see;  
But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:  
While thou art blest I'll not repine;  
But near thee I can never stay;  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride  
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time  
My breast would thrill before thy look;  
But now to tremble were a crime—  
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet meet with no confusion there;  
One only feeling could'st thou trace;  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream  
Remembrance never must awake:  
On! where is Lethe's fabled stream?  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

### INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.<sup>10</sup>

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests below;  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should have been.  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him  
alone,

Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee with  
disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust!  
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,  
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!  
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for  
shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,  
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808

### TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING  
ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,  
A moment linger'd near the gate,  
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,  
And bade him curse his future fate.

But wandering on through distant climes,  
He learnt to bear his load of grief;  
Just gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For, while I linger near to thee,  
I sigh for all I knew before.

no fight I shall be surely wise  
Escaping from temptation's snare,  
I cannot view my paradise  
Without the wish of dwelling there.

December 2, 1808.

### REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT

REMIND me not, remind me not,  
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,  
When all my soul was given to thee;  
Hours that may never be forgot,  
Till time unnerves our vital powers,  
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget  
When playing with thy golden hair,  
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?  
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,  
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,  
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,  
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,  
And still we near and nearer prest,  
And still our glowing lips would meet,  
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,  
And bid their lids each other seek,  
Veiling the azure orbs below;  
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss  
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,  
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow

I dreamt last night our love return'd,  
And, sooth to say, that very dream  
Was sweeter in its phantasy,  
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,  
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam  
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,  
Of hours which, though for ever gone,  
Can still a pleasing dream restore,  
Till thou and I shall be forgot,  
And senseless as the mouldering stone  
Which tells that we shall be no more.

### THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,  
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
When all our feelings were the same  
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue  
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,  
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,  
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—  
To think how all that love hath flown;  
Transient as every faithless kiss,  
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,  
When late I heard thy lips declare,  
In accents once imagined true,  
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes; my adored, yet most unkind!  
Though thou wilt never love again,  
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
Nor longer shall my soul repine,  
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,  
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

### AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again:  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—  
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,  
My blood runs coldly through my breast  
And when I perish, thou alone  
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace  
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine  
And for awhile my sorrows cease,  
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady, blessed be that tear—  
It falls for one who cannot weep :  
Such precious drops are doubly dear  
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady ! once my heart was warm  
With every feeling soft as thine ;  
ut beauty's self hath ceased to charm  
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low ?  
Sweet lady ! speak those words again :  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—  
I would not give that bosom pain.

### FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again ! for I never before  
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart  
to its core ;  
Let us drink !—who would not ?—since,  
through life's varied round,  
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;  
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;  
I have loved !—who has not ?—but what  
heart can declare,  
That pleasure existed while passion was there ?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in  
its spring,  
And dreams that affection can never take wing,  
I had friends !—who has not ?—but what  
tongue will avow,  
That friends, rosy wine ! are so faithful as thou ?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,  
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou  
never canst change :  
Thou grow'st old—who does not ?—but on  
earth what appears,  
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with  
its years ?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,  
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,  
We are jealous !—who's not ?—thou hast no  
such alloy ; [enjoy.  
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we

Then the season of youth and its vanities past  
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;

There we find—do we not ?—in the flow of  
the soul,  
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,  
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,  
Hope was left,—was she not ?—but the goblet  
we kiss,  
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss

Long life to the grape ! for when summer is  
flown,  
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own  
We must die—who shall not ?—May our sins  
be forgiven,  
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

### STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail ;  
And whistling o'er the bending mast,  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast ;  
And I must from this land be gone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen—  
Could I repose upon the breast  
Which once my warmest wishes blest—  
I should not seek another zone  
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery,  
And I have striven, but in vain,  
Never to think of it again :  
For though I fly from Albion,  
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,  
My weary heart is desolate ;  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face,  
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home ;  
'Till I forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting-place ;  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun  
But ever love, and love but one.



The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,  
Where friendship's or love's softer glow  
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;  
But friend or leman I have none,  
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,  
There's not an eye will weep for me;  
There's not a kind congenial heart,  
Where I can claim the meanest part;  
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,  
Of what we are, and what we've been,  
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—  
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;  
Yet still beats on as it begun,  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,  
And why that early love was crost,  
Thou know'st the best, I feel the crost;  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,  
With charms perchance as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep;  
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,  
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

## TO FLORENCE.

OH Lady! when I left the shore,  
The distant shore which gave me birth,  
I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
To quit another spot of earth:

Yet here, amid this barren isle,  
Where panting Nature droops the head,  
Where only thou art seen to smile,  
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,  
Divided by the dark blue main;  
A few, brief, rolling, seasons o'er,  
Perchance I view her cliffs again;

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,  
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,  
Though Time restore me to my home,  
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee

On thee, in whom at once conspire,  
All charms which heedless hearts can move  
Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er  
With such a word can more offend,  
And since thy heart I cannot share,  
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,  
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?  
Nor be, what man should ever be,  
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past  
Through Danger's most destructive path,  
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,  
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls  
Where free Byzantium once arose,  
And Stamboul's Oriental halls  
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
That glorious city still shall be.  
On me 't will hold a dearer claim,  
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,  
When I behold that wondrous scene,  
Since where thou art I may not dwell,  
'T will soothe to be, where thou hast been

September, 1807

## STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,  
Where Pindus' mountains rise,  
And angry clouds are pouring fast  
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,  
And lightnings, as they play,  
But show where rocks our path have crost  
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?  
 When lightning broke the gloom—  
 How welcome were its shade!—ah, no.  
 'T is but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,  
 I hear a voice exclaim—  
 My way-worn countryman, who calls  
 On distant England's name

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?  
 Another—'tis to tell  
 The mountain peasants to descend,  
 And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare  
 To tempt the wilderness?  
 And who 'mid thunder peals can hear  
 Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise,  
 To try the dubious road?  
 Nor rather deem from nightly cries  
 That outlaws were a'road.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!  
 More fiercely pours the storm!  
 Yet here one thought has still the power  
 To keep my bosom warm

While wand'ring through each broken path,  
 O'er brake and craggy brow;  
 While elements exhaust their wrath,  
 Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,  
 Thy bark hath long been gone:  
 Oh, raze the storm that pours on me,  
 Bow down my Lead alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,  
 When 'ast I press'd thy lip;  
 And long ere now, with foaming shock,  
 Impell'd thy gallant ship

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now  
 Hast trod the shore of Spain;  
 'T were hard if aught so fair as thou  
 Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee  
 In darkness and in dread,  
 As in those hours of revelry  
 Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls  
 If Cadiz yet be free,  
 At times from out her latticed halie,  
 Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,  
 Endear'd by days gone by;  
 To others give a thousand smiles  
 To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark  
 The paleness of thy face,  
 A half-form'd tear, a transient spark  
 Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun  
 Some coxcomb's raillery;  
 Nor own for once thou thought'st on one  
 Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,  
 When sever'd hearts repine,  
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,  
 And mourns in search of thine.

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### STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN  
 GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,  
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast;  
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,  
 The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,  
 The azure grave of many a Roman;  
 Where stern Ambition once forsook  
 His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well  
 As ever yet was said or sung,  
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)  
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,  
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes.  
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,  
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though fate forbids such things to be  
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curi'd!  
 I cannot lose a world for thee,  
 But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14, 1800

## STANZAS.

Do we not hear that youth is happiness—  
That all our after life can bring but pain?  
That all delights that can our being bless,  
When youth is o'er will ne'er return again?  
Then if this glowing time but yield us bane,  
We must hereafter look to misery!  
And we must see our years and pleasures  
wane,  
While constant scalding tears do swell our eye,  
And only pray to heaven that we may quickly die.

Is this the life we cling to? This existence,  
For which we'd sacrifice our honest fame?  
I'd rather shun, than labour for subsistence,  
If this be all my toil and grief can claim.  
Oh! let me sink, at least, unstain'd with  
shame,  
And let me die in hopeless anguish now,  
And blank oblivion mantle o'er my name,  
Rather than sorrow trace upon my brow  
The year on year in which my age and  
suffering grow!

## ODE.

OH, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!  
Oh, shame to thy children and thee,  
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,  
How wretched thy portion shall be;  
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,  
A mockery that never shall die;  
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn  
Shall burden the winds of thy sky;  
And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd  
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the  
World.

• Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,  
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,  
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,  
And honour the passion that led?  
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep.  
They groan from the place of their rest,  
And' wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,  
'To see the foul stain on thy breast;  
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?  
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust.

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,  
From Indus all round to the pole,  
And something of goodness, of honour, and  
worth.  
Shall brighten the sins of the soul;

But thou art *alone* in thy stame,  
The world cannot liken thee there;  
Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name  
Beyond the low reach of compare;  
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through  
time  
A proverb, a by-word, for treachery and crime

While conquest illumined his sword,  
While yet in his prowess he stood,  
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy  
Lord,  
And welcomed the torrent of blood;  
Though Tyranny sat on his crown,  
And wither'd the nations afar,  
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's  
renown,  
'Till Fortune deserted his car;  
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest  
away—  
The foremost to insult, the first to betray.

Forgot were the feats he had done,  
The toils he had borne in thy cause;  
Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,  
And waft other songs of applause:  
But the storm was beginning to lour,  
Adversity clouded his beam;  
And honour and faith were the brag of an  
hour,  
And loyalty's self but a dream:  
To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were  
restored,  
And the first that had scoff'd were the first  
that adored.

What tumult thus burdens the air?  
What throng thus encircles his throne?  
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that  
swear  
His sceptre shall rule them alone.  
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,  
Misfortune shall hallow his name,  
And the world that pursues him shall mourn-  
fully feel  
How quenchless the spirit and flame  
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their  
hearts are on fire,  
For the Hero they love, and the Chief they  
admire.

Their Hero has rush'd to the field:  
His laurels are cover'd with shade,  
But where is the spirit that never should  
yield,  
The loyalty never to fade?

In a moment desertion and guile  
 Abandon'd him up to the foe ;  
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his  
 smile,  
 Forsook and renounced him in woe ;  
 And the millions that swore they would perish  
 to save,  
 Behold him a fugitive, captive, and slave.

The savage all wild in his glen  
 Is nobler and better than thou ;  
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,  
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow.  
 If thou wert the place of my birth,  
 At once from thy arms would I sever ;  
 I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,  
 And quit thee for ever and ever ;  
 And thinking of thee in my long after years,  
 Should but kindle my blushes and waken my  
 tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !  
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee !  
 Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,  
 How wretched thy portion shall be !  
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,  
 A mockery that never shall die ;  
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn  
 Shall burden the winds of thy sky ;  
 And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd  
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the  
 World.

#### MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their  
 praises  
 Their Madame de Staël, and their famed  
 La Pinasse :  
 Like a meteor, at best, proud philosophy blazes,  
 And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :  
 But cheering the beam, and unfading the  
 splendour  
 Of thy torch, Wedded Love ! and it never  
 has yet  
 Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or  
 more tender,  
 Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lava-  
 lette.  
 Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall  
 bless it,  
 And hallow the goblet which foams to her  
 name ;  
 The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,  
 And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her  
 fame :

To the health of the Woman, who freed  
 and life too  
 Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the  
 just debt,  
 And hail with applauses the Heroine and  
 Wife too,  
 The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,  
 To their captive a-doom which all Europe  
 abhors,  
 And turns from the slaves of the priest-  
 haunted palace,  
 While those who replaced them there blush  
 for their cause.  
 But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd  
 glory  
 Of dukes and of marshals in darkness hath  
 set,  
 Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading  
 the story  
 Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

#### FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

OH ! land of my fathers and mine,  
 The noblest, the best, and the bravest ;  
 Heart-broken, and lorn, I resign  
 The joys and the hopes which thou gavest

Dear mother of Freedom ! farewell !  
 Even Freedom is irksome to me ;  
 Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel,  
 For reason approves the decree.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high Heaven  
 That mark'd all my frailties and fears ;  
 I adored—but the magic is riven ;  
 Be the memory expunged by my tears !

The moment of rapture, how bright !  
 How dazzling, how transient its glare !  
 A comet in splendour and flight,  
 The herald of darkness and care.

Recollections of tenderness gone.  
 Of pleasure no more to return ;  
 A wanderer, an outcast, alone,  
 Oh ! leave me, untortured, to mourn.

Where—where shall my heart find repose  
 A refuge from memory and grief !  
 The gangrene, wherever it goes,  
 Disdains a fictitious relief.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream,  
Which washes remembrance away,  
Again might the eye of Hope gleam  
The dawn of a happier day.

Hath wise an oblivious power?  
Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?  
The draught might beguile for an hour,  
But still leaves behind it the pain.

Can distance or time heal the heart  
That bleeds from the innermost pore?  
Or intertempance lessen its smart,  
Or a cerate apply to its sore?

If I rush to the ultimate pole.  
The form I adore will be there,  
A phantom to torture my soul,  
And mock at my bootless despair.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,  
Will whisper her voice in mine ear,  
And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,  
Demand for Love's altar a tear.

And still in the dreams of the day,  
And still in the visions of night,  
Will fancy her beauties display,  
Disordering, deceiving the sight.

Hence, vain fleeting images, hence!  
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain,  
Mere frauds upon reason and sense,  
Engender'd by folly and pain!

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven  
My fealty to her I adored?  
Did she give back the vows I had given,  
And plight back the plight of her lord?

If I err'd for a moment from love,  
The error I flew to retrieve;  
Kiss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove  
To soothe, ere it ventured to grieve.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?  
Did I sue, who was used to command?  
Love forced me to weep and implore,  
And pride was too weak to withstand.

Then why should one frailty, like mine,  
Repented, and wash'd with my tears,  
Erase those impressions divine,  
The faith and affection of years?

Was it well, between anger and love,  
That pride the stern umpire should be;  
And *that* heart should its flintiness prove  
On none, till it proved it on *me*?

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt,  
Thy tenderness so to conceal,  
That witnessing all which I felt,  
Thy sternness forbad *thee* to feel.

Then, when the dear pledge of our love  
Look'd up to her mother and smiled,  
Say, was there no impulse that strove  
To back the appeal of the child?

That bosom, so callous and chill,  
So treacherous to love and to me:  
Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,  
As it turn'd from the innocent's plea?

That ear, which was open to all,  
Was ruthlessly closed to its lord;  
Those accents, which fiends would enthrall,  
Refused a sweet peace-giving word.

And thinkst thou, dear object,—for still  
To my bosom thou only art life,  
And spite of my pride and my will,  
I bless thee, I woo thee, my wife!

Oh! think'st thou that absence shall bring  
The balm which will give thee relief?  
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,  
An antidote yield for thy grief?

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream  
Which cheats the long moments of night,  
But melts in the glare of the beam  
Which breaks from the portal of light;

For when on thy babe's smiling face  
Thy features and mine intertwined  
The finger of Fancy shall trace,  
The spell shall resistlessly bind.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek,  
The glances that beam from her eye,  
The lisp as she struggles to speak,  
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

Then I, though whole oceans between  
Their billowy barriers may rear,  
Shall triumph, though far and unscen,  
Unconscious, uncalled, shall be there

The cruelty sprang not from thee,  
 'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart,  
 That levell'd its arrow at me,  
 And fix'd the incurable smart.

Ah, no! 'twas another than thine  
 The hand which assail'd my repose;  
 It struck—and too fatally—mine  
 The wound, and its offspring of woes.

They hated us both who destroy'd  
 The buds and the promise of Spring;  
 For who, to replenish the void,  
 New ties, new affections can bring?

Alas! to the heart that is rent  
 What nostrums can soundness restore?  
 Or what, to the bow over-bent,  
 The spring which it carried before?

The rent heart will fester and bleed,  
 And fade like the leaf in the blast;  
 The crack'd yew no more will recede,  
 Though vigorous and tough to the last.

I wander—it matters not where;  
 No clime can restore me my peace,  
 Or snatch from the frown of despair,  
 A cheering—a fleeting release!

How slowly the moments will move!  
 How tedious the footsteps of years!  
 When valley and mountain and grove  
 Shall change but the scene of my tears

The classic memorials which nod,  
 The spot dear to science and lore,  
 Sarcophagus, temple, and sod,  
 Excite me and ravish no more.

The stork on the perishing wall  
 Is better and happier than I;  
 Content in his ivy-built hall;  
 He hangs out his home in the sky.

But houseless and heartless I rove,  
 My bosom all bared to the wind,  
 The victim of pride and of love,  
 I seek—but, ah! where can I find?

I seek what no tribes can bestow—  
 I ask what no clime can impart—  
 A charm which can neutralise woe,  
 And dry up the tears of the heart.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—  
 From Ind to the northernmost pole  
 Unheeded—unpitied—complain,  
 And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?  
 What tears shall respond when I weep?  
 To my wailings what wail shall reply?  
 What eye mark the vigils I keep?

Even thou, as thou learnest to prate,  
 Dear babe—while remotely I rove—  
 Shall count it a duty to *hate*  
 Where nature commands thee to *love*.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal  
 My vices, my faults, in thine ear,  
 And teach thee, with demon-like zeal,  
 A father's affection to fear.

And oh! if in some distant day  
 Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,  
 And nature's true index may say,  
 "It may be—it must be my sire!"

Perchance to thy prejudiced eye  
 Obnoxious my form may appear,  
 Even nature be deaf to my sigh,  
 And duty refuse me a tear.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs  
 Have echoed from mountain and dell,  
 Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs  
 With grateful emotion may tell.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,  
 And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,  
 To thee e'en may venture to say,  
 "His frailties were those of a man.

They were; they were human, but swell  
 By envy, and malice, and scorn,  
 Each feeling of nature rebell'd,  
 And hated the mask it had worn.

Though human the fault—how severe,  
 How harsh the stern sentence pronounced,  
 E'er pride dropp'd a niggardly tear,  
 My love as it grimly denounced.

'T is past: the great struggle is o'er;  
 The war of my bosom subsides;  
 And passion's strong current no more  
 Impels its impetuous tides.

**T**is past : my affections give way ;  
 The ties of my nature are broke ;  
 The summons of pride I obey,  
 And break Love's degenerate yoke.

I fly, like a bird of the air,  
 In search of a home and a rest ;  
 A balm for the sickness of care,  
 A bliss for a bosom unblest.

And swift as the swallow that floats,  
 And bold as the eagle that soars,  
 Yet dull as the owl, whose notes  
 The dark fiend of midnight depleors !

Where gleam the gay splendours of East,  
 The dance and the bountiful board,  
 I'll bear me to Luxury's feast,  
 To exile the form I adored.

In full brimming goblets I'll quaff  
 The sweets of the Lethæan spring,  
 And join in the Bacchanal's laugh,  
 And trip in the fairy-form'd ring.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,  
 To drown the dull memory of care,  
 An exile from hope and from home,  
 A fugitive chased by despair.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave !  
 Farewell to thee, land of my birth !  
 When tempests around thee shall rave,  
 Still—still may they homage thy worth !

Wife, infant, and country, and friend,  
 Ye wizard my fancy no more,  
 I fly from your solace, and wend  
 To weep on some kindlier shore.

The grim-visaged fiend of the storm  
 That raves in this agonized breast,  
 Still raises his pestilent form,  
 Till Death calm the tumult to rest.

### TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

**H**AIL to this teeming stage of strife !  
 Hail, lovely miniature of life !  
 Pilgrim of many cares untold !  
 Lamb of the world's extended fold !  
 Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears !  
 Sweet promise of ecstatic years !

How could I faintly bend the knee,  
 And turn idolater to thee !

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confessed,  
 Far as the life which warms the breast—  
 The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,  
 The rudest portraiture of man,  
 In trackless woods and boundless plains,  
 Where everlasting wildness reigns,  
 Owns the still throb—the secret stat—  
 The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe ! ere yet upon thy years  
 The soil of human vice appears,  
 Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,  
 And prompted what thou dares not speak,  
 Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,  
 Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,  
 Would I could wake thy untuned ear,  
 And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child ;  
 Of travail on life's thorny wild !  
 Of all the dangers, all the woes,  
 Each tottering footstep which enclose ;  
 Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene  
 So darkly wrought, that spreads between  
 The little all we here can find,  
 And the dark mystic sphere behind !

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,  
 Of clouds which gather round thy morn,  
 Of arts to lure thy soul astray,  
 Of snares that intersect thy way,  
 Of secret foes, of friends untrue,  
 Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—  
 Little thou reck'st of this sad store—  
 Would thou might'st never reckon more

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,  
 And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep ;  
 The tenant of a frail abode,  
 Thy tears must flow as mine have flow'd ;  
 Beguiled by follies every day,  
 Sorrow must wash the faults away,  
 And thou may'st wake perchance to prove  
 The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, though on that brow  
 No half-fledged misery nestles now,  
 Scarce round thy placid lips a smile  
 Maternal fondness shall beguile,  
 Ere the moist footsteps of a tear  
 Shall plant their dewy traces there,  
 And prematurely pave the way  
 For sorrows of a riper day

Oh! could a father's prayer repel  
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell;  
Or could a father hope to bear  
A darling child's allotted care,  
Then thou, my babe, shouldst slumber still,  
Exempted from all human ill,—  
A parent's love thy peace should free,  
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief  
Too soon shall melt away to grief,  
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,  
And briny rills bedew that cheek;  
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,  
That breast be agonized with sighs,  
And anguish o'er the beams of noon  
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reckon of cares unknown,  
Of wants and sorrows all their own;  
Of many a pang and many a woe,  
That thy dear sex alone can know;  
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,  
That will not—may not find a tongue,  
But kept conceal'd without control,  
Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest,  
May joy still animate thy breast;  
Still, midst thy least propitious days,  
Shedding its rich inspiring rays;  
A father's heart shall daily bear  
Thy name upon its secret prayer,  
And as he seeks his last repose,  
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!  
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!  
Pilgrim of many cares untold!  
Lamb of the world's extended fold:  
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears.  
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!  
How could I faintly bend the knee,  
And turn idolater to thee!

## ODE

## I - THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

FACE to thee, isle of the ocean!  
Hail to thy breezes and billows!  
Here, rolling its tides in perpetual devo-  
tion,  
The white wave its plummy surf pillows!

Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave  
thee; [brov  
Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy  
When nations that now in obscurity leave thee  
To the wand of oblivion alternately bow!  
Unchanged in thy glory—unstain'd in thy  
fame,  
The homage of ages shall hallow thy name.

Hail to the Chief who reposes  
On thee the rich weight of his glory!  
When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle  
closes,  
His deeds shall be sacred in story!  
His prowess shall rank with the first of all  
ages, [worth—  
And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his  
The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages  
Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the  
earth.  
The meteors of history before thee shall fall,  
Eclipsed by thy splendour, thou meteor of  
Gaul.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee,  
Island of glory resplendent!  
Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man-  
thee,  
Tribes, as thy waves, independent!  
On thy far-gleaming strand the wanderer shall  
stay him, [nown'd  
To snatch a brief glance at a spot so re-  
Each turf, and each stone, and each cliff shall  
delay him. [thy ground!  
Where the step of thy Exile hath hallow'd  
From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine,  
The wane of his sun was the rising of thine,

Whose were the hands that enslaved him\*  
Hands which had weakly withstood him—  
Nations which, while they had oftentimes  
braved him,  
Never till now had subdued him!  
Monarchs, who oft to his clemency stooping  
Received back their crowns from the plun-  
der of war— [drooping  
The vanquisher vanquish'd, the eagle now  
Would quench with their sternness the ray  
of his star,  
But clothed 'n new splendour the glory appears  
And rules the ascendant, the planet of years

Pure be the health of thy mountains!  
Rich be the green of thy pastures!  
Limpid and lasting the streams of thy foun-  
tains  
Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!



Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling,  
Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers  
of mankind— [ing—

Thy rock-beach the rage of the tempest repell—  
The wide-wasting contest of wave and of  
wind—

Aloft on thy battlements long be unfurl'd  
The eagle that decks thee, the pride of the  
world.

Fade shall the lily now blooming:  
Where is the hand which can nurse it?  
Nations who rear'd it shall watch its con-  
suming.

Untimely mildews shall curse it.  
Then shall the violet that blooms in the valleys  
Impart to the gale its reviving perfume;  
Then when the spirit of Liberty rallies,  
To chant forth its anthems on Tyranny's  
tomb, [break forth,  
Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should  
Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north.

#### TO THE LILY OF FRANCE.

ERE thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,  
False emblem of innocence, stay,  
And yield, as thou fadest, for the use of man-  
kind,  
The lesson that marks thy decay.

Thou wert fair as the beam of the morn,  
And rich as the pride of the mine:  
Thy charms are all faded, and hatred and  
scorn,  
The curses of freedom, are thine.

Thou wert gay in the smiles of the world,  
Thy shadow protection and power,  
But now thy bright blossom is shrivel'd and  
curl'd,  
The grace of thy country no more.

For Corruption hath fed on thy leaf,  
And Bigotry weaken'd thy stem;  
Now those who have fear'd thee shall smile  
at thy grief,  
And those who adored thee condemn.

The valley that gave thee thy birth,  
Shall weep for the hope of its soil;  
The legions that fought for thy beauty and  
worth,  
Shall hasten to share in thy spoil.

As a by-word, thy blossom shall be  
A mock and a jest among men,  
The proverb of slaves, and the sneer of the  
free,  
In city, and mountain, and glen.

Oh! 'twas Tyranny's pestilent gale  
That scatter'd thy buds on the ground,  
That threw the blood-stain on thy virgin-white  
veil,  
And pierc'd thee with many a wound!

Then thy puny leaf shook to the wind,  
Thy stem gave its strength to the blast,  
Thy full bursting blossom its promise resign'd  
And fell to the storm as it pass'd.

For no patriot vigour was there,  
No arm to support the weak flower,  
Destruction pursued its dark herald—Despair  
And wither'd its grace in an hour.

Yet there were who pretended to grieve,  
There were who pretended to save,  
Mere shallow empyrics, who came to deceive  
To revel and sport on its grave.

O thou land of the lily, in vain  
Thou strugglest to raise its pale head!  
The faded bud never shall blossom again,  
The violet will bloom in its stead.

As thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,  
False emblem of innocence, stay,  
And yield, as thou fadest, for the use of man-  
kind,  
This lesson to mark thy decay!

#### TO JESSY.

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS WERE ADDRESSED  
BY LORD BYRON TO HIS LADY, A FEW  
MONTHS BEFORE THEIR SEPARATION.

THERE is a mystic thread of life  
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,  
That Destiny's relentless knife  
At once must sever *both* or *none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes  
Have often gazed with fond delight;  
By day that form their joys supplies,  
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire  
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;  
I would not hear a seraph choir,  
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell  
Affection's tale upon the cheek;  
But, pallid at one fond farewell,  
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a *lip* which mine hath prest,  
And none had ever prest before,  
I vow'd to make me sweetly blest,  
And mine—mine only, press it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—  
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;  
A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,  
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill  
In unison so closely sweet!  
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,  
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow,  
In gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part—*they part!*—ah, no!  
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

#### LINES WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

OH! give me but my garden and my song,  
With all the pleasures of a rustic home,  
And let the restless, fashionable throng  
Spend Spring in London, and the fall at  
Rome.

Let self-styled Honour, and its gay career,  
Go comfortless, to float in Pleasure's wake;  
Enjoyment must, indeed, be purchased dear,  
When ease must be forsaken for its sake.

Let tinsell'd Glory hallow whom it charms,  
And public palms attend Ambition's way,  
And let me scan the tillage of my farms,  
And watch my garden walls and shrubs in  
May.

Let Diplomats go hover round a court,  
And your sage dandies govern princely airs;  
Proud if they make but honesty their sport,  
Wrapp'd in white cambric, and made up  
of snares.

Adventurers, with wit, but little sense:—  
With coxcombry, but little sterling merit;—  
With little art, but plenty of pretence,  
May freely boast of all their sons inherit!

A great newspaper name: which lasts its day,  
And echoes out its brief successful hour,  
And then as feebly dies and dies away,  
Like the weak thunder of a passing shower!

My garden and my song are worth all these;  
The well-attuned duet which thrills and  
thrills,  
And ever and anon returns to please,  
Or glee which swells to charm the hall it  
fills

My flowers, my cabbages, my common-place  
But fragrant, and, what's more, productive  
beans,  
And many birds, to fill the narrow space,  
Which spreads within my skirt of ever  
greens.

With some such songs as I have heard you  
sing,  
And all the little comforts, such as these.  
I'd set at nought the court and every thing  
And live—at least I think so—quite at ease

#### SONNET.

WHAT makes us shrink in horror from our  
thought?

What makes us shun the eyes of all man  
kind,

As if we fear'd in every glance to find  
The ridicule we had too truly sought?  
What makes us hate the world and cherish  
nought?

What makes us fathom our own proper mind,  
And spurn our self-esteem, too late resign'd,  
Alas! this lesson must be sadly taught!

The same consuming passion that will goad  
Our flagging energies to greater deeds,  
And still strew thorns upon the glorious  
road,

To prick us, as the spectre yet recedes,  
And make our honours vainer as they swell.  
'Tis Jealousy—the vilest fiend of Hell!

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM  
IS FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:  
We madly smile when we should groan;  
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM  
SESTOS TO ABYDOS.

IF, in the month of dark December,  
Leander, who was nightly wont  
(What maid will not the tale remember?)  
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,  
He sped to Hero, notning loth,  
And thus of old thy current pour'd,  
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For me, degenerate modern wretch,  
Though in the genial month of May,  
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,  
According to the doubtful story,  
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,  
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

T were hard to say who fared the best:  
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!  
He lost his labour, I my jest;  
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

May 9, 1810.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE TRAVEL-  
LERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart  
To trace the birth and nursery of art:  
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;  
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED  
THE FOLLOWING—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;  
But yet, who'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his  
verse.

1810.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

*Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπώ.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπώ.*<sup>13</sup>

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπώ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers<sup>14</sup> that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπώ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,<sup>15</sup>  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπώ.*

Athens, 1810.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR  
LADY.

SOME say, fairest ladies, "Faint heart never  
won you;"  
Though modest ye be, then, must modesty  
shun you?  
And shall brawling impudence boast in conceit  
Of those whispers of favour it ne'er should  
repeat?

THERE'S FASCINATION IN THY  
GLOWING EYE.

THERE'S fascination in thy glowing eye ;  
There's an enchantment on thy snowy brow ;  
Voluptuous languor revels in thy sigh ;  
Thy smiles bespeak the rapture they avow.  
Thy neck was carved by beauty from her own ;  
Thy bosom moulded from her swelling  
bust—  
Thine arm was fashion'd for the toys of love ;  
Thy rounded figure for its sweetest play—  
Thy countenance was stolen from above,  
Or granted by some angel on the way ;  
And yet thy fate is toil : perchance e'en grief,  
A destiny still cherish'd in thy heart.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A  
PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care !  
Though now of Love and thee bereft,  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.

'T is said with Sorrow Time can cope ;  
But this I feel can ne'er be true :  
For by the death-blow of my Hope  
My Memory immortal grew.  
Athens, January, 1811.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS  
GREEK WAR SONG,

“ Διὸς παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”<sup>17</sup>

Sons of the Greeks, arise !  
The glorious hour's gone forth,  
And, worthy of such ties,  
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks ! let us go  
In arms against the foe,  
Till their hated blood shall flow  
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising  
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,  
Let your country see you rising,  
And all her chains are broke.

Brave shades of chiefs and sages,  
Behold the coming strife !  
Hellenes of past ages,  
Oh, start again to life !  
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking  
Your sleep, oh, join with me !  
And the seven-hill'd<sup>18</sup> city seeking,  
Fight, conquer, till we're free.  
Sons of Greeks, &c

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers  
Lethargic dost thou lie ?  
Awake, and join thy numbers  
With Athens, old ally !  
Leonidas recalling,  
That chief of ancient song,  
Who saved ye once from falling,  
The terrible ! the strong !  
Who made that bold diversion  
In old Thermopylæ,  
And warring with the Persian  
To keep his country free ;  
With his three hundred waging  
The battle, long he stood,  
And like a lion raging,  
Expired in seas of blood.  
Sons of Greeks, &c.<sup>19</sup>

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC  
SONG,

“ Μπενω μεις 'τὸ περιβόλι.  
'Ωραϊότατη Χάηδη,” &c.<sup>20</sup>

I ENTER thy garden of roses,<sup>21</sup>  
Beloved and fair Haidée,  
Each morning where Flora reposes,  
For surely I see her in thee.  
Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,  
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,  
Which utters its song to adore thee,  
Yet trembles for what it has sung ;  
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,  
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,  
Through her eyes, through her every feature,  
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful  
When Love has abandon'd the bowers ;  
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful  
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.  
The poison when pour'd from the chalice  
Will deeply embitter the bowl ;  
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,  
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.

Too cruel! in vain I implore thee  
 My heart from these horrors to save:  
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee?  
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances  
 Secure of his conquest before,  
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,  
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.  
 Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish  
 By pangs which a smile would dispel?  
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me  
 cherish,  
 For torture repay me too well?  
 Now sad is the garden of roses,  
 Beloved but false Haidée!  
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,  
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

## ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
 An equal love may see:  
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone;  
 Nor one memorial for a breast,  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale  
 My pen were doubly weak:  
 Oh! what can idle words avail,  
 Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
 That heart, no longer free,  
 Must bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent, ache for thee.

March, 1811.

## SONNET.

I WILL not rob the rose of its soft hue,  
 To give the pilfer'd beauty to thy cheek,  
 Th' invidious panegyric were but weak!  
 I will not swear the glist'ning morning dew

Is duller than the lustre which I seek,  
 Nor vainly seek in thy sweet eye—not  
 speak  
 Detractingly to praise—as some bards do!  
 I will not stain the my for thy neck,  
 Nor strive, by filching, purer charms to  
 deck,  
 Nor nature's slighted splendour o'er them  
 strew:—  
 They are too fair to need such hollow praise,  
 And gain but little in all nature's wreck.  
 The ripening rose, the sheen thy cheek displays  
 The spotless lily, charm in various ways.

## ODE TO THE PAST.

RELENTLESS Past! canst thou not hear a  
 prayer?  
 Dost thou deride our immortality,  
 And calmly tell as we must ever bear  
 The hopeless agony of knowing thee?

It is a tyrant's part to use his power,  
 Not only to oppress but mock at man;  
 Veil thyself from me but a single hour,  
 And let me dream of rapture while I can!—

Leave me, pursue me not thou matchless  
 fiend!  
 The tempests o'erwhelming woe  
 Have yet their time to come and go,  
 And harricanes of passion blow,  
 And every hour brings forth a foe;  
 In mere forbearance let me call thee friend!—

Fiction and fancy have embodied thee!  
 They made thee many as thy pains,  
 And all that from thy spite remains  
 Of ancient Lore, in sorrow'd strains,  
 Counts furies by their several reigns;  
 And numbers years by their atrocity!

Man hunts, pursues, destroys, his fellow man  
 Perchance would blast his memory,  
 And crush his grave with calumny:  
 But death must set the victim free.  
 Life and injustice cease to be,  
 Whereas thy persecution knows no span!

## TO TIME.

ETERNAL Time! that wasteth without waste  
Thou art, and art not—di'st, and livest  
still;

Most slow of all, and yet of greatest haste,  
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill.  
How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise?  
Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy  
days.

## TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what Truth might well have said,  
By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea  
Divided, yet beloved in vain;  
The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,  
That softly said, "We part in peace,"  
Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee  
Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?  
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,  
On that dread hour ere death appear,  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past! But when no more  
'T was thine to reck of human woe,  
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day  
In these, to me, deserted towers,  
Ere call'd but for a time away,  
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;  
The smile none else might understand;  
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
That Love each warmer wish forbore;  
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,  
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?  
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain.  
If rest alone be in the tomb  
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here

Touch me—too early taught by thee!  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:  
On earth thy love was such to me;  
It fain would form my hope in heaven.

October 11, 1811

## AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!  
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,  
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!  
I dare not trust those sounds again.  
To me they speak of brighter days—  
But hush the chords, for now, alas!  
I must not think, I may not gaze,  
On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet  
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;  
And now their softest notes repeat  
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!  
Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,  
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;  
And all that once was harmony  
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'T is silent all!—but on my ear  
The well remember'd echoes thrill,  
I hear a voice I would not hear,  
A voice that now might well be still.

Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake:  
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,  
 Till consciousness will vainly wake  
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,  
 Thou art but now a lovely dream;  
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,  
 Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.  
 But he who through life's dreary way  
 Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,  
 Will long lament the vanish'd ray  
 That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6, 1811.

### ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;  
 One last long sigh to love and thee,  
 Then back to busy life again.  
 It suits me well to mingle now  
 With things that never pleased before:  
 Though every joy is fled below,  
 What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;  
 Man was not form'd to live alone:  
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,  
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.  
 It was not thus in days more dear,  
 It never would have been, but thou  
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here;  
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!  
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear  
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.  
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,  
 The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night  
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky;  
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light  
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:  
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
 'Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—'  
 Alas, 't gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's careless bed,  
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,  
 " 'T is comfort still," I faintly said,  
 " That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"  
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave  
 A boon 't is idle then to give,  
 Relenting Nature vainly gave  
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,  
 When love and life alike were new!  
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!  
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!  
 The heart that gave itself with thee  
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!  
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be  
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!  
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!  
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd!  
 Time tempers love, but not removes,  
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:  
 Oh! what are thousand living loves  
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

### EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
 To weep or wish the coming blow.  
 No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,  
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
 With no officious mourners near:  
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
 Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
 Might then exert its latest power  
 In her who lives and him who dies.

'T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
 Thy features still serene to see—  
 Forgetful of its struggles past,  
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee

But vain the wish—for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;  
And woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan;  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

“Ay, but to die, and go,” alas!  
Where all have gone, and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
’T is something better not to be.

#### AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR.

“Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari  
quam tui meminisse!”

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,  
As aught of mortal birth;  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon return'd to Earth!  
Though Earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not:  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved, and long must love,  
Like common earth can rot;  
To me there needs no stone to tell,  
’T is Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change through all the past  
And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
The worst can be but mine:  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have pass'd away;  
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd.  
The leaves must drop away:  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade;  
The night that follow'd such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade:  
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,  
And thou wert lovely to the last;  
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil o'er thy bed;  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head;  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to grieve,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1814



LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF  
OF THE "PLEASURES OF  
MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,  
My friend, what magic speaks belong!  
As all can tell, who share, like me,  
In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come  
By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,  
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb<sup>24</sup>  
Shall weep that aught of thee can die.

How fondly will she then repay  
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,  
And blend, while ages roll away,  
Her name immortally with *thine*!

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE  
THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.<sup>25</sup>

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,  
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;  
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,  
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and  
mourn'd,  
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)  
Through clouds of fire the massive fragments  
riven,  
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven  
Saw the long column of revolving flames  
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,<sup>26</sup>  
While thousands, throng'd around the burning  
dome, [home,  
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their  
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone  
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,  
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall  
T'usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;  
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,  
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,  
Know the same favour which the former knew,  
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name  
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame,  
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,  
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*.  
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—  
Ladulge our honest pride, and say, *How well*!

As soars this fane to emulate the last  
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past  
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast  
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.  
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art  
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest  
heart

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;  
Here your last tears retiring Roseius drew:  
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu  
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,  
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.  
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse  
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;  
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!  
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals  
bright,  
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.  
Heirs to their labours like all high-born heirs,  
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;  
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's  
glass

To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,  
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine  
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,  
Pause—ere their feeble offspring you condemn,  
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players  
and Plays  
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,  
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct  
The boundless power to cherish or reject;  
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,  
And made us blush that you forbore to blame:  
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend  
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,  
All past reproach may present scenes refute,  
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!  
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,  
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause  
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers  
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,  
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,  
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone  
Springs from our hearts, and fain would *win*  
your own.

The curtain rises—may our stage unfold  
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!  
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,  
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* pro-  
side!

## PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS

BY DR. PLAGIARY,

*Half stolen*, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus “——”.

“WHEN energising objects men pursue,  
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows  
who

“w modest monologue you here survey,”  
Hiss’d from the theatre the “other day,”  
As if Sir Fretful wrote “the slumberous” verse,  
And gave his son “the rubbish” to rehearse.  
“Yet at the thing you’d never be amazed,”  
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised,  
“Nor even here your smiles would be repress,”  
Knew you these lines—the badness of the best.  
“Flame! fire! and flame!!” (words borrow’d  
from Lucretius),

“Dread metaphors which open wounds” like  
issues!

“And sleeping pangs awake—and—but away”  
(Confound me if I know what next to say).

“Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,”  
And Master G— recites what Doctor Busby  
sings!—

“If mighty things with small we may compare,”  
[Translated from the grammar for the fair!]  
Dramatic “spirit drives a conquering car,”  
And burn’d poor Moscow like a tub of “tar.”  
“This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,”  
To furnish melodrames for Drury Lane.

“Another Marlborough points to Blenheim’s  
story,”

And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

“In arts and sciences our isle hath shone”  
(This deep discovery is mine alone).

“Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire  
My verse—or I’m a fool—and Fame’s a liar,  
“Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore’  
With “smiles,” and “lyres,” and “pencils,”  
and much more.

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain  
*Disgraces*, too, “inseparable train!”

“Three who have stolen their witching airs  
from Cupid” [stupid]:

(You all know what I mean, unless you’re  
“Harmonious throng” that I have kept in petto,  
Now to produce in a “divine *sestetto*”!!)

“While Poesy,” while these delightful doxies,  
“Sustains her part” in all the “upper” boxes!

“Thus lifted gloriously, you’ll soar along,  
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby’s song;  
“Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and  
play”

(For this last line George had a holiday).

“Old Drury never, never soar’d so high,”

So says the manager, and so say I.

“But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;”

Is this the poem which the public lost?

“True—true—that lowers at once our mount-  
ing pride;”

But lo!—the papers print what you deride.

“T is ours to look on you—you hold the prize,”

“T is *twenty guineas*, as they advertize!

“A double blessing your rewards impart”—

I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.

“Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,

Why son and I both beg for your applause.

“When in your fostering beams you bid us  
live,” [you give;

My next subscription list shall say how much

October, 1812

## SONNET.

PROSPERITY counts courtiers without end.

So long as all the Pleasures round us wait,

And amongst men we are deem’d fortunate;

Each of these courtiers would be titled “friend,”

Would hover round us, and would apprehend

Our most minute desires: and would create

New visionary joys by antidiates,—

Ever at hand to smile and to attend.—

When we are happy, and no grief or pain,

No vain or luckless passion breathes its  
blight,

To parch our withering spirits with its bane,

No futile Hope doth mock us in our wane,

Thou sleep art ever lavish of delight,—

Thou art a Courtier and a Parasite!

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER  
THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life’s burning stream

Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,

And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.

Thy husband too shall think of thee:

By neither shalt thou be forgot,

Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me! 29

## TO TIME.

**TIME!** on whose arbitrary wing  
The varying hours must flag or fly,  
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,  
But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd  
Those boons to all that know thee known;  
Yet better I sustain thy load,  
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share  
The bitter moments thou hast given;  
And pardon thee, since thou couldst spare  
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me  
Thy future ills shall press in vain.  
I nothing owe but years to thee.  
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;  
It felt, but still forgot thy power:  
The active agony of grief  
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight  
Would soon subside from swift to slow;  
Thy cloud could overcast the light,  
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,  
My soul was suited to thy sky;  
One star alone shot forth a spark  
To prove thee—not Eternity

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art  
A blank; a thing to count and curse,  
Through each dull tedious trifling part,  
Which all regret, yet all rehearse

One scene even thou canst not deform;  
The limit of thy sloth or speed  
When future wanderers bear the storm  
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:

And I can smile to think how weak  
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown.  
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak  
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMANIC LOVE  
SONG.

**AH!** Love was never yet without  
The pang, the agony, the doubt,  
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,  
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,  
I faint, I die beneath the blow.  
That Love had arrows, well I knew;  
Alas! I find them poison'd too

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net  
Which Love around your haunts hath set;  
Or, circled by his fatal fire,  
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing  
Was I, through many a smiling spring;  
But caught within the subtle snare  
I burn, and feebly flutter there

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain  
Can neither feel nor pity pain,  
The cold repulse, the look askance,  
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine,  
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;  
Like melting wax, or withering flower,  
I feel my passion, and thy power

My light of life! ah, tell me why  
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?  
My bird of love! my beautiful mate!  
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:  
What wretch with me would barter woe?  
My bird! relent: one note could give  
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,  
In silent anguish I sustain;  
And still thy heart, without partaking  
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!  
Thou canst not murder more than now:  
I've lived to curse my natal day,  
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,  
Can patience preach thee into rest?  
Alas! too late, I dearly know  
That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU  
ART FICKLE.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,  
To those thyself so fondly sought;  
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle  
Are doubly bitter from that thought:  
'T is this which breaks the heart thou grievest,  
Too well! thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,  
And spurns deceiver and deceit;  
But she who not a thought disguises,  
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—  
When she can change who loved so truly,  
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow  
Is doom'd to all who love or live;  
And if, when conscious on the morrow  
We scarce our fancy can forgive,  
That cheated us in slumber only,  
To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision,  
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?  
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;  
As if a dream alone had charm'd?  
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,  
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE  
"ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why  
That cruel question ask of me,  
When thou may'st read in many an eye  
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:  
My heart forebodes, my tears foresee,  
He'll linger long in silent woe;  
But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S  
POWER.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power  
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:  
Remember thou that dangerous hour  
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,  
Too much invited to be bless'd:  
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,  
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd

Oh! let me feel that all I lost  
But saved thee all that conscience fears;  
And blush for every pang it cost  
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,  
Whose busy accents whisper blame,  
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,  
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou  
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:  
I bless thy purer soul even now,  
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,  
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;  
When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,  
From this our gaudy world be past.  
And that too bitter moment o'er,  
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,  
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;  
To meet thee in the glittering throng,  
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,  
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,  
That world resign—such scenes forego,  
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,  
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;  
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess  
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,  
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,  
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;  
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,  
The thought that we no more may meet;  
Yet I deserve the stern decree,  
And almost deem the sentence sweet





IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS  
OF MEN.

IF sometimes in the haunts of men  
Thine image from my breast may fade,  
The lonely hour presents again  
The semblance of thy gentle shade:  
And now that sad and silent hour  
Thus much of thee can still restore,  
And sorrow unobserved may pour  
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile  
I waste one thought I owe to thee,  
And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,  
Unfaithful to thy memory!  
Nor deem that memory less dear,  
That then I seem not to repine;  
would not fools should overhear  
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,  
It is not drain'd to banish care;  
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,  
That brings a Lethe for despair.  
And could Oblivion set my soul  
From all her troubled visions free,  
'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
That drown'd a single thought of thee

Or wert thou vanish'd from my mind,  
Where could my vacant bosom turn?  
And who would then remain behind  
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?  
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride  
That last dear duty to fulfil;  
'Tis meet that I remember still,

For well I know, that such had been  
Thy gentle care for him, who now  
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,  
Where none regarded him, but thou:  
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given  
A blessing never meant for me;  
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,  
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH  
WAS BROKEN.

ALL-FATED Heart! and can it be,  
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?  
Have years of care for thine and thee  
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,  
And every fragment dearer grown,  
Since he who wears thee feels thou art  
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812

## FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;  
She makes her own face, and does not make  
her rhymes.

LINES TO A LADY WEeping <sup>23</sup>

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,  
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;  
Ah! happy if each tear of thine  
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—  
Auspicious to these suffering isles;  
And be each drop in future years  
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

## THE CHAIN I GAVE.

*From the Turkish.*

THE chain I gave was fair to view,  
The lute I added sweet in sound,  
The heart that offer'd both was true,  
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,  
Thy truth in absence to divine;  
And they have done their duty well,—  
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not to bear a stranger's touch;  
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think  
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound  
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,  
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,  
Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;  
The chain is broke, the music mute.  
'T is past—to them and thee adieu—  
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute

## SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,  
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught  
 From contemplation — where serenely  
 wrought [spair—  
 Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its de-  
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine  
 air, [fraught  
 That — but I know thy blessed bosom  
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless  
 thought— [care.  
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly  
 With such an aspect, by his colours-blent,  
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,  
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)  
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—  
 Such seem'st thou — but how much more  
 excellent! [scorn.  
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue

December 17, 1813.

## SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from  
 woe,  
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush  
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,  
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow  
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!  
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,  
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,  
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.  
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depend-  
 ing,  
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
 Gleans like a seraph from the sky descending,  
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;  
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,  
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

## FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

IN moments to delight devoted,  
 "My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry!  
 Dear words! on which my heart had doted,  
 If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must toll,  
 Ah! then repeat those accents never;  
 Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"  
 Which, like my love, exists for ever.

## ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the  
 word—  
 Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh  
 Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name.  
 For, like the soul, my love can never die

## SONNET.

THE stream, whose plaintive course was un-  
 opposed,  
 In melancholy stillness moan'd along,  
 Its murmuring almost became a song.  
 No melody with matchless art composed,  
 Nor notes by science mournfully disposed,  
 Could make monotony bewitch so long,  
 Or move to pathos half so deep or strong.  
 As this perpetually interposed,  
 Obstructed or disturbed this murmuring.  
 Changes for discord every softer tone,  
 The roar and din become an irksome thing  
 Thenceforth we feel but pain in listening.  
 Thus sorrow hath a music of its own,  
 Which charms in its tranquillity alone.

## THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

THE spirit of soft Solitude and Prayer,  
 Which broods o'er rocks and mountain  
 crags and dells;  
 The bounding torrent or the Forest lair,  
 Or where to mortal eye but wildness dwells;  
 Natchless hath ever sweetly woo'd her own,  
 Her kindred spirits to withdraw with her,  
 To where man's din and toil have ne'er been  
 known.  
 "Come," saith this wild fantastic minister,  
 To Genius wrong'd or ill requited Love.  
 The hapless outcast, homeless, and alone,  
 To glutted pleasure nought can further move  
 With o'er tried taste, and temper long since  
 gone;  
 "Come, come with me to mine own paradise  
 Secluded home of Secret for your sighs."



TO L \* \*

WHEN years 've roll'd by and our pleasure  
 or pain  
 All the passion of youth is no more,  
 Thou wilt 'Junk of this lone little chamber  
 as a,  
 With thy hand was in mine first of yore.

Where in trembling I taught thee to hear  
 and repeat,  
 The soft tale of the heart-stirring song;  
 Where in frenzy of rapture my temples would  
 beat,  
 As those accents were murmur'd along.

Where thy half-parted lips to my transport  
 confess'd,  
 The endearing requital of love,  
 Where thine arms in soft circling my bosom  
 oppress'd,  
 The quick breath that thy whispers would  
 move.

Where in transport thy lips were fast bound  
 upon mine,  
 Till the life-breath was suck'd from its cell,  
 And my heart was close press'd to that bosom  
 of thine,  
 In delight which no language could tell.

WE LIVE TO LEARN, YET SLOWLY  
 LEARN TO LIVE.

AN EPISTLE UPON THE EXCHANGE OF  
 MUTUAL PRESENTS.

WE live to learn, yet slowly learn to live;  
 So that our living yields us no return:  
 We give, yet would not often vainly give;  
 Free giving's what we lose, or have to  
 learn!

Giving and loving are antitheses,  
 Strangely contrasted, as all being is;  
 For yet we'd stoop to crave upon our knees  
 The very gift which makes us such as this.

Are we not then like creatures with wry faces,  
 Reflected from an hundred scraps of glass,  
 With undulated surface, and whose traces  
 Show like the monkey here—there like the  
 ass?

Thus much for me, not you;—the plumeless  
 shaft,  
 Which harmless satire hurls, falls dead  
 'gainst you;  
 But mark it well 'tis not wrought without  
 craft,  
 And may yet prove 'gainst some the aim  
 was true.

I moralize; yet why not moralize,  
 E'en o'er the little incidents of life;  
 It is on these we ponder to be wise,  
 The greater bury our dissecting knife.

Look at the ant! she rears a mighty hill  
 With little scraps of rubbish, one by one,  
 And Socrates had barely learnt his fill,  
 Had he not thus pursued as thus begun.

And 'tis, believe me, that which marks the  
 fool,  
 If not the maniac, to attempt to grasp  
 The gross of life within a puny rule;  
 The jot is quite as much as we can clasp

In taking, then, this present, you receive  
 A little scrap of rank philosophy,  
 And in accepting your's, I would believe,  
 And do believe there's better store for me.

Thus we fulfil the rule I have set out:  
 I, having learnt, have given to you for gain,  
 You, without studying what you gave about,  
 Have yielded substance to a flimsy strain.

TO F—.

Too fair for praise—too modest to believe it—  
 Too truly meritorious to receive it,  
 'Tis a hard task to know well what to do,  
 When one is ask'd to write a song to you.  
 Yet eulogy, when just, will reach its aim,  
 As nothing wounds like well adapted blame,  
 And if the critic be himself but good,  
 His praise or blame is felt and understood.  
 I am not such a one, and hence my praise  
 Must be as worthless as such recreant lays;  
 So that I can have nothing left to do,  
 But to present my compliments. Adieu!

## A TEAR.

WHAT matters it to those, my fellow men,  
That here the heart of one sad man be  
    broken ;  
Too far above my deep misfortune's ken,  
My distant sorrow wafts them scarce a  
    token.

Ah! never, doubtless, never shall a tear  
    Darken; for them the brightness of the day.  
Their future bodes them nothing dark or drear,  
No gall shall bid them cast their cup away.

Ah! never, doubtless, never shall yon throng  
Of listless idlers lounging in my way,  
In deep indomitable anguish long,  
To hear one breathe "I weep with thee  
    to-day."

Well then, let me no more so vainly seek  
Compassion from the selfish heart of man,  
Let me but feed my soul and bathe my cheek  
In grief—and hide my sorrow if I can!

## A LINE OR TWO IN FRENCH,

Suggested by Madame G—— at Coligny.

## FRIENDSHIP.

J'EST l'amitié qui nous apprend à vivre  
C'est l'amitié qui nous rend sages et bons  
Tendre commerce à toi donc je me livre  
Accorde moi de recueillir tes dons.

Que sont tous beaux plaisirs de la vie,  
Sans toi—sans toi, qui sais nous consoler.  
Hélas! la joie est trop souvent suivie,  
De quelque chagrin qui doit nous déchirer.

Ah! c'est alors au milieu de nos larmes  
Quand le courage nous quitte pour la  
    douleur.

Ah! c'est alors qu'on doit sentir tes charmes,  
Ta voix chérie vient soulager nos pleurs.

Comment sans toi peut on passer la terre,  
Comment sans toi chercher l'éternité,  
Quand le chagrin de tous côtés nous serre,  
Pour nous flétrir de sa fatalité.

## TO MISS EMMA L——

ON FIRST HEARING HER SING.

WHERE rural melodies in concert swell,  
At early dawn, or summer eventide,  
Deep in the calm of some sequester'd dell,  
I've listen'd, as the feather'd lovers sigh'd,

Upon the brink of Leman's tranquil tide,  
Whilst the wild notes of mountain-music  
    flow'd

Impassion'd forth, I've oft been won to bide  
Or heard some boatmen carol as they row'd.

On fair Italia's olive mantled shore,  
Music's voluptuous roll hath charm'd my  
    ear;

I've heard the stanzas, chased by stanzas,  
    pour,  
Attuned from many songsters, far and near.

And with the foudest love of harmony,  
I've heard what nature and what art com-  
    bine,

And since I have heard you, nor know I why,  
Your voice hath taught anew this ear of  
    mine

SWEET STARS OF CLEAR AND  
CLOUDLESS NIGHT.

SWEET stars of clear and cloudless night,  
Allow me to behold and weep.

Your eyes are ever soft and bright:—  
Those eyes that never close in sleep.—

In common this we have, to be  
Still wakeful when all else do rest:

Besides, you seem to pity me.  
Your rays thus steal into my breast,

Full liquidly their haloes beam  
And scatter light, like sighs, through tears.

I mark the sympathetic gleam,  
Or deem it such as it appears.

## CANZONE.

How happy do I wish thee, and how sweet,  
The rapture I would see each hour repeat.  
Torn by the torture of excessive woe,  
Upon the rack of ceaseless pain;  
My failing faculties still glow,  
To breathe to heaven this imploring strain.

I have no longer an identity:—  
 All of myself is mingled up in thee,  
 And as a drop of rain  
 That falls upon the stream, flows on unsee  
 And lost in greater waters,—so my soul  
 Hath lost its life, once separate, in thine.  
 It struggled, but in vain  
 To liberate its being—to console  
 Its desolation, cease to pine  
 And be as joyous as it might have been;  
 But all its strength pour'd out upon a tear,  
 To swell the endless stream of anguish flowing  
 near  
 And now the power it has sighs on for thee,  
 Pours forth on high for thy prosperity  
 The eloquence of suffering and of love,  
 Unheard on earth, but ne'er repulsed above.

## CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE  
 PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE  
 TO MRS. MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,  
 Whom servile Rome obey'd and yet abhorr'd,  
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,  
 That left a likeness of the brave, or just;  
 What most admired each scrutinising eye  
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?  
 What spread from face to face that wondering  
 air?

The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!  
 That absence proved his worth,—that absence  
 fix'd

His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;  
 And more decreed his glory to endure,  
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze  
 Search for thy form, in vain and mutè amaze,  
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,  
 Bright though they be, thine own had render'd  
 less:

If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits  
 Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,  
 If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,  
 Could with thy gentle image bear depart;  
 That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,  
 To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:  
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,  
 We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?  
 A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—

A fount that only wants its living stream;  
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.  
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,  
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee.  
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,  
 Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine  
 With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine;  
 The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—  
 The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene  
 The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,  
 Which shades, yet shows that forehead more  
 than fair! [throws

Each glance that wins us, and the life that  
 A spell which will not let our looks repose,  
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew  
 Some charm that well rewards another view.  
 These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,  
 Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;  
 And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone.  
 To please the paitry heart that pleases none.—  
 That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye  
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;  
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine  
 Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

## ANTI-THESSES.

WHERE rivers smoothest run, deep are the  
 fords:

The dial stirs, yet none perceive it move;  
 The firmest faith is in the fewest words;

The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love;  
 True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues  
 to speak;

They hear, and see, and sigh; and then they  
 break.

## AN IMITATION.

A BLITHE and bonny country lass,  
 Heigh ho! bonny lass;

Sate sighing on the tender grass,  
 And, weeping, said:—"Will none come  
 woo me?"

A smicker boy, a lither swain,  
 Heigh ho! a smicker swain;  
 That in his love was wanton, fain,  
 With smiling looks, came straight un-

When, as the wanton wench espied,  
 Heigh ho! when she espied  
 The means to make herself a bride,  
 She simper'd smooth, like bonny bell.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.<sup>31</sup>

“O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
 Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater  
 Felix! in imo qui scatenem  
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.”  
 GRAY'S *Poemata*

\* ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH  
 OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.<sup>30</sup>

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
 But nations swell the funeral cry,  
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:  
 In va'n their bones unburied lie,  
 All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
 An epitaph on every tongue;  
 The present hours, the future age,  
 For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth  
 Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;  
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
 The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
 Lamented by admiring foes,  
 Who would not share their glorious lot;  
 Who would not die the death they chose?

And gallant Parker! thus enshrined  
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;  
 And early valour, glowing, find  
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
 And shuddering hear of victory,  
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?  
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,  
 They cannot choose but weep the more;  
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like  
 that it takes away,  
 When the glow of early thought declines in  
 feeling's dull decay;  
 'TIS not on youth's smooth cheek the blush  
 alone, which fades so fast,  
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere  
 youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck  
 of happiness  
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of  
 excess:  
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only  
 points in vain  
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall  
 never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death  
 itself comes down;  
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not  
 dream its own;  
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain  
 of our tears,  
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tIS  
 where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and  
 mirth distract the breast,  
 Through midnight hours that yield no more  
 their former hopes of rest;  
 'TIS but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret  
 wreath,  
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn  
 and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I  
 have been,  
 Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many  
 a vanish'd scene;  
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all  
 brackish though they be,  
 So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears  
 would flow to me.

March, 1814.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

**THERE** be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

## FAME AND FORTUNE.

LET dull-brain'd slaves contend for mud and  
earth; [and stones;  
Let blocks and stones sweat but for blocks  
Let peasants speak of plenty and of dearth;  
Fame never looks so low as on these drones!  
Let Courage manage empires, sit on thrones!  
And he that Fortune at command will keep,  
He must be sure he never let her sleep.

## ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

## 1.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!  
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;  
There 't was shed, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk,  
Like the water-spout from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars, and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost Labedoyère—  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the "bravest of the brave."  
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return from whence it rose;  
When 't is full 't will burst asunder—  
Never yet was heard such thunder,  
As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
Never yet was seen such lightning  
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!  
Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
By the sainted Seer of old,

Show'ring down a fiery flood,  
Turning rivers into blood.<sup>32</sup>

## II.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo!  
When the soldier citizen  
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—  
Who, of all the despots banded,  
With that youthful chief competed?  
Who could boast o'er France defeat'd.  
Till lone Tyranny commanded?  
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
The Hero sunk into the King?  
Then he fell:—so perish all,  
Who would men by man enthrall!

## III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume.  
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb:<sup>31</sup>  
Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.  
Little didst thou deem, when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks  
Like a stream which bursts its banks,  
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,  
Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—  
Of the fate at last which found thee:  
Was that haughty plume laid low  
By a slave's dishonest blow?  
Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,  
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide,  
Through the smoke-created night  
Of the black and sulphurous fight,  
The soldier raised his seeking eye  
To catch that crest's ascendancy—  
And as it onward rolling rose,  
So moved his heart upon our foes.  
There, where death's brief pang was quick,  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner  
Of the eagle's burning crest—  
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
Who could then her wings arrest—  
Victory beaming from her breast?)  
While the broken line enlarging  
Fell, or fled along the plain;  
There be sure was Murat charging!  
There he ne'er shall charge again!

## IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—  
 But let Freedom rejoice,  
 With her heart in her voice ;  
 But, her hand on her sword,  
 Doubly shall she be adored ;  
 France hath twice too well been taught  
 The " moral lesson " dearly bought—  
 Her safety sits not on a throne,  
 With Capet or Napoleon !  
 But in equal rights and laws,  
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—  
 Freedom, such as God hath given  
 Unto all beneath his heaven,  
 With their breath, and from their birth,  
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth  
 With a fierce and lavish hand  
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;  
 Pouring nations' blood like water,  
 In imperial seas of slaughter !

## V.

But the heart and the mind,  
 And the voice of mankind,  
 Shall arise in communion—  
 And who shall resist that proud union ?  
 The time is past when swords subdued—  
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd—  
 Even in this low world of care  
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;  
 Millions breathe but to inherit  
 Her for ever bounding spirit—  
 When once more her hosts assemble,  
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
 Smile they at this idle threat ?  
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

Must thou go, my glorious Chief,<sup>34</sup>  
 Sever'd from thy faithful few ?  
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,  
 Maddening o'er that long adieu ?  
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,  
 Dear as both have been to me—  
 What are they to all I feel,  
 With a soldier's faith for thee ?

Lord of the soldier's soul !  
 First in fight, but mightiest now :  
 Man could a world control ;  
 Thee alone no doom can bow.

By thy side for years I dared  
 Death ; and envied those who fell,  
 When their dying shout was heard,  
 Blessing him they served so well.<sup>35</sup>

Would that I were cold with those,  
 Since this hour I live to see ;  
 When the doubts of coward foes  
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,  
 Dreading each should set thee free !  
 Oh ! although in dungeons pent,  
 All their chains were light to me,  
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him  
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,  
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,  
 In his native darkness share ?  
 Were that world this hour his own,  
 All thou calmly dost resign,  
 Could he purchase with that throne  
 Hearts like those which still are thine ?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !  
 Never did I droop before ;  
 Never to my sovereign sue,  
 As his foes I now implore :  
 All I ask is to divide  
 Every peril he must brave ;  
 Sharing by the hero's side  
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF  
HONOUR."

## FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave !—whose beam hath shed  
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead—  
 Thou radiant and adored deceit !  
 Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—  
 Wild meteor of immortal birth !  
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays ;  
 Eternity flash'd through thy blaze  
 The music of thy martial sphere  
 Was fame on high and honour here ;  
 And thy light broke on human eyes,  
 Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
 And swept down empires with its flood ;  
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
 As thou didst lighten through all space ;

And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
A rainbow of the loveliest hue  
Of three bright colours,<sup>36</sup> each divine,  
And fit for that celestial sign;  
For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;  
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;  
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
Had robed in radiance of its light:  
The three so mingled did bescem  
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,  
And darkness must again prevail  
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!  
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.  
When thy bright promise fades away,  
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
The silent cities of the dead;  
For beautiful in death are they  
Who proudly fall in her array;  
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be  
For evermore with them or thee!

### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of  
my Glory [name—  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her  
She abandons me now—but the page of her  
story, [fame.  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my  
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd  
me only far;  
When the meteor of conquest allured me too  
I have coped with the nations which dread  
me thus lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem  
crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I  
found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles  
were won— [was blasted  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment  
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's  
sun!

Farewell to thee, France.—but when Liberty  
rallies

Once more in thy regions, remember me then—  
The violet still grows in the depth of thy  
valleys;

Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—  
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my  
voice—

There are links which must break in the  
chain that has bound us, [choice  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy

### AN EPITAPH.

You that seek what life is in death,  
Now find it air that once was breath.  
New names unknown—old names gone:  
Till time end bodies, and souls none.  
Reader use your time,—there be  
Few steps to your eternity.

### DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth [air;  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless  
Morn came and went—and came, and brought  
no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
And they did live by watchfires—and the  
thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing  
homes  
To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd:

Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
 The brows of men by the despairing light  
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did  
 rest [smiled;  
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and  
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
 The pall of a past world; and then again  
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild  
 birds shriek'd,  
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd  
 And twined themselves among the multitude,  
 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for  
 food:

And War, which for a moment was no more,  
 Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought  
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
 Forging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
 All earth was but one thought—and that was  
 death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men [flesh;  
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their  
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay  
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no  
 food,

But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he die'd:  
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
 Of an enormous city did survive,  
 And they were enemies: they met beside  
 The dying embers of an altar-place  
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
 For an unholy usage; they raked up, [hands  
 And shivering scrap'd with their cold skeleton  
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and  
 died—

Even of their mutual hideousness they di'd,  
 Knowing who he was upon whose brow

Famine had written Fiend. The soul was  
 void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,  
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they  
 dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their  
 grave,

The Moon, their mistress, had expired before.  
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air.  
 And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no  
 need

Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

Diodati, July, 1816.

#### CHURCHILL'S GRAVE;

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed  
 The comet of a season, and I saw  
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe  
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,  
 With name no clearer than the names un-  
 known,

Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd  
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be  
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd  
 Through the thick deaths of half a century?  
 And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know  
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so,  
 He died before my day of Sextonship,  
 And I had not the digging of this grave."

And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip  
 The veil of Immortality? and crave  
 I know not what of honour and of light  
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?  
 So soon, and so successless? As I said,  
 The Architect of all on which we tread,  
 For earth is but a tombstone, did essay  
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,  
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton  
 thought,

Were it not that all life must end in one,  
 Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught  
 As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,  
 Thus spoke he.—"I believe the man of whom  
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,  
 Was a most famous writer in his day, [way  
 And therefore travellers step from out their







Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with thy precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And strengthen Man with his own mind;  
But baffled as thou wert from high,  
Still in thy patient energy,  
In the endurance, and repulse  
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse  
A mighty lesson we inherit  
Thou art a symbol and a sign  
To mortals of their fate and force;  
Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
A troubled stream from a pure source;  
And Man in portions can foresee  
His own funereal destiny;  
His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
And his sad unallied existence:  
To which his Spirit may oppose  
Itself—and equal to all woes,  
And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
Which even in torture can descry  
Its own concenter'd recompense,  
Triumphant where it dares defy.  
And making Death a Victory

Diodati, 1816.

### PROMETHEUS.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes  
The sufferings of mortality,  
Seen in their sad reality,  
Were not as things that gods despise;  
What was thy pity's recompense?  
A silent suffering, and intense;  
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
All that the proud can feel of pain,  
The agony they do not show  
The suffocating sense of woe,  
Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
And then is jealous lest the sky  
Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given  
Between the suffering and the will,  
Which torture where they cannot kill;  
And the inexorable Heaven,  
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
The ruling principle of Hate,  
Which for its pleasure doth create  
The things it may annihilate,  
Refused thee even the boon to die:  
The wretched gift eternity  
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.  
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee  
Was out the menace which flung back  
On him the torments of thy rack:  
The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
But would not to appease him tell:  
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
And in his Soul a vain repentance;  
And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
That in his hand the lightnings trembled

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with thy precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And strengthen Man with his own mind;  
But baffled as thou wert from high,  
Still in thy patient energy,  
In the endurance, and repulse  
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
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Its own concenter'd recompense,  
Triumphant where it dares defy.  
And making Death a Victory

Diodati, July, 1816

### A FRAGMENT

COULD I remount the river of my years  
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,  
I would not trace again the stream of hours  
Between their outworn banks of wither'd  
flowers,  
But bid it flow as now—until it glides  
Into the number of the nameless tides. \* \* \*

What is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?  
The whole of that of which we are a part?  
For life is but a vision—what I see  
Of all which lives alone is life to me,  
And being so—the absent are the dead,  
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread  
A dreary shroud around us, and invest  
With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.  
The absent are the dead—for they are cold  
And ne'er can be what once we did behold:  
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or  
yet  
The forgotten do not all forget,  
Since thus divided—equal must it be  
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;  
It may be both—but one day end it must  
In the dark union of insensate dust

The under-earth inhabitants—are they  
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?  
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread  
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?  
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell  
 Each in his incommunicative cell?  
 Or have they their own language? and a sense  
 Of breathless being?—darken'd and intense  
 As midnight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!  
 Where are the past?—and wherefore had they  
 birth?

The dead are thy inheritors—and we  
 But bubbles on thy surface; and the key  
 Of thy profundity is in the grave,  
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,  
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold  
 Our elements resolved to things untold,  
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore  
 The essence of great bosoms now no more. \*\*  
 Diodati, July, 1816.

## SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De  
 Staël— [shore,  
 Lemane<sup>37</sup>! these names are worthy of thy  
 Thy shore of names like these! wert thou  
 no more,  
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall:  
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,  
 But they have made them lovelier, for the  
 lore  
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core  
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall  
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but  
 by thee,  
 How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,  
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,  
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,  
 Which of the heirs of immortality  
 is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!  
 Diodati, July, 1816.

LINES INSCRIBED IN A LADY'S  
ALBUM.

WERE my career far brighter still than  
 aught I have to boast,  
 'T would barely, then, deserve to fill some  
 refuse page, at most;  
 But as it is, ah! how is this?  
 Entitled to a place, [grace?  
 Where that which occupies. at least should

Some bards have written worthily upon as fast  
 a leaf,  
 And taught an after-age to feel their pleasure  
 or their grief,  
 And won the ears, and wrung the tears  
 From more obdurate eyes;  
 Yet such a power shall never reach my sighs.

It were no humble doom to sing and to be  
 listen'd to,  
 And thus to write, could I be read and treasured  
 up by you,  
 But were it not a prouder lot  
 To write as I do now,  
 Did some presentive glory gird my brow?

To you alone it must be, then, with gnawing  
 pride I own, [fer alone,  
 I have to owe the honour which I would con-  
 I thank you too as I should do  
 For this my little nook,  
 Which 'twere my boast to merit in your book.

FRAGMENT OF A PARAPHRASE OF  
PSALM CXXXVII.

By the still streams of Babylon,  
 We mutely sat and spent thereon,  
 And sent thereby our hapless tears,  
 And sighs, to neighbour-lands and ears  
 When our afflicting enemy,  
 Reneweth fresh our memory,  
 Set our sad mind to muse upon  
 Poor Sion's desolation.

## LIFE,

AH life! sweet drop drowned in a sea of  
 soures,  
 A flying good, posting to doubtful end;  
 Still loving months and years, to gain new  
 hours;  
 Fain time to have and spare, yet forced to  
 spend;  
 The growth decrease a moment, all thou  
 hast;  
 That gone, are known the rest to come. or  
 past.

**WARM AS THE CLOUDLESS  
SUMMER MORN.**

WARM as the cloudless summer morn,  
And full as hopeful too,  
The visions that in youth were born,  
And dazzled ere they flew.

Bright as the ruddy evening sky,  
Those dreams portray'd the world;  
Yet all those colours seem'd to die,  
Fast as the scroll unfurl'd.

Calm as the moonbeam on yon lake,  
Whose glassy face is still,  
Did lying Hope the Future make,  
To conjure at her will.

Sweet as the fitful evening breeze,  
With weight of perfume slow;  
Imagination—breathing ease,  
Foretold young life would flow.

Cold as the bitter north-east wind,  
That blights where'er it blows;  
The blasts that check us 'mongst mankind,  
And chill us in our woes.

Dark as the coming stormy cloud,  
That Future when it came;  
Whilst Slander, as its thunders loud,  
Would crush young struggling fame.

Rough as the angry ocean's wave,  
The present drives us on,  
To live or die, to sink or save,  
But reckless flesh and bone.

Fond hopes are easily believed,  
Good maxims safely given;  
Who trust the first, will be deceived,  
The last are dreams of Heaven!

**AH! TRIUMPH SORROW!**

Ah! triumph Sorrow. There is no one string  
Within this heart of mine, that hath not rung  
Its shrill vibrations out to suffering;  
There is no chord thou hast not sorely  
strung.

There is no hair upon this shadowy head  
That hath not droop'd e'en as the spring-  
tide grass,  
When swift above the scythe too keenly sped!  
There is no love within me left, alas!  
Which hath not yet been reft of what it loved.  
There's not one hope, one vision, one desire,  
Which has not perish'd fruitless and dis-  
proved!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou Suffering, art man's great fashioner.  
E'en as the flame will e'er attemper steel;  
Ay! as the whetstone, blacken'd with the burr,  
Torn from the iron by the glowing wheel,  
Quickens the edge of the relentless sword!  
He who has shown thee not, thou Master,  
Pain,

Yet knows no more of Life but the bare word,—  
He idly floats on Life as he, amain,  
Might float upon the sleepy summer cloud.—  
There's nought to mark the track in his  
career,

Too vainly follow'd to be yet avow'd.  
Nor sweat from off his brow nor e'en a  
tear  
Hath trickled down to damp the toilsome hand.  
His foot hath ne'er been bruised upon the  
stones,  
That strew the way. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
Nor knows he how when dangers close his way,  
To make these very dangers serve his sway.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Those mighty strides, those voices, and those  
cries,  
With all the endless uproar of the Earth,  
Shall die away, nor shock the silent skies;  
And each new generation at its birth  
Shall learn contempt, for what was deem'd  
sublime,  
And nute disdain for what erewhile was  
grand;  
And each successive age in every clime,  
In every zone or province, isle, or land,  
Shall see eternal silence floating o'er  
The wretched Past, with still and mark,  
wings,

Wrap up man's noisy greatness with his lords;  
And gag for aye your Rulers and your King.  
So not an echo shall revive them more.

## INEZ DE CASTRO.

## A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

THE melancholy story of Inez de Castro is too notorious in history to require any recapitulation. It would seem, that as early as the year 1816, Lord Byron projected something like a tragedy, founded upon this material; but whether it was ever carried further than the scene inserted here, is difficult to determine. This fragment is inserted rather as a literary curiosity than on any other account.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I

*Don Pedro (entering stealthily and musing abstractedly)*

WHAT fond association draws me hither?  
 What uncontrollable affection binds  
 And ties me to this spot, whilst something sad  
 Foreshadowing of ills I dare not dread  
 So dearly proclaims the spot is curst?  
 Fearing those restless visions should be true,  
 Perchance I come to see their thread fulfill'd  
 Unsensibly and as against my will  
 My anxious steps in failing bear me on  
 Yet why these presages? why do we harp  
 Upon the ills our fancy frames in dream?  
 Why do we dwell with such precise fore-  
 thoughts  
 Upon the phantom torments that beset us?  
 Have we not in reality enough  
 To occupy the workings of the soul  
 That we so seek to make the future tell  
 Such secrets as are better left untold?  
 Yet is this Reason which controls my thoughts?  
 'Tis Sophistry! the Sophistry of Hope!—  
 Yet why?—Why not believe it for my good?  
 Ah! that I could! That this belief could  
 yield  
 A moment's ease to my tormented soul  
 That with this sweet assurance, true or false,  
 A sweeter sleep could teach me to forget  
 The dread that weighs upon me day and  
 night.  
 Ye saints who witness, pity my distress  
 And thou, pure Maiden-mother, deign to look  
 On injured innocence, to pity her,  
 To plead for her on high and to protect!  
 Angels accord compassion to these tears,  
 And plead more purely my unworthy prayers  
 To win of heavenly solicitude,  
 The blessings due to virtue and to her  
 And pour those blessings on her—cherish  
 her—  
 Shelter and guard—

*Inez. (approaching unperceived by him)*  
 They ever do protect her.

*Don Pedro.* Inez!

*Inez.* Ah! Prince!

*Don Pedro (apart)* What luckless wretch  
 am I

To love and ruin so much worth and beauty?

*Inez.* Why turn thus from me Prince  
 Do cares of state

Pursue you in this kindred solitude,  
 And rob me even here of a catess?  
 Can the oppressive load of great affairs  
 Preoccupy you e'en in this retreat?

It was once not so, Prince.

*Don Pedro.* Oh pity me!

Great God, have mercy on me and my sins.

*Inez.* I leave you, Prince, since greater  
 cares absorb

And turn your thoughts from me, and since  
 my voice.

Once as I fondly deem'd so dear to you  
 Obtrudes itself upon some worthier theme,  
 And finds a cold repulse.

*Don Pedro. (seizing her hand.)* Cold said'st  
 thou, Inez?

In pity charge me not with that: my crime,  
 If I be guilty, hath not been in coldness.

Repulse thee, Inez—could I once do that  
 Thou might'st yet live secure, and I, at ease,  
 Survive to see thee happy yet once more.

Repulse thee, Inez!—hear me—could I speak—  
 This anguish—

*Inez. (gently resting her hand upon his  
 shoulder).* Dearest husband, be but  
 calm.

*Don Pedro.* Oh, Inez, spare me now at  
 least that name.

*Inez.* What! must I then forget it in thy  
 grief?

Hast thou forgotten that I am thy wife:—  
 Then when, as now, thine eye erewhile so soft  
 In darkening flashes anguish from thy brow:—  
 That when thy cheek convulsed with agony  
 Betrays the secret throe, when thy wan lip  
 Tells of some parching fever that consumes  
 thee

I should forget it is my part to soothe thee!

*Don Pedro.* Is kindness such as this re-  
 served for villains?

*Inez.* Villains!

*Don Pedro.* Yes! Inez, such a wretch am I!

*Inez.* I loved no villain, Pedro, but a Prince

*Don Pedro.* Prince!—Prince of Hell! 'tis  
 that that makes me villain

Hadst thou but sought to number ou. thy  
 wrongs

And heap reproach upon my suffering,  
That one word Prince . . . . .  
Had wreak'd thy curse upon me!  
But hear me, Inez. Dost thou fondly deem  
That Royalty and Virtue are the same?  
That Goodness is the Birthright of a Throne;—  
Hereditary, like its cares and power:—  
That kings and sons of kings inherit this  
As an appendage to their jewell'd crown?  
'Tis in thine innocence to think it so;  
'Tis in thy gentleness to look on them  
As on the model in thy purer soul;—  
But I will show thee—

Blessed Mary, help me!—  
*Inez.* Nay tell me what afflicts thee; let  
me share,  
Participate in, if I cannot soothe  
And charm away thy sorrow. There must be  
Some fearful cause to wring such sighs from thee,  
Thou wert not wont to speak so sternly to me.

*Don Pedro.* Sternly? Did I speak sternly  
*Inez?* No!  
I could not, would not be thus harsh with thee,  
I would not add this to thy many wrongs.

*Inez.* What wrongs? I suffer none of thee.  
*Don Pedro.* Oh, God!  
Is't thus that innocence oppress'd upbraids  
Our conscious guilt with sweet forbearance?

*Inez.* What guilt? What innocence? Col-  
lect thyself.

The multitude of cares I wot not of,  
Hath conjured up some melancholy dream  
That mocks and tortures thee; for are we not  
Both innocent, both pure and faithful too?  
But tell me, what it is that wounds thee so;  
The time was when thou wert not wont to feed  
Thy sorrows or thy joys in secrecy:—

From that enchanting hour when first I learnt  
To think of thee apart from all mankind,  
As something nobler and more eminent,  
I'll now, I never knew thee thus reserved.  
If anything had charm'd thee 'twas for me;  
If dangers had been run they were for me;  
If honour gain'd, 'twas tender'd at my feet;  
If glory and renown pronounced thee Great,  
I knew and felt they had been earn'd for me,  
And 'midst thy toil a single thought of me  
Could renovate thy drooping energies.

Thine were no false professions, empty words,  
Or senseless declarations, but deep moved  
By powerful emotions such as mine.  
If anything had cross'd or harass'd thee,  
It was to me the secret was disclosed,  
As if thy heart by natural sympathy  
Had been assured it had a kindred life,  
A kindred sensibility in mine.

*Don Pedro.* Heavens!

*Inez.* Can it be, thy confidence is lost?  
That in thy greater sorrows I must see,  
And silently lament thy suffering,  
Nor even know the cause of so much grief?  
In what have I betray'd thee, and what fault  
Hath made me thus suspected?

*Don Pedro.* Thou betray'd  
I have not yet pronounced so false a charge.  
Would I were innocent, as thou hast been!

*Inez.* Thou art; and none more purely so  
than thou!  
But tell me what it is that grieves thee so.  
Has any dared affront Don Pedro—stain'd  
his fame,  
Or sought to blast his honour?

*Don Pedro* (*convulsively grasping the hilt  
of his sword*) What? affront!

*Inez.* It cannot be he should forget his  
valour,  
And let his spotless knighthood rust in shame.

*Don Pedro.* Don Peiro knows himself, his  
rank and rights!

*Inez.* Perchance remorse over a fallen foe?

*Don Pedro.* Don Pedro knows of no re-  
morse, but shame!

*Inez.* 'Tis well. Perchance some foreign  
enemy  
Combines to plunder his inheritance.

Perchance the proud Castilian foams and  
threats

The downfall of his great ancestral throne?  
Don Pedro must yet feel himself a prince.

*Don Pedro.* Again that title! Yes, he  
feels—he feels

Too truly that the chance which gave him  
birth,

And placed him in a sphere which many men  
Would sacrifice their innocence to gain,  
Has been, and must henceforth for ever be,  
To him the torture of a miscreant's doom.  
He feels, that for that power so warmly sought,  
He must, or condescend to witness crime,  
And seeing virtue fall, refrain to help her,  
And thus confirm himself an arrant villain,  
Or, with the bootless lustre of a principedom,  
And with the title of authority,  
Yet impotently gaze upon her fall.

Tell me, sweet Inez, could'st thou love a  
wretch—

A recreant such as this; nor loathe the sigh  
Of one, however dear, who had preferr'd  
His life before his honour? Could'st thou  
call

This miserable creature husband still?  
Could'st thou endure the filthy leprous touch

To fix its shamed pallor on thy cheek?  
 Were it not better tears should wash away  
 The bloom that youth had breathed upon its  
 shewn,

Than this contagion should devour it?  
 Hast thou e'er heard, sweet Inez, of great men,  
 Who, rather than by living to behold,  
 Thus sanction crime, have turn'd their use-  
 less swords

Against a life disgraced by impotence,  
 And thus become a burden to themselves,  
 And vainer to the land which gavethem birth?

*Inez.* I may; but to what purpose, ask me  
 this?

*Don Pedro.* Didst thou esteem them, or  
 condemn the deed? [me!

*Inez.* How strangely dost thou question

*Don Pedro.* Would'st thou,  
 Sweet Inez, seek to hold thy husband's hands,  
 If that one blow could save thy husband's  
 fame?

*Inez.* What can this mean? It cannot  
 surely be— [eye

No! no! thou would'st not turn; yet in thine  
 There is a wildness I ne'er saw before.

Tell me, I pray—entreat—implore, what ill;  
 Wha. sad reverse? By all the love thou  
 bear'st, [hours

Or may'st have borne me—by the tranquil  
 Of secret, sweet enjoyment—by those ties  
 Which bind us still more closely to each other,  
 What dark catastrophe hath wrung thy soul,  
 And suffered it to feed such thoughts as these.  
 Remember—think—reflect. Thou art a father!

*Don Pedro.* Great God!

*Inez.* And I the mother  
 of thy sons!

*Don Pedro.* Just Powers!

*Inez.* Who barely learn  
 to lisp thy name,

And to recite the glory of thy deeds;  
 Who with exulting tears gaze up to me,  
 Awaiting to be told the daily tale  
 Of some new martial honour gained by thee.

And suffering is heard with little heed,  
 Should'st thou once chance to open and to  
 con, [deem,  
 he page that claims thy pity, thou might'st  
 My wrongs are not so paltry as they seem.

Wrongs which my persecutors would have writ  
 In blood more pure than mine—so pure their  
 own: [been lit,

Wrongs too, whose brand by thee had erst  
 To be revived by any vulgar clown,

Whose stupid grossness or whose barren wit  
 Could count no breath but what himself  
 had blown,

So sweet, or pure, or hallow'd as his tongue,  
 Or fit supply for his all-hallow'd lung.

And in those hours of grief, which God forefend,  
 But which will happen to the happiest,  
 Should'st thou thyself in passing chance to  
 bend,

A tearful glance of kindred interest—  
 Whilst scalding tears, may be, like mine descend,  
 To sear thy cheek, or sighs convulse thy rest;  
 Upon this sheet. Oh! may'st thou not repent,  
 That e'er another heart by thee was rent.

But will such thoughts not come? When far  
 away,

From whence the full forgiveness is unheard,  
 Which love has daily breathed: when day by  
 day,

The wretched recollection has recurr'd,  
 And none declare what one alone could say,  
 May-be thine ears will yearn to hear that  
 word.

Look then but smilingly upon this lay;  
 It breathes in candour all that one could say.

It has return'd his blessing for thy curse:  
 It has retorted constant love for hate:

It would then soothe thine anguish as anurs.  
 It would console thee when disconsolate:  
 It would defend thee when thy foes asperse.

It would protect thine unprotected state.  
 Such is his vengeance, such his harsh return  
 For injury, contumely and spurn!—

'Twill be his joy to aid thee if he can:  
 'Twill be his pride his solace should avail.

'Twill be his glory to conduct the van  
 Against thy foes, and fighting for the frail.

'Twill be his boast t'approve himself a man:  
 The more thy banded enemies prevail,

The worthier of him t'oppose the throng.  
 And join the weaker to o'ercome the strong.—

This is my youth again, heroic age, [man  
 Which some harsh converse in the track o

#### FRAGMENTS OF AN INCOMPLETE POEM.

SHOULD'ST thou—and thou should'st know me  
 —chance to read

A line or two that anguish wreaks hereon;  
 Thou may'st perceive one woe hath been thy  
 deed

And in those hours when joy is reeling on,



Had damp'd or curdl'd for this later stage.  
 I had scarce thought it when my course began  
 Nor dreamt to turn, or satirist, or sage:  
 Or that one sorrow could one half, it can;  
 But freshness comes with the recurring thought,  
 Which cancels all the interval as nought.—

A freshness in the which my breath is free,  
 My soul gains vigour, and my heart expands;  
 As, in my sadder days of revelry, [hands,  
 'Twas once my wont, with fever-trembling  
 To meet the early morning's reveillee. [lands,  
 The morning freshness of all climes and  
 Excepting London, where a ribald night,  
 Is certainly not mended by the light.

That sort of misty, smoky, dirty dawn  
 Should be excluded from all simile:  
 Unfit, but to provoke a lazy yawn,  
 E'en in the most accustom'd debauchee;  
 Your Picadilly pavement for a lawn,  
 And Crockford's looking dingy as may be,  
 With a few loungers reeling home to bed,  
 Or fancying the gutter in its stead.

Now, charming critics, I have done:—"Tis time  
 To turn my independent thoughts to you,  
 And, though I don't submit a single rhyme,  
 To your adjudication—we'll pursue  
 A style of raving, tempting the sublime,  
 And start at once into our story too,  
 Merely because it suits my present whim,  
 Apply to use the pen I freshly trim

'Twill be, unlike my labours heretofore.—  
 Just written as a learned scribe dictated;  
 Although in reading some Romance of yore,  
 An Amadis or something antiquated  
 And stuff'd with chivalry—I slyly swore  
 The worthy Doctor stole or had dilated,  
 On some such tale he found in the collections,  
 Just published with additions and corrections.

I cannot well be blamed upon this score:  
 'Tis not my fault and that is much to say.  
 Tales are not, either, now, as heretofore,  
 Obliged to be original to pay;  
 And Publishers are pleased with any bore,  
 And as contented quite as if a stray  
 And lost Boccaccio sprung to modern light,  
 Or if Cervantes left the tomb to write.

If "Peregrine" or "Tom" appear'd but now,  
 Or "Joseph" was but recently produced,  
 Your Fieldings would be forced to make their  
 bow,  
 And quit the literary stage, reduced

To keep some poultry, or a breeding sow,  
 And serve as instances to be adduce.  
 To warn real wits that such a vein as theirs  
 Would leave but little to their hapless heirs.

If Ariosto wrote—" *quis talia fando*  
 Of all real poets, would refrain from tears"  
 And Harrington translated the Orlando,  
 They'd find but few to lend their modern  
 ears.  
 And yet what better can the ablest man do,  
 'Mongst all the nineteenth century reveres?  
 Poor Southey looks astonishingly small.  
 In point of Fame, if he be famed at all.

But as he writes to fill his precious pocket,  
 'Tis not surprising that he writes so badly,  
 And, for his style, so many strive to mock it,  
 That none can wonder all should fail so  
 sadly;  
 In truth he has nor style, nor wit to stock it,  
 Although some girls devour his books so  
 madly;  
 Poor Bob! 'tis hard one cannot prophesy,  
 A scrap of reputation when you die

But, let me see, I had made up my mind  
 To try a legend of the middle ages;  
 This vein has grown quite popular I find,  
 Since Southey took to borrowing Scott's  
 pages.  
 There's one thing gain'd in stories of this kind,  
 One is not hamper'd by the precious sages  
 Who prose about their classic balderdash  
 And damn all verse but overstudied trash.

The barbarism of Gothic ignorance  
 Is illustrated in our every sound.  
 When ruthless hardihood left lore to chance,  
 And trampled ancient learning on the  
 ground,  
 We could not hope to wake, as from a trance,  
 Endued with all the Isles of Greece had  
 found  
 Of beauty, symmetry, and eloquence,  
 In nature, wrought by art the most intense.

So let us be contented if we can,  
 With something more akin to Gothic rhyme.  
 About the period when those wars began,  
 Which were deem'd sacred for their very  
 crime,  
 There lived a disinherited old man  
 Who had possess'd some treasure in his  
 time, [fair  
 And whose domain had been as broad and  
 As any we might meet with here or there.

The church had stripp'd him of his every acre:

And most considerately so, I have no doubt  
That 't might be consecrated to the Maker;

Although some rumours which were spread  
about

Were sadly detrimental to the taker;

And as the lives and claims had not died  
out; [wrested,

'T was not conceal'd, the lands might yet be  
From those by whom they were erewhile in-  
festcd

The heir apparent's grave preceptor was

A worthy father of the sable hood,

Who snffer'd no occasion e'er to pass,

For forwarding the prospects of his brood

And, as young Roderic was the last, alas .

To represent the titles of his blood,

The worthy friar seized the first occasion,

To clear the coast by force or by persuasion.

He spoke of glory, or a holy grave, [fame;

Of conquest's realms, and vast domains and

He primed him up with many a martial stave

And sung of heroes, and a deathless name;

He named some soldier and his lovely slave,

And fann'd the lovers with the hero's flame;

Till Roderic, who was young and therefore

wild,

Vow'd to depart—at which his Mentor smiled.

In vain two parents struggled to retain

Th' adventurous little maniac from the field:

A lovely sister held him back in vain,

And kiss'd the hand by which she sadly  
kneel'd;

In vain she sprung upon his neck again,

And wept until her little senses reel'd,

And kiss'd his cheeks, and prattled out her  
prayer, [share,

Whilst there were wealth and eminence to

For thus he fondly dreamt that it should be;

He was in this, like other boys, and saw,

Admired, and courted any vanity.

The veriest, paltry edifice of straw,

Thus raised before him would have won his e'e,

And struck him with the most respectful  
awe;

And all those splendid castles in the air,

He daily saw, seem'd wonderfully fair.

So he departed with a martial throng

Of knights and squires, and ragged vaga-  
bonds, [and strong:—

And thieves and cut-throats, frail, and sick

Just as a young apprentice oft absconds

With some young lady he had sigh'd for long

And when he 'd loosen all patrimonial bonds  
And found himself his own ungovern'd master:

Those dazzling dreams came crowding in the  
faster.

But truth, in blushing, is compell'd to own

That Roderic was early left behind :

His having join'd the army was not known

For many days, before a man as blind

As Love himself, and rough as any stone,—

An ill-condition'd wretch as you might find

Was brought before our hero by a crone,

Quite old enough to play the *chaperon*.

He flatter'd, fawn'd, and bow'd to Roderic,

And praised his valour, person, gait, ad-  
dress,

And parentage—and all,—though Arabic,

Or such outlandish dialect, was less

Unknown to him, most likely : trick on trick

Was plied, to make the silly youth confess,

The very knowledge that was used to prove

His aged tempter's interest or love

Of all the youths who emulate renown,

There's probably not one who can with-  
stand

The flattering notice, even of a clown;

And Roderic was, therefore, quite un-  
mann'd.

He listen'd to advice without a frown,

And this is rare in boys, you understand,

And at all times must be well larded over

With flattery—that intellectual clover.

Thus, when you wish to conquer, you must  
yield,

And feign respect, before you can obtain it,  
The better your advantage is conceal'd,

The more assured you ever are to gain it.

The human heart is, bit by bit, unseal'd,

And seal'd again. 'Tis easy to retain it,

When you have gently closed it o'er the tie

That binds it to your subtle agency.

Flush'd by this seer with brighter dreams  
than ever, [where

Roderic would now have follow'd any  
His Mentor led; whilst he, too shrewd and  
clever,

To close at once the promising affair,

Excited his impatience to a fever,

And dallied with him, bidding him prepare

To undertake some daring enterprise, [plies.

Whilst he went gathering soldiers and sup

Few days elapsed before the seer return'd,  
 Having collected no such mean array:  
 For, somehow, all the ablest soldiers yearn'd  
 For something more like battalious affray.  
 The sort of riot rout was what they spurn'd,  
 And they got sick of marching day on day:  
 So that the very sound of feats of daring  
 Set all your brave adventurers preparing.

They gather'd round the aged man to hear,  
 And greedily devour his specious tale:  
 He told them, love, and wealth, and fame  
 were near, [hail.  
 And show'd young Roderic as the chief to  
 They met their youthful leader with a cheer,  
 Nor deem'd they that an enterprise could  
 fail,  
 Conducted by such age and youth, combined  
 With more of wisdom than we mostly find.

The bearing of the youthful chieftain, too,—  
 His noble carriage, and attractive mien  
 Subdued the arrogant and haughty few,  
 Who might disclaim a leader of sixteen,  
 And won respect from those from whom 't was  
 due;

So that as nice a squad as e'er was seen  
 Was very soon prepared to take a start,  
 And leave the *corps d'armee* to do its part.

Suffice't to say, our hero's little band,  
 Abandon'd their original career,  
 And, marching o'er a sterile plain of sand,  
 Halted at noon before the rarest cheer.  
 E'er conjur'd by some satanistic wand,  
 At least, 't is thus the fact will e'er appear;  
 For how the devil else the banquet came,  
 Would puzzle them, or you, or me to name,

Howe'er this be, they fed, and laughed, and  
 drank,  
 And found the liquor so extremely good,  
 That half of them too prematurely sunk,  
 And soon in sleeping dreamt of drink and  
 food;

And very early the surrounding bank,  
 With nearly all the glorious troop was  
 strew'd, [vanish'd,  
 Meanwhile—I can't tell how—the old man  
 And all the banquet was as quickly banish'd.

Young Roderic, and those who had withstood  
 Too free indulgence in the strong potations,  
 Were taken with a strange exploring mood,  
 And started straight on their perambu-  
 lations.

It seems to me, that could the scene be view'd,  
 It would remind you of those sweet ex-  
 citations

Of spiders and hard eggs, in private parks  
 Called pic-nic parties by your modern spa-  
 s

They were attracted, in their lazy rambles  
 By peals of laughter from some neigh-  
 bouring glade,

For 't was a forest. To defy the brambles,  
 And reach the scene where many a merry  
 maid,

And half-arm'd youth were playing off their  
 gambols,

With somewhat less of decency display'd  
 Than would have pleased our Southey's  
 squeamish taste,  
 Or any lady very prim and chaste.

I do love decency not affectation,  
 And had much rather see a silly girl  
 Play her own part than ape an old relation;  
 I'd rather see her unbound locks to curl  
 All loosely round her neck, and dissipation  
 Flash satire from her eye against the churl  
 Or cynic Spinster that would play the prude,  
 Than feign to be so eminently good.

If there were really magic in the case,  
 There can be very little doubt, I ween,  
 But magic drew our hero to this place,  
 And wholly conjured this enchanting scene:  
 Those sorcerers are a mighty cunning race.—  
 And know how lads who ever have been green  
 Are to be caught with pretty cheeks and  
 dimples,  
 And smiles and dances, and such other simples.

So when they want to catch a handsome boy,  
 They generally choose a pretty figure  
 And dimpled cheek, to bait him with their toy:  
 Perhaps for Africans they'd have a nigger;  
 But in the north a face as dark as soy.  
 And waist-band like a hoop, or somewha;  
 bigger,

Would barely win a handsome errant knight  
 To play Medora and forget to fight.

It was in somewhat a resembling way,  
 That secret agent spoken of above  
 Led Roderic and his party thus astray,  
 Reducing them I scarce dare say to love,  
 For such it seem'd in that eventful day,  
 Was likely to detain them in the "grave."  
 They wonder'd long at the unwonted scene,  
 Imagining, perhaps, they were unseen;

But the dear creatures are not long to see  
 When admiration turns the steady eye;—  
 There's nothing quicker than their vanity,  
 And though they feign to blush and whisper  
 "fie,"

There's nothing pleases them like flattery.  
 The dancing ladies though by far too sly  
 To seem to notice their new stranger guests.  
 Became more lavish of their charms and jests.

The interlopers step by step advanced,  
 And more enchanting still the girls became  
 And more voluptuous as they gaily danced,  
 With much of grace, but very little shame;  
 Felt suddenly a youth of their band glanced  
 Towards where young Roderic—who was  
 worse than flame.—  
 Kept drawing closer to his favourite fair one,  
 As if determin'd at the least to share one.

This was the signal for a rush to arms:—  
 The ladies feigning, for the time, to fly,—  
 Becoming somewhat less profuse of charms,  
 And falling to the rear stood calmly by,  
 Whilst Roderic bow'd to quiet their alarms,  
 And, like a valiant knight of chivalry,  
 Stood courteously aloof, to give his foes  
 Full time to arm them, should they come to  
 blows.

As if he had been fifty years a knight,  
 He then demanded as the price of peace,  
 The lady whom he pointed out to sight;  
 She ogled Roderic to obtain release  
 And feign'd to urge her champion to the fight.  
 Although she heartily wish'd him deceased,  
 Since handsome Roderic had so charm'd her  
 sight,  
 And had estranged her late affections quite.

This cool demand was valiantly declined,  
 So that both parties sprung upon their  
 steeds.

We had not thought of horses, as I find,  
 'Till now; so that the critic, as he reads,  
 Will find this void exactly to his mind,  
 And just the place to number my misdeeds,  
 In loosely writing, with no thought or rule,  
 And blacken me, to write himself a fool.

The truth is, had these horses been produced  
 Upon the scene a little while before,  
 They had been fodderlessly introduced,  
 And you'd have deem'd them but a sorry  
 score,  
 And pictured them as piteously reduced,  
 Like that of gallant *En libras* of yore;

And epic grandeur would thus dwindle low  
 To something meaner than a prince or crown.

'Tis ridicule we all the most abhor;  
 A right good reason why a certain paper  
 That moved my laughter, show'd itself so sore  
 Derision suffers nothing to escape her,  
 That looks like overplentitude in lore,  
 And smiles most keenly upon those who  
 ape her;  
 And when a falsehood strives to shelter folly,  
 Her every gibe becomes a rod of holly.

Think'st thou not so my able Public-thinker?  
 Hath she not well-nigh tickled thee to death;  
 My little lying patchwork Folly-tinker?  
 For God's sake spare thy little brains and  
 breath,  
 For thou art too contemptible to sink her:—  
 And, when thou feel'st the truth of what she  
 saith,  
 Strive to amend, but let not any see,  
 Thou hast been nettled by her repartee.

This dread of the ridiculous withheld  
 The earlier introduction of my horses,  
 Which were as fine as ever you beheld,  
 Nor were the worst part of our hero's forces;  
 And Roderic thought so, for he justly held  
 These horses 'mongst the best of his re-  
 sources,  
 Perhaps as much for fleetness as for mettle:  
 For speed is sometimes the best means to settle.

And foes were marshall'd, valiant mortal foes,  
 With shield opposed to shield, and spear to  
 spear.  
 And all the ardour of the brave arose,  
 As that terrific struggle drew more near:  
 And twenty crests to twenty proudly rose,  
 Despising death and ridiculing fear,  
 And calmly waving o'er the tranquil field,  
 Where some should conquer and where some  
 should yield.

They look'd like pennons streaming o'er the sea,  
 That heaved beneath them with its silent  
 threat,  
 Spurning that threat with their serenity.  
 Yet, when those bristling lances should have  
 met,  
 And lie in splinters o'er mortality,  
 Like these their useless wreck should pay  
 the debt,  
 That outraged powers demanded of their pride,  
 To sport withal—neglect—despise—deride!

And then the charge came clashing from each side,

And shivering lances flew, and riders fell,  
And horses reel'd a retrograding stride.—  
The ring of shields had struck the mournful knell

Of four on Roderic's side, who bled and died,  
And one too brave and youthful damozel,  
Who proudly aim'd his emulative spear  
At Roderic's crest, despising humbler gear.

But Roderic's lance was shiver'd by the stroke :

And, now he was assail'd on either hand,  
The battle with the chief became no joke.  
And as his horse could now but barely stand,  
And, as his treacherous sword moreover broke,  
He seized the nearest of the adverse band—  
Having alighted—dragg'd him also down,  
And sprung upon his charger as his own.

He was but barely seated, when a blow  
Aimed by no novice hand attain'd his crest,  
And forced it down upon his saddle bow ;  
The ringing helmet yet withstood the test,  
And though he reel'd beneath the stroke, and though

His head awhile hung senseless on his breast,  
A friendly hand opposed the exulting foe,  
And saved a second, and more fatal blow.

Stung with discomfiture, and shame, and rage,  
As soon as he recover'd from the stun,  
He spur'd his steed and flew to re-engage ;  
The battle-axe that glitter'd in the sun,  
Seem'd to flash fire, and willing flames to wage  
The red destruction, as he fought and won:  
And every blow dealt senselessness or death,  
And rung victorious o'er the passing breath.

Now to the right he whirl'd the flashing steel,  
Now to the left opposed the faithful shield ;  
One moment saw a youthful warrior reel,  
And fall extended on the blood-stain'd field ;  
Another saw our furious chieftain wheel,  
And stretch some veteran yet loath to yield  
A lifeless corse beneath his charger's hoof,  
Or crush the coward that withdrew aloof.

The fearful odds were thus reduced to par :  
For, though, at first, his party sadly fail'd,  
Such is the strange and changing fate of war,  
That now in numbers, even they prevail'd :  
And, in successful bravery by far ;  
For every adversary fairly quail'd,

Before young Roderic's axe, and feebly strug  
As if he durst not trust his arm or luck.

And Fortune, who's a shameless sycophant,  
Had well-nigh thrown herself in Roderic's arms,

To yield the prize her hands so often grant,  
And court the victor with her faithless charms ;

When—Bob can tell you how—I really can't—  
A band of stalwart giant men-at-arms,  
Who had been somehow conjured or conceal'd  
Appear'd to recontest the well-fought field.

Our fainting heroes sicken'd at the sight,  
Their still more fainting foes rejoiced to see,  
But Roderic was by far too proud for flight ;  
And ladies held the palm of victory,—  
Which is no small incentive to a knight ;  
And even they who would not blush to flee  
Before a man alone ; when women judge  
The honour of the field, would scorn to budge

The new assailants were the quaintest train,  
That ever figured in a strange romance ;—  
Their arms were rude, uncouth, grotesque and plain :

Nor polish'd sword they bore, nor well poised lance,  
But ponderous axes, foul with many a stain,  
And clubs too, such as you or I by chance  
Might move—but handling is another question  
Which might not suit our strength or our digestion.

Their height was, God Almighty knows how great,  
[a stack,  
Their breadth was—oh, ah ! somewhat like  
They strode along at such prodigious rate,  
Ye'd scarce have caught them with a stag-  
hound pack ;

To have engaged such monsters separate,  
It seem'd would need an army at one's back,  
But when they came down fifteen at a time,  
The fight becomes a mere affair of rhyme.

'Tis very easy to relate the tale,  
And no way more improbable than are  
One half of those our novelists retail,  
And tell as acts of an authentic war ;  
And, though the story's "somewhat like a whale,"

In prodigy 't will not outdo by far  
The truth through microscopic Southey's me-  
dium :

Nor, as I trust, oppress you with much tedious'

The first that came, as if he meant to show off,  
 Began parading round his smaller foes;  
 But Roderic flung his axe and cut his toe off,  
 Whilst some one else deprived him of his  
 nose;

And as he now could neither fight nor go off,  
 They managed to dispatch him with few  
 blows.

And as his comrades came up rather late,  
 Ere they arrived, his trunk had lost its pate.

Exasperated at their comrade's fall  
 And little dreaming they would have to fight  
 With such a lilliputian general,  
 And fancying they'd vanquish him by fright,  
 The giants warn'd the youthful mareschal  
 With horrid oaths that if he ventured flight,  
 They would annihilate his steed and all,  
 And eat their flesh by way of funeral.

Now Roderic, who felt the fearful taunt  
 And knew in truth how weak his party were,  
 Natheless was not the boy a threat could daunt,  
 And bad them capture and *then* eat their  
 hare.

That mode he said was taught him by his aunt,  
 Who was an editress of dainty fare,  
 And often with some wisdom had observed  
 That plums are gather'd ere they are preserved.

There is no telling whence an able mind,  
 Such as was Roderic's may gather know-  
 ledge,—

And that too of a philosophic kind;—  
 And every scholar surely will acknowledge  
 That what is USEFUL of it to mankind,  
 Is found in cookery as well as college:  
 A hint worth knowing to that great Society,  
 Who cram the young with wisdom to satiety.

Some men seek wisdom in a spider's thread,—  
 And some have found it in this simple way,  
 As all will fairly own, who e'er have read  
 A certain story of a certain day;—  
 Some find it in repentance, when they wed,  
 And not uncommonly as many say.  
 Roderic, you see, acquired it of his aunt,  
 And *none*, my friend, will dare assert you can't.

The pert reply which Roderic had made,  
 Was quite enough to aggravate a saint—  
 And giants are not always of that trade,  
 And therefore do not practise such restraint.  
 To it they went with knotted club to blade,  
 With much of power but with little feint,

Despising all the tricks of practised swords  
 men,  
 Or vantage that the art of arms affords men.

The brave Ribaldo fell and mighty George  
 Smash'd to a thousand atoms by Grimskal  
 kin,

Whilst Reginald made Pedagog disgorge  
 Some precious feast indulged in with Grimal-  
 kin—

A fellow labourer at the Cyclop forge  
 With boots he might have tepp'd from  
 Brest to Balkh in,  
 And body next to which St. Paul's would look  
 Much like this volume next some graver book.

And Roderic all this while was twisting, leap-  
 ing,  
 Attacking, pirouetting here or there,  
 In fact was doing everything but sleeping,  
 Evading every blow with wondrous care:  
 And when he had the chance forever sleeping  
 His sword in some fresh wound:—nor did  
 he spare  
 His adversaries' legs, their bodies being,  
 Within no reach for anything but seeing.

The contest might have lasted out the day,  
 But by some sad mischance a cruel blow  
 Stretch'd our young chieftain on a bed of clay,  
 And all the rest made of their heel and toe  
 The common use with people in dismay;—  
 In fact, considering it time to go,  
 I am ashamed to own they ran away,  
 Leaving the giants with their helpless prey.

And after all they were not very base:—  
 They fought with no such flimsy bravery  
 Until they found their's was a desperate case  
 And that, unaided by his gallantry,  
 Their only hope of safety was their pace;—  
 To do them justice too they thought that ne  
 Was fairly kill'd, as any would have thought  
 Who saw with what an enemy he fought.

Nor can we blame them, for the giants too  
 Were so assured that Roderic was dead.  
 That they ne'er took the pains to go and view  
 What kind of wound it was from which he  
 bled.

Nor had they time to think of those they slew  
 Nor to pursue the recreant ones that fled,  
 For they lamented many a lifeless friend,  
 And had the wounded of their own to tend.

# Monody

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer's twilight weeps itself away.  
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour  
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?  
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes  
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,  
Her breathing moment on the bridge where  
Time

Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,  
Who hath not shared that calm so still and  
deep,

The voiceless thought which would not speak  
but weep,

A holy concord—and a bright regret,  
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?  
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,  
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,  
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,  
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,  
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,  
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils  
When Summer's day declines along the hills,  
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,  
When all of Genius which can perish dies.  
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power  
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose  
hour

Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,  
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!  
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,  
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,  
Set with their Sun—but still have left behind  
The enduring produce of immortal Mind; ;  
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,  
A deathless part of him who died too soon.  
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,  
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,  
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,  
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.  
From the charm'd council to the festive board,  
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;

In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied.  
The praised—the proud—who made his praise  
their pride.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,  
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,  
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!  
Which shook the nations through his lip—and  
blazed  
I'll vanquish'd senates trembled as they  
praised.

And here, oh! here, where yet all young  
and warm,

The gay creations of his spirit charm,  
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,  
Which knew not what it was to intermit,  
The glowing, portraits fresh from life, that  
bring  
Home to our hearts the truth from which they  
spring;

These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought  
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,  
Here in their first abode you still may meet,  
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;  
A halo of the light of other days,  
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight  
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,  
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone  
Jar in the music which was born their own,  
Still let them pause—ah! little do they know  
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but  
Woe.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze  
Is fix'd for ever on detract or praise;  
Repose denies her requiem to his name,  
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.  
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye  
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy.  
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain  
The envious who but breathe in others' pain

Behold the host! delighting to deprave,  
 Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,  
 Watch every fault that daring Genius owes  
 Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,  
 Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,  
 And like the pyramid of Calunny!  
 These are his portion—but if join'd to these  
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep  
 Disease,

If the high Spirit must forget to soar,  
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,  
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face  
 Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,  
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,  
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—  
 If such may be the ills which men assail,  
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?  
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling  
 given

Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from  
 Heaven,  
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,  
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds  
 borne,  
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst  
 Thoughts which have turn'd to taunder—  
 scorch—and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene  
 Such things should be—if such have ever  
 been;

Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,  
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,  
 To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add ou  
 mite

Of praise in payment of a long delight.  
 Ye Orators! whom yet your councils yield,  
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!  
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!*  
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!  
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,  
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*  
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!  
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!  
 While Power of mind almost of boundless  
 range,

Complete in kind—as various as their change,  
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,  
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth.  
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense  
 Of pride in Mark's proud pre-eminence,  
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,  
 And turn to all of him which may remain,  
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man  
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.



# Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

A ROMAUNT.

## PREFACE.

[TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.]

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two Cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, one whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few

concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

## TO IANTHE.

NOT in those climes where I have late been  
straying,  
Though Beauty long hath there been match-  
less deem'd;  
Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,  
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as they  
beam'd—  
To such as see thee not my words were weak;  
To those who gaze on thee what language  
could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,  
 Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,  
 As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,  
 Love's image upon earth without his wing,  
 And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!  
 And surely she who now so fondly rears  
 Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,  
 Beholds the rainbow of her future years,  
 Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow dis-  
 appears.

Young Peri<sup>3</sup> of the West!—'t is well for me  
 My years already doubly number thine;  
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,  
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;  
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;  
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall  
 bleed,

Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign  
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
 But mix'd with pangs to Love's even love-  
 liest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,<sup>4</sup>  
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,  
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny  
 That smile for which my breast might vainly  
 sigh,

Could I to thee be ever more than friend:  
 This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why  
 To one so young my strain I would commend,  
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless  
 lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;  
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
 On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined  
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:  
 My days once number'd, should this homage  
 past

Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
 Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,  
 Such is the most my memory may desire;

Though more than Hope can claim, could  
 Friendsnip less require?

## Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

### CANTO THE FIRST

#### I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,  
 Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will.  
 Since shamed full oft by later lyrics on earth,  
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill.  
 Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;  
 Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,<sup>5</sup>  
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;  
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine  
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of  
 mine.

#### II.

Whilome in A'bion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night  
 Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low  
 degree.

#### III.

Childe Harold was he high:—but whence his  
 name  
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame.  
 And had been glorious in another day:  
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
 However mighty in the olden time;  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,  
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime

#### IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun  
 Disporting there like any other fly,  
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
 One blast might chill him into misery.  
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell:  
 He felt the fulness of satiety:  
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Ere-  
 mite's sad cell.

v.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,  
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.  
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;  
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,  
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd  
to taste.

vi.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;  
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:  
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
And from his native land resolved to go,  
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;  
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,  
And e'en for change of scene would seek  
the shades below.

vii.

The Childe departed from his father's hall;  
It was a vast and venerable pile;  
So old, it seemed only not to fall,  
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!  
Where Superstition once had made her den  
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and  
smile; [agen,  
And monks might deem their time was come  
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these  
holy men.

viii.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood  
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's  
brow,  
As if the memory of some deadly feud  
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:  
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;  
For his was not that open, artless soul  
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,  
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could  
not control.

ix.

And none did love him—though to hall and  
bower  
He gather'd revellers from far and near,  
He knew then flatterers of the festal hour;  
The heartless parasites of present cheer.

Yea! none did love him—not his lemans' dear—  
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;  
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs  
might despair.

x.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
Though parting from that mother he did slun;  
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:  
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.  
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:  
Ye, who have known what 't is to dote upon  
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
Such partings break the heart they fondly  
hope to heal.

xi.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy  
hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
And long had fed his youthful appetite;  
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
And all that mote to luxury invite,  
Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass  
Earth's central line.<sup>6</sup>

xii.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds  
blew,  
As glad to waft him from his native home;  
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:  
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come  
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,  
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning  
kept.

xiii.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea  
He seized his harp, which he at times could  
string,  
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.  
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,  
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last  
"Good Night."

“ ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night!

“ A few short hours and He will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

“ Come hither, hither, my little page!<sup>7</sup>  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
Our ship is swift and strong:  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.

Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind:  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind;<sup>8</sup>  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone  
But thee—and one above.

‘ My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.’—  
“ Enough, enough, my little lad!  
Such tears become thine eye;  
If I thy guiltless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

“ Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,<sup>9</sup>  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
Or shiver at the gale?”—  
‘ Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

‘ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?’—

“ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

“ For who would trust the seeming sigh  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

“ And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

“ With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native Land—Good Night!”

## XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude, in Biscay's sleepless bay  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,  
New shores desecrated make every bosom gay;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way  
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay,  
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few  
rustics reap.

## XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!  
But man would mar them with an impious hand:  
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge  
'Gainst those who most transgress his high com-  
mand,  
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge  
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest  
foemen purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !  
 Her image floating on that noble tide,  
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford :  
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,  
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the  
 sword [sparing lord.  
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's un-

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,  
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;  
 For hut and palace show like filthily ;  
 The dingy denizens are reard in dirt ;  
 Ne personage of high or mean degree  
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,  
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt,  
 unwash'd ; unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest  
 scenes—  
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?  
 Lo ! Cintra's<sup>10</sup> glorious Eden intervenes  
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
 Ah, me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye dilates  
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,  
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Ely-  
 sium's gates ?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy  
 steep, [brown'd,  
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies im-  
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must  
 weep,  
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varia  
 beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,  
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
 And rest ye at " Our Lady's house of woe ;"<sup>11</sup>

Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell :  
 Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo !  
 Deep in you cave Honorius long did dwell,  
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a  
 Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,  
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path :  
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—  
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath :  
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath  
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin'  
 knife,  
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath,  
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife  
 Throughout this purple land, where law se  
 cures not life.<sup>12</sup>

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,  
 Are domes where whilome kings did make  
 repair ; [breathe  
 But now the wild flowers round them only  
 Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,  
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair :  
 There thou too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest  
 son,  
 Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware  
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath  
 done, [to shun.  
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of plea-  
 sure plan.  
 Beneath yon mcuntain's ever beauteous brow ;  
 But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,  
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !  
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide ;  
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how  
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;  
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle  
 tide !

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late con-  
 vened !<sup>13</sup>  
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !  
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo ! a fiend,  
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,

There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by  
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,  
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,  
Whereat the Urchin points, and laughs with  
all his soul.

## XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled  
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:  
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,  
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.  
Here Foily dash'd to earth the victor plume,  
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:  
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!  
Woe to the conquer'ing, not the conquer'd host,  
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's  
coast!

## XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,  
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;  
And folks in office at the mention fret,  
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for  
shame.  
How will posterity the deed proclaim!  
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,  
To view these champions cheated of their fame,  
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,  
Where Scorn her finger points through  
many a coming year?

## XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he  
Did take his way in solitary guise:  
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to  
flee,  
More restless than the swallow in the skies:  
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,  
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;  
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise  
His early youth misspent in maddest whim;  
But as he gaz'd on truth his aching eyes  
grew dim.

## XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits  
A scene of peace, though soothing to his sou:  
Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.  
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal  
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;  
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll  
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience  
sage.

## XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless  
queen;<sup>14</sup>  
And church and court did mingle their array.  
And mass and revel were alternate scen  
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!  
But here the Babylonian whore hath built  
A dome, where flaunts she in such gloriou  
sheen,  
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,  
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to  
varnish guilt.

## XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,  
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)  
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills,  
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant  
place,  
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to  
trace,  
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope  
to share.

## XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,  
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;  
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds  
tend knows—  
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader  
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:  
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,  
And all must shield their all, or share Sub-  
jection's woes.

## XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,  
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?  
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,  
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?  
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?  
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—  
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,  
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall.  
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land  
from Gaul:

## XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides  
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,

That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow ;  
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke :  
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of  
the low.

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been  
pass'd,

Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
So noted ancient roundelays among.  
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng  
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:  
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk  
the strong :

The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts  
oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain ! renown'd, romantic land !  
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore.  
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band  
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic  
gore?<sup>15</sup>

Where are those bloody banners which of yore  
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,  
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore ?  
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent  
pale, [matrons' wail.

While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?  
Ah ! such, alas ! the hero's amplest fate !  
When granite moulders and when records fail,  
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine  
estate,

See how the mighty shrink into a song !  
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee great ?  
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,  
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and His-  
tory does thee wrong ?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !  
Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries ;  
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies .  
Now on the smok of blazing bolts she flies,  
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's  
roar !

In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise !"  
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
When her war-song was heard on Anda-  
lusia's shore ?

XXXVII.

Hark ! heard you not those roofs of dreadful  
note ?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?  
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;  
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath  
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,  
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to  
rock [breathe ;

Each volley tells that thousands cease to  
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,

Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel  
the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,  
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon ;  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet [done ;  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are  
For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
To shed before his shrine the blood he  
deems most sweet.

XI.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see  
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
Their various arms that glitter in the air !  
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from  
their lair, [prey !  
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the  
All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;  
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their  
array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;  
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high  
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue  
skies ;  
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !  
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain, [gain.  
And fertilize the field that each pretends to

XLI.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd  
fools ! [clay !  
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their  
Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,  
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way

With human hearts—to what?—a dream  
alone. [sway?  
Can despots compass aught that hails their  
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,  
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone  
by bone?

## XLIII.

Oh, Albuera, glorious field of grief!  
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,  
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
A scene where mingling foes should boast and  
bleed!  
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed  
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!  
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,  
Thy name shall circle round the gaping  
throng, [transient song,  
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of

## XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:  
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,  
Though thousands fall to deck some single  
name.  
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's  
good, [shame;  
And die, that living might have proved her  
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path  
pursued.

## XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way  
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:  
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wished-for prey!  
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,  
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.  
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive  
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood  
Is vain, or Iliou, Tyre might yet survive,  
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease  
to thrive.

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;  
Strange modes of merriment the hours con-  
sume, [wounds;  
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's  
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck<sup>16</sup>  
sounds;

Here Folly still his votaries intralls;  
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight  
rounds:  
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,  
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tot-  
tering walls.

## XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate  
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.  
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet: [mar,  
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye  
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man  
be happy yet!

## XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?  
Of love, romance, devotion in his lay,  
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?  
No! as he speeds, he chants "Viva el Rey!"<sup>17</sup>  
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed  
boy, [adulterate joy.  
And gore-faced Treason sprang from her

## XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd  
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets  
rest, [ground;  
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd  
vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:  
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the  
host, [nest;  
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's  
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were  
won and lost.

## L.

And whomso'er along the path you meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,  
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to  
greet:<sup>18</sup>  
Woe to the man that walks in public view  
Without of loyalty this token true:  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;  
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the  
cannon's smoke.



LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,  
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid<sup>19</sup>, the ever-blazing  
match,

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod  
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,  
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;  
A little moment deigneth to delay:  
Soon will his legions sweep through these their  
way; [world.  
The West must own the Scourger of the  
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-  
day, [unfurl'd,  
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings  
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to  
Hades hurl'd.

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the  
brave, [reign?  
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome  
No step between submission and a grave?  
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?  
And doth the Power that man adores ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?  
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?  
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Man-  
hood's heart of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?  
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appall'd, an owl's larum chill'd with dread,  
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,  
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet wain dead  
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars  
might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-  
black veil,  
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,

Her fairy form, with more than female grace  
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's  
fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear,  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;  
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:  
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope  
is lost?  
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foild by a woman's hand, before a batter'd  
wall?<sup>20</sup>

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,  
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:  
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons  
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move  
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:  
In softness as in firmness far above  
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;  
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms per-  
chance as great

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd  
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his  
touch:  
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,  
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:  
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much  
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,  
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous  
clutch! [seek?  
Who round the North for paler dames would  
How poor their forms appear! how languid,  
wan, and weak!

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to  
laud;  
Match me, ye harams of the land! where now<sup>21</sup>  
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;  
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow  
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign  
to know,  
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically  
kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus<sup>22</sup>! whom I now survey,  
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,  
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?  
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,  
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse  
 will wave her wing.

## LXI.

Of: have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious  
 name  
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:  
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame  
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore  
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;  
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,  
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

## LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,  
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,  
 Which others rave of, though they know it  
 not?  
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,  
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,  
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,  
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melo-  
 dious wave.

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain  
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;  
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;  
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;  
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.  
 Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt  
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;  
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,  
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle  
 vaunt.

## LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece  
 was young,  
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,  
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung  
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,

Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
 The song of love than Andalusia's maids,  
 Nurs'd in the glowing lap of soft desire:  
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful  
 shades [her glades  
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast  
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient  
 days;  
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
 Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!  
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
 The fascination of thy magic gaze?  
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive  
 shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time  
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to  
 thee— [clime  
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a  
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
 To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee  
 And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white,  
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing  
 bright.

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled  
 Morn  
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;  
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:  
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,  
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour  
 by turns.

## LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest:  
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore?  
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:  
 Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's  
 roar? [gore  
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting  
 Of man and steel, o'erthrown beneath his  
 horn; [more;  
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for  
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,  
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects  
 to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.  
Lon lon! right well thou know'st the day of  
prayer:

Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse  
chair, [whirl;  
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make re-  
pair;

Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedes-  
trian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly;  
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to  
Ware,

And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why? <sup>23</sup>  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and maids are  
sworn,

And consecrate the oath <sup>24</sup> with draught,  
and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,  
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!  
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,  
Thy saint adorers count the rosary:  
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free  
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;  
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:

Young, old, high, low, at once the same  
diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated  
round;

Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,  
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;  
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to  
die,

As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's  
sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light  
poised lance,

Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance,  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly  
prance:

If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lov-  
ing glance,

Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their  
toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds; but not before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed  
o'er, [speed

Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steel—  
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and  
bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls  
The den expands, and Expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty  
brute,

And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:  
Here, there, he points his threatening front,  
to suit

His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated  
glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear.  
Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career  
With well-timed croupe <sup>25</sup> the nimble coursers  
veer;

On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent  
clear:

He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;  
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud  
bellowings speak his woes.

## LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;  
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force,  
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;  
 Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,  
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source;  
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he  
 rears; [harm'd he bears,  
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord un-

## LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances  
 brast,  
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray:  
 And now the Matadores around him play,  
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:  
 Once more through all he bursts his thunder-  
 ing way—  
 Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks  
 upon the sand!<sup>26</sup>

## LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the  
 spine,  
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:  
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears—on high [eyes—  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in  
 dashing by.

## LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish  
 swain.  
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights  
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.  
 What private feuds the troubled village stain!  
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet  
 the foe,  
 Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,  
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,  
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence  
 life's warm stream must flow.

## LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,  
 His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sage!  
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,  
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could engage

Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd  
 age.

Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,  
 (Ere War arose in his volcanic rage,  
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,  
 While on the gay dance shone Night's  
 lover-loving Queen?

## LXXXII.

Oh! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved  
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream,  
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,  
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;  
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem  
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:  
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,  
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs  
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling  
 venom flings.

## LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,  
 Though now it moved him as it moves the  
 wise;  
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes:  
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;  
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,  
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:  
 Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring gloom  
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's un-  
 resting doom.

## LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;  
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:  
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the  
 song;  
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his  
 fate?  
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate  
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway  
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,  
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his  
 happier day.

## TO INEZ.

## 1.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow;  
 Alas! I cannot smile again:  
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
Thee bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see:  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?  
To zones, though more and more remote  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
And taste of all that I forsake;  
Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
With many a retrospection curst;  
And all my solace is to know,  
What'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask—  
In pity from the search forbear:  
Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!  
Who may forget how well thy walls have  
stood?  
When all were changing thou alone wert true,  
First to be free and last to be subdued:  
And if amidst a scene, a shock so true,

Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye:  
A traitor only fell beneath the fend;<sup>27</sup>  
Here all were noble, save Nobility;  
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen  
Chivalry!

LXXXVII.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate:  
They fight for freedom who were never free:  
A Kingless people for a nerveless state,  
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee  
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;  
Fond of a land which gave them nought but  
life,  
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;  
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife;  
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the  
knife!"<sup>28</sup>

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards  
know,  
Go, read what'er is writ of bloodiest strife:  
What'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign fo-  
Can act, is acting there against man's life:  
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,  
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—  
So may he guard the sister and the wife,  
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,  
So may such foes deserve the most remor-  
less deed!

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?  
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain:  
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;  
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,  
Then to the vulture let each corpse remain;  
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,  
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleach-  
ing stain,  
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe  
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes  
we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet alas! the dreadful work is done;  
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:  
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,  
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.  
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she  
frees  
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:  
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease  
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sous sustain'd  
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murde-  
unrestrain'd.

## XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,  
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.  
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from  
 blight? [toil?  
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing  
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of  
 the soil!

## XCI.

And thou, my friend!<sup>29</sup>—since unavailing woe  
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the  
 strain—  
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:  
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,  
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully  
 to rest?

## XCII.

Oh known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!  
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!  
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in  
 repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fyte of Harold's pilgrimage:  
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
 If he that rhyemeth now may scribble moe.  
 Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:  
 Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:  
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous  
 hands were quell'd.

## Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou  
 alas!  
 Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—  
 Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,  
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire,<sup>30</sup>  
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire:  
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,  
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire  
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow  
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd  
 breasts bestow.

## II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in  
 soul? [that were  
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things  
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole  
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering  
 tower, [shade of power,  
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the

## III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:  
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!  
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.  
 Even gods must yield—religions take their  
 turn: [creeds  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other  
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn  
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds:  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope  
 is built on reeds.

## IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—  
 Is't not enough unhappy thing! to know  
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,  
 That being, thou would'st be again, and go,  
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so  
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?  
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:  
 That little urn saith more than thousand  
 bouillies.

v.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;  
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:<sup>31</sup>  
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;  
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,  
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.  
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:  
s that a temple where a God may dwell?  
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her  
shatter'd cell!

vi.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit  
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

vii.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!  
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'  
Why should we shrink from what we cannot  
shun?  
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan  
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.  
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;  
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:  
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,  
But Silence spreads the couch of ever wel-  
come rest.

viii.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be  
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labours light!  
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!  
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,  
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who  
taught the right!

ix.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,  
Have left me here to love and live in vain—  
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee  
dead,  
When busy memory flashes on my brain?  
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,

And woo the vision to my vacant breast:  
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,  
Be as it may Futurity's behest,  
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy  
spirit blest!

x.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
The marble column's yet unshaken base;  
Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:<sup>32</sup>  
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace  
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.  
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye  
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.  
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;  
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek  
carols by.

xi.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee  
The latest relic of her ancient reign;  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he  
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!  
England! I joy no child he was of thine:  
Thy free-born men should spare what once wa-  
free;  
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine.  
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctan-  
brine.<sup>33</sup>

xii.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath  
spared:  
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand pre-  
pared,  
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:  
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,  
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,  
And never knew, till then, the weight of  
Despot's chains.

xiii.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?  
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom  
wring,  
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;  
The ocean queen, the tree Britannia, bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:  
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,  
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,  
Which envious Eld forebore, and tyrants left  
to stand.

## XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appall'd  
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?  
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain en-  
thrall'd,

His shade from Hades upon that dread day  
Bursting to light in terrible array!  
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once  
more,

To scare a second robber from his prey?  
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,  
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to  
shield before.

## XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on  
thee,

Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;  
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines re-  
moved

By British hands, which it had best behaved  
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.  
Curs'd be the hour when from their isle they  
roved,

And once again thy hapless bosom gored,  
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern  
climes abhorr'd!

## XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?  
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;  
No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave;  
No friend the parting hand extended gave,  
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:  
Hard is his heart whom charms may not  
enslave;

But Harold felt not as in other times,  
And leit without a sigh the land of war and  
crimes.

## XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their  
flight,

The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,  
Who gaily curl the waves before each dashing  
prow.

## XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!  
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high  
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry  
While through the seaman's hand the tackl  
glides;

Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by  
trains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin  
guides.

## XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks.  
Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever fails  
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve  
From law, however stern, which tends their  
strength to nerve.

## XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale  
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray  
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy way  
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze  
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs  
like these!

## XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!  
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves ex-  
pand; [lieve:  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids be-  
Such be our fate when we return to land!  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love; ♪  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
Or to some well-known measure featly move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were  
free to rove.

## XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;  
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!  
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze.



How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,  
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning  
 phase ;

But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
 From mountain cliff to coast descending  
 sombre down

XXIII.

'T is night, when Meditation bids us feel  
 We once have loved, though love is at an end :  
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a  
 friend. [bend,

Who with the weight of years would wish to  
 When Youth itself survives young Love and  
 Joy ?

Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
 Death hath but little left him to destroy !

Ah ! happy years ! once more who would  
 not be a boy ?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
 To gaze on Dian's wave reflected sphere,  
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and  
 Pride,

And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.  
 None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart  
 divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion  
 dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;  
 This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view  
 her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of  
 men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can  
 bless ;

Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !  
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;  
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,  
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,  
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,  
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,  
 That he who there at such an hour hath been  
 Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot ;  
 Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,  
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost  
 forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track  
 Oit trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;  
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the  
 tack, [wind  
 And each well known caprice of wave and  
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
 Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel  
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
 Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and  
 all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,<sup>34</sup>  
 The sister tenants of the middle deep ;  
 There for the weary still a haven smiles,  
 Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to  
 weep,  
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep  
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :  
 Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap  
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;  
 While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen  
 doubly sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :  
 But trust not this ; too easy youth, beware !  
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,  
 And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.  
 Sweet Florence ! could another ever share  
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be  
 thine :

But cheek'd by every tie, I may not dare  
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang  
 for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye  
 He look'd, and met its beam without a thought  
 Save Admiration glancing harmless by :  
 Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,

Who knew his votary often lost and caught,  
 But knew him as his worshipper no more,  
 And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:  
 Since now he vainly urged him to adore,  
 Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway  
 was o'er.

## XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,  
 One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,  
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,  
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,  
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment,  
 their law;

All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:  
 And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw  
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told  
 flames, [rarely anger dames.  
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet

## XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,  
 Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,  
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art;<sup>35</sup>  
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide;<sup>36</sup>  
 Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,  
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue:  
 But Harold on such arts no more relied;  
 And had he doted on those eyes so blue,  
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining  
 crew.

## XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,  
 Who thinks that wai-ton thing is won by sighs;  
 What careth she for hearts when once  
 possess'd?

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving  
 tropes;

Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;  
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;  
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion  
 crowns thy hopes.

## XXXV.

'T is an old lesson; Time approves it true,  
 And those who know it best, deplore it most;  
 When all is won that all desire to woo,  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:  
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,  
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!  
 If, kindly cruel, early Hope is cross,  
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,  
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to  
 please.

## XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,  
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread  
 And many a varied shore to sail along,  
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—  
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head  
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;  
 Or e'er in new Utopias were aed,  
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought;  
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be  
 taught

## XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
 Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;  
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill  
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd  
 child.  
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:  
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
 Though I have mark'd her when none other  
 hath, [best in wrath  
 And sought her more and more, and loved her

## XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,  
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise  
 And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
 Shrank from his deeds of chivalrous emprise  
 Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes  
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!  
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,  
 Through many a cypress grove within each  
 city's ken.

## XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren  
 spot,  
 Where sad Penelope o'er-look'd the wave;<sup>37</sup>  
 And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,  
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.  
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save  
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?  
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?  
 If life eternal may await the lyre,  
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children  
 may aspire.

## XL.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
 Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar;<sup>38</sup>  
 A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:  
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,

Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;<sup>39</sup>  
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight  
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)  
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,  
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd  
 at martial wight.

XLII

But when he saw the evening star above  
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,  
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,  
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :  
 And as the stately vessel glided slow  
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,  
 He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,  
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,  
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his  
 pallid front.

XLIII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,  
 Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,  
 Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,  
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,  
 Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,  
 Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :  
 Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,  
 Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,  
 And gathering storms around convulse the  
 closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,  
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;  
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,  
 Which all admire, but many dread to view :  
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants  
 were few ;  
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :  
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;  
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,  
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed  
 summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,  
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear ;  
 Churchman and votary alike despised.  
 Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,  
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,  
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !  
 Who from true worship's gold can separate  
 tny dross ?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !  
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian King<sup>40</sup>  
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :  
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose !<sup>41</sup>  
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering ;  
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes !  
 God ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to  
 win and lose ?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime.  
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount  
 sublime,  
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;  
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales  
 Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast  
 A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fail  
 Though classic ground and consecrated moor  
 To match some spots that lurk within this  
 lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,<sup>42</sup>  
 And left the primal city of the land,  
 And onwards did his further journey take  
 To greet Albania's chief<sup>43</sup>, whose dread com-  
 mand  
 Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand  
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold :  
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-bard  
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to  
 gold.<sup>44</sup>

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza<sup>45</sup> ! from thy shady brow,  
 Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground !  
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are  
 found !  
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
 And bluest skies that harmonise the whole :  
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock  
 yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill  
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nght  
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity:

The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :  
 Here dwells the caloyer<sup>46</sup>, nor rude is he,  
 Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by  
 Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee  
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's  
 sheen to see.

## L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;  
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,  
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :  
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize  
 Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray  
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :  
 When let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the  
 eve away.

## LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,<sup>47</sup>  
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :  
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;  
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the  
 mountain-fir  
 Nodding above ; behold black Acheron !<sup>48</sup>  
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.  
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,  
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade  
 shall seek for none.

## LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;  
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,  
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;  
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,  
 The little shepherd in his white capote<sup>49</sup>  
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-  
 lived shock.

## LIII.

h ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,  
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?  
 What valley echoed the response of Jove ?  
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's  
 shrine ?  
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine  
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?  
 Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :  
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?  
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must  
 sink beneath the stroke !

## LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mount aims fall ;  
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye  
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy die :  
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse  
 And woods along the banks are waving high,  
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's  
 solemn trance.

## LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,<sup>50</sup>  
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;<sup>51</sup>  
 The shades of wonted night were gathering  
 yet,  
 When, down the steep banks winding warily  
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,  
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,  
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing  
 nigh,  
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
 Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the  
 lengthening glen.

## LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,  
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate  
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,  
 Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.  
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,  
 While busy preparation shook the court,  
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons  
 wait ;  
 Within, a palace, and without, a fort :  
 Here men of every clime appear to make  
 resort.

## LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row  
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,  
 Circled the wide-extending court below ;  
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridor ;  
 And oft-times through the area's echoing door,  
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spur'd his steed  
 away : [Moor  
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the  
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,  
 While the deep war-drum's sound announc'd  
 the close of day.

## LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,  
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see :  
 - he crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;

The Delhi with his cap of terror on,  
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;  
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;  
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,  
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,  
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;  
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,  
And some that smoke, and some that play, are  
found,

Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;  
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to  
prate; [sound,

Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn  
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,

"There is no god but God!—to prayer—  
lo! God is great!"<sup>52</sup>

LX.

'Tis just at this season Ramazani's fast<sup>53</sup>  
Through the long day its penance did maintain:  
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,  
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:  
Now all was bustle, and the menial train  
Prepared and spread the plenteous board  
within;

The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,  
But from the chambers came the mingling din,  
As page and slave anon were passing out  
and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,  
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move.  
She yields to one her person and her heart,  
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:  
For, not unhappy in her master's love,  
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
Best cares! all other feelings far above!  
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,  
Who never quits the breast, no meaner pas-  
sion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
Of living water from the centre rose,  
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,  
A man reclined, a man of war and woes:  
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
While gentleness her milder radiance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,  
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him  
with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard  
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth:  
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hatn averr'd,  
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—  
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth  
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man  
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth  
Blood follows blood, and, through their mor-  
tal span, [blood began.<sup>54</sup>  
In bloodier acts conclude those who with

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye  
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,  
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat  
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat  
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:  
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet,  
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,  
And Pleasure, leagu'd with Pomp, the zest  
of both destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.  
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
Who can so well the toil of war endure?  
Their native fastnesses not more secure  
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need  
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship  
sure,  
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief  
may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's  
tower,  
Thronging to war in splendour and success;  
And after view'd them, when, within their  
power,  
Himself awhile the victim of distress;  
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier  
press:  
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him  
less,  
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof<sup>55</sup>—  
In aught that tries the heart how few with-  
stand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his  
bark  
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,  
When all around was desolate and dark  
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;

Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,  
 Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:  
 At length they ventured forth, though doubting  
 sore [Turk  
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and  
 Might once again renew their ancient  
 butcher-work.

## LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome  
 hand,  
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous  
 swamp,  
 Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so  
 bland, [ments damp,  
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their gar-  
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful  
 lamp, [had:  
 And spread their fare; though homely, all they  
 Such condiments bears Philanthropy's rare stamp--  
 To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,  
 Doth lesson happier men, and shames at  
 least the bad.

## LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address  
 Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,  
 Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,  
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;  
 And therefore did he take a trusty band  
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,  
 In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,  
 Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,  
 And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds  
 espied.

## LXX.

Where lone Utraikye forms its circling cove,  
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,  
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,  
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,  
 As winds come whispering lightly from the  
 west,  
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene:—  
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest;  
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,  
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft  
 presence glean.

## LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly  
 blazed,  
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,<sup>56</sup>  
 And he that unawares had there ygazed  
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;

For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,  
 The native revels of the troop began;  
 Each Palikar<sup>57</sup> his sabre from him cast,  
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,  
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced  
 the kirtled clan.<sup>58</sup>

## LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,  
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,  
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:  
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see  
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee,  
 And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,  
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,  
 The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,  
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang,  
 half scream'd:—

## 1.

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi<sup>59</sup>! thy larum afar  
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war  
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note  
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

## 2.

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
 In his snowy camee and his shaggy capote?  
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wilk  
 flock, [the rock  
 And descends to the plain like the stream from

## 3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive  
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live!  
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance  
 forego?  
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

## 4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;  
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase;  
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder,  
 before  
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

## 5.

Then the Pirates of Parga that dwell by the  
 waves. [slaves,  
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be  
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,  
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.

## 6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;  
 Shall win the young bride with her long flowing  
 hair,  
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear

7.  
I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall  
sooth; [toned lyre,  
Let her bring from her chamber the many-  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.  
Remember the moment when Previsa fell,<sup>60</sup>  
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors'  
yell; [shared,  
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we  
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we  
spared.

9.  
I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;  
He neither must know who would serve the  
Vizier: [ne'er saw  
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent  
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.  
Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,  
Let the yellow-hair'd<sup>61</sup> Giaours<sup>62</sup> view his  
horse-tail<sup>63</sup> with dread [the banks,  
When his Delhis<sup>64</sup> come dashing in blood o'er  
How few shall escape from the Muscovite  
ranks'

11.  
Ælietar<sup>65</sup>! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:  
Fambourgi! thy larum gives promise of war.  
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,  
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!  
Immortal, though no more; though fallen,  
great!  
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—  
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee  
from the tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow<sup>66</sup>  
Thou sat'st with Thrasylbulus and his train,  
Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which  
now  
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,

But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;  
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish  
hand, [deed, unmamm'd.  
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who  
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye  
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd  
anew  
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!  
And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
That gives them back their fathers' heritage.  
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's  
mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
Who would be free themselves must strike the  
blow? [wrought!  
By their right arms the conquest must be  
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!  
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low  
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe  
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still  
the same; [of shame  
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine year!

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,  
The Giaour from Othman's race again may  
wrest;  
And the Serai's impenetrable tower  
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest,<sup>67</sup>  
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest  
The prophet's<sup>68</sup> tomb of all its pious spoil,  
May wind their path of blood along the West;  
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,  
But slave succeed to slave through years of  
endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin  
That penance which their holy rites prepare  
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,  
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;  
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear  
Some days of joyance are decreed to all,  
To take of pleasure each his secret share,  
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival

## LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than  
thine,

Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?  
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine.  
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:  
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)  
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her  
throng,

All felt the common joy they now must feign,  
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such  
song, [along.

As woe'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus

## LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,  
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,  
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,  
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:  
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,  
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the  
wave,

'T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,  
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,

Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the  
banks they lave.

## LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,  
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,  
Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,  
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand  
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,  
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still:

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy  
band,

Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,

These hours, and only these, redeem Life's  
years of ill!

## LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
Lark there no hearts that throb with secret pain,  
Even through the closest seamment half be-  
tray'd?

To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;  
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd  
Is source of wayward thought and stern dis-  
dain:

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,  
And long to change the robe of revel for the  
shroud!

## LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,  
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:  
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,  
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he  
lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can access  
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:  
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who own  
thee most; [ecce

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime to  
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degene-  
rate horde!

## LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,  
When Thebes Epaninondas rears again.  
When Athens' children are with hearts ended  
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men  
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then  
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,  
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when  
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,

Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time  
and Fate?

## LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in this age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,<sup>69</sup>  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;  
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow  
Commencing slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal birth,

So perish all in turn, save well-recorded  
Worth;

## LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns  
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;<sup>70</sup>  
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;  
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,  
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,  
While strangers only not regardless pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and  
sigh "Alas!"

## LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy  
fields,

Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds-  
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;

Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is  
fair



LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground;  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:  
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and  
 wold [gone:  
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples  
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray  
 Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;  
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—  
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
 The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde  
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
 When Marathon became a magic word;  
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's  
 career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;  
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;  
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;  
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!  
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?  
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?  
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger!  
 spurns around.

XC I.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past  
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;  
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,  
 Hail the bright clime of batie and of song;  
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;  
 Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!  
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,  
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful  
 lore.

XC II.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
 It aught that's kindred cheer the welcome  
 heart;  
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.  
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;

But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,  
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and  
 Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,  
 And pass in peace along the magic waste—  
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced!  
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed  
 Revere the remnants nations once revered:  
 So may our country's name be undisgraced  
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was  
 rear'd,  
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song  
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,  
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
 Of louder minstrels in these later days:  
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—  
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move  
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial  
 praise;  
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve  
 And none are left to please when none are  
 left to love.

XC V.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one  
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound to  
 me;  
 Who did for me what none beside have done  
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.  
 What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!  
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home  
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more  
 shall see—  
 Would they had never been, or were to come  
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh  
 cause to roam!

XC VI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!  
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,  
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed!  
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me fast.  
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death!  
 thou hast; [friend:  
 The parent, friend, and now the more than  
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,  
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had  
 to lend.

## XCVII.

Ther must I plunge again into the crowd,  
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?  
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,  
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;  
 Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer  
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;  
 miles form the channel of a future tear,  
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled  
 sneer.

## XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.  
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
 'Tis hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:  
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,  
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,  
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years  
 ally'd.

## Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

## I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?  
 ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they  
 smiled,  
 And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
 but with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,  
 The waters heave around me; and on high  
 The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
 Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,  
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve  
 a glad mine eye.

## II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
 That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!  
 Though the strained mast should quiver as a  
 reed,

And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale  
 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail.  
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the emptiest  
 breath prevail.

## III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind  
 Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find  
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a  
 flower appears.

## IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain  
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string  
 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain  
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,  
 So that it wean me from the weary dream  
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful  
 theme.

## V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
 So that no wonder waits him; nor below  
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell  
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet  
 rife  
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's  
 haunted cell.

## VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
 A being more intense, that we endow  
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
 The life we image, even as I do now.  
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse  
 earth,  
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth  
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd  
 feelings' dearth

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly :—I *have* thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :  
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
My springs of life were poison'd. 'T is too late!  
Yet am I changed; though still enough the  
same

In strength to bear what time can not abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing  
Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 't is  
past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;  
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,  
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but  
ne'er heal;

Let Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near  
the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with  
pain, [keen,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew  
Entering with every step he took through  
many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;  
And he, as one, might midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find  
Fit speculation; such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and  
Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
To wear it? who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's  
cheek.  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds  
unfold

The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?  
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd  
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,

Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's  
fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held  
Little in common; untaught to submit  
His thoughts to others, though his soul was  
quell'd, [pell'd

In youth by his own thoughts; still uncom-  
He would not yield dominion of his mind  
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
Proud though in desolation; which could find  
A life within itself, to breathe without man  
kind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were  
friends;

Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home:  
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam;  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship; they spake  
A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft for-  
sake [the lake.

For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams can

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Fill he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-  
born jars,

And human frailties, were forgotten quite:  
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
He had been happy; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
That keeps us from yon heaven which wooeth  
us to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing  
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,  
To whom the boundless air alone were home  
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,  
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
His breast and beak against his wiry dome  
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat  
Of his impeded soul would through his bo-  
som eat.

## XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
With laugh of hope left, but with less of  
gloom;

The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
That all was over on this side the tomb,  
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plun-  
der'd wreck

When mariners would madly meet their doom  
With draughts intemperate on the sinking  
deck,— [to check]

Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore

## XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!  
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!  
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?  
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?  
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—  
How that red rain hath made the harvest  
grow!

And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
Thou first and last of fields! king-making  
Victory?

## XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!  
How in an hour the power which gave annals  
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!  
In "pride of place"<sup>71</sup> here last the eagle flew,  
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;  
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;

He wears the shatter'd links of the world's  
broken chain.

## XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit  
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?  
Did nations combat to make *Oze* submit:  
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?  
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
The patch'd up idol of enlighten'd days?

Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove*  
before ye praise!

## XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!  
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot  
tears

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years

Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
Such as Harmodius<sup>72</sup> drew on Athens' ty-  
rant lord.

## XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave  
men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again.  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;<sup>73</sup>

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like  
a rising knell!

## XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure  
meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once  
more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's open-  
ing roar!

## XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic  
ear; [near,

And when they smiled because he deem'd it  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier;<sup>74</sup>  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
quell: [fighting, &c].

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost

## XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking  
sighs [guess

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful *moans*  
could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the  
 steed, [car,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!  
 They come! they come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"  
 rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon  
 foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which  
 fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's <sup>75</sup> fame rings in each  
 clansman's ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes<sup>76</sup> waves above them her green  
 leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder  
 cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-sterne array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
 rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and  
 pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red  
 burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than  
 mine;  
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng  
 Partly because they blend me with his line,  
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
 And partly that bright names will hallow song,  
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along  
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest  
 lower'd,  
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine  
 young gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for  
 thee,  
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;  
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree  
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to  
 live,  
 And saw around me the wide field revive  
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she  
 could not bring.<sup>77</sup>

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;  
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must  
 awake [of Fame  
 Those whom they thirst for; though the sound  
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
 The fever of vain longing, and the name  
 so honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer  
 claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling,  
 mourn:  
 The tree will wither long before it fall;  
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be  
 torn;  
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall  
 In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall  
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are  
 gone;  
 The bars survive the captive they enthal;  
 The day drags through though storms keep out  
 the sun;  
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly  
 live on:

## XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies; and makes  
A thousand images of one that was,  
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;  
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,  
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things are  
untold.

## XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,  
Vitality of poison,—a quick root  
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were  
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit  
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
Like to the apples<sup>78</sup> on the Dead Sea's shore,  
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute  
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—sav' would  
He name threescore?

## XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man.  
They are enough; and if thy tale be true,  
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting  
span,  
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!  
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew  
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—  
'Here, where the sword united nations drew,  
Our countrymen were warring on that day!'  
And this is much, and all which will not  
pass away.

## XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of me,  
Whose spirit antithetically mixt  
One moment of the mightiest, and again  
On little objects with like firmness fixt<sup>79</sup>  
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,  
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been!  
For daring made thy rise as fall! thou seek'st  
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,  
And shake again the world, the Thunderer  
of the scene!

## XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou.  
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name  
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than  
now  
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became

The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
A god unto thyself; nor less the same  
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou  
didst assert.

## XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,  
Battling with nations, flying from the field;  
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool  
now  
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield  
An empire thou couldst crush, command, re-  
build,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of  
war, [lostiest star.  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the

## XXXIX.

Ye well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide  
With that untaught innate philosophy,  
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy  
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast  
smiled  
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—  
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite  
child,  
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon  
him piled.

## XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them  
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show  
That just habitual scorn, which could content  
Men and their thoughts; 't was wise to feel,  
not so  
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow,  
'T is but a worthless world to win or lose;  
So hath it proved to thee, and all such like  
who choose.

## XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,  
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,  
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the  
shock; [thy throne,  
But men's thoughts were the steel which pave  
Their admiration thy best weapon shone:

The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)  
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;  
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide  
 a den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
 And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire  
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
 In its own narrow being, but aspire  
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
 Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men  
 mad  
 By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,  
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add  
 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things  
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,  
 And are themselves the fools to those they fool;  
 Envid, yet how unenviable! what stings  
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school  
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to  
 shine or rule:

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,  
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
 That should their days, surviving perils past,  
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die;  
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste  
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and  
 snow;  
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
 Must look down on the hate of those below.  
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked head,  
 And thus reward the toils which to those  
 summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be  
 Within its own creation, or in thine,  
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,  
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?

There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
 A blending of all beauties; streams and del's  
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain,  
 vine,  
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin  
 greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
 All tenantless, save to the cranneying wind,  
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
 There was a day when they were young and  
 proud,  
 Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;  
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere  
 now, [future blow,  
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
 Power dwelt amidst the passions; in proud state  
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.  
 What want these outlaws' conquerors should  
 have? [great?  
 But History's purchased page to call them  
 A wider space, an ornamented grave?  
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls  
 were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!  
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,  
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride  
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide  
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on  
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won  
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin  
 run.

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure  
 for ever  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see  
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
 Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such  
 to me, [should Lethe be  
 Even now what wants thy stream?—that it!

## LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,  
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weivering  
ranks;

Their very graves are gone, and what are they?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream  
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's brighting dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping  
as they seem.

## LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensibly to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even exile  
dear:

'Though on his brow were graven lines austere,  
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place  
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,  
Joy was not always absent from his face,  
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with  
transient trace.

## LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days  
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.  
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such as smile upon us; the heart must  
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust  
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,  
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust  
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,  
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom  
dwelt.

## LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,  
For this in such a him seems strange of mood,—  
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,  
To change like this, a mind so far imbued  
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;  
But thus it was; and though in solitude  
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,  
In him this glow'd when all beside had  
ceased to glow.

## LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,  
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties  
Than the church links withal; and, though  
unwed,  
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,  
Had stood the test of mortal enmities

Still undivided, and cemented more  
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore  
Well to that heart might his these absent  
greetings pour!

## 1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels<sup>80</sup>  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me

## 2

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

## 3.

I send the lilies given to me;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be,  
But yet reject them not as such;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

## 4.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round:  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

## LVI.

By Coblantz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
There is a small and simple pyramid,  
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound.  
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid



Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid  
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb  
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's  
lid,

Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
Falling for France, whose rights he battled  
to resume.

LVII.

rief, brave, and glorious was his young  
career,— [foes ;

His mourners were two hosts, his friends and  
And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;  
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men  
o'er him wept.<sup>81</sup>

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein<sup>82</sup>, with her shatter'd wall  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
Fet shows of what she was, when shell and  
ball

Rebounding idly on her strength did light :  
A tower of victory! from whence the flight  
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :  
But Peace destroy'd what War could never  
blight, [rain—  
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's  
On which the iron shower for years had  
pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighte.  
The stranger fain would linger on his way!  
Thine is a scene alike where souls united  
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;  
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey  
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,  
ild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the  
year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!  
There can be no farewell to scene like thine,  
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue ;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!  
'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise;  
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring  
shine,  
But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories o.  
old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful boom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between  
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been  
In mockery of man's art; and these withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all.  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though em-  
pires near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow :  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, ye. leave  
vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where  
man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that  
plain ;  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument; the Stygian coast  
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each  
wandering ghost.<sup>83</sup>

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,  
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand  
They were true Glory's stainless victor.es,  
Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
All unbought champions in no princely cause  
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land  
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
Making kings' rights divine, by some Dra-  
conic clause

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days ;  
'T is the last remnant of the wreck of years  
And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze

Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
 Yet still consciousness; and there it stands  
 Making a marvel that it not decays,  
 When the coeval pride of human hands,  
 Level'd Aventicum<sup>84</sup>, hath strew'd her sub-  
 ject lands.

## LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the  
 name!—  
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
 Her youth to heaven; her heart, beneath a  
 claim [grave.  
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's  
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would  
 crave  
 The life she lived in; but the judge was just,  
 And then she died on him she could not save.  
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
 And held within their urn one mind, one  
 heart, one dust.<sup>85</sup>

## LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass  
 away, [earth  
 And names that must not wither, though the  
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death  
 and birth;  
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
 And from its immortality look forth  
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,<sup>86</sup>  
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

## LXVIII.

Lake Lemn woos me with its crystal face,  
 The mirror where the stars and mountain view  
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
 'Tis clear depth yields of their far height and  
 hue:  
 There is too much of man here, to look through  
 With a fit mind the might which I behold;  
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of  
 old,  
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in  
 their fold.

## LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind  
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil

Of our infection, till too late and long  
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where  
 none are strong.

## LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years  
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears.  
 And colour things to come with hues of Night;  
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
 To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,  
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite,  
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd  
 ne'er shall be.

## LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?  
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,<sup>87</sup>  
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
 A fair but froward infant her own care,  
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—  
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to  
 inflict or bear?

## LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become  
 Portion of that around me; and to me  
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
 Of human cities torture: I can see  
 Nothing to leathe in nature, save to be  
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can  
 flee,  
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in  
 vain.

## LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:  
 I look upon the peopled desert past,  
 As on a place of agony and strife,  
 Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,  
 To act and suffer, but remount at last  
 With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,  
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the  
 blast  
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing.  
 Spurning the clay cold bonds which round  
 our being clung.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free  
 From what it hates in this degraded form,  
 Rest of its carnal life, save what shall be  
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
 When elements to elements conform,  
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?  
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?  
 Of which, even now, I share at times the  
 immortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a  
 part  
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
 With a pure passion? should I not condemn  
 All objects, if compared with these? and stem  
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,  
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts  
 which dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return  
 To that which is immediate, and require  
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,  
 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,  
 A native of the land where I respire  
 The clear air for a while—a passing guest,  
 Where he became a being,—whose desire  
 Was to be glorious; 't was a foolish quest,  
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed  
 all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,  
 The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe  
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew  
 The breath which made him wretched; yet  
 he knew  
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast  
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue  
 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past  
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-  
 ingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree  
 On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame  
 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be  
 Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.  
 But his was not the love of living dame,

Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,  
 But of ideal beauty, which became  
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
 Along his burning page, distemper'd though  
 it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*  
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;  
 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss<sup>88</sup>  
 Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet  
 From hers, who but with friendship his would  
 meet; [breast  
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and  
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;  
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest  
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they  
 seek possess.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes  
 Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind  
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose  
 For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,  
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and  
 blind. [know  
 But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may  
 Since cause might be which skill could never  
 find;  
 But he was phrensied by disease or woe  
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears  
 reasoning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came  
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more  
 Did he not this for France? which lay before  
 Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?  
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,  
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers,  
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows  
 o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!  
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,  
 Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they  
 rent,  
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.  
 But good with ill they also overthrew,  
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
 Upon the same foundation, and renew  
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour  
 re-fill'd, [will'd.  
 As heretofore, because ambition was self

## LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured !  
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it  
felt.

They might have used it better, but, allured  
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt  
On one another; pity ceased to melt  
With her once natural charities. But they,  
Who in oppression's darkness caved haddwelt,  
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;  
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook  
their prey?

## LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it; and they who war  
With their own hopes, and have been van-  
quish'd, bear

Silence, but not submission: in his lair  
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour  
Which shall atone for years; none need  
despair:

It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power  
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be  
slower.

## LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprov'd,  
That I with stern delights should e'er have  
been so moved.

## LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the  
shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night  
carol more;

## LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
There seems a floating whisper on the hill

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her  
hues.

## LXXXVIII.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
A beauty, and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named  
themselves a star.

## LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in  
sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most,  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—  
All heaven and earth are still: From the high  
host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,  
All is concentr'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

## XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;  
A truth, which through our being then doth  
melt,

And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which makes  
known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty;—'t would  
disarm [to harm

The spectre Death, had he substantial powe

## XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places and the peak  
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weal  
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and con-  
pare

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe th  
pray'r!

XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh  
 night, [strong,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone  
 cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
 aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!<sup>99</sup>  
 Now the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 't is black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-  
 quake's birth.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way  
 between [parted  
 Heights which appear as lovers who have  
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
 That they can meet no more, though broken-  
 hearted; [thwarted,  
 Though in their souls, which thus each other  
 Love was the very root of the fond rage  
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then  
 departed:—  
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves  
 to wage.

XCv.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft  
 his way,  
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:  
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,  
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,  
 The brightest through these parted hills hath  
 fork'd  
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever  
 therein lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings'  
 ye! [soul  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful; the far  
 roll  
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
 But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?  
 Are ye like those within the human breast?  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some  
 high nest?

XCvII.

Could I embody and unbosom now  
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or  
 weak,  
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one  
 word, [speak;  
 And that one word were Lightning, I would  
 But as it is, I live and die unheard  
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it  
 as a sword.

XCvIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all  
 bloom,  
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—  
 And glowing into day: we may resume  
 The march of our existence: and thus I.  
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room  
 And food for meditation, nor pass by  
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd  
 fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep  
 Love! [thought,  
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate  
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above  
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught,  
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought  
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,  
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who  
 sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
 Which stir and sting the scul with hope that  
 woos, then mocks.

## c.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—  
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
To which the steps are mountains; where the  
god

Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower  
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown  
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power  
Passes the strength of storms in their most  
desolate hour.

## ci.

All things are here of him; from the black pines,  
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar  
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines  
Which slope his green path downward to the  
shore,  
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,  
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,  
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,  
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where  
it stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude,

## cii.

a populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,  
Who worship him with notes more sweet than  
words,  
And innocently open their glad wings  
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one  
mighty end.

## ciii.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that  
lore.

And make his heart a spirit; he who knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more,  
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,  
And the world's waste, have driven him far  
from those,

For 't is his nature to advance or die:  
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

## civ.

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
Peopling it with affections; but he found  
It was the scene which passion must allot  
To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground  
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound.

And narrow a it with loveliness: 't is lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the  
Rhone [rear'd a throne  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have

## v.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the  
abodes  
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name:  
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous  
roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:  
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and  
the flame  
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while  
On man and man's research could deign do  
more than smile.

## cvi.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents: But his own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the  
wind,  
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake  
a throne.

## cvii.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought  
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;  
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew  
from fear,  
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell.  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquent  
well.

## cviii.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,  
If merited, the penalty is paid;  
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;  
The hour must come when such things shall  
be made  
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd  
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;  
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what it  
just

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read  
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend  
This page, which from my reveries I feed,  
Until it seems prolonging without end.  
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er  
May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
To their most great and growing region, where  
The earth to her embrace compels the powers  
of air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee  
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,  
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;  
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires;  
still,  
The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's  
imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel  
We are not what we have been, and to deem  
We are not what we should be,—and to steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
As a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is  
taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or  
forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,—  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor eric'd aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such; I stood  
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and  
still could,  
I had! not filed my mind, which thus itself  
subdued

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—  
But let us part fair toes; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there may  
be [not deceive,  
Words which are things,—hopes which will  
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the failing: I would also deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve?  
That two, or one, are almost what they seem.—  
That goodness is no name, and happiness  
no dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—  
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall  
end—  
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend  
To whom the shadows of far years extend.  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behoiz,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—  
A token and a tone, even from thy father's  
mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's developement,—to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—  
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me  
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like  
to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught  
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name  
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught  
With desolation,—and a broken claim:  
Though the grave closed between us,—'t were  
the same,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain  
My blood from out thy being were an aim.  
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—  
Still thou would'st love me, still that mor  
than life retain

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements,—and thine no less.  
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire  
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.  
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,  
And from the mountains where I now respire,  
Fain would I wait such blessing upon thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have  
been to me!

# Don Juan.

“Difficile est proprie communia dicere.”—**HOR.**

“Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?—Yes, y Saint Anne, and Ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth, too!”—**SHAKSPEARE, Twelfth Night, or What You Will.**

## DEDICATION.

### I.

**BOB SOUTHEY!** You’re a poet—Poet-laureate,  
And representative of all the race.  
Although ’tis true that you turn’d out a Tory at  
Last,—yours has lately been a common  
case,—  
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at.  
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?  
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye  
Like “four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

### II.

“Which pye being open’d they began to sing  
(This old song and new simile holds good),  
“A dainty dish to set before the King,”  
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—  
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,  
But like a hawk encumber’d with his hood,—  
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—  
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

### III.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,  
At being disappointed in your wish  
o supersede all warblers here below,  
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;  
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,  
And tumble downward like the flying fish  
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high  
Bob,  
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

### IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long “Excursion”  
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),  
Has given a sample from the vasty version  
Of his new system to perplex the sages;

’Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,  
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—  
And he who understands it would be able  
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

### V.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion  
From better company, have kept your own  
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion  
Of one another’s minds, at last have grown  
To deem as a most logical conclusion,  
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:  
There is a narrowness in such a notion,  
Which makes me wish you’d change your  
lakes for ocean.

### VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,  
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,  
For all the glory your conversion brought,  
Since gold alone should not have been its  
price. [wrought?  
You have your salary; was’t for that you  
And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise.  
You’re shabby fellows—true—but poets still,  
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

### VII.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your  
brows— [go—  
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them  
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—  
And for the fame you would engross below  
The field is universal, and allows  
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow  
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe  
will try  
’Gainst you the question with posterity.

### VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses  
Contend not with you on the winged steed  
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses  
The fame you envy, and the skill you need



And recollect a poet nothing loses  
 In giving to his brethren their full meed  
 Of merit, and complaint of present days  
 Is not the certain path to future praise.

## IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity  
 (Who does not often claim the bright rever-  
 sion)  
 Has generally no great crop to spare it, he  
 Being only injured by his own assertion;  
 And although here and there some glorious rarity  
 Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,  
 The major part of such appellants go  
 To—God knows where—for no one else can  
 know.

## X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,  
 Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,  
 If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,  
 And makes the word "Miltonic" mean  
 "sublime,"  
 He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,  
 Nor turn his very talent to a crime;  
 He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,  
 But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

## XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—  
 arise [more  
 Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once  
 The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,  
 Or be alive again—again all hoar  
 With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,  
 And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—  
 and poor;  
 Would he adore a sultan? he obey  
 The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

## XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!  
 Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,  
 And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,  
 Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,  
 The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,  
 With just enough of talent, and no more,  
 To lengthen fetters by another fix'd  
 And offer poison long already mix'd.

## XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase  
 Ineffably—legitimately vile,  
 That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,  
 Nor foes—all nations—condescend to  
 smile.—

Nor even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze  
 From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,  
 That turns and turns to give the world a notion  
 Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

## XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,  
 And botching, patching, leaving still behind  
 Something of which its masters are afraid,  
 States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be con-  
 fined,  
 Conspiracy or Congress to be made—  
 Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—  
 A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,  
 With God and man's abhorrence for its gain.

## XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,  
 Emasculated to the marrow *It*  
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind  
 Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit  
 Eutropius of its many masters,—blind  
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit  
 Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,  
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

## XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,  
 For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!  
 Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds  
 Beneath the lie this State—thing breathe  
 o'er thee— [wounds  
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green  
 Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me  
 Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies still.  
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

## XVII.

Meantime—Sir Laureate—I proceed to dedi-  
 cate,  
 In honest simple verse, this song to you.  
 And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,  
 'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"  
 My politics as yet are all to educate:  
 Apostasy's so fashionable, too, [clean;  
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Her  
 Is it not so, n. Tory, ultra-Julian?<sup>23</sup>

Veni e, Sept. 16, 1816.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

## I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,  
When every year and month sends forth a  
new one,

Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,  
The age discovers he is not the true one;  
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,<sup>4</sup>  
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don  
Juan—

We all have seen him, in the pantomime,  
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

## II.

Vernon<sup>5</sup>, the butcher Cumberland<sup>6</sup>, Wolfe<sup>7</sup>,  
Hawke<sup>8</sup>,

Prince Ferdinand<sup>9</sup>, Granby<sup>10</sup>, Burgoyne<sup>11</sup>,  
Keppel<sup>12</sup>, Howe<sup>13</sup>,

Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,  
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Welles-  
ley now; [stalk,

Each in their turn, like Banquo's monarchs  
Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:  
France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier  
Recorded in the *Moniteur* and *Courier*.

## III.

Barnave<sup>14</sup>, Brissot<sup>15</sup>, Condorcet<sup>16</sup>, Mirabeau<sup>17</sup>,  
Petion<sup>18</sup>, Crootz<sup>19</sup>, Danton<sup>20</sup>, Marat<sup>21</sup>, La  
Fayette<sup>22</sup>,

Were French, and famous people, as we know;  
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,  
Joubert<sup>23</sup>, Hoche<sup>24</sup>, Marceau<sup>25</sup>, Lannes<sup>26</sup>,  
Desaix<sup>27</sup>, Moreau,<sup>28</sup>

With many of the military set,  
Exceedingly remarkable at times,  
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

## IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,  
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;  
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,

'T is with our hero quietly inurn'd;  
Because the army's grown more popular,  
At which the naval people are concern'd;  
Besides, the prince is all for the land-service,  
Forgetting Duncar, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

## V.

Brave men wereliving before the Agamemnon  
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,  
A good deal like him too, though quite the  
same none;

But then they shone not on the poet's page  
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,  
But can't find any in the present age  
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);  
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

## VI.

Most epic poets plunge "in medias res"  
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),  
And then your hero tells, when'er you please,  
What went before—by way of episode,  
While seated after dinner at his ease,  
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,  
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,  
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

## VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—  
My way is to begin with the beginning;  
The regularity of my design  
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sin-  
ning,  
And therefore I shall open with a line  
(Although it cost me half an hour in spin-  
ning)  
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,  
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

## VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city.  
Famous for oranges and women—he<sup>29</sup>  
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,  
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;  
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,  
Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may  
see;—

Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,  
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir

## IX.

His father's name was José—*Don*, of course,  
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain  
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source  
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;  
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,  
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,  
Than José, who begot our hero, who  
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew.

## X

His mother was a learned lady, famed  
 For every branch of every science known—  
 In every Christian language ever named,  
 With virtues equall'd by her wit alone  
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,  
 And even the good with inward envy groan,  
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded  
 In their own way by all the things that she  
 did.

## XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart  
 All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,  
 So that if any actor miss'd his part  
 She could have served him for the prompter's  
 copy ;  
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,<sup>30</sup>  
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he  
 Could never make a memory so fine as  
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

## XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,  
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,  
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,  
 Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity ;  
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I  
 call  
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,  
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,  
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay  
 puzzling.

## XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's  
 prayer,"  
 And Greek—the alphabet—I 'm nearly sure ;  
 She read some French romances here and there,  
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure ;  
 For native Spanish she had no great care,  
 At least her conversation was obscure ;  
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a prob-  
 lem, [em.  
 s if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble

## XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,  
 And said there was analogy between 'em ;  
 She proved it somehow out of sacred song,  
 But I must leave the proofs to those who 've  
 seen 'em,  
 But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,  
 And all may think which way their judg-  
 ments lean 'em, [I am,  
 " 'T is strange—the Hebrew noun which means  
 'the English always use to govern d—n."

## XV.

Some women use their tongues—she *look'd* a  
 lecture,  
 Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily  
 An all-in-all sufficient self-director,  
 Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,<sup>3</sup>  
 The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector  
 Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—  
 One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"  
 (The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity.")

## XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,  
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their  
 covers,  
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,  
 Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of  
 lovers,  
 Morality's prim personification,  
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers ;  
 To others' share let "female errors fall,"  
 For she had not even one—the worst of all.

## XVII.

Oh ! she was perfect past all parallel—  
 Of any modern female saint's comparison ;  
 So far above the cunning powers of hell,  
 Her guardian angel had given up his gar-  
 rison ;  
 Even her minutest motions went as well  
 As those of the best time-piece made by  
 Harrison :  
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,  
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar !

## XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is  
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,  
 Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss  
 Till they were exiled from their earlier  
 bowers,  
 Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,  
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve  
 hours),  
 Don José like a lineal son of Eve,  
 Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

## XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,  
 With no great love for learning, or the  
 learn'd,  
 Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,  
 And never dream'd his lady was concern'd  
 The world, as usual, wickedly inclined  
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,  
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,  
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

## xx.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,  
A great opinion of her own good qualities;  
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,  
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;  
But then she had a devil of a spirit,

And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,

And let few opportunities escape  
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

## xxi.

This was an easy matter with a man  
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;  
And even the wisest, do the best they can,  
Have moments, hours, and days, so unpre-  
pared, [fan;"]

That you might "brain them with their lady's  
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,  
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,  
And why and wherefore no one understands

## xxii.

'T is pity learned virgins ever wed  
With persons of no sort of education,  
Or, gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,  
Grow tired of scientific conversation.  
I don't choose to say much upon this head,  
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,  
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you  
all?

## xxvii.

Don José and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,  
Not any of the many could divine,  
Though several thousand people chose to try,  
T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine;  
I loathe that low vice—curiosity;  
But if there 's any thing in which I shine,  
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,  
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

## xxiv.

And so I interfered, and with the best  
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;  
I think the foolish people were possess'd,  
For neither of them could I ever find,  
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—  
But that 's no matter, and the worst 's behind,  
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,  
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

## xxv.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,  
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;  
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting  
Upon the most *vaquet* imp on earth;

Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both  
in [fortl.

Their senses, they 'd have sent young master  
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home  
To teach him manners for the time to come.

## xxvi.

Don José and the Donna Inez led  
For some time an unhappy sort of life,  
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;  
They lived respectably as man and wife,  
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,  
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,  
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,  
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

## xxvii.

For Inez call'd some druggists, and physicians  
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*  
But as he had some lucid intermissions,  
She next decided he was only *bad*;  
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,  
No sort of explanation could be had,  
Save that her duty both to man and God  
Required this conduct—which seem'd *ver*  
odd.

## xxviii.

She kept a journal, where his faults were notef  
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters  
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted  
And then she had all Seville for abettors,  
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted),  
The hearers of her case became repeaters,  
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,  
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

## xxix.

And then this best and meekest woman bore  
With such serenity her husband's woes,  
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,  
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose  
Never to say a word about them more—  
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,  
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,  
That all the world exclaim'd, "What magna-  
nimity!"

## xxx.

No doubt this patience, when the world is  
damning us,  
Is philosophic in our former friends:  
'T is also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,  
The more so in obtaining our own ends;  
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*"  
Conduct like this by no means comprehends  
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,  
But there 's not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you

## XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,  
And help them with a lie or two additional,  
I'm not to blame, as you well know—no more  
is

Any one else—they were become traditional;  
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories  
By contrast, which is what we just were  
wishing all:

And science profits by this resurrection—  
Deadscandals form good subjects for dissection

## XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,  
Then their relations, who made matters worse.  
( 'T were hard to tell upon a like occasion  
To whom it may be best to have recourse—  
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):  
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,  
But scarce a fee was paid on either side  
Before, unluckily, Don José died.

## XXXIII.

He died: and most unluckily, because,  
According to all hints I could collect  
From counsel learned in those kind of laws,  
(Although their talk's obscure and circum-  
spect)

His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;  
A thousand pities also with respect  
To public feeling, which on this occasion  
Was manifested in a great sensation.

## XXXIV.

But ah! he died! and buried with him lay  
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:  
His house was sold, his servants sent away,  
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,  
A priest the other—at least so they say:  
I ask'd the doctors after his disease—  
He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,  
And left his widow to her own aversion.

## XXXV.

Yet José was an honourable man,  
That I must say, who knew him very well;  
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,  
Indeed there were not many more to tell:  
And if his passions now and then outran  
Discretion, and were not so peaceable  
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),  
He had been ill brought up, and was born  
bilious.

## XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,  
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound  
him.  
his own—since it can do no good on earth—  
It was a trying moment that which found him

Standing alone beside his desolate hearth.  
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd  
round him.

No choise was left his feelings or his pride,  
Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died

## XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir  
To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,  
Which, with a long minority and care,  
Promised to turn out well in proper hands  
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,  
And answer'd but to nature's just demands;  
An only son left with an only mother  
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

## XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she  
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,  
And worthy of the noblest pedigree.  
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Aragon.)  
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,  
In case our lord the king should go to war  
again,  
He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery  
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

## XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,  
And saw into herself each day before all  
The learned tutors whom for him she hired  
Was, that his breeding should be strictly  
moral:  
Much into all his studies she inquired,  
And so they were submitted first to her, all  
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery  
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

## XL.

The languages, especially the dead,  
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common use.  
In all these he was much and deeply read;  
But not a page of any thing that's loose,  
Or hints continuation of the species,  
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vi

## XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,  
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,  
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,  
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;  
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle.  
And for their Æneids, Iliads, and Odyssey  
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology.  
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology

## XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,  
 Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,  
 Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,  
 I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,  
 Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn  
 Where the sublime soars forth on wings  
 more ample; [one  
 But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid  
 Beginning with "Formosum Pastor Corydon."

## XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong  
 For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;  
 I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,  
 Although no doubt his real intent was good,  
 For speaking out so plainly in his song,  
 So much indeed as to be downright rude;  
 And then what proper person can be partial  
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

## XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,  
 Expurgated by learned men, who place,  
 Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,  
 The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface  
 Too much their modest bard by this omission,  
 And pitying sore his mutilated case,  
 They only add them all in an appendix,  
 Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;  
 XLV.  
 For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"  
 Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;  
 They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome  
 troop,  
 To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,  
 Till some less rigid editor shall stoop  
 To call them back into their separate cages,  
 Instead of standing staring altogether,  
 Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

## XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)  
 Was ornamented in a sort of way  
 Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all  
 Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,  
 Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,  
 Could turn their optics to the text and pray,  
 Is more than I know—But Don Juan's mother  
 Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

## XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,  
 And homilies, and lives of all the saints;  
 To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,  
 We did not take such studies for restraints;

But how faith is acquired, and then ensared,  
 So well not one of the aforesaid paints  
 As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,  
 Which make the reader envy his transgressions

## XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—  
 I can't but say that his mamma was right,  
 If such an education was the true one.  
 She scarcely trusted him from out her sight  
 Her maids were old, and if she took a new one  
 You might be sure she was a perfect fright  
 She did this during even her husband's life—  
 I recommend as much to every wife.

## XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodness and grace;  
 At six a charming child, and at eleven  
 With all the promise of as fine a face  
 As e'er to man's maturer growth was given:  
 He studied steadily, and grew apace,  
 And seem'd, at least, in the right road to  
 heaven,  
 For half his days were pass'd at church, the other  
 Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

## L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,  
 At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;  
 Although in infancy a little wild,  
 They tamed him down amongst them: to  
 destroy  
 His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd.  
 At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy  
 Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady  
 Her young philosopher was grown already.

## LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,  
 But what I say is neither here nor there:  
 I knew his father well, and have some skill  
 In character—but it would not be fair  
 From sire to son to augur good or ill:  
 He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—  
 But scandal's my aversion—I protest  
 Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

## LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but  
 This I will say—my reasons are my own—  
 That if I had an only son to put  
 To school (as God be praised that I have none),  
 'T is not with Donna Inez I would shut  
 Him up to learn his catechism alone,  
 No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,  
 For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

## LIII.

For there one learns—'t is not for me to boast,  
Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,  
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:

I say that there's the place—but "*Verbum  
sat.*"

think I pick'd up too, as well as most,  
Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—  
never married—but, I think, I know

That sons should not be educated so.

## LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,  
Tail, handsome, slender, but well knit: he  
seem'd

Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;  
And every body but his mother deem'd

Him almost man; but she flew in a rage

And bit her lips (for else she might have  
scream'd)

If any said so, for to be precocious

Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

## LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all

Selected for discretion and devotion,

There was the Donna Julia, whom to call

Pretty were but to give a feeble notion

Of many charms in her as natural

As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,

Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,

(But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

## LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye

Accorded with her Moorish origin;

(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;

In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)

When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,

Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin

Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,

Her great great grandmamma chose to remain

## LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)

With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down

His blood less noble than such blood should be

As such alliances his sires would frown,

In that point so precise in each degree

That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,

Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts, and  
nieces,

Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

## LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,

Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its  
flesh;

For from a root the ugliest in Old Spain

Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;

The sons no more were short, the daughters  
plain.

But there's a rumour which I fain would  
'T is said that Donna Julia's grandmamma  
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law

## LIX.

However this might be, the race went on

Improving still through every generation,  
Until it centred in an only son,

Who left an only daughter; my narration  
May have suggested that this single one

Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion

I shall have much to speak about), and she  
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty  
three.

## LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes;

Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire

Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise

Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,

And love than either; and there would arise

A something in them which was not desire

But would have been, perhaps, but for the sou.

Which struggled through and chasten'd down  
the whole.

## LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow

Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;

Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow

Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth

Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,

As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,

Possess'd an air and grace by no means common

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

## LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man

Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty,

And yet, I think, instead of such a one

'T were better to have two of five-and-twenty,

Especially in countries near the sun:

And now I think on 't, "*mi vien in mente.*"

Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue

Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty

## LXIII.

'T is a sad thing, I cannot choose but say.

And all the fault of that indecent sun,

Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,

But will keep baking, broiling, burning on

That howsoever people fast and pray,

The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:

What men call gallantry, and gods adultery

Is much more common where the climate  
sultry.

## LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North!

Where all is virtue, and the winter season  
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth  
(’T was snow that brought St. Anthony to  
reason);

Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,  
By laying whate’er sum, in mulct, they please  
on  
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,  
Because it is a marketable vice.

## LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia’s lord.

A man well looking for his years, and who  
Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorr’d:

They lived together as most people do,  
Suffering each other’s foibles by accord,  
And not exactly either *one* or *two*;

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,  
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

## LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—

With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;  
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,  
For not a line had Julia ever penn’d;

Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,  
For malice still imputes some private end)  
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso’s marriage,  
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

## LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connection,  
Which time had lately render’d much more  
chaste,

She took his lady also in affection,

And certainly this course was much the best:  
She flatter’d Julia with her sage protection,

And complimented Don Alfonso’s taste:  
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,  
At least she left it a more slender handle.

## LXVIII.

I can’t tell whether Julia saw the affair

With other people’s eyes, or if her own  
Discoveries made, but none could be aware

Of this, at least no symptom e’er was shown  
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,

Indifferent from the first, or callous grown.  
I’m really puzzled what to think or say,  
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

## LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,

Caress’d him often—such a thing might be  
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,

When she had twenty years and thirteen he;

But I am not so sure I should have smiled

When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three;  
These few short years make wondrous altera-  
tions,

Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

## LXX.

Whate’er the cause might be, they had become  
Changed; for the dame grew distant, th  
youth shy, [dum

Their looks cast down, their greetings almost  
And much embarrassment in either eye;  
There surely will be little doubt with some

That Donna Julia knew the reason why.  
But as for Juan, he had no more notion  
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean

## LXXI.

Yet Julia’s very coldness still was kind,

And tremulously gentle her small hand  
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind  
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland

And slight, so very slight, that to the mind  
’T was but a doubt; but ne’er magician’s  
wand

Wrought change with all Armida’s fairy art  
Like what this light touch left on Juan’s heart

## LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,  
She looked a sadness sweeter than her smile,  
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store  
She must not own, but cherish’d more the  
while

For that compression in its burning core;  
Even innocence itself has many a wile,  
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,  
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

## LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays  
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky

Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays  
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye  
And in whatever aspect it arrays

Itself, ’t is still the same hypocrisy;  
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,  
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

## LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for sup-  
pression,

And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
And burning blushes, though for no trans-  
gression, [left

Tremblings when met, and restlessness when  
All these are little preludes to possession,

Of which young passion cannot be bereft,  
And merely tend to show how greatly love is  
Embarrass’d at first starting with a novice.



## LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;  
 She felt it going, and resolved to make  
 The noblest efforts for herself and mate,  
 For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake  
 Her resolutions were most truly great,  
 And almost might have made a Tarquin  
 quake:  
 She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,  
 As being the best judge of a lady's case.

## LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,  
 And next day paid a visit to his mother,  
 And look'd extremely at the opening door,  
 Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;  
 Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—  
 Again it opens, it can be no other,  
 'T is surely Juan now—Ne: I'm afraid  
 That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

## LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman  
 Should rather face and overcome temptation,  
 That flight was base and dastardly, and no man  
 Should ever give her heart the least sensation;  
 That is to say, a thought beyond the common  
 Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,  
 For people who are pleasanter than others,  
 But then they only seem so many brothers.

## LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?  
 The devil's so very sly—she should discover  
 That all within was not so very well,  
 And, if still free, that such or such a lover  
 Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell  
 Such thoughts, and be the better when they're  
 over;  
 And if the man should ask, 't is but denial:  
 I recommend young ladies to make trial.

## LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,  
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,  
 Such as the angels think so very fine,  
 And matrons, who would be no less secure,  
 Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine;"  
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure;  
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man  
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

## LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist  
 Between young persons without any danger.  
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kiss'd;  
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,

But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list  
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger  
 If people go beyond, 't is quite a crime,  
 But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

## LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,  
 Was Julia's innocent determination  
 In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its  
 Exertion might be useful on occasion;  
 And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its  
 Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion  
 He might be taught, by love and her together—  
 I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

## LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced  
 In mail of proof—her purity of soul,  
 She, for the future of her strength convinced,  
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,  
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed  
 With any kind of troublesome control;  
 But whether Julia to the task was equal  
 Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

## LXXXIII.

Her pian she deem'd both innocent and feasible,  
 And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen  
 Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's  
 scizable,  
 Or if they did so, satisfied to mean  
 Nothing but what was good, her breast was  
 peaceable—  
 A quiet conscience makes one so serene!  
 Christians have burnt each other, quite per-  
 suaded [did.  
 That all the Apostles would have done as they

## LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,  
 But Heaven forbid that such a thought  
 should cross [sigh'd  
 Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she  
 Never could she survive that common loss;  
 But just suppose that moment should betide,  
 I only say suppose it—*inter nos*.  
 (This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought  
 In French, but then the rhyme would go for  
 nought.)

## LXXXV.

I only say, suppose this supposition:  
 Juan being then grown up to man's estate  
 Would fully suit a widow of condition, [late  
 Even sever years hence it would not be too  
 And in the interim (to pursue this vision)  
 The mischief, after all, could not be great,  
 For he would learn the rudiments of love,  
 I mean the seraph way o' those above.

## LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan.

Poor little fellow! he had no idea  
Of his own case, and never hit the true one;

In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,<sup>32</sup>  
He puzzled over what he found a new one,

But not as yet imagined it could be a  
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,  
Which, with a little patience, might grow  
charming.

## LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,  
His home deserted for the lonely wood,  
Tormented with a wound he could not know,

His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude:  
I'm fond myself of solitude or so,

But then, I beg it may be understood,

By solitude I mean a sultan's, not

A hermit's, with a haram for a groat.

## LXXXVIII.

"Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,

Where transport and security entwine,

Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,

And here thou art a god indeed divine."

The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,<sup>33</sup>

With the exception of the second line,

For that same twining "transport and security"  
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

## LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals

To the good sense and senses of mankind,

The very thing which every body feels,

As all have found on trial, or may find,

That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals

Or love — I won't say more about "entwined"

or "transport," as we knew all that before,

but beg "Security" will bolt the door.

## XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,

Thinking unutterable things; he threw

Himself at length within the leafy nooks

Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;

There poets find materials for their books,

And every now and then we read them  
through,

So that their plan and prosody are eligible,

Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

## XCI.

He, Juan, (and not Wordsworth) so pursued

His self-communion with his own high soul,

Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,

Had mitigated part, though not the whole

Of its disease; he did the best he could

With things not very subject to control,

And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,

Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

## XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,

Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,

And how the deuce they ever could have birth,

And then he thought of earthquakes, and of

Wars,

How many miles the moon might have in girth

Of air-balloons, and of the many bars

To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;—

And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

## XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern

Longings sublime, and aspirations high,

Which some are born with, but the most part  
learn [why

To plague themselves withal, they know not

'T was strange that one so young should thus

concern

His brain about the action of the sky;

If you think 't was philosophy that this did,

I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

## XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,

And heard a voice in all the winds; and then

He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal  
bowers,

And how the goddesses came down to men.

He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,

And when he look'd upon his watch again,

He found how much old Time had been a

winner—

He also found that he had lost his dinner.

## XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,

Boscan<sup>34</sup>, or Garcilasso<sup>35</sup>;—by the wind

Even as the page is rustled while we look,

So by the poesy of his own mind

Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,

As if 't were one whereon magicians bind

Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,

According to some good old woman's tale.

## XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away

Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted

Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,

Could yield his spirit that for which it panted

A bosom whereon he his head might lay,  
 And hear the heart beat with the love it  
 granted,  
 With—several other things which I forget,  
 Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

## XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,  
 Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;  
 She saw that Juan was not at his ease;  
 But that which chiefly may, and must sur-  
 prise,  
 Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease  
 Her only son with question or surmise;  
 Whether it was she did not see, or would not,  
 Or, like all very clever people, could not.

## XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very com-  
 mon;  
 For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take  
 Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,  
 And break the—Which commandment  
 is 't they break?  
 (I have forgot the number, and think no man  
 Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)  
 I say when these same gentlemen are jealous,  
 They make some blunder, which their ladies  
 tell us.

## XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,  
 But still no less suspects in the wrong place,  
 Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,  
 Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,  
 By harbouring some dear friend extremely  
 vicious;  
 The last indeed 's infallibly the case:  
 And when the spouse and friend are gone off  
 wholly,  
 He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

## c.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted:  
 Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er  
 discover,  
 The while the wicked world beholds delighted,  
 Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's  
 lover,  
 Till some confounded escapade has blighted  
 The pian of twenty years, and all is over;  
 And then the mother cries, the father swears,  
 And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

## cI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear  
 Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,  
 She had some other motive much more near  
 For leaving Juan to this new temptation.

But what that motive was, I shan't say here,  
 Perhaps to finish Juan's education,  
 Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,  
 In case he thought his wife too great a prize

## cII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—  
 Summer 's indeed a very dangerous season.  
 And so is spring about the end of May;  
 The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason  
 But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,  
 And stand convicted of more truth than  
 treason, [more merry in,—  
 That there are months which nature grows  
 March has its hares, and May must have its  
 heroine.

## cIII.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June:  
 I like to be particular in dates,  
 Not only of the age, and year, but moon;  
 They are a sort of post-house, where the  
 Fates  
 Change horses, making history change its tune,  
 Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,  
 Leaving at last not much besides chronology,  
 Excepting the post-obits of theology.

## cIV.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour  
 Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—  
 When Julia sate within as pretty a bower  
 As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven  
 Described by Mahomet and Anacreon Moore,  
 To whom the lyre and laurels have been  
 given,  
 With all the trophies of triumphant song—  
 He won them well, and may he wear them  
 long!

## cV.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well  
 How this same interview had taken place.  
 And even if I knew, I should not tell—  
 People should hold their tongues in any  
 case;  
 No matter how or why the thing befell,  
 But there were she and Juan, face to face—  
 When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,  
 But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

## cVI.

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious hear  
 Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no  
 wrong.  
 Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art.  
 Strengthening the weak, and trampling on  
 the strong.

How self-deceitful is the sagest part

Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along —  
The precipice she stood on was immense,  
So was her creed in her own innocence.

## CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,

And of the folly of all prudish fears,  
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,  
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years :  
I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,  
Because that number rarely much endears,  
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,  
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

## CVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"  
They mean to scold, and very often do ;  
When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"  
They make you dread that they'll recite  
them too ;

In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes ;  
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,  
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,  
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

## CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love  
For Don Alonso ; and she truly swore,  
By all the vows below to powers above,  
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,  
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove ;  
And while she ponder'd this, besides much  
more,  
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,  
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own ;

## CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,  
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;  
And to contend with thoughts she could not  
smother

She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.  
Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother  
To leave together this imprudent pair,  
She who for many years had watch'd her son  
so—

I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

## CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees  
Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,  
As if it said, "Detain me, if you please ;"  
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp  
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze ;  
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,  
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse  
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

## CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,  
But what he did, is much what you would do  
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,  
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew  
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—  
Love is so very timid when 'tis new :  
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to  
speak, weak,  
And held her tongue, her voice was grown ~~st~~

## CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :  
The devil's in the moon for mischief ; they  
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon  
Their nomenclature ; there is not a day,  
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,  
Sees half the business in a wicked way,  
On which three single hours of moonshine  
smile—  
And then she looks so modest all the while

## CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness, which leaves room for the full sou  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control ;  
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor, which is not repose.

## CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced  
And half retiring from the glowing arm,  
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was  
placed ; [harm.  
Yet still she must have thought there was no  
Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist ;  
But then the situation had its charm,  
And then—God knows what next—I can't  
go on ;  
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

## CXVI.

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,  
With your confounded fantasies, to more  
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway  
Your system feigns o'er the controulless con  
Of human hearts, than all the long array  
Of poets and romancers :—You're a bore,  
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,  
At best, no better than a go-between

## CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,  
Until too late for useful conversation ;  
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,  
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion

But who, alas! can love and then be wise?

Not that remorse did not oppose temptation;  
A little still she strove, and much repented,  
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—con-  
sented

## CXXVIII

'T is said that Xerxes offer'd a reward  
To those who could invent him a new pleasure:  
ethinks, the requisition 's rather hard,  
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:  
For my part, I 'm a moderate-minded bard,  
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);  
I care not for new pleasures, as the old  
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

## CXXIX.

Oh Pleasure! you are indeed a pleasant thing,  
Although one must be damn'd for you, no  
doubt:

I make a resolution every spring  
Of reformation, ere the year run out,  
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,  
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:  
I 'm very sorry, very much ashamed,  
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

## CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—  
Start not! still chaster reader—she 'll be  
nice hence-

Forward, and there is no great cause to quake;  
This liberty is a poetic licence,  
Which some irregularity may make  
In the design, and as I have a high sense  
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 't is fit  
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

## CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will  
Suppose from June the sixth, 'the fatal day,  
Without whose epoch my poetic skill  
For want of facts would all be thrown away.  
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still  
In sight, that several months have pass'd;  
we 'll say

'T was in November, but I 'm not so sure  
About the day—the era 's more obscure

## CXXII.

We 'll talk of that anon.—'T is sweet to hear  
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep,  
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;  
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

## CXXIII.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near  
home;

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come  
'T is sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lip of children, and their earliest words

## CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,  
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

## CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
The unexpected death of some old lady,  
Or gentlemen of seventy years complete,  
Who 've made "us youth" wait too—too  
long already,  
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,  
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,  
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

## CXXVI.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end  
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our  
quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend;  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;  
Dear is the helpless creature we defend,  
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

## CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
Like Adam's recollection of his fall,  
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—  
all s known—

And life yields nothing further to recall  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from  
heaven.

## CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use  
Of his own nature, and the various arts,  
And likes particularly to produce  
Some new experiment to show his parts;

This is the age of oddities let loose,

Where different talents find their different  
 marts; [lost your  
 You'd best begin with truth, and when you've  
 Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!  
 (Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)  
 One makes new noses, one a guillotine,

One breaks your bones, one sets them in their  
 sockets;

But vaccination certainly has been

A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,  
 With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,  
 By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes;

And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,  
 But has not answer'd like the apparatus  
 Of the Humane Society's beginning,  
 By which men are unsuffocated gratis:

What wondrous new machines have late  
 been spinning!

I said the small-pox has gone out of late;  
 Perhaps it may be follow'd by the great.

CXXXI.

'Tis said the great came from America;

Perhaps it may set out on its return,—

The population there so spreads, they say

'Tis grown high time to thin it in its turn

With war, or plague, or famine, any way,

So that civilisation they may learn;

And which in ravage the more loathsome evil  
 is—

Their real lues, or our pseudo-syphilis?

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions

For killing bodies, and for saving souls,

Ail propagated with the best intentions;

Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals  
 Are safely mined for in the mode hementions,

Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles

Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,

Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

M in's a phenomenon, one knows not what,

And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;

I is pity though, in this sublime world, that

Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a  
 pleasure;

Few mortals know what end they would be at,

But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,

The path is through perplexing ways, and when  
 The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and  
 then—

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—

And so good night.—Return we to our story

'T was in November, when fine days are few

And the far mountains wax a little hoary,

And clap a white cape on their mantles blue,

And the sea dashes round the promontory

And the loud breaker boils against the rock,

And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'T was, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;

No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud

By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was

bright [crowd;

With the piled wood, round which the family

There's something cheerful in that sort of light,

Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:

I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,

A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'T was midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,

Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door

Arose a clatter might awake the dead,

If they had never been awake before,

And that they have been so we all have read,

And are to be so, at the least, once more;—

The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist

First knocks were heard, then "Madam—

Madam—hist!"

CXXXVII.

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's  
 my master,

With more than half the city at his back—

Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!

'T is not my fault—I kept good watch—

Alack!

Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—

They're on the stair just now, and in a crack

Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—

Surely the window's not so *very* high!"

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,

With torches, friends, and servants in great  
 number;

The major part of them had long been wived

And therefore paused not to disturb the  
 slumber

Of any wicked woman, who contrived

By stealth her husband's temples to en-  
 cumber.

Examples of this kind are so contagious,  
 Were *one* no punish'd, *all* would be outrageous

## CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion  
 Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;  
 But for a cavalier of his condition  
 It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,  
 Without a word of previous admonition,  
 To hold a levee round his lady's bed,  
 And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,  
 To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

## CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,  
 (Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept)  
 Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;  
 Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,  
 Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,  
 As if she had just now from out them crept;  
 I can't tell why she should take all this trouble  
 To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

## CXLII.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,  
 Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who  
 Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,  
 Had thought one man might be deterr'd by  
 two,  
 And therefore side by side were gently laid.  
 Until the hours of absence should run through,  
 And truant husband should return, and say,  
 "My dear, I was the first who came away."

## CXLIII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,  
 "In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye  
 mean?" [died  
 Has madness seized you? would that I had  
 Ere such a monster's victim I had been!  
 What may this midnight violence betide,  
 A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?  
 Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would  
 kill? [will.  
 Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said "I

## CXLIII.

He search'd, they search'd, and rummaged  
 everywhere, [seat,  
 Closets and clothes' press, chest and window,  
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair  
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, com-  
 plete,  
 With other articles of ladies fair,  
 To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:  
 Arras they prick'd and curtains with their  
 swords, [boards.  
 And wounded several shutters, and some

## CXL.V.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they  
 found—  
 No matter what—it was not that they sought  
 They open'd windows, gazing if the ground  
 Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said  
 nought;  
 And then they stared each others' faces round  
 'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought  
 And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,  
 Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

## CXLV.

During this inquisition, Julia's tongue  
 Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search,"  
 she cried,  
 "Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong.  
 It was for this that I became a bride!  
 For this in silence I have suffer'd long  
 A husband like Alfonso at my side;  
 But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,  
 If there be law or lawyers, in all Spain.

## CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,  
 If ever you indeed deserved the name.  
 Is't worthy of your years?—you have three-  
 score—  
 Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—  
 Is't wise or fitting, causeless to explore  
 For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?  
 Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,  
 How dare you think your lady would go on so?"

## CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold  
 The common privileges of my sex?  
 That I have chosen a confessor so old  
 And deaf, that any other it would vex,  
 And never once he has had cause to scold,  
 But found my very innocence perplex  
 So much, he always doubted I was married—  
 How sorry you will be when I've miscarried.

## CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo<sup>36</sup> e'er  
 I yet have chosen from out the youth of  
 Seville?  
 Is it for this, I scarce went any where,  
 Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and  
 revel?  
 Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,  
 I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?  
 Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,  
 Who took Algiers<sup>37</sup>, declares I used him vilely?"

## CXLIX

' Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani  
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?  
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,  
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?  
Were there not also Russians, English, many?  
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,  
And Lord Mount Coffecheuse, the Irish peer,  
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

## CL.

' Have I not had two bishops at my feet?  
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez;  
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?  
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:  
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat  
Me also, since the time so opportune is—  
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd  
trigger,  
Now, tell me, can't you cut a pretty figure?

## CLI.

' Was it for this you took your sudden journey,  
Under pretence of business indispensable  
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,  
Whom I see standing there, and looking  
sensible [spurn, he  
Of having play'd the fool? though both I  
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less de-  
fensible,  
Because, no doubt 'twas for his dirty fee,  
And not from any love to you nor me.

## CLII.

" If he comes here to take a deposition,  
By all means let the gentleman proceed;  
You've made the apartment in a fit condi-  
tion:— [need—  
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you  
Let every thing be noted with precision,  
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—  
But, as my maid's undrest, pray turn your  
spies out." [eyes out."  
Oh!" sobb'd Antonia, " I could tear their

## CLIII.

" There is the closet, there the toilet, there  
The antechamber—search them under, over;  
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,  
The chimney—which would really hold a  
lover.  
I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care  
And make no further noise, till you discover  
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—  
And when 'tis found, let me, too, have that  
pleasure.

## CLIV.

" And now, Hidalgo! now that you have throwt  
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,  
Pray have the courtesy to make it known  
Who is the man you search for? how d'ye  
call [shown—  
Him? what's his lineage? let him but be  
I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?  
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain  
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain

## CLV.

" At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,  
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,  
Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—  
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)  
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,  
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;  
My mother dream'd not in my natal hour,  
That I should fall into a monster's power.

## CLVI.

" Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous,  
You saw that she was sleeping by my side,  
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:  
Look where you please—we've nothing, sir,  
to hide;  
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,  
Or for the sake of decency abide  
A moment at the door, that we may be  
Drest to receive so much good company.

## CLVII.

" And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;  
The little I have said may serve to show  
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er  
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—  
I leave you to your conscience as before,  
"I will one day ask you why you used me so?  
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!"—  
Antonia! where's my pocket-handkerchief?

## CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale  
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their  
tears,  
Like skies that rain and lighten, as a veil,  
Waved and o'er shading her wan cheek,  
appears [but fail,  
He streaming hair: the black curls strive,  
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears  
Its snow through al:—her soft lips lie apart  
And louder than her breathing beats her heart

## CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;  
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room  
And, turning up her nose, with looks abus'd  
Her master and his myrmidons, of whom.



Not one, except the attorney, was amused;

He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,  
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,  
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

## CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,  
Following Antonia's motions here and there,  
With much suspicion in his attitude;  
For reputations he had little care;  
So that a suit or action were made good,  
Small pity had he for the young and fair,  
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these  
Were proved by competent false witnesses

## CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,  
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;  
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,  
And treating a young wife with so much  
Vigour,  
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,  
Added to those his lady with such vigour  
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,  
Quick, thick, and heavv—as a thunder-shower.

## CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,  
To which the sole reply was tears, and sobs,  
And indications of hysterics, whose  
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,  
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:  
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;  
He saw too, in perspective, her relations  
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

## CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,  
But sage Antonia cut him short before  
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,  
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say  
no more, [her,"  
Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd, "D—n  
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;  
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,  
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

## CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"  
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door  
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as  
Antonia let him—not a little sore  
At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*"  
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore  
An awkward look; as he revolved the case,  
The door was fasten'd in his level face.

## CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!  
Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!  
How can you do such things and keep your fame,  
Unless this world, and t' other too, be blind?  
Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!  
But to proceed—for there is more behind:  
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,  
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed

## CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say  
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—  
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,  
No doubt, in little compass, round or square,  
But pity him I neither must nor may  
His suffocation by that pretty pair;  
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut  
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

## CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because  
He had no business to commit a sin,  
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,  
At least 't was rather early to begin;  
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws  
So much as when we call our old debts in  
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil  
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

## CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:  
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,  
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion  
Prescribed by way of blister, a young belie  
When Old King David's blood grew dull in  
motion,  
And that the medicine answer'd very well.  
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,  
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

## CLXIX.

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back  
The moment he has sent his fools away.  
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,  
But no device could be brought into play—  
And how to parry the renew'd attack?  
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:  
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,  
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

## CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand  
Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair  
Even then their love they could not all com-  
mand,  
And half forgot their danger and despair,

Antonia's patience now was at a stand—

Come, come, 't is no time now for fooling there,"

She whisper'd, in great wrath—"I must deposit This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI.

"Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—

Who can have put my master in this mood?

What will become on 't—I'm in such a fright,

The devil 's in the urchin, and no good—

Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?

Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?

You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,  
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier

Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)  
But for a child, what piece of work is here!

I really, madam, wonder at your taste—

(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:

There, for the present, at the least, he's fast,

And if we can but till the morning keep

Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep."

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,

Closed the oration of the trusty maid:

She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,

An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;

However, present remedy was none,

And no great good seem'd answer'd if she staid:

Regarding both with slow and sidelong staid,  
She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun

Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;

He would not justify what he had done,

To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;

But there were ample reasons for it, none

Of which he specified in this his pleading:

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,  
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "*rigmarole*."

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose

A ready answer, which at once enables

A matron, who her husband's foible knows

By a few timely words to turn the tables,

Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—

Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;

'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he

Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds—

Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known  
But whether 't was that one's own guilt con-  
found—

But that can't be, as has been often shown  
A lady with apologies abounds;—

It might be that her silence sprang alone

From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,

To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two;

Alfonzo ne'er to Juan had alluded,—

Mention'd his jealousy, but never who

Had been the happy lover, he concluded,

Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true

His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;

To speak of Inez now were, one may say,

Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;

Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*—

(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,

But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—  
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,

A lady always distant from the fact:

The charming creatures lie with such a grace,

There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I

Have always done so; 't is of no great use,

In any case, attempting a reply,

For then their eloquence grows quite profuse:

And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,

And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose

A tear or two, and then we make it up;

And then—and then—and then—sit down  
and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonzo closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,

Which Julia half withheld, and then hal  
And laid conditions he thought very hard on,

Denying several little things he wanted:

He stood like Adam lingering near his garden

With useless penitence perplex'd and  
haunted,

Beseeching she no further would refuse

When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of

## CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they  
 Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these  
 (No one can tell how much I grieve to say)  
 Were masculine; to see them, and to seize  
 Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!  
 My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze  
 Alfonso first examined well their fashion,  
 And then flew out into another passion.

## CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,  
 And Julia instant to the closet flew.  
 "Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a  
 word—

The door is open—you may yet slip through  
 The passage you so often have explored—  
 Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!  
 Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—  
 Day has not broke—there's no one in the  
 street."

## CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,  
 The only mischief was, it came too late;  
 Of all experience 'tis the usual price,  
 A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:  
 Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,  
 And might have done so by the garden-gate,  
 But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,  
 Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him  
 down

## CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;  
 Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"  
 But not a servant stir'd to aid the fight.  
 Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,  
 Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;  
 And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;  
 His blood was up: though young, he was a Tartar,  
 And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

## CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,  
 And they continued battling hand to hand,  
 For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;  
 His temper not being under great command,  
 'T at that moment he had chanced to claw it,  
 Alfonso's days had not been in the land  
 Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!  
 And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

## CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,  
 And Juan throttled him to get away,  
 And blood (twas from the nose) began to flow;  
 At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,  
 And then his only garment quite gave way  
 He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,  
 I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

## CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids  
 who found  
 An awkward spectacle their eyes before;  
 Antonia in hysterics. Julia swoon'd,  
 Alfonso leaping, breathless, by the door;  
 Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,  
 Some blood, and several footsteps, but no  
 more:

Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,  
 And liking not the inside, lock'd the out,

## CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,  
 How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,  
 Who favours what she should not, found his  
 way,

And reach'd his home in an unseemly pligh?  
 The pleasant scandal which arose next day.

The nine days' wonder which was brought  
 to light,

And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,  
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

## CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,  
 The depositions, and the cause at full,  
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings  
 Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,  
 There's more than one edition, and the readings  
 Are various, but they none of them are dull  
 The best is that in short-hand taken by Gurney  
 Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

## CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train  
 Of one of the most circulating scandals  
 That had for centuries been known in Spain,  
 At least since the retirement of the Vandals,  
 First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain,  
 To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles:  
 And then, by the advice of some old ladies,  
 She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

## CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through  
 All European climes, by land or sea,  
 To mend his former morals, and get new,  
 Especially in France and Italy,  
 (At least this is the thing most people do.)

Julia was sent into a convent: she  
 Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better  
 Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

## CXCII.

"They tell me 't is decided ; you depart :  
 'T is wise—'t is well, but not the less a pain ;  
 I have no further claim on your young heart,  
 Mine is the victim, and would be again ;  
 To love too much has been the only art  
 I used ;— I write in haste, and if a stain  
 Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears ;  
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

## CXCIII.

"I loved, I love you, for this love have lost  
 State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own  
 esteem,  
 And yet can not regret what it hath cost,  
 So dear is still the memory of that dream ;  
 Yet, if I name my guilt, 't is not to boast,  
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :  
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—  
 I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

## CXCIV.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
 'T is woman's whole existence ; man may  
 range [mart,  
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the  
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
 And few there are whom these can not  
 estrange ;  
 Men have all these resources, we but ope,  
 To love again, and be again undone.

## CXCv.

"You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,  
 Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er  
 For me on earth, except some years to hide  
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's  
 core !  
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
 The passion which st'ill rages as before,—  
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,  
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

## CXCVI.

"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet,  
 But still I think I can collect my mind ;  
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,  
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ;  
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—  
 To all, except one image, madly blind ;  
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,  
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

## CXCvII.

"I have no more to say, but linger still,  
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,  
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,  
 My misery can scarce be more complete ;

I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill ;  
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow  
 would meet,  
 And I must even survive this last adieu,  
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you !

## CXCvIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper  
 With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new ;  
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the  
 taper,  
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,  
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her ;  
 The seal a sunflower : "*Elle vous suit par-  
 tout*,"<sup>38</sup>  
 The motto cut upon a white cornelian ;  
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

## CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but  
 whether  
 I shall proceed with his adventures is  
 Dependent on the public altogether ;  
 We'll see however, what they say to this,  
 Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,  
 And no great mischief's done by their  
 caprice ;  
 And if their approbation we experience,  
 Perhaps they'll have some more about a year  
 hence.

## CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be  
 Divided in twelve books ; each book con-  
 taining,  
 With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,  
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings  
 reigning,  
 New characters ; the episodes are three :  
 A panoramic view of hell's in training,  
 After the style of Virgil and of Homer,  
 So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

## CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,  
 With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,  
 The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,  
 Which makes so many poets, and some fools  
 Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme  
 Good workmen never quarrel with their tools  
 I've got new mythological machinery,  
 And very handsome supernatural scenery.

## CCII.

There's only one slight difference between  
 Me and my epic brethren gone before,  
 And here the advantage is my own, I ween,  
 (Not that I have not several merits more.)

But this will more peculiarly be seen);

They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore  
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,  
Whereas this story's actually true.

## CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal  
To history, tradition, and to facts,  
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,  
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;  
All these confirm my statement a good deal,  
But that which more completely faith exacts  
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,  
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

## CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,  
I'll write poetical commandments, which  
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those  
That went before; in these I shall enrich  
My text with many things that no one knows,  
And carry precept to the highest pitch:  
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,  
Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle."

## CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope,  
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge,  
Southey;  
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,  
The second drunk, the third so quaint and  
mouthy;  
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,  
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat  
drouthy:  
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor  
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

## CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,  
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;  
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the  
Blues"—  
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this);  
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:  
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—  
Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;  
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

## CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert  
This story is not moral, first, I pray,  
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,  
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,  
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert,)  
That this is not a moral tale, though gay  
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show  
The very place where wicked people go

## CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind  
To their own good this warning to despise  
Led by some tortuosity of mind,  
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes  
And cry that they "the moral cannot find."  
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;  
Should captains the remark, or critics, make  
They also lie too—under a mistake.

## CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,  
And beg they'll take my word about the  
moral,  
Which I with their amusement will connect  
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral:  
Meantime they'll doubtless please to recollect  
My epical pretensions to the laurel:  
For fear some prudish readers should grow  
skittish, [British].  
I've bribed my grandmother's review—

## CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,  
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;  
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it hot,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And sneer his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say is—that he had the money.

## CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance  
I may ensure the public, and defy  
All other magazines of art or science,  
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I  
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients  
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,  
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly  
Treat a dissenting author very martyrlly

## CCXII.

' *Non ego hoc ferrem calida juvena  
Consule Planco,*' Horace said, and so  
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a  
Hint that some six or seven good years ago  
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta  
I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of thing  
In my hot youth—when George the Third  
was King.

## CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair's grey—  
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?  
thought of a peruke the other day—)  
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I

Have squander'd my whole summer while  
'twas May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort; I  
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,  
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invin-  
cible.

## CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,  
Which out of all the lovely things we see  
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,  
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee,  
Think'st thou the honey with those objects  
grew?

Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power  
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

## CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my  
heart,  
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe;  
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,  
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:  
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art  
Insensible. I trust, but none the worse,  
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment  
Though heaven knows how it ever found a  
lodgment.

## CCXVI.

My days of love are over; me no more  
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of  
widow,  
Can make the fool of which they made before,—  
In short, I must not lead the life I did do;  
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,  
The copious use of claret is forbid too,  
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,  
I think I must take up with avarice.

## CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken  
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;  
And the two last have left me many a token,  
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure  
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've  
spoken, [chymic treasure  
"Time is, Time was, Time's past"<sup>39</sup>:"—a  
Is glittering youth, which I have spent be-  
times—  
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

## CCXVIII.

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill  
A certain portion of uncertain paper:  
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,  
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;

For this men write, speak, preach, and ~~hero~~  
kill, [night taper,"  
And bards burn what they call their "mid  
To have, when the original is dust,  
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

## CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King  
Cheops erected the first pyramid  
And largest, thinking it was just the thing  
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;  
But somebody or other rummaging  
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid;  
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

## CCXX.

But I being fond of true philosophy,  
Say very often to myself, "Alas!  
All things that have been born were born to die.  
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay  
is grass;  
You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly  
And if you had it o'er again—'t would pass—  
So thank your stars that matters are no worse  
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse.

## CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and  
Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's I—  
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,  
And so your humble servant, and good-b'ye.  
We meet again, if we should understand  
Each other; and if not, I shall not try  
Your patience further than by this short  
sample—  
'T were well if others follow'd my example.

## CCXXII.

"Go, little book, from this my solitude!  
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!  
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,  
The world will find thee after many days.'  
When Southey's read, and Wordsworth under-  
stood,  
I can't help putting in my claim to praise—  
The four first rhymes are Southey's every line  
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE SECOND.<sup>40</sup>

## I.

Hey! who teach the ingenious youth of  
 nations, [Spain,  
 Holland, France, England, Germany, or  
 I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,  
 It mends their morals, never mind the pain:  
 The best of mothers and of educations  
 In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,  
 Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he  
 Became divested of his native modesty.

## II.

Had he out been placed at a public school,  
 In the third form, or even in the fourth,  
 His daily task had kept his fancy cool,  
 At least, had he been nurtured in the north;  
 Spain may prove an exception to the rule,  
 But then exceptions always prove its worth—  
 A lad of sixteen causing a divorce  
 Puzzled his tutor's very much, of course.

## III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,  
 If all things be consider'd: first, there was  
 His lady-mother, mathematical,  
 A—never mind;—his tutor, an old ass;  
 A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,  
 Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)  
 A husband rather old, not much in unity  
 With his young wife—a time and opportunity

## IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,  
 And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,  
 And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,  
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;  
 The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,  
 The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,  
 A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,  
 Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

## V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—  
 A pretty town, I recollect it well—  
 Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,  
 (Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel,)  
 And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful  
 ladies, [swell;  
 Their very walk would make your bosom  
 I can't describe it, though so much it strike,  
 Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

## VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb  
 New broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle,  
 No—none of these will do;—and then their  
 garb!  
 Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell  
 Upon such things would very near absorb  
 A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,  
 Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready  
 (And so, my sober Muse—come, let's b  
 steady—

## VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—  
 the veil [hand  
 Thrown back a moment with the glancing  
 While the overpowering eye, that turns you pale  
 Flashes into the heart:—All sunny lan i  
 Of love! when I forget you, may I sail  
 To—say my prayers—but never was there  
 plann'd [vol. v  
 A dress through which the eyes give such  
 Excepting the Venetian Fazziridi.<sup>41</sup>

## VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent  
 Her son to Cadiz only to embark,  
 To stay there had not answer'd her intent.  
 But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—  
 'T was for a voyage that the young man was  
 meant,  
 As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,  
 To wean him from the wickedness of earth,  
 And send him like a dove of promise forth.

## IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things  
 According to direction, then received  
 A lecture and some money: for four springs  
 He was to travel; and though Inez griev'd  
 (As every kind of parting has its stings),  
 She hoped he would improve—perhaps to  
 lieved:  
 A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)  
 Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

## X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,  
 Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school  
 For naughty children, who would rather play  
 (Like truant rogues) the devil, or the tool;  
 Infants of three years old were taught that day  
 Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:  
 The great success of Juan's education  
 Spurr'd her to teach another generation

## XI.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,  
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;  
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,  
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough;  
And standing upon the deck, the dashing spray  
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:  
And there he stood to take, and take again,  
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

## XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight  
To see one's native land receding through  
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,  
Especially when life is rather new:  
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,  
But almost every other country's blue,  
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,  
We enter on our nautical existence.

## XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:  
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors  
swore,  
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,  
From which away so fair and fast they bore.  
The best of remedies is a beef-steak  
Against sea-sickness<sup>42</sup>; try it, sir, before  
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,  
For I have found it answer—so may you.

## XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,  
Beheld his native Spain receding far:  
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,  
Even nations feel this when they go to war;  
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,  
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:  
At leaving even the most unpleasant people  
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple

## XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave  
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,  
So that he had much better cause to grieve,  
Than many persons more advanced in life;  
And if we now and then a sigh must heave  
At quitting even those we quit in strife,  
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—  
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

## XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews  
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:  
I'd weep—but mine is not a weeping Muse,  
And such slight griefs are not a thing to die on.

Young men should travel, if but to amuse  
Themselves; and the next time their servants  
tie on  
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,  
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

## XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,  
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,  
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to  
quote; [sic],  
You must excuse this extract,—'t is where  
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought  
Flowers to the grave:) and, sobbing often, he  
Reflected on his present situation,  
And seriously resolved on reformation.

## XVIII.

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,  
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,  
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,  
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:  
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide.  
Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er  
Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he drew  
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

## XIX.

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—  
But that's impossible, and cannot be—  
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,  
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,  
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!  
Or think of any thing excepting thee;  
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—  
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-  
sick.)

## XX.

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell  
sicker)  
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—  
(For God's sake, let me have a glass of liquor;  
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)  
Julia, my love!—(yon rascal, Pedro, quicker)—  
Oh Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—  
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"  
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching)

## XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart.  
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,  
Beyond the best apothecary's art,  
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,  
Or death of those we dote on, when a part  
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends  
No doubt he would have been much more pa-  
thetic,  
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.



## XXII.

Love's a capricious power: I've known it hold  
 Out through a fever caused by its own heat,  
 But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,  
 And find a quinsy very hard to treat;  
 Against all noble maladies he's bold,  
 But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,  
 Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,  
 Nor inflammations redder his blind eye.

## XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain  
 About the lower region of the bowels;  
 Love, who heroically breathes a vein,  
 Shrinks from the application of hot towels,  
 And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,  
 Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect,  
 how else

Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,  
 Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

## XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinidad,"  
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;  
 For there the Spanish family Moncada  
 Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born.  
 They were relations, and for them he had a  
 Letter of introduction, which the morn  
 Of his departure had been sent him by  
 His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

## XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and  
 A tutor the licentiate Pedrillo,  
 Who several languages did understand,  
 But now lay sick and speechless on his  
 pillow,  
 And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,  
 His headach being increased by every billow;  
 And the waves oozing through the port-hole  
 made

His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

## XXVI.

T was not without some reason, for the wind  
 Increased at night, until it blew a gale;  
 and though 't was not much to a naval mind,  
 Some laudsmen would have look'd a little  
 pale,  
 For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:  
 At sunset they began to take in sail,  
 For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,  
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

## XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift  
 Threw the ship right into the trough of the  
 sea, [rift,  
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward  
 Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the

Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift  
 Herself from out her present jeopardy,  
 The rudder tore away: 't was time to sound  
 The pumps, and there were four feet water  
 found.

## XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put  
 Upon the pumps, and the remainder set  
 To get up part of the cargo, and what not;  
 But they could not come at the leak as yet;  
 At last they did get at it really, but  
 Still their salvation was an even bet:  
 The water rush'd through in a way quite  
 puzzling, [of muslin  
 While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales

## XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients  
 Would have been vain, and they must have  
 gone down,  
 Despite of all their efforts and expedients,  
 But for the pumps; I'm glad to make them  
 known [hence,  
 To all the brother tars who may have need  
 For fifty tons of water were upthrown  
 By them per hour, and they had all been un-  
 done,  
 But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London

## XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate  
 And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,  
 And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet  
 Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in  
 use.  
 The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late  
 A squall came on, and while some guns  
 broke loose, [cends--  
 A gust—which all descriptive power trans-  
 La'd with one blast the ship on her beam end.

## XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset,  
 The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,  
 And made a scene men do not soon forget;  
 For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,  
 Or any other thing that brings regret,  
 Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads,  
 or necks: [divers,  
 Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the  
 And swimmers, who may chance to be sur-  
 vivors.

## XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,  
 Both main and mizen; first the mizen went  
 The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay  
 Like a ware log and baffled our intent.

Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they

Eased her at last (although we never meant  
To part with all till every hope was blighted),  
And then with violence the old ship righted.

## XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this  
Was going on, some people were unquiet,  
That passengers would find it much amiss  
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;  
That even the able seaman, deeming his  
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,  
As upon such occasions tars will ask  
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the  
cask.

## XXXIV.

There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit  
caims  
As rum and true religion: thus it was,  
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung  
psalms,  
The high wind made the treble, and as bass  
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured  
the qualms  
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws;  
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,  
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

## XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for  
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,  
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before  
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,  
As if Death were more dreadful by his door  
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,  
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,  
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

## XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be  
All one an' hour hence." Juan answer'd  
"No:  
'T is true that death awaits both you and me,  
But let us die like men, not sink below  
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post  
kept he.  
And none liked to anticipate the blow;  
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,  
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

## XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,  
And made a loud and pious lamentation;  
Repented all his sins, and made a last  
Irrevocable vow of reformation;

Nothing should tempt him more (this perit past  
To quit his academic occupation,  
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca.  
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

## XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more,  
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts  
were gone, [shore  
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no  
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.  
They tried the pumps again, and though before  
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless  
grown,  
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—  
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a  
sail.

## XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,  
And for the moment it had some effect;  
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,  
Nor rag of canvass, what could they expect?  
But still 't is best to struggle to the last,  
'T is never too late to be wholly wreck'd:  
And though 't is true that man can only die  
once,  
'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

## XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and  
firm thence,  
Without their will, they carried them away.  
For they were forced with steering to dispense,  
And never had as yet a quiet day  
On which they might repose, or even commence  
A jurymast or rudder, or could say  
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good  
luck,  
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

## XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,  
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could  
hope  
To weather out much longer; the distress  
Was also great with which they had to cope  
For want of water, and their solid mess  
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope  
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,  
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

## XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew  
A gale, and in the fore and utter hold  
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew  
All this, the most were patient, and some  
bold,

Untill the chains and leathers were worn through  
Of all our pumps :—a wreck complete she  
toll'd,

At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are  
Like human beings during civil war.

## XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears  
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he  
Could do no more : he was a man in years,  
And long had voyaged through many a  
stormy sea,

And if he wept at length, they were not fears  
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,  
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—  
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

## XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now  
Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,  
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow  
Of candles to their saints—but there were none

To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;  
Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one  
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,  
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion

## XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks ; some  
put on  
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair ;  
Some curs'd the day on which they saw the sun,  
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore  
their hair ;

And others went on as they had begun,  
Getting the boats out, being well aware,  
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,  
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

## XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,  
Having been several days in great distress,  
'T was difficult to get out such provision  
As now might render their long suffering less :  
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;  
Their stock was damaged by the weather's  
stress :

Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,  
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

## XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow  
Some pounds of bread, though injured by  
the wet ;

Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so ;  
Six flasks of wine ; and they contrived to get

A portion of their beef up from below,  
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met  
But scarce enough to serve them for a lun  
cheon—  
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a pun  
cheon

## XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had  
Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;  
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,  
As there were but two blankets for a sail,  
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad  
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;  
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,  
To save one half the people then on board.

## XLIX.

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the  
frown  
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,  
And the dim desolate deep twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

## L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
With little hope in such a rolling sea,  
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,  
If any laughter at such times could be,  
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,  
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,  
Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—  
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

## LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,  
And all things, for a chance, had been cast  
loose,  
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,  
For yet they strove, although of no great use :  
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,  
The boats put off o'er-crowded with their  
crews ;

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

## LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the  
brave—  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave ;  
And the sea yaw'n'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling  
wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die

## LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

## LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,  
 And in them crowded several of the crew;  
 And yet their present hope was hardly more  
 Than what it had been, for so strong it blew,  
 There was slight chance of reaching any shore;  
 And then they were too many, though so few—  
 Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,  
 Were counted in them when they got afloat.

## LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls  
 Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!  
 When over Catholics the ocean rolls,  
 They must wait several weeks before a mass  
 Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,  
 Because, till people know what's come to pass,  
 They won't lay out their money on the dead—  
 It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

## LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there  
 Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;  
 It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,  
 For Juan wore the magisterial face  
 Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair  
 Of eyes were crying for their owner's ease:  
 Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)  
 Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

## LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,  
 But the same cause, conducive to his loss,  
 Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave,  
 As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,  
 And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;  
 They could not rescue him although so close,  
 Because the sea ran higher every minute,  
 And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

## LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don  
 José's, [think,  
 His father's, whom he loved, as ye may  
 For on such things the memory reposes  
 With tenderness—stood howling on the  
 brink,

Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!  
 No doubt, the vessel was about to sink:  
 And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd  
 Off, threw him in, then a'ter him he leap'd.

## LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could  
 About his person, and Pedrillo's too,  
 Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,  
 Not knowing what himself to say, or do,  
 As every rising wave his dread renew'd;  
 But Juan, trusting they might still get through,  
 And deeming there were remedies for any ill,  
 Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

## LX.

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,  
 That the sail was becalm'd between the  
 seas, [set,  
 Though on the wave's high top too much to  
 They dared not take it in for all the breeze  
 Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them  
 wet, [ease,  
 And made them bale without a moment's  
 So that themselves as well as hopes were  
 damp'd,  
 And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

## LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boa  
 still  
 Kept above water, with an oar for mast,  
 Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill  
 Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast;  
 Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,  
 And present peril all before surpass'd,  
 They grieved for those who perish'd with the  
 cutter,  
 And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

## LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign  
 Of the continuance of the gale: to run  
 Before the sea until it should grow fine,  
 Was all that for the present could be done.  
 A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine  
 Were served out to the people, who begun  
 To faint, and damaged bread wet through the  
 bags,  
 And most of them had little c'ones but rags.

## LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space  
 Which left scarce room for motion or exer-  
 tion;  
 They did their best to modify their case,  
 One half sate up, though numb'd with the  
 immers'on,

While t' other half were laid down in their place,

At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian

Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,  
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

## LXIV.

'T is very certain the desire of life

Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,  
When patients, neither plagued with friends  
nor wife,

Survive through very desperate conditions,  
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife

Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:  
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,  
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

## LXV.

'T is said that persons living on annuities  
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,

Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,  
That some, I really think, *do* never die:

Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,  
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:  
In my young days they lent me cash that way,  
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

## LXVI.

'T is thus with people in an open boat,  
They live upon the love of life, and bear  
More than can be believed, or even thought,  
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,  
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;

She had a curious crew as well as cargo,  
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

## LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production, [day;  
And must have meals, at least one meal a

He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,  
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;

Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,  
Your labouring people think beyond all ques-  
tion,

Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

## LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;  
For on the third day there came on a calm,  
And though at first their strength it might  
renew,

And lying on their weariness like balm

Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue  
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm  
And fell all ravenously on their provision,  
Instead of hoarding it with due precision

## LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—

They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,

In spite of all remonstrances, and then  
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?  
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish  
men! [fine,

And carry them to shore; these hopes were  
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,  
It would have been more wise to save their  
victual.

## LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air  
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd  
child;

The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there  
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and  
mild—

With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair,  
What could they do? and hunger's rage  
grew wild:

So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,  
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

## LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,  
And Juan, who had still refused, because  
The creature was his father's dog that died  
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,  
With some remorse received (though first de-  
nied)

As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

## LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning  
sun [sea,

Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the  
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,  
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely

They glared upon each other—all was done,  
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might  
see

The longings of the cannibal arise  
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish  
eyes

## LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who  
 Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,  
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,  
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;  
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer  
 knew, [he found:  
 'T was but his own, suppress'd till now,  
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

## LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared  
 Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of  
 shoes;  
 And then they look'd around them, and de-  
 spair'd,  
 And none to be the sacrifice would choose;  
 At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,  
 But of materials that much shock the Muse—  
 Having no paper, for the want of better,  
 They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

## LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd,  
 and handed,  
 In silent horror, and their distribution  
 Lull'd even the savage-hunger which demanded,  
 Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;  
 None in particular had sought or plann'd it,  
 'T was nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,  
 By which none were permitted to be neuter—  
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

## LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death—  
 The surgeon had his instruments, and bled  
 Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,  
 You hardly could perceive when he was  
 dead.  
 He died as born, a Catholic in faith,  
 Like most in the belief in which they're  
 bred,  
 And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,  
 And then held out his jugular and wrist.

## LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,  
 Had his first choice of morsels for his pair's;  
 But being thirstiest at the moment, he  
 Prefer'd a draught from the fast-flowing  
 veins:  
 Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,  
 And such things as the entrails and the  
 brains billow—  
 Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the  
 And the sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

## LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,  
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food  
 To these was added Juan, who, before  
 Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could  
 Feel now his appetite increased much more—  
 'T was not to be expected that he should,  
 Even in extremity of their disaster,  
 Dine with them on his pastor and his master

## LXXIX.

T was better that he did not; for, in fact,  
 The consequence was awful in the extreme,  
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,  
 Went raging mad—Lord! how they did  
 blaspheme! [rack'd.  
 And foam and roll, with strange convulsions  
 Drinking salt-water like a mountain stream,  
 Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching,  
 swearing,  
 And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

## LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this in-  
 fiction, [knows  
 And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven  
 And some of them had lost their recollection,  
 Happier than they who still perceived their  
 woes.  
 But others ponder'd on a new dissection,  
 As if not warn'd sufficiently by those  
 Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,  
 For having used their appetites so sadly.

## LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,  
 A\* fattest; but he saved himself, because,  
 Besides being much averse from such a fate,  
 There were some other reasons: the first was,  
 He had been rather indisposed of late;  
 And that which chiefly proved his saving  
 clause,  
 Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,  
 By general subscription of the ladies.

## LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd.  
 But was used sparingly,—some were afraid  
 And others still their appetites constrain'd  
 Or but at times a little supper made;  
 All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,  
 Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead  
 At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy  
 And then they left off eating the dead body.

## LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,  
 Remember Ugolino condescends  
 To eat the head of his arch-enemy  
 The moment after he politely ends

His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea

'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,  
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,  
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

## LXXXIV

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,  
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth [pain,  
When dried to summer dust; till taught by  
Men really know not what good water's worth;

If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,  
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell, [well.  
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a

## LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer

Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,

They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher  
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet

As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

## LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,  
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd; [were black,

Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues  
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd  
'To beg the beggar, who could not rain back

A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd  
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,  
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

## LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
And with them their two sons, of whom the one

Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
But he died early; and when he was gone,  
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!

"Can do nothing," and he saw him thrown  
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

## LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate:  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

## LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gaz'd,  
And when the wise a-for shower at length  
was come, [glazed.  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film halt  
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

## xc.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
And look'd upon it long, and when at last  
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,

He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein  
't was cast: [shivering.  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and  
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

## xcI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through  
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,  
Resting its trigut base on the quivering blue;  
And all within its arch appear'd to be  
Clearer than that without, and its wide hne  
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,  
Then chang'd like to a bow that's bent, and then  
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men,

## xcII.

It chang'd, of course; a heavenly cameleon,  
The airy child of vapour and the sun,  
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,  
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,  
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,  
And blending every colour into one,  
'ust like a black eye in a recent scuffle  
For sometimes we must box without the muffle

## XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—

It is as well to think so, now and then ;  
T' was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,  
And may become of great advantage when  
Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men  
Had greater need to nerve themselves again  
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like  
hope—

Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

## XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,  
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size  
And plumage (probably it might have err'd  
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,  
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard  
The men within the boat, and in this guise  
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till  
Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

## XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,  
'T was well this bird of promise did not perch,  
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark  
Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;  
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,  
Returning there from her successful search,  
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,  
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

## XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,  
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,  
They knew not where nor what they were  
about ; [“ No !”  
Some fancied they saw land, and some said  
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to  
doubt— [gums,  
Some swore that they heard breakers, others  
And all mistook about the latter once

## XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,  
When he who had the watch sung out and  
swore.  
If t' was not land that rose with the sun's ray,  
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;  
And the rest rubb'd their eyes and saw a bay,  
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course  
for shore ;  
For shore it was, and gradually grew  
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

## XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into fears,  
And others, looking with a stupid stare,  
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears  
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;  
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some  
years)—  
And at the bottom of the boat three were  
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,  
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead

## XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,  
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,  
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her.  
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind  
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,  
Because it left encouragement behind  
They thought that in such perils, more than  
chance  
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

## C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,  
And higher grew the mountains as they drew  
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost  
In various conjectures, for none knew  
To what part of the earth they had been tost  
So changeable had been the winds that blew,  
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the  
highlands  
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

## CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,  
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,  
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale :  
Their living freight was now reduced to four  
And three dead, whom their strength could no  
avail  
To heave into the deep with those before,  
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and  
dash'd  
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

## CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had  
done [them to  
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd  
Such things a mother had not known her son  
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;  
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by  
one  
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,  
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,  
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.



## CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen,  
Unequal in its aspect here and there,  
They felt the freshness of its growing green,  
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the  
air,

And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen  
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and  
bare—

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep  
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

## CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,  
And girt by formidable waves; but they  
Were mad for land, and thus their course they  
ran,

Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:  
A reef between them also now began

To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,  
But finding no place for their landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

## CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,  
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;  
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,  
Had often turn'd the art to some account:  
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,  
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,  
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)  
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

## CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,  
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply  
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,  
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:  
The greatest danger here was from a shark,  
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;  
As for the other two, they could not swim,  
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

## CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,  
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd  
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,  
And the hard wave overwhelm'd him as  
't was dash'd

Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore  
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;  
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he  
Roll'd on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea:

## CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung  
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,  
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,  
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:

And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,  
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,  
With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain

## CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,  
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee  
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those  
Who long had been his mates upon the sea:  
But none of them appear'd to share his woes.  
Save one, a corpse, from out the famish'd throng.  
Who died two days before, and now had found  
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

## CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,  
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand  
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:  
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand  
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),  
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land  
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay  
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

## CXI.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay  
He knew not, for the earth was gone for  
him,  
And Time had nothing more of night nor day  
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;  
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away  
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb  
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life  
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with  
strife.

## CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,  
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought  
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,  
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought  
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,  
And then once more his feelings back were  
brought,  
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen  
A lovely female face of seventeen.

## CXIII.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small  
mouth  
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;  
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth  
Recall'd his answering spirits back from  
death;  
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe  
Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

## CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung  
 Around his scarce-clad limos; and the fair  
 arm [hung;  
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it  
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and  
 warm, [wring  
 Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she  
 His dewy curls, long drench'd by every  
 storm; [drew  
 And watch'd with eagerness each throb that  
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

## CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,  
 The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one  
 Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,  
 And more robust of figure,—then begun  
 To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave  
 Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which  
 the sun  
 Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoever  
 She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

## CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,  
 That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,  
 Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were  
 roll'd [were  
 In braids behind; and though her stature  
 Even of the highest for a female mould,  
 They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her  
 air [mand,  
 There was a something which bespoke com-  
 As one who was a lady in the land

## CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes  
 Were black as death, their lashes the same  
 hue,  
 Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
 Deepest attraction; for when to the view  
 Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,  
 Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow  
 flew; [length,  
 'T is as the snake late coil'd, who pours his  
 And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

## CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's  
 pure dye  
 Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;  
 Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us  
 sigh  
 Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
 't for the model of a statuary,  
 (A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
 'han all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

## CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just  
 One should not rail without a decent cause  
 There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
 I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was  
 A frequent model; and if e'er she must  
 Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling  
 laws,  
 They will destroy a face which mortal thought  
 Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

## CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:  
 Her dress was very different from the  
 Spanish,  
 Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave:  
 For, as you know, the Spanish women ba-  
 nish [wave  
 Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while  
 Around them (what I hope will never vanish  
 The basquina and the mantilla, they  
 Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

## CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case  
 Her dress was many-coloured, finely spun  
 Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,  
 But through them gold and gems profusely  
 shone:  
 Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
 Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious  
 stone [shocking,  
 Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was  
 Her small snow feet had slippers, but no  
 stocking.

## CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,  
 But of inferior materials: she  
 Had not so many ornaments to strike,  
 Her hair had silver only, bound to be  
 Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,  
 Was coarser: and her air, though firm, less  
 free;  
 Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes  
 As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

## CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him  
 both [attentions.  
 With food and raiment, and those soft  
 Which are—(as I must own)—of female  
 growth,  
 And have ten thousand delicate inventions:  
 They made a most superior mess of broth,  
 A thing which poetry but seldom mentions.  
 But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since  
 Homer's  
 Achilles order'd dinner for new comers

## CXXIV.

’Tis as you who they were, this female pair,  
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;  
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air  
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize,  
And so, in short, the girls they really were  
They shall appear before your curious eyes,  
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter  
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

## CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,  
And still a sort of fisherman was he;  
But other speculations were, in sooth,  
Added to his connection with the sea,  
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:  
A little smuggling, and some piracy,  
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters  
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

## CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,  
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish’d  
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and  
then, [wish’d;  
And sometimes caught as many as he  
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain  
He sought in the slave-market too, and  
dish’d  
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,  
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made,

## CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built  
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)  
A very handsome house from out his guilt,  
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;  
Heaven knows what cash he got or blood he  
spilt,  
A sad old fellow was he, if you please;  
But this I know, it was a spacious building,  
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

## CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call’d Haidée,  
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;  
Besides, so very beautiful was she,  
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:  
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree,  
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles  
Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
How to accept a better in his turn.

## CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below  
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she  
found,  
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—  
Don Juan, almost famish’d, and half drown’d;

But being naked, she was shock’d, you know  
Yet deem’d herself in common pity bound,  
As far as in her lay, “to take him in,  
A stranger!” dying, with so white a skin.

## CXXX.

But taking him into her father’s house  
Was not exactly the best way to save,  
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,  
Or people in a trance into their grave.  
Because the good old man had so much “*coeur*,”  
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,  
He would have hospitably cured the stranger  
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

## CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best  
(A virgin always on her maid relies)  
To place him in the cave for present rest:  
And when, at last, he open’d his black eyes  
Their charity increased about their guest;  
And their compassion grew to such a size,  
It open’d half the turnpike-gates to heaven—  
(St. Paul says, ’tis the toll which must be given.)

## CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they  
Upon the moment could contrive with such  
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—  
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch  
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay  
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;  
But, by God’s grace, here wrecks were in such  
plenty,  
That there was fuel to have furnish’d twenty.

## CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,  
For Haidée stripp’d her sables off to make  
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,  
And warm, in case by chance he should  
awake,  
They also gave a petticoat apiece,  
She and her maid,—and promised by day  
break  
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish  
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish

## CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose  
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,  
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows!)  
Just for the present; and in his lull’d head  
Not even a vision of his former woes  
Throbb’d in accursed dreams, which some  
times spread  
Unwelcome visions of our former years  
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears

## CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,

Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den  
Look'd back upon him, and a moment stay'd,  
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again,  
He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she  
said [and pen),

(The heart will slip, even as the tongue  
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot  
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

## CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,  
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who  
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,  
She being wiser by a year or two:  
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,  
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,  
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge,  
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

## CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering  
still

Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon  
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,  
And the young beams of the excluded sun,  
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;  
And need he had of slumber yet, for none  
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were com-  
parative [tive."43  
To those related in my grand-dad's "Narra-

## CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée: she sadly toss'd and tumbled;  
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,  
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she  
stumbled,

And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore;  
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,  
And call'd her father's old slaves up, who  
swore [Greek—

In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and  
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

## CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,  
With some pretence about the sun, that  
makes

Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;  
And 't is, no doubt, a sight to see when  
breaks [wet

Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are  
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,  
And night is flung off like a mourning suit  
Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.

## CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,  
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late  
I have sat up on purpose all the night,  
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate.  
And so all ye, who would be in the right  
In health and purse<sup>44</sup>, begin your day to  
date [score  
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at four  
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.<sup>45</sup>

## CXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;  
Her own was freshest, though a feverish  
flush [race  
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose  
Fron heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,  
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,  
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,  
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;  
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.<sup>46</sup>

## CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick light footsteps  
drew, [flame,  
While the sun smiled on her with his first  
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,  
Taking her for a sister; just the same [two,  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the  
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,  
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air

## CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd  
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw  
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;  
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe  
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept  
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,  
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as  
death [drawn breath  
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drunk his scarce

## CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying  
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and  
there  
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,  
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:  
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,  
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair  
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should  
ask it,  
She drew out her provision from the basket.

## CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have  
 victual, [gry be ;  
 And that a shipwreck'd youth would hun-  
 Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,  
 And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbour-  
 ing sea ;  
 And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle ;  
 I can't say that she gave them any tea,  
 But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish,  
 honey,  
 With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

## CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and  
 The coffee made, would fain have waken'd  
 Juan, [hand,  
 But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small  
 And without word, a sign her finger drew on  
 Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;  
 And, the first breakfast spoil, prepared a  
 new one,  
 Because her mistress would not let her break  
 That sleep which seem'd as it would neer  
 awake.

## CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek  
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day  
 On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak  
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,  
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk,  
 and weak ; [spray,  
 And his black curls were dewy with the  
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and  
 salt,  
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

## CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,  
 Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,  
 Droop'd as the willow when no winds can  
 breathe,  
 Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,  
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,  
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest ;  
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,  
 Although his woes had turu'd him rather  
 yellow.

## CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept  
 again, [bade  
 But the fair face which met his eyes for-  
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain  
 Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;

For woman's face was never form'd in vain  
 For Juan, so that even when he pray'd  
 He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy  
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

## CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,  
 And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek  
 The pale contended with the purple rose,  
 As with an effort she began to speak ;  
 Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,  
 Although she told him, in good modern  
 Greek,  
 With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,  
 That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

## CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,  
 Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,  
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,  
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,  
 That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;  
 The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
 Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,  
 Whence Melody descends as from a throne

## CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake  
 By a distant organ, doubting if he be  
 Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke  
 By the watchman, or some such reality,  
 Or by one's early valet's cursed knock ;  
 At least it is a heavy sound to me,  
 Who like a morning slumber—for the night  
 Shows stars and women in a better light.

## CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,  
 Or sleep, or whatsoever it was, by feeling  
 A most prodigious appetite : the steam  
 Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing  
 Upon his senses, and the kindling beam  
 Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,  
 To stir her viands, made him quite awake  
 And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

## CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;  
 Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid  
 and mutton ;  
 And, when a holiday upon them smiles,  
 A joint upon their barbarous spits they put  
 on :  
 But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,  
 For some of these are rocks with scarce a  
 hut on,  
 Others are fair and fertile, among which  
 This, though not large, was one of the most  
 rich.

## CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking  
That the old fable of the Minotaur—  
From which our modern morals, rightly shrink-  
ing,  
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore  
cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking  
The allegory) a mere type, no more,  
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,  
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

## CLVI.

For we all know that English people are  
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,  
Because 't is liquor only, and being far  
From this my subject, has no business here;  
We know, too, they are very fond of war,  
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;  
So were the Cretans—from which I infer,  
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

## CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised  
His head upon his elbow, and he saw  
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,  
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,  
Three or four things, for which the Lord he  
praised,  
And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,  
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like  
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

## CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied: and she,  
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have  
fed  
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see  
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:  
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,  
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)  
That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,  
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

## CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,  
Rather by deeds than words, because the case  
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate  
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace  
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,  
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—  
She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,  
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse  
ill.

## CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd  
Pair of scarce decent trousers—went to work,  
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,  
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,

Or Greek—that is, although it not much mat-  
ter'd,

Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—  
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,  
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches

## CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at  
speaking,  
But not a word could Juan comprehend,  
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in  
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an  
end;  
And, as he interrupted not, went eking  
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,  
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,  
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

## CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,  
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,  
And read (the only book she could) the lines  
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,  
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines  
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;  
And thus in every look she saw exprest  
A world of words, and things at which she  
guess'd.

## CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,  
And words repeated after her, he took  
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,  
No doubt, less of her language than her look;  
As he who studies fervently the skies  
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book  
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better.  
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

## CLXIV.

'T is pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
When both the teacher and the taught are young.  
As was the case, at least, where I have been;  
They smile so when one's right, and when  
one's wrong  
They smile still more, and then there intervene  
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—  
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

## CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk and  
Greek,  
Italian not at all, having no teachers;  
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,  
Learning that language chiefly from its  
preachers,

Bartow, South, Tillotson, whom every week  
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers  
Of eloquence in piety and prose—  
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,  
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,  
Were I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"  
Like other men, too, may have had my  
passion—

But that, like other things, has pass'd away,  
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash  
on :

Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to  
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun  
To hear new words, and to repeat them ;  
but

Some feelings, universal as the sun,  
Were such as could not in his breast be shut  
More than within the bosom of a nun :

He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,  
With a young benefactress,—so was she,  
Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early  
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—  
She came into the cave, but it was merely  
To see her bird reposing in his nest ;

And she would softly stir his locks so curly,  
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,  
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,  
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour fresher came,  
And every day help'd on his convalescence ;  
'T was well, because health in the human frame  
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,  
For health and idleness to passion's flame

Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good  
lessons

Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,  
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart, (without heart  
really [good,])

Love, though good always, is not quite so  
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—

For love must be sustain'd like flesh and  
blood,—

While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:  
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food ;

But who is their purveyor from above  
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or  
Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things  
ready,

A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes  
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,  
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size ;  
But I have spoken of all this already—  
And repetition 's tiresome and unwise,—  
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,  
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,  
That bathing pass'd for nothing ; Juan  
seem'd

To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,  
Of whom these two years she had nightly  
dream'd,

A something to be loved, a creature meant  
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd  
To render happy ; all who joy would win  
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such  
Enlargement of existence to partake  
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,  
To watch him slumbering, and to see him  
wake :

To live with him for ever were too much ;  
But then the thought of parting made her  
quake :

He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast  
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée  
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took  
Such plentiful precautions, that still he  
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook ;  
At last her father's prowess put out to sea,  
For certain merchantmen upon the look,  
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,  
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,  
So that, her father being at sea, she was  
Free as a married woman, or such other  
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,  
Without even the incumbrance of a brother  
The freest she that ever gazed on glass ;  
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,  
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in  
garrison.

## CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk  
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say  
So much as to propose to take a walk,—

For little had he wander'd since the day  
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from  
the stalk,

Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—  
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,  
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

## CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,  
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,  
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,  
With here and there a creek, whose aspect  
wore

A better welcome to the tempest-tost;  
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,  
Save on the dead long summer days, which  
make

The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

## CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach  
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your cham-  
pagne, [reach,  
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers  
That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's  
rain! [preach

Few things surpass old wine; and they may  
Who please,—the more because they preach  
in vain,— [laughter,

Let us have wine and women, mirth and  
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

## CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk  
The best of life is but intoxication:  
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk  
The hopes of all men, and of every nation;  
Without their sap, how branchless were the  
trunk

Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:  
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when  
You wake with headach, you shall see what  
then.

## CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring  
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll  
know

A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king.  
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with  
snow,

Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,  
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,  
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,  
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

## CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I  
Was just describing—Yes, it was the coast—  
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,

The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,  
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,  
And dolphin's leap, and little billow cros:

By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret  
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

## CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,  
As I have said, upon an expedition;  
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,  
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision  
She waited on her lady with the sun,  
Thought daily service was her only mission  
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long  
tresses,  
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

## CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the round'd  
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,  
Which then seems as if the whole earth it  
bounded,

Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still  
With the far mountain-crescent half-surround'd  
On one side, and the deep sea calm and still  
Upon the other, and the rosy sky  
With one star sparkling through it like an eye

## CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd (torth, and hand, and hand  
Over the shining pebbles and the shell,  
Glided along the smooth and barren sand,  
And in the worn and wild receptacles  
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were  
plann'd,

In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,  
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,  
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

## CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, where floating glow  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;  
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into  
sight; [low,

They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so  
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
Into each other—and, beholding this,  
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

## CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,  
And beauty, and concentrating like rays  
Into one focus, kindled from above:  
Such kisses as belong to early days,



Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert  
move,

And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,  
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,  
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

## CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration ; theirs endured  
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they  
never reckon'd ;

And if they had, they could not have secured  
The sum of their sensations to a second :

They had not spoken ; but they felt allured,  
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,  
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they  
clung— [honey sprung.

Their hearts the flowers from whence the

## CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they  
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness ;  
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,

The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,  
The voiceless sands, and dropping eaves, that lay  
Around them, made them to each other press,  
As if there were no life beneath the sky  
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

## CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,  
They felt no terrors from the night, they were  
All in all to each other: though their speech  
Was broken words, they *thought* a language  
there,—

And all the burning tongues the passions teach  
Found in one sigh the best interpreter  
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

## CXC.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,  
Nor offer'd any ; she had never heard  
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,  
Or perils by a loving maid incur'd ;  
She was all which pure ignorance allows,  
And flew to her young mate like a young bird ;  
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she  
Had not one word to say of constancy.

## CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,  
And she was worshipp'd ; after nature's  
fashion,  
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,  
If souls could die, had perish'd in that  
passion,—

But by degrees their senses were restored,  
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on ;  
And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart  
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

## CXCII.

Alas ! they were so young, so beautiful,  
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour  
Was that in which the heart is always full,  
And, having o'er itself no further power,  
Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,  
But pays off moments in an endless shower  
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving  
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

## CXCIII.

Alas ! for Juan and Haidée ! they were  
So lovely and so loving—till then never,  
Excepting our first parents, such a pair  
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever  
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,  
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,  
And hell and purgatory—but forgot  
Just in the very crisis she should not.

## CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes  
Gleam in the moonlight ; and her white  
arm clasps  
Round Juan's head, and his around her lies  
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps ;  
She sits upon his knee and drinks his sighs,  
He hers, until they end in broken gasps ;  
And thus they form a group that's quite an-  
tique,  
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

## CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments  
pass'd,  
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,  
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,  
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms ;  
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,  
And then on the pale cheek her breast now  
warms,  
Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants  
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

## CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,  
A child the moment when it drains the  
breast,  
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping  
As they who watch o'er what they love while  
sleeping.

## CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,  
 All that it hath of life with us is living;  
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,  
 And all unconscious of the joy 't is giving;  
 All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,  
 Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's  
 diving;  
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors  
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

## CXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour  
 Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,  
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;  
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude  
 She and her wave-worn love had made their  
 bower, [intrude,  
 Where nought upon their passion could  
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space  
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

## CXCXIX.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real  
 Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

## CC.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,  
 Is always so to women; one sole bond  
 Awaits them; treachery is all their trust;  
 Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts  
 despond  
 Over their idol, till some wealthier lust  
 Buys them in marriage—and what rests  
 beyond?  
 A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,  
 Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's  
 over.

## CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,  
 Some mind their household, others dissipa-  
 tion,  
 Some run away, and but exchange their cares,  
 Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;  
 Few changes e'er can better their affairs,  
 Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
 From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:  
 Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

## CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this,  
 Haidée was Passion's child, born where the  
 sun [kiss  
 Showers triple light, and scorches even the  
 Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one  
 Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
 Who was her chosen; what was said or done  
 Elsewhere was nothing.—She had nought to  
 fear, [here.  
 Hope, care, nor love, beyond, her heart beat

## CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that bear'  
 How much it costs us! yet each rising thro'  
 Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
 That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
 Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat  
 Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a  
 tough job  
 To make us understand each good old maxim,  
 So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

## CCIV.

And now 't was done—on the lone shore  
 were plighted [shed  
 Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches,  
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:  
 Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,  
 By their own feelings hallow'd and united,  
 Their priest was Solitude, and they were  
 wed:  
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes  
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

## CCV.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,  
 Titus the master, Antony the slave,  
 Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,  
 Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose  
 grave neuter—  
 All those may leap who rather would be  
 (Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—  
 Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,  
 For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

## CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state pre-  
 carious,  
 And jestest with the brows of mightiest men.  
 Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,  
 Have much employ'd the muse of history's  
 pen:  
 Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,  
 Such worthies Time will never see again;  
 Yet to these four in three things the same  
 luck holds,  
 They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckold's

## CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers ; there 's Epicurus  
 And Aristippus, a material crew !  
 Who to immoral courses would allure us  
 By theories quite practicable too ;  
 If only from the devil they would insure us,  
 How pleasant were the maxim (not quite  
 new), [us ?"  
 " Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail  
 So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

## CCVIII

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?  
 And should he have forgotten her so soon ?  
 I can't but say it seems to me most truly a  
 Perplexing question ; but, no doubt, the moon  
 Doesthese things for us, and whenever newly a  
 Palpitation rises, 't is her boon,  
 Else how the devil is it that fresh features  
 Have such a charm for us poor human creatures ?

## CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,  
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made  
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast  
 No permanent foundation can be laid ;  
 Love, constant love, has been my constant  
 guest,  
 And yet last night, being at a masquerade,  
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,  
 Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

## CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,  
 And whisper'd, " Think of every sacred tie !"  
 " I will, my dear Philosophy ! " I said,  
 " But then her teeth, and then, oh, Heaven !  
 her eye !  
 I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,  
 Or neither—out of curiosity."  
 " Stop ! " cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,  
 (Though she was masqued then as a fair Vene-  
 tian ;)

## CCXI.

" Stop ! " so I stopp'd.—But to return: that  
 which  
 Men call inconstancy is nothing more  
 Than admiration due where nature's rich  
 Profusion with young beauty covers o'er  
 Some favour'd object ; and as in the niche  
 A lovely statue we almost adore,  
 This sort of adoration of the real  
 Is but a heightening of the " beau ideal."

## CCXII.

'T is the perception of the beautiful,  
 A fine extension of the faculties,  
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,  
 Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through  
 the skies,  
 Without which life would be extremely dull ;  
 In short, it is the use of our own eyes,  
 With one or two small senses added, just  
 To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

## CCXIII.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,  
 For surely if we always could perceive  
 In the same object graces quite as killing  
 As when she rose upon us like an Eve,  
 'T would save us many a heartach, many a  
 shilling,  
 (For we must get them anyhow, or grieve,)  
 Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,  
 How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver !

## CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,  
 But changes night and day, too, like the sky ;  
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,  
 And darkness and destruction as on high :  
 But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced,  
 and riven,  
 Its storms expire in water-drops ; the eye  
 Pours forth at last the heart's blood tum'd to  
 tears,  
 Which make the English climate of our years.

## CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,  
 But very rarely executes its function,  
 For the first passion stays there such a while,  
 That all the rest creep in and form a junction,  
 Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,  
 Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, com-  
 punction,  
 So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,  
 Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd  
 " central."

## CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more  
 In this anatomy, I've finish'd now  
 Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,  
 That being about the number I'll allow  
 Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four ;  
 And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,  
 Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead  
 For them and theirs with all who deign to read

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE THIRD.<sup>47</sup>

## I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping,  
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,  
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew  
weeping,  
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest  
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,  
Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,  
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,  
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to  
tears!

## II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why  
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy  
bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?  
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,  
And place them on their breast—but place  
to die—  
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

## III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,  
In all the others all she loves is love,  
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,  
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,  
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:  
One man alone at first her heart can move;  
She then prefers him in the plural number,  
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

## IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;  
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman planted  
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—  
After a decent time must be gallanted;  
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs  
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;  
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*,  
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.<sup>48</sup>

## V.

'T is melancholy, and a fearful sign  
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,  
That love and marriage rarely can combine,  
Although they both are born in the same  
clime.

Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—

A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time  
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour  
Down to a very homely household savour.

## VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 't were,  
Between their present and their future state;  
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair  
Is used until the truth arrives too late—  
Yet what can people do, except despair?  
The same things change their names at such  
a rate;  
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,  
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

## VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;  
They sometimes also get a little tired  
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:  
The same things cannot always be admir'd  
Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"  
That both are tied till one shall have expired.  
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was  
adorning  
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

## VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic  
doings  
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;  
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,  
But only give a bust of marriages;  
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,  
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:  
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?

## IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,  
All comedies are ended by a marriage;  
The future states of both are left to faith,  
For authors fear description might disparage  
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,  
And then both worlds would punish their  
miscarriage; [ready,  
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book  
They say no more of Death, or of the Lady.<sup>49</sup>

## X.

The only two that in my recollection  
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage  
are  
Dante<sup>50</sup> and Milton<sup>51</sup>, and of both the affection  
Was hapless in their nuptials, for *some bar*

Of fault or temper ruin'd the connection  
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to  
mar);

But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve  
Were not drawn from their spouses, you con-  
ceive.<sup>52</sup>

## XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology  
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,  
Although my opinion may require apology,  
Deem this a commentator's phantasy. [he  
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge  
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;  
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies  
Meant to personify the mathematics.

## XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but  
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,  
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put  
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;  
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut  
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,  
Before the consequences grow too awful;  
T is dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

## XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit  
Indulgence of their innocent desires;  
But more imprudent grown with every visit,  
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's;  
When we have what we like 't is hard to miss it,  
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;  
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,  
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

## XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,  
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,  
For into a prime minister but change  
His title, and 't is nothing but taxation;  
But he, more modest, took an humbler range  
Of life, and in an honest vocation  
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,  
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

## XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd  
By winds and waves, and some important  
captures;  
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,  
Although a squall or two had dump'd his  
raptures,  
By stamping one of the prizes; he had chain'd  
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters,  
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,  
And averaged each from ten to a hundred  
dollars.

## XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,  
Among his friends the Mainots; some *à la sold*  
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man  
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old);  
The rest—save here and there some richer one  
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,  
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he  
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

## XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way  
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant  
Except some certain portions of the prey,  
Light classic articles of female want,  
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, tea-  
pot, tray,  
Guitars and castanets from Alicant,  
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,  
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

## XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,  
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens  
He chose from several animals he saw—  
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,  
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,  
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a  
pittance.  
These to secure in this strong blowing weather  
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

## XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,  
Despatching single cruisers here and there  
His vessel having need of some repairs,  
He shaped his course to where his daughter  
fair  
Continued still her hospitable cares;  
But that part of the coast being shoal and  
bare, [mile  
And rough with reefs which ran out many a  
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

## XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,  
Having no custom-house nor quarantine  
To ask him awkward questions on the way,  
About the time and place where he had been.  
He left his ship to be hove down next day,  
With orders to the people to careen;  
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,  
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

## XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill [home  
Which overlook'd the white walls of his  
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill  
Their bosoms who have been induced to  
room!

With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—  
 With love for many, and with fears for some,  
 All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,  
 And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

## XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,  
 After long travelling by land or water,  
 Most naturally some small doubt inspires—  
 A female family's a serious matter;  
 None trust the sex more, or so much admire—  
 But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)   
 Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,  
 And daughters sometimes run off with the  
 butler.

## XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return  
 May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;  
 Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,  
 Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;  
 The odds are that he finds a handsome urn  
 To his memory—and two or three young  
 misses [riches—  
 Born to some friend, who holds his wife and  
 And that *his* Argus bites him by—the breeches.

## XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair  
 Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;  
 But all the better, for the happy pair  
 May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,  
 He may resume his amatory care  
 As cavalier servente, or despise her;  
 And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,  
 Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

## XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already  
 Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean  
 An honest friendship with a married lady—  
 The only thing of this sort ever seen  
 To last—of all connections the most steady,  
 And the true Hymen (the first's but a  
 screen)—  
 Yet for all that keep not too long away,  
 I've known the absent wrong'd four times a  
 day.

## XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had  
 Much less experience of dry land than ocean,  
 On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;  
 But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion  
 Of the true reason of his not being sad,  
 Or that of any other strong emotion;  
 He loved his child, and would have wept the  
 loss of her, [pher.  
 But knew the cause no more than a philoso-

## XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,  
 His garden trees all shadowy and green;  
 He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,  
 The distant dog-bark; and perceived between  
 The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun  
 The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen  
 Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes  
 Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

## XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,  
 Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,  
 He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,  
 But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling!  
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,  
 The cause being past his guessing or un  
 riddling;  
 A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,  
 A most unoriental roar of laughter.

## XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing  
 Descending rather quickly the declivity,  
 Through the waved branches, o'er the green  
 sward glancing,  
 'Midst other indications of festivity,  
 Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing  
 Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he  
 Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance<sup>53</sup> so martial  
 To which the Levantines are very partial.

## XXX.

And further on a troop of Grecian girls,<sup>54</sup>  
 The first and tallest her white kerchief  
 waving,  
 Were strung together like a row of pearls,  
 Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each  
 too having [curls—  
 Down her white neck long floating auburn  
 (The least of which would set ten poets  
 raving);  
 Their leader sang—and bounded to her song  
 With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

## XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their  
 trays,  
 Small social parties just begun to dine;  
 Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,  
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,  
 And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
 Above them their dessert grew on its vine;  
 The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er  
 Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their  
 mellow store.

## XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,  
 There wreathe his venerable horns with  
 flowers ;  
 While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,  
 The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers  
 His sober head, majestically tame,  
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers  
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then  
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

## XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,  
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic  
 cheeks, [tresses,  
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long  
 The gesture which enchants, the eye that  
 speaks,  
 The innocence which happy childhood blesses,  
 Made quite a picture of these little Greeks ;  
 So that the philosophical beholder  
 Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er  
 grow older.

## XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales  
 To a sedate grey circle of old smokers  
 Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,  
 Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,  
 Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,  
 Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,  
 Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,  
 Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a  
 fact).

## XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion  
 For the imagination or the senses,  
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the  
 Persian,  
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence is ;  
 But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,  
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,  
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,  
 The inflammation of his weekly bills.

## XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ  
 The happiest mortals even after dinner—  
 A day of gold from out an age of iron  
 Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner ;  
 Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a siren,  
 That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner ;  
 Lambro's reception at his people's banquet  
 Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

## XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word  
 Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise  
 (In general he surprised men with the sword,  
 His daughter—had not sent before to advise  
 Of his arrival, so that no one stir'd ;  
 And long he paused to re-assure his eyes,  
 In fact much more astonish'd than delighted,  
 To find so much good company invited.

## XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)  
 That a report (especially the Greeks)  
 Avouch'd his death (such people never die),  
 And put his house in mourning several  
 weeks.—  
 But now their eyes and also lips were dry ;  
 The bloom, too, had return'd to Haidée's  
 cheeks.  
 Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,  
 She new kept house upon her own account.

## XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and  
 fiddling,  
 Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure,  
 The servants all were getting drunk or idling,  
 A life which made them happy beyond mea-  
 sure.  
 Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,  
 Compared with what Haidée did with his  
 treasure ; [proving,  
 'T was wonderful how things went on im-  
 While she had not one hour to spare from  
 loving.

## XL.

Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast  
 He flew into a passion, and in fact  
 There was no mighty reason to be pleased ;  
 Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,  
 The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,  
 To teach his people to be more exact,  
 And that, proceeding at a very high rate,  
 He showed the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

## XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest manner'd  
 man  
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat ;  
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,  
 You never could divine his real thought ;  
 No courtier could, and scarcely woman can  
 Gird more deceit within a petticoat ;  
 Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,  
 He was so great a loss to good society.

## XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,  
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,  
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,  
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,  
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;  
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd  
His question, much too merry to divine  
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

## XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,  
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,  
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,  
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."  
A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,  
You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."  
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mistress!—pooh!—  
You mean our master—not the old, but new."

## XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom [fell—  
They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage  
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom [quell  
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to  
The expression, and endeavouring to resume  
His smile, requested one of them to tell  
The name and quality of his new patron,  
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a  
matron.

## XLV.

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what  
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;  
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,  
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down  
better fare;  
And if you are not satisfied with that,  
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;  
He'll answer all for better or for worse,  
For none likes more to hear himself converse."

## XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,  
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,  
Which scarce even France, the paragon of  
nations,  
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;  
He bore these sneers against his near relations,  
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,  
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,  
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

## XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—  
To bid men come, and go, and come again—  
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—  
Whether the word was death, or but the  
chain—  
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;  
Yet such things are, which I can not explain,  
Though doubtless he who can command himself  
Is good to govern—almost as a Gueff.

## XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,  
But never in his real and serious mood;  
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,  
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood;  
With him it never was a word and blow,  
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,  
But in his silence there was much to rue,  
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

## XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded  
On to the house, but by a private way,  
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,  
So little they expected him that day;  
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded  
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,  
But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,  
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

## L.

If all the dead could now return to life,  
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great  
many,  
For instance, if a husband or his wife  
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),  
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,  
The present weather would be much more  
rainy—  
Tears shed into the grave of the connection  
Would share most probably its resurrection.

## LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,  
A thing to human feelings the most trying,  
And harder for the heart to overcome, [dying,  
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of  
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb.  
And round its once warm precincts palely  
lying  
The ashes of our hopes is a deep grief,  
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

## LII.

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home:—a nd  
felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome: *there he 'ng had dwelt*



There his few peaceful days Time had swept  
o'er, [rust]

There his worn bosom and keen eye would  
Over the innocence of that sweet child,  
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

## LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,  
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,  
Moderate in all his habits, and content  
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,  
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and  
meant

For something better, if not wholly good;  
His country's wrongs and his despair to save  
her

Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

## LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,  
The hardness by long habitude produced,  
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,  
The mercy he had granted oft abused,  
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,  
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he  
cruised,

Had cost his enemies a long repentance,  
and made him a good friend, but bad ac-  
quaintance.

## LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece  
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,  
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece  
His predecessors in the Colchian days;  
'T is true he had no ardent love for peace—  
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:  
Hate to the world and war with every nation  
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

## LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime  
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd  
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—  
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,  
A love of music and of scenes sublime,  
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd  
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,  
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

## LVII.

But whatso'er he had of love reposed  
On that beloved daughter; she had been  
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed  
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and  
seen,

A lonely pure affection unopposed:  
There wanted but the loss of this to wean  
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,  
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with blind-

ness

## LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging  
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;  
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging  
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;  
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging  
Their fury being spent by its own shock,  
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire  
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

## LIX.

It is a hard although a common case  
To find our children running restive—they  
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,  
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay,  
Just as old age is creeping on apace,  
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,  
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,  
But in good company—the gout or stone.

## LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing  
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);  
'T is beautiful to see a matron bring  
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin-  
her),

Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling  
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).  
A lady with her daughters or her nieces  
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces

## LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,  
And stood within his hall at eventide;  
Meantime the lady and her lover sate  
At wassail in their beauty and their pride  
An ivory inlaid table spread with state  
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;  
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service  
mostly,  
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

## LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;  
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all  
meats, [fishes]  
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the  
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,  
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;  
The beverage was various sherbets  
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,  
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it  
best for use.

## LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal  
cwer, [repart]  
And fruits and date-bread loaves closed the  
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,  
In small fine China cups, came in at last;

Gold cups of filigree made to secure

The hand from burning underneath them  
placed,  
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd  
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

## LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made  
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,  
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid ;  
And round them ran a yellow border too ;  
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,  
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,  
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,  
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

## LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,  
Quite common in those countries, are a kind  
Of monitors adapted to recall,  
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the  
mind  
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,  
And took his kingdom from him : You will  
find, [treasure,  
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's  
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

## LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,  
A genius who has drunk himself to death,  
A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eelectic—  
(For that's the name they like to pray  
beneath)—  
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,  
Are things that really take away the  
breath,— [able  
And show that late hours, wine, and love are  
To do not much less damage than the table.

## LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet  
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue ;  
Their sofa occupied three parts complete  
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new ;  
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)—  
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre  
grew  
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,  
Meridan-like, were seen all light to issue.

## LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,  
Haa done their work of splendour ; Indian  
mats [stain,  
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to  
Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and  
cats,

And dwarfs and blacks, and such like 'biceps,  
that gain [the's  
Their bread as ministers and favourites—  
To say, by degradation)—mingled there  
As plentiful as in a court, or fair.

## LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and  
The tables, most of ebony inlaid  
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,  
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,  
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,  
The greater part of these were ready spread  
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—  
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

## LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's :  
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale  
yellow ;  
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—  
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little  
billow ;  
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,  
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's  
fellow,  
And the striped white gauze baracan that  
bound her, [her,  
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round

## LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,  
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold  
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without  
harm,  
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould ;  
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,  
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,  
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin  
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

## LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,  
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd,<sup>55</sup>  
Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on  
her hand ; [fine fold  
Her hair was starr'd with gems ; her veil's  
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band  
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce  
be told ;  
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd  
Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

## LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her  
heel  
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun  
Dyes with his morning light,—and would  
conceal  
Her person<sup>56</sup> if allow'd at large to run,

And still they seem resentfully to feel  
 The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun  
 Their bonds when'er some Zephyr caught  
 began  
 To offer his young pinion as her fan.

## LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,  
 The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,  
 They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
 With all we can imagine of the skies,  
 And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—  
 Too pure even for the purest human ties ;  
 Her overpowering presence made you feel  
 It would not be idolatry to kneel.

## LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were  
 tinged  
 (It is the country's custom<sup>67</sup>), but in vain ;  
 For those large black eyes were so blackly  
 fringed,  
 The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,  
 And in their native beauty stood avenged :  
 Her nails were touch'd with henna ; but  
 again  
 The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for  
 They could not look more rosy than before.

## LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make  
 The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;  
 She had no need of this, day ne'er will break  
 On mountain tops more heavenly white  
 than her ;  
 The eye might doubt if they were well awake,  
 She was so like a vision ; I might err,  
 But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly  
 "To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

## LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,  
 But a white baracan, and so transparent  
 The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,  
 Like small stars through the milky way  
 apparent ;  
 His turban, fur'd in many a graceful fold,  
 An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in 't  
 Surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing crescent,  
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

## LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,  
 Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a  
 poet,  
 Which made their new establishment complete ;  
 The last was of great fame, and liked to  
 show it :

His verses rarely wanted their due feet—  
 And for his theme—he seldom sung below it  
 He being paid to satirise or flatter,  
 As the psalm says, "juditing a good matter."

## LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,  
 Reversing the good custom of old days,  
 An Eastern anti-jacobin at last  
 He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise—  
 For some few years his lot had been o'ercast  
 By his seeming independent in his lays,  
 But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha  
 With truth like Southey, and with verse like  
 Crashaw.

## LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,  
 And always changed as true as any needle ;  
 His polar star being one which rather ranges,  
 And not the fix'd—he knew the way to  
 wheedle :  
 So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges ;  
 And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd  
 ill),  
 He lied with such a fervour of intention—  
 There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate's  
 pension.

## LXXXI.

But he had genius.—when a turn-coat has it,  
 The "Vates irritabilis" takes care  
 That without notice few full moons shall pass  
 it ; [stare :—  
 Even good men like to make the public  
 But to my subject—let me see—what was  
 it ?—  
 Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—  
 Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress,  
 and mode  
 Of living in their insular abode.

## LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less  
 In company a very pleasant fellow,  
 Had been the favourite of full many a mess  
 Of men, and made them speeches when  
 half mellow ; [guess,  
 And though his meaning they could rarely  
 Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow  
 The glorious meed of popular applause  
 Of which the first ne'er knows the second  
 cause.

## LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,  
 And having pick'd up several odds and ends  
 Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,  
 He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among  
 friends,

That without any danger of a riot, he  
Might for long lying make himself amends;  
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,  
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

## LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks,  
and Franks, [nations;  
And knew the self-loves of the different  
And having lived with people of all ranks,  
Had something ready upon most occasions—  
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.  
He varied with some skill his adulations;  
To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece  
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

## LXXXV.

Thus, usually when he was ask'd to sing,  
He gave the different nations something  
national; [king,"  
"T was all the same to him—" God save the  
Or "Ca ira," according to the fashion all:  
His muse made increment of any thing,  
From the high lyric down to the low rational;  
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder  
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

## LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a  
chanson;  
In England a six canto quarto tale;  
In Spain, he 'd make a ballad or romance on  
The last war—much the same in Portugal;  
In Germany, the Pegasus he 'd prance on  
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De  
Staël);  
In Italy, he 'd ape the "Trecentisti;"  
In Greece, he 'd sing some sort of hymn like  
this t'ye:

## 1.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

## 2.

The Scian<sup>58</sup> and the Teian<sup>59</sup> muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

## 3.

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

## 4.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set where were they?

## 5.

And where are they? and where art thou  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

## 6.

'T is something in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

## 7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

## 8.

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one arise,—we come, we come!"  
'T is but the living who are dumb.

## 9.

In vain—in vain, strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

## 10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

## 11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine.  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

## 12.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

## 13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

## 14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells:  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

## 15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

## 16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

## LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have  
sung,  
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;  
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was  
young, [worse  
Yet in these times he might have done much  
His strain display'd some feeling—right or  
wrong;  
And feeling, in a poet, is the source  
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,  
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers

## LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,  
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,  
think; [uses  
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man  
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link  
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces  
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,  
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

## LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank  
His station, generation, even his nation,  
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank,  
In chronological commemoration,  
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,  
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station  
In digging the foundation of a closet,  
May turn his name up as a rare deposit.

## XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion  
wind—  
Depending more upon the historian's style  
Than on the name a person leaves behind  
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle  
The present century was growing blind  
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving  
knocks,  
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxé

## XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say,  
A little heavy, but no less divine:  
An independent being in his day—  
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;  
But his life falling into Johnson's way,  
We re'told this great high priest of all the Nine  
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd  
spouse,  
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

## XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,  
 Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes ;  
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts ;  
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes) ;  
 Like Cromwell's pranks ;—but although truth exacts  
 These amiable descriptions from the scribes,  
 As most essential to their hero's story,  
 They do not much contribute to his glory.

## XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when  
 He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy ;"  
 Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then  
 Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy ;  
 Or Cole ridge, long before his flighty pen  
 Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy ;  
 When he and Southey, following the same path,  
 Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

## XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,  
 The very Botany Bay in moral geography ;  
 Their loyal treason, renegado rigour, [graphy ;  
 Are good manure for their more bare bio-  
 Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger  
 Than any since the birthday of typography ;  
 A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"  
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

## XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke  
 Between his own and others' intellect ;  
 But Wordsworth's poems, and his followers,  
 like  
 Johann Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,  
 Arc the l.g.s which in this century can't strike  
 The public mind—so few are the elect ;  
 And the new births of both their stale virginities  
 Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

## XCVI.

But let me to my story : I must own,  
 If I have any fault, it is digression—  
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,  
 While I soliloquise beyond expression ;  
 But these are my addresses from the throne,  
 Which put off business to the ensuing session :  
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to  
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

## XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*les*  
*gueurs*," [thing,  
 (We've not so good a *word*, but have the  
 In that complete perfection which ensures  
 An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)  
 Form not the true temptation which allures  
 The reader ; but 't would not be hard to  
 bring  
 Some fine examples of the *epopee*,  
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*

## XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes  
 sleeps ;" [wakes.—  
 We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes  
 To show with what complacency he creeps,  
 With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes.  
 He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—  
 Of ocean?—No, of air ; and then he makes  
 Another outcry for "a little boat,"  
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

## XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,  
 And Pegasus runs restive in his "*Waggon*,"  
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?  
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon?  
 Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,  
 He fear'd his neck to venture such a nagon,  
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,  
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

## C.

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggoners !"  
 Oh ! ye shades  
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this ?  
 That trash of such sort not alone evades  
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss  
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack  
 Cades [hiss—  
 Of sense and song above your graves may  
 The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"  
 Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel !"

## CI.

T'our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves  
 gone,  
 The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired ;  
 The Arab lore and poet's song were done,  
 And every sound of revelry expired ;  
 The lady and her lover, left alone,  
 The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired ;—  
 Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea, [thee'  
 That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest

## CII.

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour.  
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so soft  
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and roft

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem stirr'd with prayer.

## CIII.

ve Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!  
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!  
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!  
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!  
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—  
What though 'tis but a pictured image?—  
strike—  
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

## CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;  
But set those persons down with me to pray,  
And you shall see who has the properest notion  
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;  
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,  
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

## CV.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,  
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

## CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine, [song,  
Making their summer lives one ceaseless  
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,  
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;  
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair  
through  
Which learn'd from this example not to fly  
From a true lover—shadow'd my mind's eye.

## CVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear  
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

## CVIII.

Soft hour! which wakes the wise and meek  
the heart  
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
When they from their sweet friends are torn  
apart;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

## CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom  
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,  
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,  
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,  
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:  
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void  
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power  
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

## CX.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has Nero,  
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,  
To do with the transactions of my hero,  
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?  
Sure my invention must be down at zero,  
And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"  
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs  
please  
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

## CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—  
'T is being *too* epic, and I must cut down  
(In copying) this long canto into two;  
They'll never find it out, unless I own  
The fact, excepting some experienced few;  
And then as an improvement 't will be shown:  
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is  
From Aristotle *passim*.—See *Ποιητικὴς*.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

## I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning  
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end;  
 For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning  
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we  
 tend, [ning];  
 Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sin  
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,  
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too  
 far,  
 All our own weakness shows us what we are.

## II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,  
 And sharp Adversity, will teach at last  
 Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the  
 devil,  
 That neither of their intellects are vast:  
 While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,  
 We know not this—the blood flows on too  
 fast;  
 But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,  
 We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

## III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,  
 And wish'd that others held the same opinion;  
 They took it up when my days grew more  
 mellow, [union]:  
 And other minds acknowledged my domi-  
 Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow  
 Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion  
 And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk  
 Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

## IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
 'T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,  
 'T is that our nature cannot always bring  
 Itself to apathy, for we must steep  
 Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,  
 Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:  
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;<sup>60</sup>  
 A mortal mother would on Lethæ fix.

## V.

Some have accused me of a strange design  
 Against the creed and morals of the land,  
 And trace it in this poem every line:  
 I don't pretend that I quite understand

My own meaning when I would be *very* fine  
 But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd  
 Unless it were to be a moment merry,  
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

## VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime  
 This way of writing will appear exotic;  
 Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,  
 Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,  
 And revell'd in the fancies of the time,  
 True knights, chaste dames, huge giants,  
 kings despotic;  
 But all these, save the last, being obsolete,  
 I chose a modern subject as more meet

## VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;  
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me,  
 Who have imputed such designs as show  
 Not what they saw, but what they wish to  
 see.  
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so;  
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free  
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,  
 And tells me to resume my story here.

## VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left  
 To their own hearts' most sweet society;  
 Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft  
 With his rude scythe the such gentle bosoms, he  
 Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,  
 Though foe to love; and yet they could not be  
 Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,  
 Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

## IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their  
 Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to  
 fail;  
 The blank grey was not made to blast their hair  
 But like the climes that know nor snow nor  
 hail  
 They were all summer: lightning might assail  
 And shiver them to ashes, but to trail  
 A long and snake like life of dull decay  
 Was not for them—they had too little clay.

## X.

They were alone once more; for them to be  
 Thus was another Eden; they were new;  
 Weary, unless when separate: the tree  
 Cut from its forest root of years—the river  
 Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the  
 knee [ever,—  
 And breast maternal wean'd at once for  
 Would wither less than these two torn apart,  
 Aias! there is no instinct like the heart—



## XI.

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!  
 Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,  
 The precious porcelain of human clay,  
 Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold  
 The long year link'd with heavy day on day,  
 And all which must be borne, and never told;  
 While life's strange principle will often lie  
 Deepest in those who long the most to die.

## XII.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said  
 of yore,<sup>61</sup>

And many deaths do they escape by this:  
 The death of friends, and that which slays  
 even more—

The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,  
 Except mere breath; and since the silent shore  
 Awaits at last even those who longest miss  
 The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave  
 Which men weep over may be meant to save.

## XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.

The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd  
 made for them:

They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;  
 They saw not in themselves aught to con-  
 demn:

Each was the other's mirror, and but read  
 Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,  
 And knew such brightness was but the reflection  
 Of their exchanging glances of affection.

## XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
 The least glance better understood than  
 words, [much;

Which still said all, and ne'er could say too  
 A language, too, but like to that of birds,  
 Known but to them, at least appearing such  
 As but to lovers a true sense affords;  
 Sweet playful phrases, which would seem  
 absurd

o those who have ceased to hear such, or  
 ne'er heard:

## XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children  
 still, [been;

And children still they should have ever  
 They were not made in the real world to fill  
 A busy character in the dull scene,  
 But like two beings born from out a rill,  
 A nymph and her beloved, all unseen  
 To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,  
 And never know the weight of human hours.

## XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless  
 found [joys

Those their bright rise had lighted to such  
 As rarely they beheld throughout their round;  
 And these were not of the vain kind which  
 cloy,

For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound  
 By the mere senses; and that which de-  
 stroys

Most love, possession, unto them appear'd  
 A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

## XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind de-  
 lights

To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,  
 And we are sick of its back sounds and  
 sights,

Intrigues, adventures of the common school,  
 Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,  
 Where Hymen's torch but brands one strum-  
 pet more,

Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

## XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many  
 know.

Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,  
 Who never found a single hour too slow,  
 What was it made them thus exempt from  
 care?

Young innate feelings all have felt below,  
 Which perish in the rest, but in them were  
 Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,  
 And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

## XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,  
 An opium dream of too much youth and  
 reading,

But was in them their nature or their fate:  
 No novels e'er had set their young hearts  
 bleeding, [great,  
 For Haidée's knowledge was by no means  
 And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;  
 So that there was no reason for their loves  
 More than for those of nightingales or doves.

## XX.

They gazed upon the sunset; 't is an hour  
 Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,  
 For it had made them what they were: the  
 power [such skies.  
 Of love had first overwhelm'd them from

When happiness had been their only dower,  
 And twilight saw them link'd in passion's  
 ties ; [that brought  
 Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd  
 The past still welcome as the present thought.

## XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,  
 Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,  
 And swept, as 't were, across their hearts' de-  
 light,  
 Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,  
 When one is shook in sound, and one in sight ;  
 And thus some boding flash'd through either  
 frame,  
 And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,  
 While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

## XXII.

That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate  
 And follow far the disappearing sun,  
 As if their last day of a happy date  
 With his broad, bright, and dropping orb  
 were gone ;  
 Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—  
 He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,  
 His glance inquired of hers for some excuse  
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

## XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort  
 Which makes not others smile ; then turn'd  
 aside :  
 Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,  
 And master'd by her wisdom or her pride ;  
 When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—  
 Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—  
 " If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—  
 Or I at least shall not survive to see."

## XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd  
 His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,  
 And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,  
 Defying augury with that fond kiss ;  
 And no doubt of all methods 't is the best .  
 Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss ;  
 I have tried both ; so those who would a part  
 take, [heartache.  
 May choose between the headache and the

## XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,  
 Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo ;  
 Both maladies are taxes on our joys :  
 But which to choose I really hardly know ;

And if I had to give a casting voice,  
 For both sides I could many reasons show  
 And then decide, without great wrong to either  
 It were much better to have both than neither.

## XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other  
 With swimming looks of speechless tender-  
 ness, [brother,  
 Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover,  
 All that the best can mingle and express  
 When two pure hearts are pour'd in one ano-  
 ther, [less ;  
 And love too much, and yet can not love  
 But almost sanctify the sweet excess  
 By the immortal wish and power to bless.

## XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,  
 Why did they not then die?—they had  
 lived too long  
 Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart ;  
 Years could but bring them cruel things or  
 wrong ;  
 The world was not for them, nor the world's art  
 For beings passionate as Sappho's song ;  
 Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,  
 It was their very spirit—not a sense.

## XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,  
 Unseen as sings the nightingale : they were  
 Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes  
 Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and  
 Care :  
 How lonely every freeborn creature broods !  
 The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair ;  
 The eagle soars alone ; the gull and crow  
 Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

## XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,  
 Haidée and Juan their siesta took,  
 A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,  
 For ever and anon a something shook  
 Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would  
 creep ; [brook,  
 And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a  
 A wordless music, and her face so fair  
 Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the  
 air ;

## XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream  
 Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind  
 Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,  
 The mystical usurper of the mind—

O'erpowering us to be whatever may seem  
 Good to the soul which we no more can  
 bind ;  
 Strange state of being ! (for 't is still to be)  
 Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

## XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,  
 Chain'd to a rock ; she knew not how, but  
 stir  
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar  
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threat-  
 ening her ;  
 And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,  
 Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they  
 were [high—  
 foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and  
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not  
 die.

## XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd  
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding  
 feet,  
 And stumbled almost every step she made :  
 And something roll'd before her in a sheet,  
 Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid :  
 'T was white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to  
 meet [grasp'd,  
 Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and  
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

## XXXIII.

The dream changed :—in a cave she stood, its  
 walls  
 Where hung with marble icicles ; the work  
 Of ages on its water-fretted halls,  
 Where waves might wash, and seals might  
 breed and lurk ;  
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls  
 Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears,  
 and mirk [caught,  
 The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they  
 Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

## XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,  
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead  
 brow, [sweet  
 Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how  
 Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they  
 now !)  
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat  
 Of his quench'd heart ; and the sea dirges  
 low  
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,  
 And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

## XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
 Faded, or alter'd into something new—  
 Like to her father's features, till each trace  
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—  
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace ;  
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view ?  
 Oh ! Powers of Heaven ! what darkeye meet  
 she there ?  
 'T is—'t is her father's—fix'd upon the pair !

## XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,  
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see  
 Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell  
 The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be  
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well.  
 Dear as her father had been to Haidée,  
 It was a moment of that awful kind—  
 I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

## XXXVII.

Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,  
 And caught her falling, and from off the  
 wall  
 Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak  
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of  
 all :  
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,  
 Smiled scornfully, and said, " Within my  
 call,  
 A thousand scimitars await the word ;  
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

## XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him ; " Juan, 't is—  
 'T is Lambro—'t is my father ! Kneel with  
 me—  
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.  
 Oh ! dearest father, in this agony  
 Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss  
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be  
 That doubt should mingle with my filial joy ?  
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

## XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,  
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—  
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood :  
 He look'd upon her, but gave no reply :  
 Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood  
 Oit came and went, as there resolved to die ;  
 In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring  
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might  
 bring.

## XL.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more said:

Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free." he old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,

And drawing from his belt a pistol, he Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."

Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see T was fresh—for he had lately used the lock— And next proceeded quietly to cock.

## XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear, That cocking of a pistol, when you know A moment more will bring the sight to bear

Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so; A gentlemanly distance, not too near,

If you have got a former friend for foe; But after being fired at once or twice, The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

## XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,

When Haidée threw herself her boy before; Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let death

Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith;

I love him—I will die with him: I knew Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

## XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears, And tenderness, and infancy; but now She stood as one who champion'd human fears— [blow]

Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers, She drew up to her height, as if to show A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

## XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 't was strange [the same]

How like they look'd! the expression was Serenely savage, with a little change In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame; For she, too, was as one who could avenge,

If cause should be—a lioness, though tame, Her father's blood before her father's face Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

## XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and Their stature, differing but in sex and years; Even to the delicacy of their hand There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;

And now to see them, thus divided, stand In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears, And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both, [growth] Show what the passions are in their full

## XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still And looking on her, as to look her through.

"Not I," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill; Not I have made this desolation: few Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;

But I must do my duty—how thou hast Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

## XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or by my father's head, His own shall roll before you like a ball!" He raised his whistle, as the word he said, And blew, another answer'd to the call, And rushing in disorderly, though led, And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all, Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank; He gave the word,—“Arrest or slay the Frank.”

## XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew His daughter; while compress'd within his clasp,

'T wixt her and Juan interposed the crew; In vain she struggled in her father's grasp— His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp, The file of pirates; save the foremost, who Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

## XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but The third, a wary, cool old swordsman, took The blows upon his cutlass, and then put His own well in; so well, ere you could loo's His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot With the blood running like a little brook From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red— One on the arm, the other on the head

## L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore

Juan from the apartment: with a sign  
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,  
Where lay some ships which were to sail  
at nine.

They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar  
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in  
line;

On board of one of these, and under hatches,  
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the  
watches.

## LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,  
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:  
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,  
Handsome and young, enjoying all the  
present,

Just at the very time when he least broods  
On such a thing is suddenly to sea sent,  
Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,  
And all because a lady fell in love.

## LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,  
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears,  
green tea!

Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;  
For if my pure libations exceed three,  
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,  
That I must have recourse to black Bohea:  
'T is pity wine should be so deleterious,  
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

## LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!  
Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethonic rill!  
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,  
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?  
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*  
(In each sense of the word), when'er I fill  
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,  
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

## LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present safe—  
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;  
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half  
Of those with which his Haidée's bosom  
bounded!

She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,  
And then give way, subdued because sur-  
rounded;

Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,  
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

## LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store  
In marble founts; there grain, and flower,  
and fruit,  
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;  
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,  
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,  
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,  
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;  
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

## LVI.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth  
Her human clay is kindled; full of power  
For good or evil, burning from its birth,  
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,  
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:  
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's  
dower; [force,  
By her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's  
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

## LVII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,  
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and  
fair,  
Till slowly charged with thunder they display  
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,  
Had held till now her soft and milky way;  
But overwrought with passion and despair,  
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,  
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

## LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,  
And he himself o'er-master'd and cut down;  
His blood was running on the very floor  
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;  
Thus much she view'd an instant and no  
more,— [groan  
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive  
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held  
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

## LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes  
Were dabbled with the deep blood which  
ran o'er;  
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies  
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd hand-  
maids bore  
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;  
Of herbs and cordials they produced their  
store,  
But she defied all means they could employ,  
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy

## LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though  
chill—

With nothing livid, still her lips were red ;  
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still ;  
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead ;  
Corruption came not in each mind to kill  
All hope ; to look upon her sweet face bred  
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—  
She had so much, earth could not claim the  
whole.

## LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows  
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,  
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws  
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair ;  
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,  
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,  
Their energy like life forms all their fame,  
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.—

## LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,  
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something  
new,  
A strange sensation which she must partake  
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view  
Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache  
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still  
true [cause,  
Brought back the sense of pain without the  
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

## LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,  
On many a token without knowing what ;  
She saw them watch her without asking why ;  
And reek'd not who around her pillow sat ;  
Not speechless, though she spoke not ; not a  
sigh [quick chat  
Relieved her thoughts ; dull silence and  
Were tried in vain by those who served ; she  
gave  
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

## LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;  
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away ;  
She recognised no being, and no spot,  
However dear or cherish'd in their day ;  
They changed from room to room, but all for  
got,  
Gentle, but without memory she lay ;  
At length those eyes, which they would fain  
be weaning [meaning.  
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful

## LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;  
The harper came, and tuned his instrument,  
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,  
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,  
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp  
Her thoughts from sorrow through her hear'  
re-sent ;  
And he begun a long low island song  
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong

## LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall  
In time to his old tune ; he changed the  
theme, [through all  
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck  
Her recollection, on her flash'd the dream  
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call  
To be so being ; in a gushing stream  
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded  
brain. [rain.  
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in

## LXVII.

Sho' solace, vain relief !—thought came too  
quick,  
And whirl'd her brain to madness ; she arose  
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,  
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;  
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek.  
Although her paroxysm drew towards its  
close ;—  
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,  
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

## LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense ;  
Nothing could make her meet her father's  
face,  
Though on all other things with looks intense  
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;  
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence  
Avail'd for either ; neither change of place,  
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her  
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for  
ever.

## LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at  
last :  
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past ;  
And they who watch'd her nearest could not  
know  
The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—  
Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack'

## LXX

She died, but not alone; she held within  
 A second principle of life, which might  
 Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;  
 But closed its little being without light,  
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
 Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one  
 blight;  
 In vain the dews of Heaven descend above  
 The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

## LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her  
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not  
 made [bear,  
 Through years or moons the inner weight to  
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
 By age in earth: her days and pleasures were  
 Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid  
 Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well  
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

## LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,  
 Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away;  
 None but her own and father's grave is there,  
 And nothing outward tells of human clay;  
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,  
 No stone is there to show, no tongue to say  
 What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,  
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

## LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song  
 Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander  
 With her sire's story makes the night less long;  
 Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her:  
 If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—  
 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,  
 In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,  
 For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

## LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows  
 too sad,  
 And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;  
 I don't much like describing people mad,  
 For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself—  
 Besides, I've no more on this head to add;  
 And as my Muse is a capricious elf,  
 We'll put about, and try another tack  
 With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas back.

## LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,"  
 Some days and nights elapsed before that he  
 Could altogether call the past to mind;  
 And when he did, he found himself at sea,

Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;  
 The shores of Ilium lay beneath their lee—  
 Another time he might have liked to see 'em,  
 But now was not much pleased with Cape  
 Sigaeum

## LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is  
 (Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the sea)  
 Entomb'd the bravest of the brave Achilles,  
 They say so—(Bryant says the contrary):  
 And further downward, tall and towering  
 still, is [t may be  
 The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows;  
 Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus;  
 All heroes, who if living still would slay us

## LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,  
 A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain  
 And Ida in the distance, still the same,  
 And old Seamander, (if 't is he) remain,  
 The situation seems still form'd for fame—  
 A hundred thousand men might fight again  
 With ease; but where I sought for Ilium's  
 walls  
 The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls,

## LXXVIII

Troops of untended horses; here and there  
 Some little hamlets, with new names un-  
 couth;  
 Some shepherds, (unlike Paris) led to stare  
 A moment at the European youth  
 Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings  
 bear; [mouth.  
 A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in  
 Extremely taken with his own religion,  
 Are what I found there—but the devil a Piry-  
 gian.

## LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge  
 From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;  
 Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,  
 O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave;  
 Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could  
 urge  
 A few brief questions; and the answers gave  
 No very satisfactory information  
 About his past or present situation

## LXXX.

He saw some fellow captives, who appear'd  
 To be Italians, as they were in fact;  
 From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,  
 Which was an odd one; a troop gear  
 act

In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd

In their vocation; had not been attack'd  
In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,  
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.

LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo of the party,  
Juan was told about their curious case;  
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he  
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;  
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty.  
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,  
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,  
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,  
Saying, "Our Machiavelian impresario,  
Making a signal off some promontory,  
Hail'd a strange brig; Corpo di Caio Mario!  
We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,  
Without a single scudo of salario;  
But if the Sultan has a taste for song,  
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

'The prima donna, though a little old,  
And haggard with a dissipated life,  
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,  
Has some good notes; and then the tenor's  
wife,  
With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;  
Last carnival she made a deal of strife  
By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna  
From an old Roman princess at Bologna

LXXXIV.

"And then there are the dancer; there's the  
Nini,  
With more than one profession gains by all;  
Then there's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,  
She, too, was fortunate last carnival,  
And made at least five hundred good zecchini,  
But spends so fast, she has not now a paul;  
And then there's the Grottesca—such a  
dancer! [answer]  
Where men have souls or bodies she must

LXXXV.

"As for the figuranti, they are like  
The rest of all that tribe; with here and there  
A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,  
The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;  
There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,  
Yet has a sentimental kind of air  
Which might go far, but she don't dance with  
vigour;  
The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

"As for the men, they are a middling set.  
The musico is but a crack'd old basin,  
But being qualified in one way yet,  
May the seraglio do to set his face in,  
And as a servant some preferment get;  
His singing I no further trust can place in  
From all the Pope makes yearly 't would perplex  
To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex

LXXXVII.

"The tenor's voice is spoil'd by affectation,  
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;  
In fact, he had no singing education,  
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow,  
But being the prima donna's near relation,  
Who swore his voice was very rich and  
mellow, [believe  
They hired him, though to hear him you'd  
An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

"'T would not become myself to dwell upon  
My own merits, and though young,—I see,  
• Sir—you  
Have got a travell'd air, which speaks you one  
To whom the opera is by no means new:  
You've heard of Raucocanti?—I'm the man;  
The time may come when you may hear  
me too:  
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,  
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—  
do go.

LXXXIX.

"Our baritone I almost had forgot,  
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit:  
With graceful action, science not a jot,  
A voice of not great compass, and not sweet,  
He always is complaining of his lot,  
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;  
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,  
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

XC.

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital  
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,  
Who came at stated moments to invite all  
The captives back to their sad berths; each  
threw [all  
A rueful glance upon the waves, (which bright  
From the blue skies derived a double blue,  
Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)  
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,  
Waiting for his Sublimity's firman,  
The most imperative of sovereign spells,  
Which every body does without who can



More to secure them in their naval cells,

Lady to lady, well as man to man,  
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple  
For the slave market of Constantinopie.

## XCII

It seems when this allotment was made out,  
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd  
female,

Who (after some discussion and some doubt,  
If the soprano might be deem'd to be male,  
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)

Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male  
Was Juan,—who, an awkward thing at his age,  
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

## XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd

The tenor; these two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd

With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate  
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,

Instead of bearing up without debate,  
That each pull'd different ways with many an  
oath,

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

## XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,

But bred within the march of old Ancona,  
With eyes that look'd into the very soul

(And other chief points of a "bella donna"),  
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;

And through her clear brunette complexion  
shone a

Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,  
Especially when added to the power.

## XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,

For sorrow o'er each sense held stern com-  
mand;

Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;

And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand  
Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb

(And she had some not easy to withstand)  
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel  
brittle,

Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

## XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,  
But facts are facts: no knight could be more  
true,

And firmer faith no lady-love desire;

We will omit the proofs, save one or two:

'T is said no one in hand "can hold a fire  
By thought of frosty Caucasus;" but few,

I really think; yet Juan's then ordeal  
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

## XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,  
Having withstood temptation in my youth,

But hear that several people take exception  
At the first two books having too much truth,

Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship  
soon,

Because the publisher declares, in sooth,  
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is  
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

## XCVIII.

'T is all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,  
And therefore leave them to the purer page

Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,  
Who say strange things for so correct an age;

I once had great alacrity in wielding  
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,

And recollect the time when all this cant  
Would have provoked remarks which now it  
shan't.

## XCIX.

As boys' love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble,  
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,

Leaving such to the literary rabble,  
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease,

While the right hand which wrote it still is able,  
Or of some centuries to take a lease;

The grass upon my grave will grow as long,  
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

## C.

Of poets who come down to us through dis-  
tance [Fame,

Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of  
Life seems the smallest portion of existence,

Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,  
'T is as a snowball which derives assistance

From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,  
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;

But, after all, 't is nothing but cold snow.

## CI.

And so great names are nothing more than  
nominal,

And love of glory 's but an airy lust,  
Too often in its fury overcoming all

Who would as 't were identify their dust  
From out the wide destruction, which entomb

ing all, [just"—

Leaves nothing till "the coming of the  
Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,

And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of  
Rome.

## CII.

The very generations of the dead  
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,

Until the memory of an age is fled, [doom].  
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's

Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?

Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral  
gloom [neath,

Which once-named myriads nameless lie be-  
And lose their own in universal death.

## CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon

Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,  
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon

For human vanity, the young De Foix!  
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,

But which neglect is hastening to destroy,  
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,  
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

## CIV

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:

A little cupola, more neat than solemn,  
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid

To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's  
column:

The time must come, when both alike decay'd,  
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,

Will sink where lie the songs and wars of  
earth,

Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

## CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,

With human filth that column is defiled,  
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were  
vented

To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd:  
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented

Should ever be those bloodhounds, from  
whose wild

Instinct of gore and glory earth has known  
Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone

## CVI.

Yet there will still be bards: though fame is  
smoke, [thought;

Its fumes are frankincense to human  
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke

Song in the world, will seek what then they  
sought;

As on the beach the waves at last are broke,  
Thus to their extreme verge the passions  
brought

Dash into poetry, which is our passion,  
Or at least was so ere it grew a passion.

## CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was

At once adventurous and contemplative,  
Men who partake all passions as they pass,

Acquire the deep and bitter power to give

Their images again as in a glass,

And in such colours that they seem to live;  
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,  
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

## CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books'

Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!

Who advertise new poems by your looks,

Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex?

What! must I go to the oblivious cooks?

Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian  
wrecks?

Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,  
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea!

## CIX.

What! can I prove "a lion" then no more?

A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press  
darling?

To bear the compliments of many a bore,  
And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's  
starling;

Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore,  
(Because the world won't read him, always  
snarling)

That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,  
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

## CX.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"

As some one somewhere sings about the sky  
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;

They say your stockings are so—(Heaven  
knows why,

I have examined few pair of that hue);

Blue as the garters which serenely lie

Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn

The festal midnight, and the levee morn.

## CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—

But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover

You read my stanzas, and I read your features

And—but no matter, all those things are  
over;

Still I have no dislike to learned natures,

For sometimes such a world of virtues cover

I knew one woman of that purple school,

The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

## CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not

The last, if late accounts be accurate,

Invented, by some name I have forgot,

As well as the sublime discovery's date,

An airy instrument, with which he sought

To ascertain the atmospheric state,

By measuring "the intensity of blue:"

Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!

## CXIII.

But to the narrative:—The vessel bound  
 With slaves to sell off in the capital,  
 After the usual process, might be found  
 At anchor under the seraglio wall; [sound,  
 Her cargo, from the plague being safe and  
 Were landed in the market<sup>61</sup>, one and all,  
 And there with Georgians, Russians, and  
 Circassians,  
 Bought up for different purposes and passions.

## CXIV

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars  
 For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,  
 Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest colours  
 Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven:  
 Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,  
 Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd  
 eleven;<sup>62</sup>  
 But when the offer went beyond, they knew  
 'T was for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

## CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price  
 Which the West Indian market scarce  
 could bring; [twice  
 Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it  
 What 't was ere Abolition; and the thing  
 Need not seem very wonderful, for vice  
 Is always much more splendid than a king:  
 The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,  
 Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

## CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,  
 How some were bought by pachas, some  
 by Jews,  
 How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,  
 And others rose to the command of crews  
 As renegadoes; while in hapless group,  
 Hoping no very old vizier might choose,  
 The females stood, as one by one they pick'd  
 'em,  
 To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:

## CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;  
 Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant,  
 (Because this Canto has become too long),  
 Must be postponed discreetly for the present;  
 'T is sensible redundancy is wrong, [in 't:  
 But could not for the muse of me put less  
 And now delay the progress of Don Juan,  
 Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE FIFTH.

## I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves  
 In liquid lines mellifluously bland, [doves,  
 And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her  
 They little think what mischief is in hand,  
 The greater their success the worse it proves,  
 As Ovid's verse may give to understand;  
 Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due  
 severity,  
 Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

## II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,  
 Except in such a way as not to attract;  
 Plain—simple—short, and by no means  
 inviting,  
 But with a moral to each error tack'd,  
 Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,  
 And with all passions in their turn attack'd.  
 Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,  
 This poem will become a moral model.

## III.

The European with the Asian shore  
 Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream  
 Here and there studded with a seventy-four;  
 Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;  
 The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar,  
 The twelve isles, and the more than I could  
 dream,  
 Far less describe, present the very view  
 Which charm'd the charming Mary Mon-  
 tagu.<sup>63</sup>

## IV

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"  
 For once it was a magic sound to me;  
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,  
 Where I beheld what never was to be;  
 All feelings changed, but this was last to vary  
 A spell from which even yet I am not quite  
 free:  
 But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,  
 Which must not be pathetically told.

## V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the  
 wave  
 Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades  
 'T is a grand sight from off "the Giant's  
 Grave"<sup>64</sup>  
 To watch the progress of those rolling seas

Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave  
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease ;  
There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,  
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the  
Euxine.

## VI.

'T was a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,  
When nights are equal, but not so the days ;  
The Parcae then cut short the further spinning  
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests  
raise

The waters, and repentance for past sinning  
In all, who o'er the great deep take their  
ways : [don't ;  
They vow to amend their lives, and yet they  
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared,  
they won't.

## VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,  
And age, and sex, were in the market  
ranged ;

Each bevy with the merchant in his station :  
Poor creatures ! their good looks were sadly  
changed.

All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,  
From friends, and home, and freedom far  
estranged ;

The negroes more philosophy display'd,—  
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

## VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,  
As most at his age are, of hope, and health ;  
Yet I must own, he look'd a little dull,  
And now and then a tear stole down  
by stealth ;

Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull  
His spirit down ; and then the loss of wealth,  
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,  
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

## IX.

Were things to shake a stoic ; ne'ertheless,  
Upon the whole his carriage was serene :  
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,  
Of which some gilded remnants still were  
seen,

Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess  
He was above the vulgar by his mien ;  
And then, though pale, he was so very hand-  
some ;

And then—they calculated on his ransom.

## X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted  
With whites and blacks, in groups on show  
for sale,

Though rather more irregularly spotted :  
Some bought the jet, while others chose  
the pale.

It chanced amongst the other people lotted  
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,  
With resolution in his dark grey eye,  
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

## XI.

He had an English look ; that is, was square  
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,  
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown  
hair, [study.

And, it might be from thought, or toil, or  
An open brow a little mark'd with care

One arm had on a bandage rather bloody ;  
And there he stood with such *sang-froid*, that  
greater

Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator

## XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,  
Of a high spirit evidently, though  
At present weigh'd down by a doom which had  
O'erthrown even men, he soon began to  
show

A kind of blunt compassion for the sad  
Lot of so young a partner in the woe.  
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse  
Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

## XIII.

" My boy !"—said he, " amidst this motley  
crew [not,

Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what  
All ragamuffins differing but in hue,

With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,  
The only gentlemen seem I and you ;

So let us be acquainted, as we ought.  
If I could yield you any consolation,  
'T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is  
your nation ?"

## XIV.

When Juan answer'd—" Spanish !" he replied,  
" I thought, in fact, you could not be a  
Greek ;

Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed :  
Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,  
But that's her way with all men, till they're  
tried ; [week ;

But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next  
She has served me also much the same as you  
Except that I have found it nothing new "

## XV.

"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,  
*What* brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing  
 very rare— [this doom  
 Six Tartars and a drag-chain—"—"To  
 But what conducted, if the question's fair.  
 Is that which I would learn.—"I served for  
 some [there,  
 Months with the Russian army here and  
 And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,  
 A town, was ta'en myself instead of Wid-  
 din." 65

## XVI.

"Have you no friends?"—"I had—but, by  
 God's blessing, [Now  
 Have not been troubled with them lately.  
 I have answer'd all your questions without  
 pressing,  
 And you an equal courtesy should show."  
 Alas!" said Juan, "'twere a tale distressing,  
 And long besides."—"Oh! if 'tis really so,  
 You're right on both accounts to hold your  
 tongue;  
 A sad tale saddens doubly, when 'tis long.

## XVII.

"But droop not: Fortune at your time of  
 life,  
 Although a female moderately fickle,  
 Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)  
 For any length of days in such a pickle.  
 To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife  
 As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the  
 sickle:  
 Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
 The circumstances seem the sport of men."

## XVIII.

"'Tis not," said Juan, "for my present  
 doom [maid:"—  
 I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a  
 He paused, and his dark eye grew full of  
 gloom;  
 A single tear upon his eyelash said  
 A moment, and then dropp'd; "but to resume,  
 'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,  
 Which I deplore so much; for I have borne  
 Hardships which have the hardiest overworn,

## XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—  
 and here  
 He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his face.  
 "Av." quoth his friend, "I thought it would  
 appear  
 That there had been a lady in the case;

And these are things which ask a tender tear  
 Such as I, too, would shed if in your place.  
 I cried upon my first wife's dying day,  
 And also when my second ran away:

## XX.

"My third—"—"Your third!" quoth  
 Juan, turning round; [three?"  
 "You scarcely can be thirty: have you  
 "No—only two at present above ground:  
 Surely 'tis nothing wonderful to see  
 One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"  
 "Well, then, your third," said Juan;  
 "what did she?  
 She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?"  
 "No, faith."—"What then?"—"I ran away  
 from her."

## XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan  
 "Why,"  
 Replied the other, "what can a man do?  
 There still are many rainbows in your sky,  
 But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is  
 new, [high;  
 Commence with feelings warm, and prospects  
 But time strips our illusions of their hue,  
 And one by one in turn, some grand mistake  
 Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake

## XXII.

"'Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,  
 Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone  
 through,  
 This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,  
 Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—  
 Love's the first net which spreads its deadly  
 mesh;  
 Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue  
 The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,  
 Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

## XXIII.

"All this is very fine, and may be true,"  
 Said Juan; "but I really don't see how  
 It betters present times with me or you."  
 "No?" quoth the other; "yet you will  
 allow  
 By setting things in their right point of view,  
 Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for instance,  
 now,  
 We know what slavery is, and our disasters  
 May teach us better to behave when masters."

## XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try  
 Their present lessons on our Pagan friends  
 here,"  
 Said Juan,—swallowing a heart-burning sigh  
 "Heaven help the scholar whom his fate  
 tune sends here!"

"Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,"  
 Rejoin'd the other, "when our bad luck  
 mends here; [eye us]  
 Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to  
 I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us.

## XXV.

'But after all, what *is* our present state?  
 'Tis bad, and may be better—all men's lot.  
 Most men are slaves, none more so than the  
 great, [not;  
 To their own whims and passions, and what  
 Society itself, which should create  
 Kindness, destroys what little we had got:  
 To feel for none is the true social art  
 Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

## XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage  
 Of the third sex step up, and peering over  
 The captives seem'd to mark their looks and  
 age,  
 And capabilities, as to discover  
 If they were fitted for the purposed cage:  
 No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,  
 Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,  
 Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

## XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.<sup>65</sup>  
 'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-crea-  
 tures;  
 And all are to be sold, if you consider  
 Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by  
 features  
 Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,  
 Some by a place—as tend their years or  
 natures;  
 The most by ready cash—but all have prices,  
 From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

## XXVIII.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care  
 Turn'd to the merchant, and begun to bid  
 First but for one, and after for the pair:  
 They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so  
 they did!  
 As though they were in a merc Christian fair  
 Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;  
 So that their bargain sounded like a battle  
 For this superior yoke of human cattle.

## XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,  
 And pulling out reluctant purses, and  
 Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling  
 Some down, and weighing others in their  
 hand,

And by mistake sequins<sup>67</sup> with paras jumbling,  
 Until the sum was accurately scann'd,  
 And then the merchant giving change, and  
 signing  
 Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

## XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?  
 Or, if it were, if also his digestion?  
 Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might  
 intrude,  
 And conscience ask a curious sort of question  
 About the right divine how far we should  
 Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has  
 oppress one,  
 I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour  
 Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

## XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that Candide  
 Found life most tolerable after meals;  
 He's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed,  
 Repletion rather adds to what he feels,  
 Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's  
 freed [reels.  
 From his own brain's oppression while it  
 Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather  
 Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and  
 one father);

## XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act  
 Of eating, with another act or two,  
 Makes us feel our mortality in fact  
 Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout.  
 And fish, and soup, by some side dishes back'd  
 Can give us either pain or pleasure, who  
 Would pique himself on intellects, whose use  
 Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

## XXXIII.

The other evening ('t was on Friday last)—  
 This is a fact, and no poetic fable—  
 Just as my great coat was about me cast,  
 My hat and gloves still lying on the table,  
 I heard a shot—'t was eight o'clock scarce  
 past—  
 And, running out as fast as I was able,<sup>68</sup>  
 I found the military commandant  
 Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to  
 pant.

## XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,  
 They had slain him with five slugs; and left  
 him there  
 To perish on the pavement: so I had  
 Him borne into the house and up, the stair

And stripp'd, and look'd to,—But why  
should I add

More circumstances? vain was every care;  
The man was gone: in some Italian quarrel  
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;  
And though I have seen many corpses, never  
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,  
So calm; though pierced through stomach,  
heart, and liver,

He seem'd to sleep,—for you could scarcely tell  
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river  
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead:  
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

“Can this be death? then what is life or death?  
Speak!” but he spoke not: “wake!” but  
still he slept:—

“But yesterday and who had mightier breath?  
A thousand warriors by his word were kept  
In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,  
'Go,' and he goeth; 'come, and forth he  
stepp'd.

The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—  
And now nought left him but the muffled drum.”

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp'd—  
they [bed

With their rough faces thron'd about the  
To gaze once more on the commanding clay  
Which for the last, though not the first,  
time bled:

And such an end! that he who many a day  
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,—  
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,  
Should now be butcher'd in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,  
Those honourable scars which brought him  
fame;

And horrid was the contrast to the view—  
But let me quit the theme: as such things  
claim

Perhaps even more attention than is due  
From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the  
same)

To try if I could wrench aught out of death  
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a  
faith;

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,  
And there we go:—but *where?* five bits of  
lead,

Or three, or two, or one, send very far! [shed?  
And is this blood, then, form'd but to be

Can every element our elements rear?

And air—earth—water—fire live—and we  
dead? [more;

*We*, whose minds comprehend all things? No  
But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance  
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,  
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went  
thence

As fast as oars could pull and water float;  
They look'd like persons being led to sentence,  
Wondering what next, till the caique<sup>69</sup> was  
brought

Up in a little creek below a wall  
O'erropp'd with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket  
Of a small iron door, 'twas open'd, and  
He led them onward, first through a low thicket  
Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on  
either hand:

They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—  
For night was closing ere they came to land.  
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,  
Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way  
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and  
so forth:

(Of which I might have a good deal to say,  
There being no such profusion in the North  
Of oriental plants, 'et cetera,")

But that of late your scribblers think 't  
worth [works,  
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their*  
Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the Turks:)

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came  
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he  
Whisper'd to his companion:—'twas the same  
Which might have then occur'd to you or  
me. [great shame

“Methinks,”—said he,—“it would be no  
If we should strike a stroke to set us free;  
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,  
And march away—'twere easier done than  
said.”

XLIV.

“Yes,” said the other, “and when done, what  
then?”

*How get out?* how the devil got we in?  
And when we once were fairly out, and when  
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved  
our skin,<sup>70</sup>

To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,  
And worse off than we hitherto have been;  
Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,  
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

"We must be near some place of man's  
abode;—

For the old negro's confidence in creeping,  
With his two captives, by so queer a road,  
Shows that he thinks his friends have not  
been sleeping;

A single cry would bring them all abroad:  
'Tis therefore better looking before leaping—  
And there, you see, this turn has brought us  
through

By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too.

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building  
Which open'd on their view, and o'er the  
front

There seem'd to be besprent a deal of gilding  
And various hues, as is the Turkish wont.—  
A gaudy taste; for they are little skill'd in  
The arts of which these lands were once the  
font:

Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen  
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour:  
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,  
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find  
favour,

Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,  
And put himself upon his good behaviour:

His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,  
Said, "In Heaven's name let's get some supper  
now.

And then I'm with you, if you're for a row."

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,  
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;  
The last of these was never much the fashion,

For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.  
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,  
But more or less continue still to tease on,  
With arguments according to their "forte;"  
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,—although  
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,  
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no  
Method's more sure at moments to take hold  
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow  
More tender, as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tounsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

L.

Turkey contains no belis, and yet men dine,  
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard  
No Christian knoll to table, saw no line  
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,  
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,  
And cooks in motion with their clean arms  
bared,

And gazed around them to the left and right,  
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,  
They follow'd close behind their sable guide  
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence  
Was on the point of being set aside:  
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,  
And knocking at the gate, 't was open'd wide,  
And a magnificent large hall display'd  
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade

LII.

I won't describe; description is my forte,  
But every fool describes in these bright days  
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,  
And spawns his quarto, and demands your  
praise—

Death to his publisher, to him 't is sport;  
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,  
Resigns herself with exemplary patience  
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illus-  
trations.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted  
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;  
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,  
And some seem'd much in love with their  
own dress.

And divers smoked superb pipes decorated  
With amber mouths of greater price or less  
And several strutted, others slept, and some  
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.<sup>71</sup>

LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace  
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes  
A moment without slackening from their pace;  
But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any wise.  
One or two stared the captives in the face,  
Just as one views a horse to guess his price;  
Some nodded to the negro from their station,  
But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without  
stopping,  
On through a farther range of goodly rooms,  
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, drop-  
ping,<sup>72</sup>

A marble fountain echoes through the gloom



Of night, which robe the chamber, or where  
popping

Some female head most curiously pictures  
To thrust its black eyes through the door or  
lattice,

As wondering what the devil noise that is.

## LVII.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls

Gave light enough to hint their farther way,  
But not enough to show the imperial halls

In all the flashing of their full array;  
Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say appals,

But saddens more by night as well as day,  
Than an enormous room without a soul!

To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

## LVIII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing.

In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,  
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in

The spots which were her realms for ever-  
more;

But in a mighty hail or gallery, both in

More modern buildings and those built of  
yore,

A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,

Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

## LXIII.

A seat, snug study on a winter's night,

A book, friend, sing'e lady, or a glass

Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,

Are things which make an English evening  
pass;

Though *ceries* by no means so grand a sight

As is a theatre lit up by gas.

I pass my evenings in long galleries solely;

And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

## LIX.

Alas! man makes that great which makes him  
little:

I grant you in a church 'tis very well:

What speaks of Heaven should by no means  
be brittle,

But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell  
Their names who rear'd it; but huge houses  
fit ill— [Adam fell:

And huge tombs worse—mankind, since  
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel

Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

## LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then

A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,  
Where Nebuchadonosor, king of men,

Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to  
grazing

And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,

The people's awe and admiration raising;

'T was famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus

And the calumniated queen Semiramis—

## LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so coarse

Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy,  
Of an improper friendship for her horse

(Love, like religion, sometimes runs to heresy)

This monstrous tale had probably its source

(For such exaggerations here and there I see)

In writing "Courser" by mistake for "Courier:"

I wish the case could come before a jury here

## LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not

Be in these days?) some infidels, who don

Because they can't find out the very spot

Of that same Babel, or because they won't

(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks  
has got,

And written lately two memoirs upon 't,)

Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who

Must be believed, though they believe not you

## LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has exprest

Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly

Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,

Who give themselves to architecture wholly.

We know where things and men must end at  
best:

A moral (like all morals) melancholy,

And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"

Shows that we build when we should but  
entomb us.

## LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,

Where echo woke as if from a long slumber,

Though full of all things which could be desired

One wonder'd what to do with such a number  
Of articles which nobody required;

Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber

With furniture an exquisite apartment,

Which puzzled Nature much to know what  
Art meant.

## LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on

A range or suite of further chambers, which

Might lead to heaven knows where; but in  
this one

The moveables were prodigally rich:

So 'as 't was half a sin to sit upon,

So costly were they: carpets every stitch

Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish

You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

## LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning  
 A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in  
 wonder, [ing,  
 Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of stain—  
 As if the milky way their feet was under  
 With all its stars; and with a stretch attaining  
 A certain press or cupboard niched in  
 yonder—  
 In that remote recess which you may see—  
 Or if you don't the fault is not in me—

## LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous; and the black,  
 I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth  
 A quantity of clothes fit for the back  
 Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;  
 And of variety there was no lack— [dearth,—  
 And yet, though I have said there was no  
 He chose himself to point out what he thought  
 Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

## LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each  
 Was, for the elder and the stouter, first  
 A Candiote cloak, which to the knee might  
 reach [burst,  
 And trousers not so tight that they would  
 But such as fit an Asiatic breech; [nurst,  
 A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been  
 Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;  
 In short, all things which form a Turkish  
 Dandy.

## LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,  
 Hinted the vast advantages which they  
 Might probably attain both in the end,  
 If they would but pursue the proper way  
 Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend;  
 And then he added that he needs must say,  
 " 'T would greatly tend to better their condi-  
 tion,  
 If they would condescend to circumcision.

## LXX.

" For his own part, he really should re-  
 joice  
 To see them true believers, but no less  
 Would leave his proposition to their choice.  
 The other, thanking him for this excess  
 Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice  
 In such a trifle, scarcely could express  
 " Sufficiently" (he said) " his approbation  
 Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

## LXXI.

" For his own share — he saw but small  
 objection  
 To so respectable an ancient rite;  
 And, after swallowing down a slight refection,  
 For which he own'd a present appetite,  
 He doubted not a few hours of reflection  
 Would reconcile him to the business quite."  
 " Will it?" said Juan, sharply: " Strike me  
 dead,  
 But they as soon shall circumcise my head."

## LXXII.

" Cut off a thousand heads, before——" —  
 " Now, pray,"  
 Replied the other, " do not interrupt;  
 You put me out in what I had to say.  
 Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supt.  
 I shall perpend if your proposal may  
 Be such as I can properly accept;  
 Provided always your great goodness still  
 Remits the matter to our own free-will."

## LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, " Be so good  
 As dress yourself —" and pointed out a suit  
 In which a Princess with great pleasure would  
 Array her limbs: but Juan standing mute,  
 As not being in a masquerading mood,  
 Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;  
 And when the old negro told him to " Get  
 ready,"  
 Replied, " Old gentleman, I'm not a lady."

## LXXIV.

" What you may be. I neither know nor care."  
 Said Baba; " but pray do as I desire;  
 I have no more time nor many words to  
 spare."  
 " At least," said Juan, " sure I may inquire  
 The cause of this odd travesty?"—" Forbear,"  
 Said Baba, " to be curious; 't will transpire,  
 No doubt, in proper place, and time, and  
 season:  
 I have no authority to tell the reason."

## LXXV.

" Then if I do," said Juan, " I'll be——"  
 —" Hold!" [voking;  
 Rejoin'd the negro, " pray be not pro-  
 This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,  
 And you will find us not too fond of poking.  
 " What sir," said Juan, " shall it e'er be told  
 That I unsex'd my dress?" But Baba  
 stroking [call  
 The things down, said, " Incense me, and I  
 Those who will leave you of no sex at all

## LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes :  
A woman's, true; but then there is a cause  
Why you should wear them." — "What,  
though my soul loathes [pause,  
The effeminate garb?"—thus, after a short  
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,  
"What the devil shall I do with all this  
gauze?"

Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace  
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face

## LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipp'd  
A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk;  
Next with a virgin zone he was equipp'd,  
Which girt a slight chemise as white as  
milk;

But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,  
Which—as we say—or, as the Scotch say,  
*whilk*,

(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes  
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—

## LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was  
owing to [awkward:  
His garment's novelty, and his being  
And yet at last he managed to get through  
His toilet, though no doubt a little backward:

The negro Baba help'd a little too, [hard;  
When some untoward part of raiment stuck  
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,  
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

## LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair  
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found  
So many false long tresses all to spare,

That soon his head was most completely  
crown'd,  
After the manner then in fashion there;  
And this addition with such gems was  
bound

As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet, [oil it.  
While Baba made him comb his head and

## LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,  
With some small aid from scissors, paint,  
and tweezers,

He look'd in almost all respects a maid, [sirs,  
And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, "You see,  
A perfect transformation here display'd;

And now, then, you must come along with  
me, sirs, [twice,  
That is—the Lady:"—clapping his hands  
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

## LXXXI.

"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,  
"Will please to accompany those gentlemen  
To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,  
Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for when  
I say a thing, it must at once be done.

What fearyou? think you this a lion sden?  
Why, 'tis a palace; where the truly wise  
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

## LXXXII.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you  
harm." [them;  
"So much the better," Juan said, "for  
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,  
Which is not quite so light as you may  
deem.

I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm  
If any take me for that which I seem:  
So that I trust for every body's sake,  
That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

## LXXXIII.

"Blockhead! come on, and see," quoth  
Baba; while  
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who  
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce for-  
bear a smile

Upon the metamorphosis in view,—  
"Farewell!" they mutually exclaim'd: "this  
soil  
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new,  
One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,  
By this old black enchanter's unsought aid.

## LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan: "should we meet  
no more,  
I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"  
Replied the other; "though it grieves me  
sore; [tell

When we next meet, we'll have a tale to  
We needs must follow when Fate puts from  
shore, [once fell."  
Keep your good name; though Eve herself  
"Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self  
shan't carry me,  
Unless his Highness promises to marry me."

## LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;  
Baba led Juan onward room by room  
Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble  
floors,

Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,  
Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers;  
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:  
It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine  
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine

## LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,  
 high, [guise;  
 Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious  
 Warriors thereon were battling furiously;  
 Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd  
 lies;  
 There captives led in triumph droop the eye,  
 And in perspective many a squadron flies;  
 It seems the work of times before the line  
 Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

## LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close  
 Of a huge hall, and on its either side  
 Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,  
 Were sat, like ugly imps, as if allied  
 In mockery to the enormous gate which rose  
 O'er them in almost pyramidal pride:  
 The gate so splendid was in all its features,<sup>73</sup>  
 You never thought about those little creatures,

## LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then  
 You started back in horror to survey  
 The wondrous hideousness of those small men,  
 Whose colour was not black, nor white,  
 nor grey,  
 But an extraneous mixture, which no pen  
 Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;  
 They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and  
 dumb—  
 Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

## LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and  
 though [times—  
 They look'd so lithe, did strong things at  
 To open this door, which they could really do,  
 The hinges being as smooth as Rogers'  
 rhymes;  
 And now and then, with tough strings of the  
 As is the custom of those Eastern climes,  
 To give some rebel Pacha a cravat  
 For mutes are generally used for that

## XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all;  
 And looking like two incubi, they glared  
 As Baba with his fingers made them fall  
 To heaving back the portal folds: it scared  
 Juan a moment, as this pair so small,  
 With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;  
 It was as if their little looks could poison  
 Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on.

## XCI.

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint  
 To Juan some slight lessons as his guide.  
 "If you could just contrive," he said "to  
 stint  
 That somewhat manly majesty of stride,  
 'T would be as well, and,—though there's no  
 much in't)  
 To swing a little less from side to side,  
 What has at times an aspect of the oddest;—  
 And also could you look a little modest

## XCII.

"'T would be convenient, for these mutes  
 have eyes [ticoats;  
 Like needles, which may pierce those pet  
 And if they should discover your disguise,  
 You know how near us the deep Bosphorus  
 floats;  
 And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,  
 To find our way to Marmora without boats,  
 Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation  
 A good deal practised here upon occasion."<sup>74</sup>

## XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way  
 Into a room still nobler than the last;  
 A rich confusion form'd a disarray  
 In such sort, that the eye along it cast  
 Could hardly carry any thing away,  
 Object on object flash'd so bright and fast  
 A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and  
 glitter,  
 Magnificently mingled in a litter.

## XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much;  
 such things  
 Occur in Orient palaces, and even  
 In the more chasten'd domes of Western kings  
 (Of which I have also seen some six or  
 seven)  
 Where I can't say of gold or diamond flings  
 Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven;  
 Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pic-  
 tures,  
 On which I cannot pause to make my stric-

## XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay  
 Under a canopy, and there reclined  
 Quite in a confidential queenly way,  
 A lady; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd  
 To Juan, who though not much used to pray,  
 Knel'd down by instinct, wondering in his  
 mind [bended  
 What all this meant: while Baba bowed and  
 His head until the ceremony ended.

## XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air  
 As Venus rose with from the wave, on them  
 Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair  
 Of eyes, which put out each surrounding  
 gem;  
 And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,  
 She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem  
 O' her deep purple robe, and speaking low,  
 Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below

## XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;  
 Her beauty of that overpowering kind,  
 Whose force description only would abate:  
 I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,  
 Than lessen it by what I could relate  
 Of forms and features; it would strike you  
 blind  
 Could I do justice to the full detail;  
 So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

## XCVIII.

Thus much however I may add,—her years  
 Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty  
 springs, [bears,  
 But there are forms which Time to touch for-  
 And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things,  
 Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots; true—  
 tears [wrings  
 And love destroy; and sapping sorrow  
 Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow  
 Ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.

## XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who  
 Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,  
 And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,  
 Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen;  
 They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,  
 Which might have call'd Diana's chorus  
 "cousin,"  
 As far as outward show may correspond;  
 I won't be bail for any thing beyond.

## c.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring  
 But not by the same door through which  
 came in  
 Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,  
 At some small distance, all he saw within  
 This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring  
 Marvel and praise; for both or none things  
 win;  
 And I must say, I ne'er could see the very  
 Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."

## CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know  
 (Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers  
 of speech)  
 To make men happy, or to keep them so;"  
 (So take it in the very words of Crecch).  
 Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago:  
 And thus Pope quotes the precept to re-teach  
 From his translation; but had none admired  
 Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired

## CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,  
 Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then  
 A second time desired him to kneel down,  
 And kiss the lady's foot; which maxim when  
 He heard repeated, Juan with a frown  
 Drew himself up to his full height again,  
 And said, "It grieved him, but he could not stoop  
 To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope"

## CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,  
 Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat  
 He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)  
 About a bow-string—quite in vain; not yet  
 Would Juan bend, though 't were to Mahomet's  
 bride:

There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*  
 In kingly chambers or imperial halls,  
 As also at the race and county balls.

## CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words  
 About his ears, and nathless would not bend;  
 The blood of all his line's Castilian lords  
 Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend  
 To stain his pedigree a thousand swords  
 A thousand times of him had made an end;  
 At length perceiving the "foot" could not  
 stand,

Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

## CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,  
 A half-way house of diplomatic rest.  
 Where they might meet in much more peace-  
 ful guise;

And Juan now his willingness express'd,  
 To use all fit and proper courtesies,  
 Adding, that this was commonest and best,  
 For through the South, the custom still com-  
 mands

The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

## CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,  
 Though on more *thorough-bred*<sup>75</sup> or fairer  
 fingers  
 No lips e'er left their transitory trace:  
 On such as these the lip too fondly lingers

And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,  
As you will see, if she you love shall bring  
hers [ger's  
In contact; and sometimes even a fair stran-  
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

## CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and e'er, and bade  
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,  
As if well used to the retreating trade;  
And taking hints in good part all the while,  
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,  
And looking on him with a sort of smile,  
Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,  
As good men wear who have done a virtuous  
action.

## CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change:  
I know not what might be the lady's thought,  
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,  
And into her clear cheek the blood was  
brought,  
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range  
The verge of Heaven: and in her large eyes  
wrought  
A mixture of sensations, might be scann'd,  
Of half voluptuousness and half command.

## CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,  
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,  
When he put on the cherub to perplex  
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road  
to evil; [specks  
The sun himself was scarce more free from  
Than she from aught at which the eye could  
cavil; [where wanting,  
Yet, somehow, there was something some-  
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.—

## CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw  
A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain  
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you—  
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain  
With: aught which looks like despotism in view:  
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain  
We would against them make the flesh obey—  
The spirit in the end will have its way.

## CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;  
Her very *no!* was not an inclination;  
There was a self-will even in her small feet,  
As though they were quite conscious of her  
station—

They trod as upon necks; and to complete  
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),  
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign  
She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven, *no!*  
mine!)

## CXII.

'To hear and to obey' had been from birth  
The law of all around her: to fulfil  
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,  
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her  
will;  
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth  
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;  
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion  
We should have found out the "perpetual  
motion."

## CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;  
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed  
it might be seen, with diligence was sought,  
And when 't was found straightway the bar-  
gain closed:  
There was no end unto the things she bought  
Nor o the trouble which her fancies caused;  
Yet e'en her tyranny had such a grace,  
The women pardon'd all except her face.

## CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught  
Her eye in passing on his way to sale;  
She order'd him directly to be bought,  
And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail  
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,  
At all such auctions knew how to prevail:  
She had no prudence, but he had; and this  
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

## CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise  
And, should you ask how she, a sultan's  
bride,  
Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,  
This I must leave sultanas to decide:  
Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,  
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,  
As we may ascertain with due precision,  
Some by experience, others by tradition.

## CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been  
tending:—  
She now conceived all difficulties past,  
And deem'd herself extremely condescending  
When, being made her property at last.







Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending  
 Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,  
 And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou  
 love?" [move.  
 Conceived that phrase was quite enough to

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;  
 But Juan, wh' had still his mind o'erflowing  
 With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,  
 Felt the warm blood, which in his face was  
 glowing,  
 Rush back upon his heart, which filled apace  
 And left his cheeks as pale as snow-drops  
 blowing: [spears,  
 These words went through his soul like Arab-  
 So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at  
 tears,

For women shed and use them at their liking  
 But there is something when man's eye appears  
 Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:  
 A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,  
 Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in  
 His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)  
 To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not  
 how:

Having no equals, nothing which had e'er  
 Infected her with sympathy till now,  
 And never having dreamt what 't was to bear  
 Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although  
 There might arise some pouting petty care  
 To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near  
 Her eye another's eyes could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,  
 And when a *strong* although a strange sensa-  
 tion

Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil  
 For kinder feelings, whatsoever their nation,  
 They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"  
 Samaritans in every situation;  
 And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why  
 Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon  
 Juan, who for an instant had been moved  
 To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone  
 Of one who dared to ask if "he *had* loved,"  
 Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone  
 Bright with the very weakness he reproved;  
 And although sensitive to beauty, he  
 Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,  
 Was much embarrass'd, never having met  
 In all her life with aught save prayers and praise;  
 And as she also risk'd her life to get  
 Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways  
 Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,  
 To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,  
 And they had waited now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,  
 To gentlemen in any such like case,  
 That is to say—in a meridian clime,  
 With us there is more law given to the chase  
 But here a small delay forms a great crime:  
 So recollect that the extremest grace  
 Is just two minutes for your declaration—  
 A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good; and might have been still  
 better,

But he had got Haidée into his head:  
 However strange, he could not yet forget her,  
 Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.  
 Gulbeyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor  
 For having had him to her palace led,  
 Began to blink up to the eyes, and then  
 Crow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid  
 Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes,  
 Which needed not an empire to persuade,  
 Look'd into his for love, where none replies:  
 Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid.  
 That being the last thing a proud woman tries -  
 She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw  
 Herself upon his breast, and there she grew

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,  
 But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride.  
 With gentle force her white arms he unwound'  
 And seated her all drooping by his side,  
 Then rising haughtily he glanced around,  
 And looking coldly in her face, he cried,  
 "The prison'd eagle will not part, nor I  
 Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy."

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof  
 How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee*.  
 In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,  
 Were fitter for me: Love is for the free!"

I am not dazzled by this splendid roof;  
 Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be;  
 Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a  
 throne,  
 And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

## CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite;  
 Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things:  
 She deem'd her least command must yield  
 delight,

Earth being only made for queens and kings.  
 If hearts lay on the left side or the right  
 She hardly knew, to such perfection brings  
 Legitimacy its born votaries, when  
 Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

## CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair  
 As even in a much humbler lot had made  
 A kingdom or confusion any where,  
 And also, as may be presumed, she laid  
 Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if e'er,  
 By their possessors thrown into the shade:  
 She thought hers gave a double "right divine;"  
 And half of that opinion's also mine.

## CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,  
 Ye! who have kept your chastity when young,  
 While some more desperate dowager has been  
 waging [stung  
 Love with you, and been in the dog-days  
 By your refusal, recollect her raging!  
 Or recollect all that was said or sung  
 On such a subject; then suppose the face  
 Of a young downright beauty in this case.

## CXXXI.

Suppose.—but you already have supposed,  
 The spouse of Pithiphar, the Lady Booby,  
 Phædra, and all which story has disclosed  
 Of good examples; pity that so few by  
 Poets and private tutors are exposed,  
 To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!  
 But when you have supposed the few we know,  
 You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

## CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,  
 Or any interesting beast of prey,  
 Are similes at hand for the distress  
 Of ladies who can not have their own way;  
 But though my turn will not be served with less,  
 These don't express one half what I should  
 say:  
 For what is stealing young ones, few or many,  
 To cutting short their hopes of having any?

## CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,  
 From tigresses and cubs to ducks and duck  
 lings; [claw  
 There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the  
 Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings  
 And all who have seen a human nursery, saw  
 How mothers love their children's squall  
 and chucklings;  
 This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer  
 Your patience) shows the cause must still be  
 stronger.

## CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz' eyes,  
 'T were nothing—for her eyes flash'd always  
 fire;  
 Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes  
 I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,  
 So supernatural was her passion's rise;  
 For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire:  
 Even ye who know what a check'd woman is  
 (Enough, God knows!) would much fall short  
 of this.

## CXXXV.

E'er rage was but a minute's, and 't was well—  
 A moment's more had slain her; but the  
 while  
 It lasted 't was like a short glimpse of hell:  
 Nought's more sublime than energetic bile.  
 Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,  
 Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;  
 And the deep passions flashing through her  
 form  
 Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

## CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 't were to a typhoon  
 To match a common fury with her rage,  
 And yet she did not want to reach the moon,  
 Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page.  
 Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,  
 Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—  
 Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,  
 And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in  
 tears.

## CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,  
 Pass'd without words—in fact she could not  
 speak;  
 And then her sex's shame broke in at last,  
 A sentiment till then in her but weak,  
 But now it flow'd in natural and fast,  
 As water through an unexpected leak,  
 For she felt humbled—and humiliation  
 Is sometimes good for people in her station.

## CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,

It also gently hints to them that others,  
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud ;

That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,  
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,

Though not all born of the same sires and  
mothers :

It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,  
’Tis sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

## CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan’s head ;

Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance ;

Her third, to ask him where he had been bred ;

Her fourth, to rally him into repentance ;

Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed ;

Her sixth, to stab herself ; her seventh, to  
sentence

The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource

Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

## CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had

The dagger close at hand, which made it  
awkward ;

For Eastern stays are little made to pad,

So that a poniard pierces if ’t is stuck hard :

She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad !

Though he deserved it well for being so  
backward,

The cutting off his head was not the art

Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

## CXL.

Juan was moved : he had made up his mind

To be impaled, or quarter’d as a dish

For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,

Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,

And thus heroically stood resign’d,

Rather than sin—except to his own wish :

But all his great preparatives for dying

Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

## CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres’ valour oozed,

So Juan’s virtue ebb’d, I know not how ;

And first he wonder’d why he had refused ;

And then, if matters could be made up now ;

And next his savage virtue he accused,

Just as a friar may accuse his vow,

Or as a dame repents her of her oath,

Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

## CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses ;

But words are not enough in such a matter,

Although you borrow’d all that e’er the muses

Have sung, or even a Dandy’s dandiest  
chatter.

Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses ;

Just as a languid smile began to flatter

His peace was making, but before he ventured

Further, old Baba rather briskly enter’d.

## CXLIV.

‘Bride of the Sun ! and Sister of the Moon !’

(‘T was thus he spake,) “ and Empress of  
the Earth !” [tune,

Whose frown would put the spheres all out of  
Whose smile makes all the planets dance

with mirth, [soon—  
Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too

Which your sublime attention may be worth

The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,

To hint that he is coming up this way ”

## CXLV.

“ Is it,” exclaim’d Gulbeyaz, “ as you say ?

I wish to heaven he would not shine till  
morning ?

But bid my women form the milky way.

Hence, my old comet ! give the stars due  
warning—

And, Christian ! mingle with them as you may

And as you’d have me pardon your past  
scorning——”

Here they were interrupted by a humming

Sound, and then by a cry, “ The Sultan’s  
coming ! ”

## CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,

And then his Highness’ eunuchs, black and  
white ;

The train might reach a quarter of a mile :

His majesty was always so polite

As to announce his visits a long while

Before he came, especially at night ;

For being the last wife of the Emperour,

She was of course the favourite of the four.

## CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,

Shawl’d to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,

Snatch’d from a prison to preside at court,

His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise ;

He was as good a sovereign of the sort

As any mention’d in the histories

Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine

Save Solyman, the glory of their line.

## CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers

With more than “ Oriental scrupulosity ;”

He left to his vizier all state affairs,

And show’d but little royal curiosity ;

I know not if he had domestic cares—  
 No process proved connubial animosity;  
 Four wives and twice five hundred maids,  
 unseem'd,  
 Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

## CXIIX.

If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,  
 Little was heard of criminal or crime;  
 he story scarcely pass'd a single lip—  
 The sack and sea had settled all in time,  
 rom which the secret nobody could rip:  
 The public knew no more than does this  
 rhyme;  
 No scandals made the daily press a curse—  
 Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

## CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,  
 Was also certain that the earth was square,  
 Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found  
 No sign that it was circular any where;  
 His empire also was without a bound.  
 'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,  
 By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,  
 But then they never came to "the Seven  
 Towers;"<sup>76</sup>

## CLII.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent  
 To lodge there when a war broke out, ac-  
 cording  
 To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant  
 Those scoundrels, who have never had a  
 sword in  
 Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent  
 Their spleen in making strife, and safely  
 wording  
 Their lies, yclep'd despatches, without risk or  
 The singeing of a single inky whisker.

## CLIII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,  
 Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,  
 The former in a palace, where like nuns  
 They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,  
 When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,  
 Sometimes at six years old<sup>77</sup>—though this  
 seems odd,  
 'Tis true; the reason is, that the Bashaw  
 Must make a present to his sire in law

## CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew  
 Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,  
 One or the other, but which of the two  
 Could yet be known unto the fates alone;

Meantime the education they went through  
 Was princely, as the proofs have always  
 shown:  
 So that the heir apparent still was found  
 No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

## CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse  
 With all the ceremonies of his rank,  
 Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd  
 her brows,  
 As suits a matron who has play'd a prank;  
 These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,  
 To save the credit of their breaking bank:  
 To no men are such cordial greetings given,  
 As those whose wives have made them fit for  
 heaven.

## CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,  
 And looking, as he always look'd, perceived  
 Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,  
 At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor  
 grieved,  
 But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,  
 While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved  
 "I see you've bought another girl; 'tis pity  
 That a mere Christian should behal'f so pretty."

## CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon  
 The new-bought virgin, made her blush and  
 shake  
 Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone:  
 Oh! Mahomet! that his Majesty should take  
 Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one  
 Of them his lips imperial ever spake!  
 There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,  
 But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

## CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, some  
 times—  
 The women up—because, in sad reality,  
 Their chastity in these unhappy climes  
 Is not a thing of that astringent quality,  
 Which in the North, prevents precocious crimes,  
 And makes our snow less pure than our  
 morality;  
 The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,  
 Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

## CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict.  
 And wedlock and a padlock mean the same;  
 Excepting only when the former's pick'd  
 It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame;

Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when prick'd.

But then their own polygamy's to blame;  
Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life  
Into that moral centaur, man and wife?

## CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle; and now we pause,  
Though not for want of matter; but 'tis time,  
According to the ancient epic laws,

To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.  
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause.

The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime;  
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, per-  
haps

You'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.

## Don Juan.

PREFACE TO  
CANTOS VI. VII. AND VIII.

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i. e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from the French Work, entitled "Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie." Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa<sup>78</sup>, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death<sup>79</sup> or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true; but with this the public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever

tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat he would have been buried in a cross-road with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the "carotid artery," (blessings on their learning! and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and "the syllables of dolour yelled forth" by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law*<sup>80</sup>—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejani<sup>81</sup> of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind. Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—  
"La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres." . . . "Plus les mœurs sont dépravées, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, &c. are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus

Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the "wretched infidel," as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience' sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox,<sup>82</sup> Prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or overpensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of "Holy!" I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

Pisa, July, 1622.

#### CANTO THE SIXTH.

##### I.

THESE is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which,—taken at the flood,—you know  
the rest<sup>83</sup>,

And most of us have found it now and then;  
At least we think so, though but few have  
guess'd

The moment, till too late to come again.

But no doubt every thing is for the best—  
Of which the surest sign is in the end:  
When things are at the worst they sometimes  
mend.

##### II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women  
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God  
knows where.

Those navigators must be able seamen  
Whose charts lay down its current to a hair;  
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen<sup>84</sup>

With its strange whirls and eddies can com-  
pare:

Men with their heads reflect on this and that—  
But women with their hearts on heaven knows  
what!

##### III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,  
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would  
risk

A throne, the world, the universe, to be  
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk  
The stars from out the sky, than not be free  
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—  
Though such a she 's a devil (if that there be  
one),

Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

##### IV.

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft upset  
By commonest ambition, that when passion  
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,

Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.  
If Anthony be well remember'd yet,

'Tis not his conquests keep his name in  
fashion,

But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,  
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

##### V.

He died at forty for a queen of forty;  
I wish their years had been fifteen and  
twenty, [sport—I

For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a  
Remember when, though I had no great  
plenty

Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I  
Gave what I had—a heart: as the world  
went, I [could never

Gave what was worth a world; for worlds  
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

##### VI.

'T was the boy's "mite," and like the "widow's,"  
may

Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not now;  
But whether such things do or do not weigh,  
All who have loved, or love, will still allow  
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,  
And Love 's a God, or was before the brow  
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears  
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

##### VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in  
A kind of state more awkward than un-  
common,

For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin  
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman  
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,

And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,  
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

## VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong;  
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;  
But I detest all fiction even in song,  
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you  
blame it.

Her reason being weak, her passions strong  
She thought that her lord's heart (even could  
she claim it)

Was scarce enough; for he had fifty-nine  
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

## IX.

Can not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,"  
But by "the bookish theoretic" it appears,  
If 't is summ'd up with feminine precision,  
That, adding to the account his Highness  
years,

The fair Sultana err'd from inanition;

For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,  
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part  
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

## X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious  
Upon all legal objects of possession,  
And not the least so when they are religious,  
Which doubles what they think of the  
transgression;

With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,  
As the tribunals show through many a  
session.

When they suspect that any one goes shares  
In that to which the law makes them sole  
heirs.

## XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,  
The heathen also, though with lesser lati-  
tude,

Are apt to carry things with a high hand,  
And take, what kings call "an imposing  
attitude;"

And for their rights connubial make a stand,  
When their liege husbands treat them with  
ingratitude;

And as four wives must have quadruple claims,  
The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

## XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)

The favourite; but what's favour amongst  
four?

Polygamy may well be held in dread,

Not only as a sin, but as a bore:

Most wise men with *one* moderate woman wed,  
Will scarcely find philosophy for more;

And all (except Mahometans) forbear

To make the nuptial couch a "Bed of

Ware."<sup>85</sup>

## XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—  
So stiled according to the usual forms  
Of every monarch, till they are consign'd.

To those sad hungry jacobins the worms,  
Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—

His Highness gaz'd upon Gulbeyaz' charms,  
Expecting all the welcome of a lover [over-  
(A "Highland welcome" all the wide world

## XIV.

Now here we should distinguish; for howe'er  
Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,

May look like what is—neither here nor there,  
They are put on as easily as a hat,

Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear.

Trim'd either heads or hearts to decorate  
Which form an ornament, but no more part  
Of heads, than their carresses of the heart.

## XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind  
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown

More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd

Rather to hide what pleases most unknown  
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)

Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne  
A sincere woman's breast,—for over-warm:  
Or over-cold annihilates the charm.

## XVI.

For over-warmth, if false, is worse than truth;  
If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire;

For no one, save in very early youth,

Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,  
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,

And apt to be transferr'd to the first buyer  
At a sad discount: while your over-chilly  
Women, on t'other hand, seem somewhat  
silly.

## XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,  
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow.

Who fain would have a mutual flame confess'd,  
And see a sentimental passion glow,

Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,  
In his monastic concubine of snow;—<sup>86</sup>

In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is  
Horatian, "Medio tu tutissimus ibis."

## XVIII.

The "tu" 's too much,—but let it stand,—the  
verse

Requires it, that 's to say, the English rhyme  
And not the pink of old hexameters:

But, after all, there's neither tune nor time

In the last line, which cannot well be worse,  
And was thrust in to close the octave's  
chime :

I own no prosody can ever rate it  
As a rule, but *truth* may, if you translate it.

## XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,  
I know not—it succeeded, and success  
Is much in most things, not less in the heart  
Than other articles of female dress.  
Self-love in man, too, beats all female art ;  
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less :  
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,  
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

## XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose  
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,  
Whatever their dreams be, if of joys or woes :  
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep  
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.  
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;  
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears  
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

## XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill  
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted  
At a per centage ; a child cross, dog ill,  
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's  
mounted,  
A bad old woman making a worse will,  
Which leaves you minus of the cash you  
counted  
As certain ;—these are paltry things, and yet  
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

## XXII.

I'm a philosopher ; confound them all !  
Bills, beasts, and men, and — no ! *not*  
womankind !  
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,  
And then my stoicism leaves nought behind  
Which it can either pain or evil call,  
And I can give my whole soul up to mind ;  
Though what *is* soul or mind, their birth or  
growth, [both !  
Is more than I know—the deuce take them

## XXIII.

So now all things are d—n'd one feels at ease,  
As after reading Athanasius' curse,  
Which doth your true believer so much please :  
I doubt if any now could make it worse  
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,  
'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,  
As *doth* decorate the book of Common Prayer,  
As *doth* a rainbow the just clearing air.

## XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping or  
At least one of them !—Oh, the heavy night  
When wicked wives, who love some bachelor  
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light  
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for  
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite—  
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake  
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake

## XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,  
Also beneath the canopy of beds,  
Four-posted and silk curtain'd, which are given  
For rich men and their brides to lay their  
heads [driven  
Upon, in sheets white as what bards call  
Snow."87 Well ! 'tis all hap-hazard when  
one weds.

Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been  
Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's queen*.

## XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,  
With all the damsels in their long array,  
Had bow'd themselves before th' imperial eyes  
And at the usual signal ta'en their way  
Back to their chambers, those long galleries  
In the scraglio, where the ladies lay  
Their delicate limbs ; a thousand bosoms there  
Beating for love, as the caged bird 's for air.

## XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's<sup>88</sup> wish, " that mankind only  
had [ Pierce :  
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might  
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad  
And much more tender on the whole than  
fierce ;  
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)  
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from North to South

## XXVIII.

Oh, enviable Briareus ! with thy hands  
And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied  
In such proportion !—But my Muse withstands  
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,  
Or travelling in Patagonian lands ;  
So let us back to Lilliput, and guide  
Our hero through the labyrinth of love.  
In which we left him several lines above.

## XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely *Edaliskes*,<sup>89</sup>  
At the given signal join'd to their array ;  
And though he certainly ran many risks,  
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way



(Although the consequences of such frisks  
Are worse than the worst damages men pay  
In moral England, where the thing's a tax,)  
From ogling all their charms from breasts to  
backs.

## XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise:—along  
The galleries from room to room they walk'd,  
A virgin-like and edifying throng, [stalk'd  
By eunuchs flank'd; while at their head there  
A dame who kept up discipline among [talk'd,  
The female ranks, so that none stirr'd or  
Without her sanction on their she-parades:  
Her title was "the Mother of the Maids."

## XXXI.

Whether she was a "mother," I know not,  
Or whether they were "maids" who call'd  
her mother;  
But this is her seraglio title, got  
I know not how, but good as any other;  
So Cantemir<sup>90</sup> can tell you, or De Tott;<sup>91</sup>  
Her office was to keep aloof or smother  
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred  
Young women, and correct them when they  
blunder'd.

## XXXII.

A goodly sinecure, no doubt! but made  
More easy by the absence of all men—  
Except his majesty,—who, with her aid,  
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now  
and then  
A slight example, just to cast a shade  
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den  
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,  
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

## XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless—  
how [will  
Could you ask such a question?—but we  
Continue. As I said, this goodly row  
Of ladies of all countries at the will  
Of one good man, with stately march and slow,  
Like water-lilies floating down a rill—  
Or rather lake—for rills do not run slowly,—  
Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

## XXXIV.

But when they reach'd their own apartments,  
there,  
Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,  
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where  
When freed from bonds (which are of no  
great use

After all), or like Irish at a fair, [truee  
Their guards being gone, and as it were a  
Establish'd between them and bondage, they  
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

## XXXV.

Their talk, of course, ran most on the new comer;  
Her shape, her hair, her air, her everything—  
Some thought her dress did not so much  
become her,  
Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring;  
Some said her years were getting nigh their  
summer,  
Others contended they were but in spring;  
Some thought her rather masculine in height,  
While others wish'd that she had been so quite

## XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she  
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair  
And fresh, and "beautiful exceedingly,"  
Who with the brightest Georgians<sup>92</sup> might  
compare:  
They wonder'd how Gulbeyaz, too, could be  
So silly as to buy slaves who might share  
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)  
Her throne and power, and every thing beside

## XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,  
Although her beauty was enough to vex,  
After the first investigating view,  
They all found out as few, or fewer, speak  
In the fair form of their companion new,  
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,  
When they survey, with Christian eyes or  
Heathen,  
In a new face, "the ugliest creature breathing."

## XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies,  
Like all the rest: but upon this occasion.  
Whether there are such things as sympathies  
Without our knowledge or our approbation,  
Although they could not see through his dis-  
guise,  
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,  
Like magnetism, or devilism, or what  
You please—we will not quarrel about that.

## XXXIX.

But certain 't is they all felt for their new  
Companion something newer still, as 't were  
A sentimental friendship through and through,  
Extremely pure, which made them all concur  
In wishing her their sister, save a few  
Who wish'd they had a brother just like her  
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,  
They would prefer to Padisha<sup>93</sup> or Pacla.

## XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort  
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,  
Lolah, Katinka<sup>94</sup>, and Dudù; in short.

(To save description) fair as fair can be  
Were they, according to the best report,  
Though differing in stature and degree,  
And clime and time, and country and complexion;

They all alike admired their new connection.

## XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm;

Katinka was a Georgian<sup>95</sup>, white and red,  
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,  
And feet so small they scarce seem'd made  
to tread,

But rather skim the earth; while Dudù's form  
Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,  
Being somewhat large, and languishing, and  
lazy,

Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

## XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,

Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those  
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,  
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose;  
Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,  
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce  
lose;

Yet, after all, 't would puzzle to say where  
It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

## XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but  
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;  
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,  
They put beholders in a tender taking;  
She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut  
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,  
The mortal and the marble still at strife,  
And timidly expanding into life.

## XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—  
"Juanna."—Well, a pretty name enough.  
Katinka ask'd her also whence she came—  
"From Spain."—"But where *is* Spain?"—  
"Don't ask such stuff, [shame!]"  
Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for  
Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,  
To poor Katinka: "Spain's an island near  
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

## XLV.

Dudu said nothing, but sat down beside  
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;  
And looking at her steadfastly, she sigh'd,  
As if she pitied her for being there,

A pretty stranger without friend or guide,  
And all abash'd, too, at the general stare  
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,  
With kind remarks upon their mien and faces."

## XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,  
With, "Ladies, it is time to go to rest.

I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,"

She added to Juanna, their new guest:  
"Your coming has been unexpected here.  
And every couch is occupied; you had best  
Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early  
We will have all things settled for you fairly."

## XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—"Mamma, you know  
You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear  
That any body should disturb you so;

I'll take Juanna; we're a slenderer pair  
Than you would make the half of;—don't say  
no; [care."

And I of your young charge will take due  
But here Katinka interfered, and said,  
"She also had compassion and a bed."

## XLVIII.

"Besides, I hate to sleep alone," quoth she  
The matron frown'd; "Why so?"—"For  
fear of ghosts,"

Replied Katinka; "I am sure I see  
A phantom upon each of the four posts;  
And then I have the worst dreams that can be  
Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls  
in hosts." [you

The dame replied, "Between your dreams and  
I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

## XLIX.

"You, Lolah, must continue still to lie  
Alone, for reasons which don't matter; you  
The same, Katinka, until by and by;  
And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,  
Who's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,  
And will not toss and chatter the night  
through.

What say you, child?—Dudù said nothing, as  
Her talents were of the more silent class;

## L.

But she rose up, and kiss'd the matron's brow  
Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,  
Katinka, too: and with a gentle bow  
(Curt'sies are neither used by Turks nor  
Greeks)

She took Juanna by the hand to show  
Their place of rest, and left to both their  
piques,

The others pointing at the matron's preference  
Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from  
deference.

## LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is  
The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall  
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this  
I might describe, as I have seen it all,  
But it suffices—little was amiss :

'T was on the whole a nobly furnish'd hall,  
With all things ladies want, save one or two,  
And even those were nearer than they knew.

## LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,  
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,  
With the most regulated charms of feature,  
Which painters cannot catch like faces sin-  
ning  
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature  
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,  
Fall of expression, right or wrong, that strike,  
and pleasing, or unpleasing, still are like.

## LIII.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,  
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,  
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,  
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it  
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,  
Which, some call "the sublime:" I wish  
they'd try it :

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

## LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,  
And serious more than pensive, and serene,  
It may be, more than either—not unholy  
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to  
have been. [wholly  
The strangest thing was, beautiful, she was  
Unconscious, albeit turn'd of quick seventeen  
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;  
She never thought about herself at all.

## LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as  
The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,  
By which its nomenclature came to pass;  
'Thus most appropriately has been shown  
'Lucus à non lucendo,' not what was,  
But what was not; a sort of style that's grown  
Extremely common in this age, whose metal  
The devil may decompose, but never settle:

## LVI.

I think it may be of "Corinthian Brass,"<sup>96</sup>  
Which was a mixture of all metals, but  
The brazen uppermost.) Kind reader! pass  
This long parenthesis: I could not shut

It sooner for the sou of me, and class  
My faults even with your own, which  
meaneth, Put  
A kind construction upon them and me  
But that you won't—then don't—I am not  
less free.

## LVII.

'T is time we should return to plain narration,  
And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù,  
With every kindness short of ostentation,  
Show'd Juan, or Juanna, through and through  
This labyrinth of females, and each station  
Described—what's strange—in words ex-  
tremely few :

I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,  
For wordless woman, which is *silent* thunder

## LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because  
The gender still was epicene, at least  
In outward show, which is a saving clause)  
An outline of the customs of the East,  
With all their chaste integrity of laws,  
By which the more a harem is increased,  
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties  
Of any supernumerary beauties.

## LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss :  
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure  
That nobody can ever take amiss.  
Because 't is pleasant, so that it be pure,  
And between females means no more than  
this— [newer.  
That they have nothing better near, or  
'Kiss' rhymes to "bliss" in fact as well as  
verse—

I wish it never led to something worse.

## LX.

In perfect innocence she then unmade  
Her toilet, which cost little, for she was  
A child of Nature, carelessly array'd :  
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,  
'T was like the fawn, which, in the lake dis-  
play'd,  
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,  
When first she starts, and then returns to peep,  
Admiring this new native of the deep.

## XI.

And one by one her articles of dress  
Were laid aside; but not before she offer'd  
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess  
Of modesty declined the assistance proffer'd:  
Which pass'd well off—as she could do no less;  
Though by this politesse she rather suffer'd,  
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins  
Which surely were invented for our sins.—

## LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,  
Not to be rashly touch'd But still more  
dread,

Oh ye! whose fate it is, as once 't was mine,  
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;—  
I did my very boyish best to shine  
In tricking her out for a masquerade:  
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not  
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

## LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,  
And I love wisdom more than she loves me;  
My tendency is to philosophise  
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;  
But still the spousless virgin *Knowledge* flies.  
What are we? and whence came we? what  
shall be  
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our present?  
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

## LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim  
And distant from each other burn'd the lights,  
And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb  
Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,  
They should have walk'd there in their spright-  
liest trim,

By way of change from their sepulchral sites,  
And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste  
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

## LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,  
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and  
root,

In some exotic garden sometimes found,  
With cost, and care, and warmth induced  
to shoot.

One with her anburn tresses lightly bound,  
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit  
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft  
breath,  
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

## LXVI.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white  
arm,

And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd  
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;  
And smiling through her dream, as through  
a cloud [charm,

The moon breaks, half unveil'd each further  
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,  
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of  
night

All busily to struggle into light

## LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for  
'T was night, but there were lamps, as hath  
been said.

A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more  
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd  
Through the heaved breast the dream of some  
far shore

Beloved and deplored; while slowly stray'd  
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges  
The black bough), tear-drops through her eyes'  
dark fringes

## LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,  
Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep  
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,  
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,  
Or Lot's wife done in salt.—or what you will:—  
My similes are gather'd in a heap,  
So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content  
With a carved lady on a monument.

## LXIX.

And lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?  
A lady of a "certain age," which means  
Certainly aged—what her years might be  
I know not, never counting past their teens;  
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,  
As ere that awful period intervenes  
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,  
To meditate upon their sins and self.

## LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dream'd, Dudù?  
With strict inquiry I could ne'er discover.  
And scorn to add a syllable untrue;  
But ere the middle watch was hardly over  
Just when the fading lamps waned dim and  
blue, [hover,

And phantoms hover'd, or might seem to  
To those who like their company, about  
The apartment, on a sudden she scream'd out:

## LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstart'd all  
The Oda, in a general commotion:  
Matron and maids, and those whom you may  
call [ocean,

Neither, came crowding like the waves of  
One on the other, throughout the whole hall,  
All trembling, wondering, without the least  
notion

More than I have myself of what could make  
The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

## LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,  
With floating draperies and with flying hair,  
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,  
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glancing bare

And bright as any meteor ever bred  
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause  
of care,

For she seem'd agitated, flush'd, and frighten'd,  
Her eye dilated and her colour heighten'd.

LXXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how  
great

A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay  
As fast as ever husband by his mate  
In holy matrimony snores away.

Not all the clamour broke her happy state  
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so they say  
At least,—and then she, too, unclosed her eyes,  
And yawn'd a good deal with discreet surprise.

LXXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,  
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than  
once

Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,  
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce  
To answer in a very clear oration.

Dudu had never pass'd for wanting sense,  
But, being "no orator as Brutus is,"  
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

LXXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound  
She dream'd a dream, of walking in a wood—  
A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found  
Himself in at the age when all grow good;  
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue  
crown'd

Run much less risk of lovers turning rick;  
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,  
And trees of godly growth and spreading roots;

LXXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—  
A most prodigious pippin—but it hung  
Rather too high and distant; that she threw  
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung  
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to  
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely  
clung

To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,  
But always at a most provoking height;—

LXXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,  
It fell down of its own accord before  
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop  
And pick it up, and bite it to the core,  
That just as her young lip began to open  
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,  
A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,  
And so—she awoke with a great scream and  
start.

LXXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and  
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams  
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand  
To expound their vain and visionary gleams.  
I've known some odd ones which seem'd  
really plann'd

Prophetically, or that which one deems  
A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled now-a-days<sup>97</sup>

LXXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great  
harm,

Began, as is the consequence of fear,  
To scold a little at the false alarm

That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.  
The matron, too, was wroth to leave her warm  
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to  
hear,

And chafed at poor Dudu, who only sigh'd,  
And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

LXXX.

"I've heard of stories of a cock and bull;

But visions of an apple and a bee,  
To take us from our natural rest, and pull  
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past  
three,

Would make us think the moon is at its full.  
You surely are unwell, child! we must see,  
To-morrow, what his Highness's physician  
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

"And poor Juanna, too, the child's first night  
Within these walls, to be broke in upon  
With such a clamour—I had thought it right  
That the young stranger should not lie alone,  
And, as the quietest of all, she might

With you, Dudu, a good night's rest have  
known;

But now I must transfer her to the charge  
Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large."

LXXXII.

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;  
But poor Dudu, with large drops in her own,  
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,  
Implored that present pardon might be shown  
For this first fault, and that on no condition  
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)  
Juanna should be taken from her, and  
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand.

LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,  
At least to dream so loudly as just now;  
She wonder'd at herself how she could scream—  
'Twas foolish, nervous, as she must allow

A fond hallucination, and a theme  
 For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,  
 And begg'd they would excuse her; she'd get  
 over  
 This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

## LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,  
 And said she felt herself extremely well  
 Where she then was, as her sound sleep dis-  
 closed,

When all around rang like a tocsin bell;  
 She did not find herself the least disposed  
 To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell  
 Apart from one who had no sin to show,  
 Save that of dreaming once "mal-à-propos.

## LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turn'd round  
 And hid her face within Juanna's breast;  
 Her neck alone was seen, but that was found  
 The colour of a budding rose's crest.  
 I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can expound  
 The mystery of this rupture of their rest;  
 All that I know is, that the facts I state  
 Are true as truth has ever been of late.

## LXXXVI.

And so good night to them,—or, if you will,  
 Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and  
 light  
 Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,  
 And the mosque crescent struggled into sight  
 Of the long caravan, which in the chill  
 Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each  
 height,  
 That stretches to the stony belt, which girds  
 Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

## LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,  
 Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and pale  
 As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,  
 Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and veil.  
 The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,  
 Which fable places in her breast of wail,  
 Is lighter far of heart and voice than those  
 Whose headlong passions form their proper  
 woes.

## LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,  
 If people would but see its real drift;—  
 But *that* they will not do without suspicion,  
 Because all gentle readers have the gift  
 Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision;  
 While gentle writers also love to lift  
 Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,  
 The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

## LXXXIX.

Rose the sultana from a bed of splendour,  
 Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried  
 Aloud because his feelings were too tender  
 To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side.—  
 So beautiful that art could little mend her,  
 Though pale with conflicts between love  
 and pride;—  
 So agitated was she with her error,  
 She did not even look into the mirror.

## XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,  
 Perhaps a little later, her great lord,  
 Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,  
 And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd;  
 A thing of much less import in that clime—  
 At least to those of incomes which afford  
 The filling up their whole connubial cargo—  
 Than where two wives are under an embargo

## XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor  
 Indeed on any other: as a man  
 He liked to have a handsome paramour  
 At hand, as one may like to have a fan,  
 And therefore of Circassians had good store,  
 As an amusement after the Divan;  
 Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,  
 Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty

## XCII.

And now he rose; and after due ablutions  
 Exacted by the customs of the East,  
 And prayers and other pious evolutions,  
 He drank six cups of coffee at the least,  
 And then withdrew to hear about the Russians  
 Whose victories had recently increased  
 In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores,  
 As greatest of all sovereigns and w—s.

## XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!  
 Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend  
 Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes  
 wander  
 Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend  
 A dreadful impulse to each loud meander  
 Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which  
 blend  
 Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be  
 Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

## XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim  
 Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,  
 That hater of mankind, would be a shame.  
 A libel, or what'er you please to rhyme on

But people's ancestors are history's game ;

And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on  
All generations, I should like to know  
What pedigree the best would have to show ?

## xcv.

Har! Catherine and the sultan understood  
Their own true interests, which kings rarely  
know,

'Till 't is taught by lessons rather rude,  
There was a way to end their strife, although  
Perhaps precarious, had they but thought  
good,

Without the aid of prince or plenipo :  
She to dismiss her guards and he his harem,  
And for their other matters, meet and share  
'em.

## xcvi.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold  
His daily council upon ways and means  
How to encounter with this martial scold,  
This modern Amazon and queen of queans ;  
And the perplexity could not be told  
Of all the pillars of the state, which leans  
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs  
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

## xcvii.

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was gone,  
Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place  
For love or breakfast ; private, pleasing, lone,  
And rich with all contrivances which grace  
Those gay recesses :—many a precious stone  
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase  
Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers,  
Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

## xcviii.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,  
Vied with each other on this costly spot ;  
And singing birds without were heard to  
warble ; [grot  
And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair  
Varied each ray ;—but all descriptions garble  
The true effect, and so we had better not  
Be too minute ; an outline is the best,—  
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

## xcix.

And here she summon'd Baba, and required  
Don Juan at his hands, and information  
Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,  
And whether he had occupied their station ;  
If matters had been managed as desired,  
And his disguise with due consideration  
Kept up ; and above all, the where and how  
He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd  
to know.

## c.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied :

To this long catechism of questions, ask'd  
More easily than answer'd,—that he had tried  
His best to obey in what he had been task'd ;  
But there seem'd something that he wish'd to  
hide,

Which hesitation more betray'd than mask'd ;  
He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource  
To which embarrass'd people have recourse

## ci.

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,  
Nor much disposed to wait in word or  
deed ;

She liked quick answers in all conversations,  
And when she saw him stumbling like a  
steed

In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones ;  
And as his speech grew still more broken-  
kneed,

Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,  
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and  
darkle.

## cii.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he  
knew

To bode him no great good, he deprecated  
Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him  
through— [lated :

He could not help the thing which he re-  
Then out it came at length, that to Dudù

Juan was given in charge, as hath been  
stated ;

But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on  
The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

## ciii.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom  
The discipline of the whole harem bore,  
As soon as they re-enter'd their own room,  
For Baba's function stopt short at the door—  
Had settled all ; nor could he then presume  
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,  
Without exciting such suspicion as  
Might make the matter still worse than it was.

## civ.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure  
Juan had not betray'd himself ; in fact

'T was certain that his conduct had been puny,  
Because a foolish or imprudent act  
Would not alone have made him insecure

But ended in his being found out and sack'd,  
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke  
Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no joke

## CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,  
 And talk'd away—and might have talk'd  
 till now,  
 For any further answer that he found,  
 So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow:  
 Her cheek turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain  
 whirl'd round,  
 As if she had received a sudden blow,  
 And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and  
 chill,  
 O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

## CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,  
 Baba thought she would faint, but there he  
 err'd—  
 It was but a convulsion, which though short  
 Can never be described; we all have heard,  
 And some of us have felt thus "*all amert*,"  
 When things beyond the common have  
 occur'd;—  
 Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony  
 What she could ne'er express—then how  
 should I?

## CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
 Stands on her tripod, agonised, and full  
 Of inspiration gather'd from distress, [pull  
 When all the heart-strings like wild horses  
 The heart asunder;—then, as more or less  
 Their speed abated or their strength grew  
 dull,  
 She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,  
 And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling  
 knees.

## CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen; her hair  
 Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,  
 Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,  
 Or rather sofa, (for it was all pillow,  
 A low, soft ottoman,) and black despair  
 Stir'd up and down her bosom like a billow,  
 Which rushes to some shore whose shingles  
 check  
 its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

## CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in  
 stooping  
 Conceal'd her features better than a veil;  
 And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,  
 White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:  
 Would that I were a painter! to be grouping  
 All that a poet drags into detail!  
 Oh that my words were colours! but their tints  
 May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

## CX.

Baba, who knew by experience wher. to talk  
 And when to hold his tongue, now held it  
 till  
 This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk  
 Gulbeyaz taciturn or speaking will.  
 At length she rose up, and began to walk  
 Slowly along the room, but silent still,  
 And her brow clear'd, but nother troubled eye;  
 The wind was down, but still the sear an high.

## CXI.

She stopp'd, and raised her head to speak—  
 but paused,  
 And then moved on again with rapid pace;  
 Then slacken'd it, which is the march most  
 caused [trace  
 By deep emotion:—you may sometimes  
 A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed  
 By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased  
 By all the demons of all passions, show'd  
 Their work even by the way in which he  
 trode.

## CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopp'd and beckon'd Baba:—  
 "Slave!  
 Bring the two slaves!" she said in a low tone  
 But one which Baba did not like to brave,  
 And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather  
 prone  
 To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave  
 (Though he well knew the meaning) to be  
 shown  
 What slaves her highness wish'd to indicate,  
 For fear of any error, like the late.

## CXIII.

"The Georgian and her paramour," replied  
 The imperial bride—and added, "Let the  
 boat  
 Be ready by the secret portal's side.  
 You know the rest." The words stuck in  
 her throat,  
 Despite her injured love and fiery pride;  
 And of this Baba willingly took note,  
 And begg'd by every hair of Mahomet's beard  
 She would revoke the order he had heard.

## CXIV.

"To hear is to obey," he said; "but still,  
 Sultana, think upon the consequence:  
 It is not that I shall not all fulfil  
 Your orders, even in their severest sense;  
 But such precipitation may end ill,  
 Even at your own imperative expense:  
 I do not mean destruction and exposure,  
 In case of any premature disclosure;



CXV.

"But your own feelings. Even should all  
the rest

Be hidden by the rolling waves which hid  
Already many a once love-beaten breast  
Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—  
You love this boyish, new, seraglio guest,  
And if this violent remedy be tried—  
Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,  
That killing him is not the cure you."

CXVI.

"What dost thou know of love or feeling?—  
Wretch!

["and do  
Begone!" she cried, with kindling eyes—  
My bidding. Baba vanish'd, for to stretch

His own remonstrance further he well knew  
Might end in acting as his own "Jack Ketch;"  
And though he wish'd extremely to get  
through

This awkward business without harm to others,  
He still preferr'd his own neck to another's.

CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,  
Growling and grumbling in good Turkish  
phrase

Against all women of whate'er condition,  
Especially sultanas and their ways;  
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,  
Their never knowing their own mind **two**  
days,

The trouble that they gave, their immorality,  
Which made him daily bless his own neutrality.

CXVIII.

And then he call'd his brethren to his aid,  
And sent one on a summons to the pair

That they must instantly be well array'd,  
And above all be comb'd even to a hair,

And brought before the empress, who had made  
Inquiries after them with kindest care:

At which Dudù look'd strange, and Juan silly;  
But go they must at once, and will I—nill I.

CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation  
For the imperial presence, wherein whether

Gulbeyaz show'd them both commiseration,  
Or got rid of the parties altogether,

Like other angry ladies of her nation,—  
Are things the turning of a hair or feather

May settle; but far be 't from me to anticipate  
In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,  
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange

Another part of history; for the dishes  
Of this our banquet we must sometimes  
change;

And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,  
Although his situation now seems strange,  
And scarce secure, as such digressions *are* fair,  
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

## Don Juan.

### CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

O LOVE! O Glory! what are ye who fly  
Around us ever, rarely to alight?  
There's not a meteor in the polar sky  
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.  
Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high  
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;  
A thousand and a thousand colours they  
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is  
A non-descript and ever-varying rhyme,  
A versified Aurora Borealis,  
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.  
When we know what all are, we must bewail  
us,

But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime  
To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know  
*What*, after *all*, are *all* things—but a *show*!

III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of  
The present poem—of—I know not what—  
A tendency to under-rate and scoff

At human power and virtue, and all that;  
And this they say in language rather rough.

Good God! I wonder what they would be at!  
I say no more than hath been said in Danté's  
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,  
By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato;  
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau.

Who knew this life was not worth a point  
'T is not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—

For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,  
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,  
But which is best, you know no more than I

Socrates said, our only knowledge was  
 "To know that nothing could be known;"  
 a pleasant

Science enough, which levels to an ass  
 Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.  
 Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!  
 Declared, with all his grand discoveries  
 recent,

That he himself felt only "like a youth  
 Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth."

## VI.

Ecclesiastes said, "that all is vanity"—  
 Most modern preachers say the same, or  
 show it

By their examples of true Christianity:  
 In short, all know, or very soon may know it;  
 And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,

By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,  
 Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,  
 From holding up the nothingness of life?

## VII.

Dogs, or men!—for I flatter you in saying  
 That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may  
 read, or read not, what I am now essaying

To show ye what ye are in every way.  
 As little as the moon stops for the baying  
 Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw  
 one ray

From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath!  
 While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

## VIII.

"Pierce loves and faithless wars"—I am not  
 sure

If this be the right reading—'t is no matter;  
 The fact's about the same, I am secure;

I sing them both, and am about to batter  
 A town which did a famous siege endure,  
 And was beleaguer'd both by land and water  
 By Souvaroff, or Angliè Suwarrow,  
 Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

## IX.

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed  
 Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank,  
 With buildings in the Oriental taste,

But still a fortress of the foremost rank,  
 Or was at least, unless 'tis since defaced,  
 Which with your conquerors is a common  
 prank:

It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,  
 And measures round of toises thousand three.

## X.

Within the extent of this fortification  
 A borough is comprised along the height  
 Upon the left, which from its loftier station  
 Commands the city, and upon its site

A Greek had raised around this elevation  
 A quantity of palisades upright,  
 So placed as to impede the fire of those  
 Who held the place, and to assist the foe's

## XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion  
 Of the high talents of this new Vauban.  
 But the town ditch below was deep as ocean,  
 The rampart higher than you'd wish to  
 hang

But then there was a great want of precaution  
 (Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),  
 Nor work advanced, nor covered way was there,  
 To hint at least "Here is no thoroughfare."

## XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,  
 And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet;  
 Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,  
 Case-mated<sup>98</sup> one, and t' other "a barbette,"<sup>99</sup>  
 Of Danube's bank took formidable charge;  
 While two and twenty cannon duly set  
 Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,  
 Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

## XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,  
 Because the Turks could never be persuaded  
 A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight;  
 And such their creed was, till they were in  
 vaded,

When it grew rather late to set things right.  
 But as the Danube could not well be waded  
 They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,  
 And only shouted, "Allah!" and "Bis Millah!"

## XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack;  
 But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory.  
 How shall I spell the name of each Cossacque  
 Who were immortal, could one tell their  
 story?

Alas! what to their memory can lack?  
 Achilles' self was not more grim and gory  
 Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,  
 Whose names want nothing but—pronun-  
 ciation.

## XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase  
 Our euphony: there was Strongenoff, and  
 Strokonoff,

Meknop, Serge Low, Arsniew of modern Greece,  
 And Tschitschakoff, and Roguenoff, and  
 Chokenoff,

And others of twelve consonants apiece;  
 And more might be found out, if I could poke  
 enough

Into gazettes; but Fame (capricious strumpet)  
 It seems has got an ear as well as trumpet,

## XVI.

And cannot true those discords of narration,  
Which *may* be names at Moscow, into rhyme;  
Yet there were several worth commemoration,  
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime;  
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration  
Of Londonderry drawing against time,  
Ending in "ischskin," "ouskin," "ifskchy,"  
"ouski,"  
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,

## XVII.

Scherematoff, and Chrematoff, Koklopti,  
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,  
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoot'd high  
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin:  
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,  
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin  
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,  
And no more handy substitute been near.

## XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,  
Of various nations, and all volunteers;  
Not fighting for their country or its crown,  
But wishing to be one day brigadiers:  
Also to have the sacking of a town;  
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.  
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,  
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen named  
Smith.

## XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest  
Had been call'd "*Jemmy*," after the great bard;  
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,  
But such a godfather's as good a card.  
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best  
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or  
ward,  
Was *he*, since so renown'd "in country quarters  
At Halifax;" but now he served the Tartars.

## XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and  
Bills, [Smith  
But when I've added that the elder Jack  
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,  
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,  
I've said all *I* know of a name that fills  
Three lines of the despatch in taking  
"Schmacksmith,"  
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein  
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

## XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I  
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*  
May make up for a *bullet* in his body?  
I hope this little question is no sin,

Because, though I am but a simple noddy,  
I think one Shakspeare puts the same thought  
in  
The mouth of some one in his plays so dotin';  
Which many people pass for wits by quoting

## XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young  
and gay:  
But I'm too great a patriot to record  
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;  
I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word  
Of truth:—such truths are treason; they betray  
Their country; and as traitors are abhor'd  
Who name the French in English, save to show  
How Peace should make John Bull the French  
man's foe.

## XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on  
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view  
The first was to bombard it, and knock down  
The public buildings and the private too,  
No matter what poor souls might be undone  
The city's shape suggested this, 'tis true;  
Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwelling  
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

## XXIV.

The second object was to profit by  
The moment of the general consternation,  
To attack the Turks' flotilla, which lay nigh  
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its station  
But a third motive was as probably  
To frighten them into capitulation;  
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,  
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox  
terriers.

## XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is  
That of despising those we combat with,  
Common in many cases, was in this  
The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith  
One of the valorous "Smiths" whom we shall  
miss [ "pith;"  
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to  
But 'tis a name so spread o'er "Sir" and  
"Madam," [ "Adam"  
That one would think the first who bore it:

## XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,  
Because they were constructed in a hurry;  
Thus the same cause which makes a verse  
want feet, [Murray  
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and *John*

When the sale of new books is not so fleet

As they who print them think is necessary,  
May likewise put off for a time what story  
Sometimes calls "murder," and at others  
"glory."

## XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,  
Their haste or waste, I neither know nor care,  
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,

Saving his soul by cheating in the ware  
Of homicide, but there was no solidity

In the new batteries erected there;  
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,  
And added greatly to the missing list.

## XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance

Made all their naval matters incorrect;  
Three fireships lost their amiable existence  
Before they reach'd a spot to take effect:  
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance  
Could remedy this lubberly defect;

They blew up in the middle of the river,  
While, though 't was dawn, the Turks slept  
fast as ever.

## XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and survey'd  
The Russ flotilla getting under way;  
T was nine, when still advancing undismay'd,  
Within a cable's length their vessels lay  
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade.

Which was return'd with interest, I may say,  
And by a fire of musketry and grape,  
And shells and shot of every size and shape.

## XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission  
The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own  
Land batteries, work'd their guns with great  
precision:

At length they found mere cannonade alone  
By no means would produce the town's sub-  
mission,

And made a signal to retreat at one.  
One bark blew up, a second near the works  
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.

## XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men;  
But when they saw the enemy retire,  
Their Delhis<sup>100</sup> mann'd some boats, and sail'd  
again,

And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,  
And tried to make a landing on the main;

But here the effect fell short of their desire:  
Count Damas drov'e them back into the water  
Pell-mell and with a whole gazette of slaughter.

## XXXII.

"If" (says the historian here) "I could report  
All that the Russians did upon this day,

I think that several volumes would fall short,  
And I should still have many things to say:"  
And so he says no more—but pays his court

To some distinguish'd strangers in that fray  
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,  
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.

## XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what Fam:  
is: [how

For out of these three "*preux Chevaliers*,"  
Many of common readers give a guess

That such existed? (and they may live now  
For aught we know.) Renown 's all hit or miss;

There 's fortune even in fame, we must allow.  
'T is true, the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne  
Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's  
screen.

## XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions  
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,

But buried in the heap of such transactions  
Their names are rarely found, nor often  
sought. [tions

Thus even good fame may suffer sad contrac-  
And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought:  
Of all our modern battles, I will bet

You can't repeat nine names from each Ga-  
zette.

## XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,  
Show'd that *somewhere, somehow*, there was  
a fault,

And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)  
Most strongly recommended an assault;

In which he was opposed by young and hoary,  
Which made a long debate; but I must halt.  
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,

I doubt few readers e'er would mount the  
breach.

## XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man,  
Not that his manhood could be call'd in  
question,

For had he not been Hercules, his span  
Had been as short in youth as indigestion

Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,  
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on

The soil of the green province he had wasted,  
As e'e was locust on the land it blasted.

## XXXVII.

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days

When nomicide and harlotry made great;  
If stars and titles could entail long praise,

His glory might half equal his estate.

This fellow, being six foot high, could raise  
A kind of phantasy proportionate  
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,  
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

## XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent

A courier to the prince, and he succeeded  
In ordering matters after his own bent;

I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,  
But shortly he had cause to be content.

In the mean time, the batteries proceeded,  
And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border  
Were briskly fired and answer'd in due order.

## XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part  
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to  
raise,

A courier on the spur inspired new heart

Into all panthers for newspaper praise,  
As well as dilettanti in war's art,

By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;  
Announcing the appointment of that lover of  
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Souva-  
roff.

## XL.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal  
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause  
Been one to which a good heart could be  
partial—

Defence of freedom, country, or of laws,  
But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all

With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,  
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,  
"You will take Ismail at whatever price."

## XLI.

'Let there be light!' said God, and there was  
light!" [a sea!]

"Let there be blood!" says man, and there's  
The fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night

(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree  
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright [be

Summers could renovate, though they should  
Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit;  
For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

## XLII.

Our friends the Turks, who with loud "Allahs"  
now

Began to signalise the Russ retreat,  
Were damnably mistaken; few are slow  
In thinking that their enemy is beat,

(Or beaten, if you insist on grammar, though  
I never think about it in a heat.)

But here I say the Turks were much mistaken  
Who hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon

## XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew

In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd  
Cossacques

For some time, till they came in nearer view

They had but little baggage at their backs,  
For there were but *three* shirts between the two;

But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,  
Till, in approaching, were at length descried  
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.

## XLIV.

"Great joy to London now!" says some great  
fool,

When London had a grand illumination,  
Which to that bottle-conjurer, John Bull,

Is of all dreams the first hallucination;  
So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,

That Sage (*said* John) surrenders at discre-  
tion [nonsense,

His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his  
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

## XLV.

'Tis strange that he should farther "damn his  
eyes," [oath

For they are damn'd; that once all-famous  
Is to the devil now no farther prize,

Since John has lately lost the use of both.  
Debt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise;

And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,  
Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,  
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

## XLVI.

But to the tale;—great joy unto the camp.

To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cos-  
sacque,

O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,  
Presaging a most luminous attack;

Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,

Which leads beholders on a boggy walk

He flitted to and fro a dancing light,

Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right

## XLVII.

But certes matters took a different face:

There was enthusiasm and much applause  
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace

And all presaged good fortune to their cause  
Within a cannon-shot length of the place

They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd  
flaws

In former works, made new, prepared fascines  
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

## XLVIII.

It is thus the spirit of a single mind  
 Makes that of multitudes take one direction,  
 As roll the waters to the breathing wind,  
 Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection;  
 Or as a little dog will lead the blind,  
 Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection  
 By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to  
 victual;  
 Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

## XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy; you would  
 have thought  
 That they were going to a marriage feast  
 (This metaphor, I think holds good as aught,  
 Since there is discord after both at least).  
 There was not now a luggage boy but sought  
 Danger and spoil with ardour much in-  
 creased;  
 And why? because a little—odd—old man,  
 Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

## L.

But so it was; and every preparation  
 Was made with all alacrity: the first  
 Detachment of three columns took its station,  
 And waited but the signal's voice to burst  
 Upon the foe: the second's ordination  
 Was also in three columns, with a thirst  
 For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter:  
 The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

## LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held  
 A general council, in which unanimity,  
 That stranger to most councils, here prevail'd,  
 As sometimes happens in a great extremity;  
 And every difficulty being dispell'd,  
 Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,  
 While Souvaroff, determin'd to obtain it,  
 Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.<sup>101</sup>

## LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, commander  
 In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill  
 The awkward squad, and could afford to  
 squander  
 His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil;  
 Just as you'd break a sucking salamander  
 To swallow flame, and never take it ill:  
 He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which  
 Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

## LIII.

Also he dress'd up, for the nonce, fascines  
 Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,  
 And made them charge with bayonet these  
 machines,  
 By way o' lesson against actual Turks,

And when well practised in these mimic scenes  
 He judg'd them proper to assail the works,  
 At which your wise men sneer'd in phrase  
 witty:  
 He made no answer; but he took the city.

## LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve  
 Of the assault, and all the camp was in  
 A stern repose; which you would scarce con-  
 ceive; [and thin  
 Yet men resolved to dash through thick  
 Are very silent when they once believe  
 That all is settled:—there was little din,  
 For some were thinking of their home and  
 friends,  
 And others of themselves and latter ends.

## LV.

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert, [dering;  
 Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pon-  
 For the man was, we safely may assert, [ing:  
 A thing to wonder at beyond most wonder-  
 Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,  
 Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering;  
 Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent to  
 storm  
 A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

## LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill—  
 For this great conqueror play'd the corporal—  
 Some Cossacques, hovering like hawks round  
 a bill,  
 Had met a party towards the twilight's fall,  
 One of whom spoke their tongue—or well or ill,  
 'T was much that he was understood at all,  
 But whether from his voice, or speech, or  
 manner, [banner  
 They found that he had fought beneath their

## LVII.

Whereon immediately at his request  
 They brought him and his comrades to head-  
 quarters; [guess'd  
 Their dress were Moslem, but you might have  
 That these were merely masquerading Tar-  
 tars,  
 And that beneath each Turkish-fashion'd vest  
 Lurk'd Christianity; which sometimes bar-  
 ters  
 Her inward grace for outward show, and makes  
 It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

## LVIII.

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt  
 Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,  
 Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,  
 And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—

For deeming human clay but common dirt,  
This great philosopher was thus instilling  
His maxims, which to martial comprehension  
Proved death in battle equal to a pension;—

## LIX.

Suwarrow, when he saw this company  
Of Cossacques and their prey, turn'd round  
and cast  
Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—  
"Whence come ye?"—"From Constanti-  
nople last,

Captives just now escaped," was the reply.  
"What are ye?"—"What you see us."  
Briefly pass'd

This dialogue; for he who answer'd knew  
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

## LX.

"Your names?"—"Mine's Johnson, and my  
comrade's Juan;

The other two are women, and the third  
Is neither man nor woman." The chief threw  
on [heard

The party a slight glance, then said, "I have  
Your name before, the second is a new one:

To bring the other three here was absurd:  
But let that pass:—I think I have heard your  
name

In the Nikolaiew regiment?"—"The same."

## LXI.

"You served at Widdin?"—"Yes."—"You  
led the attack?" [know "

"I did."—"What next?"—"I really hardly  
"You were the first i'th' breach?"—"I was  
not slack

At least to follow those who might be so."

"What follow'd?"—"A shot laid me on my  
back,

And I became a prisoner to the foe."

"You shall have vengeance, for the town  
surrounded [wounded.

Is twice as strong as that where you were

## LXII.

"Where will you serve?"—"Where'er you  
please."—"I know

You like to be the hope of the forlorn,  
And doubtless would be foremost on the foe

After the hardships you've already borne.  
And this young fellow—say what can he do?

He with the beardless chin and garments  
torn?"

"Why, general, if he hath no greater fault  
In war than love, he had better lead the  
assault."

## LXIII.

"He shall if that he dare." Here Juan bow'd  
Low as the compliment deserved. Su-  
warrow

Continued: "Your old regiment's allow'd,  
By special providence, to lead to-morrow,  
Or it may be to-night, the assault: I have  
vow'd [harrow

To several saints, that shortly plough or  
Shall pass o'er what was Ismail, and its task  
Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.

## LXIV.

"So now, my lads, for glory!"—Here he  
turn'd

And drill'd away in the most classic Russian,  
Until each high, heroic bosom burn'd

For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion  
A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurn'd  
All earthly goods save tithes) and bade  
them push on

To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering  
The armies of the Christian Empress Cath-  
rine

## LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy  
Himself a favourite, ventured to address  
Suwarrow, though engaged with accents high  
In his resumed amusement. "I confess  
My debt in being thus allow'd to die  
Among the foremost; but if you'd express  
Explicitly our several posts, my friend  
And self would know what duty to attend."

## LXVI.

"Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you  
Will join your former regiment, which  
should be

Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to—  
(Here he call'd up a Polish orderly)

His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiew;  
The stranger stripling may remain with me;  
He's a fine boy. The women may be sent.  
To the other baggage, or to the sick tent."

## LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:

The ladies,—who by no means had beer  
bred

To be disposed of in a way so new,

Although their harem education led  
Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true,  
Passive obedience,—now raised up the head

With flashing eyes and starting tears, and  
flung [young

Their arms, as hens their wings about

## LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men,  
Who were thus honour'd by the greatest  
chief

That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,  
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.  
Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in vain!  
Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf  
Of thine imaginary deathless tree, [sea.  
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing

## LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,  
And not much sympathy for blood, survey'd  
The women with their hair about their ears  
And natural agonies, with a slight shade  
Of feeling: for however habit sears  
Men's hearts against whose millions, when  
their trade  
Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow  
Will touch even heroes—and such was Su-  
warrow.

## LXX.

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck tone,—  
“Why, Johnson, what the devil do you  
mean

By bringing women here? They shall be  
shown

All the attention possible, and seen  
In safety to the waggons, where alone  
In fact they can be safe. You should  
have been

Aware this kind of baggage never thrives:  
Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.”

## LXXI.

“May it please your excellency,” thus re-  
plied [of others,

Our British friend, “these are the wives  
And not our own. I am too qualified

By service with my military brothers  
To break the rules by bringing one's own  
bride

Into a camp: I know that nought so bothers  
The hearts of the heroic on a charge,  
As leaving a small family at large.

## LXXII

“But these are but two Turkish ladies, who  
With their attendant aided our escape,  
And afterwards accompanied us through

A thousand perils in this dubious shape.  
To me this kind of life is not so new;

To them, poor things it is an awkward  
scrape.

I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,  
Request that they may both be used genteelly.”

## LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with swim-  
ming eyes,  
Look'd on as if in doubt if they could trust  
Their own protectors; nor was their surprise  
Less than their grief (and truly not less  
just)

To see an old man, rather wild than wise  
In aspect, plainly clad, besmear'd with dust,  
Strip'd to his waistcoat, and that not too clean,  
More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

## LXXIV.

For every thing seem'd resting on his nod,  
As they could read in all eyes. Now to  
them,

Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,  
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,  
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad  
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem.)  
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt  
How power could condescend to do without.

## LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,  
Though little versed in feelings oriental,  
Suggested some slight comfort in his way:  
Don Juan, who was much more senti-  
mental, [day,  
Swore they should see him by the dawn of  
Or that the Russian army should repent all:  
And, strange to say, they found some conso-  
lation

In this—for females like exaggeration.

## LXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some  
slight kisses,

They parted for the present—these to await,  
According to the artillery's hits or misses,

What sages call Chance, Providence, or  
Fate—

(Uncertainty is one of many blisses,  
A mortgage on Humanity's estate)—  
While their beloved friends began to arm,  
To burn a town which never did them harm

## LXXVII.

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the gross,  
Being much too gross to see them in detail,  
Who calculated life as so much dross,

And as the wind a widow'd nation's wail,  
And cared as little for his army's loss [vail]

(So that their efforts should at length pre-  
As wife and friends did for the boils of Job,—  
What was't to him to hear two women sob?



## LXXXVIII.

Nothing.—The work of glory still went on  
 In preparations for a cannonade  
 As terrible as that of Iliou,  
 If Homer had found mortars ready made ;  
 But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,  
 We only can but talk of escalade,  
 Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries,  
 bayonets, bullets ; [gullets.  
 Hard words, which stick in the soft Muses'

## LXXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm  
 All ears, though long ; all ages, though so  
 short,  
 By merely wielding with poetic arm  
 Arms to which men will never more resort,  
 Unless gunpowder should be found to harm  
 Much less than is the hope of every court,  
 Which now is leagued young Freedom to  
 annoy ;  
 But they will not find Liberty a Troy :—

## LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! I have now  
 To paint a siege, wherein more men were  
 slain,  
 With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,  
 Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign ;  
 And yet, like all men else, I must allow,  
 To vie with thee would be about as vain  
 As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood ;  
 But still we moderns equal you in blood ;

## LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact ;  
 And fact is truth, the grand desideratum !  
 Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each  
 act, [stratum.  
 There should be ne'ertheless a slight sub-  
 But now the town is going to be attack'd ;  
 Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate,  
 'em ?  
 Souls of immortal generals ! Phœbus watches  
 To colour up his rays from your despatches.

## LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte !  
 Oh, ye less grand long lists of kill'd and  
 wounded !  
 Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,  
 When my poor Greece was once, as now,  
 surrounded !  
 Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries ! now impart, ye  
 Shadows of glory ! (lest I be confounded)  
 A portion of your fading twilight hues,  
 So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

## LXXXIII.

When I call " fading " martial immortality,  
 I mean, that every age and every year,  
 And almost every day, in sad reality  
 Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,  
 Who, when we come to sum up the totality  
 Of deeds to human happiness most dear,  
 Turns out to be a butcher in great business,  
 Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness

## LXXXIV.

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,  
 Are things immortal to immortal man,  
 As purple to the Babylonian harlot:  
 An uniform to boys is like a fan  
 To women ; there is scarce a crimson varlet  
 But deems himself the first in Glory's van.  
 But Glory's glory ; and if you would find  
 What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind !

## LXXXV.

At least *he feels it*, and some say *he sees*,  
 Because he runs before it like a pig ;  
 Or, if that simple sentence should displease,  
 Say, that he scuds before it like a rig,  
 A schooner, or—but it is time to ease  
 This Canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue  
 The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,  
 Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

## LXXXVI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold, dull  
 night,  
 The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !  
 Lo ! dusky masses steal in dubious sight  
 Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank  
 Of the arm'd river, while with stragglings light  
 The stars peep through the vapours dim and  
 dank, [the smoke  
 Which curl in curious wreaths:—how soon  
 Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak.

## LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then  
 That awful pause, dividing life from death,  
 Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,  
 Thousands of whom were drawing their last  
 breath !  
 A moment—and all will be life again !  
 The march ! the charge ! the shouts of either  
 faith !  
 Hurra ! and Allah ! and—one moment more—  
 The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE EIGHTH

## I.

O blood and thunder! and oh blood and wounds! [deem,

These are but vulgar oaths, as you may  
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:  
And so they are; yet this is Glory's dream  
Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds  
At present such things, since they are her  
theme,

So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,  
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

## II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men  
To wield them in their terrible array.  
The army, like a lion from his den,  
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent  
to slay.—

A human Hydra, issuing from its fen  
To breathe destruction on its winding way,  
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,  
Immediately in others grew again.

## III.

History can only take things in the gross;  
But could we know them in detail, perchance  
(in balancing the profit and the loss,  
War's merit it by no means might enhance,  
To waste so much gold for a little dross,  
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.  
The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

## IV.

And why? because it brings self-approbation;  
Whereas the other, after all its glare,  
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,  
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,  
A higher title, or a loftier station,  
Though they may make Corruption gape or  
stare,  
Yet, in the end, except in Freedom's battles,  
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

## V.

And such they are,—and such they will be  
found:  
Not so Leonidas and Washington,  
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,  
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds

How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!

While the mere victor's may appal or stun  
The servile and the vain, such names will be  
A watchward till the future shall be free.

## VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd  
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,  
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,  
And in the Danube's waters shone the  
same—

A mirror'd hell! the volleying roar, and loud  
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame  
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's  
flashes [ashes!  
Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions

## VII.

The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd  
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,  
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,  
Answering the Christian thunders with like  
voices: [braced,  
Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream em  
Which rock'd as 'twere beneath the mighty  
noises; [when  
While the whole rampart blazed like Etna,  
The restless Titan hiccups in his den.

## VIII.

And one enormous shout of "Allah!" rose  
In the same moment, loud as even the roar  
Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes  
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore  
Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds which  
close  
With thickening canopy the conflict o'er,  
Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark! through  
All sounds it pierceth "Allah! Allah! Hu!"<sup>102</sup>

## IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,  
But of the portion which attack'd by water,  
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall.  
Though led by Arseniew, that great son o'  
slaughter,  
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.  
"Carnage" (so Wordsworth tells you) "is  
God's daughter:"  
If he speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and  
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

## X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;  
Count Chapeau-Bras, too, had a ball between  
His cap and head, which proves the head to be  
Aristocratic as was ever seen

Because it then received no injury  
 Mo' than the cap; in fact, the ball could  
   near

No harm unto a right legitimate head.  
 "Ashes to ashes"—why not lead to lead?

## XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,  
 Insisting on removal of *the prince*  
 Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—  
 All common fellows, who might writhe and  
   wince,

And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—  
 The General Markow, who could thus evince  
 His sympathy for rank, by the same token,  
 To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.

## XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,  
 And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills  
 Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.

Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills;  
 Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet  
   tick, [ills

Like the death-watch, within our ears the  
 Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield  
 To the true portrait of one battle-field.

## XIII.

There the still varying pangs, which multiply  
 Until their very number makes men hard  
 By the infinities of agony,

Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may re-  
   gard—

The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye  
 Turn'd back within its socket,—these reward  
 Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest  
 May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

## XIV.

Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing:—  
 Think what it is to be in your old age  
 Maintain'd at the expense of your good king:

A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,  
 And heroes are but made for bards to sing,

Which is still better; thus in verse to wage  
 Your wars eternally, besides enjoying  
 Half-pay for life, make mankind worth de-  
   stroying.

## XV.

The troops, already disembark'd, push'd on  
 To take a battery on the right; the others,  
 Who landed lower down, their landing done,  
 Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:

Being grenadiers, they mounted one by one,  
 Cheerful as children climb the breasts of  
   mothers,

O'er the entrenchment and the palisade,  
 Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

## XVI.

And this was admirable; for so hot  
 The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded  
 Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot  
 And shells or hells, it could not more have  
   goaded.

Of officers a third fell on the spot,  
 A thing which victory by no means boded  
 To gentlemen engaged in the assault:  
 Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at  
   fault.

## XVII.

But here I leave the general concern,  
 To track our hero on his path of fame:  
 He must his laurels separately earn;  
 For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,  
 Though all deserving equally to turn  
 A couplet, or an elegy to claim,  
 Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,  
 And what is worse still, a much longer story.

## XVIII.

And therefore we must give the greater number  
 To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly dealt  
 By the deceased, who lie in famous slumber  
 In ditches, fields, or where'er they felt  
 Their clay for the last time their souls encum-  
   ber;— [spelt  
 Thrice happy he whose name has been well  
 In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss  
 Was printed *Grose*, although his name was  
   Grose.<sup>103</sup>

## XIX.

Juan and Johnson joined a certain corps,  
 And fought away with might and main, no  
   knowing

The way which they had never trod before,  
 And still less guessing where they might be  
   going; [o'er,

But on they march'd, dead bodies trampling  
 Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating,  
   glowing,

But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,  
 To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin

## XX.

Thus on they wallow'd in the bloody mire  
 Of dead and dying thousands,—sometimes  
   gaining [night

A yard or two of ground, which brought them  
 To some odd angle for which all were  
   straining;

At other times, repulsed by the close fire,  
 Which really pour'd as if all hell were raining,  
 Instead of heaven, they stumbl'd backwards o'er  
 A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

## XXI.

Thoug' 't was Don Juan's first of fields, and  
though

The nightly muster and the silent march  
In the chill dark, when courage does not glow  
So much as under a triumphal arch,  
Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw  
A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as  
starch, [day;—  
Which stiffen'd heaven) as if he wish'd for  
Yet for all this he did not run away.

## XXII.

Indeed he could not. But what if he had?  
There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun  
With something not much better, or as bad:  
Frederic the Great from Molwitz deign'd to  
run  
For the first and last time; for, like a pad,  
Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after one  
Warm bout are broken into their new tricks,  
And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

## XXIII.

He was what Erin calls, in her suoline  
Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic*;—  
(The antiquarians<sup>104</sup> who can settle time,  
Which settles all things, Roman, Greek, or  
Runic, [same clime  
Swear that Pat's language sprung from the  
With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian tunic  
Of Dido's alphabet; and this is rational  
As any other notion, and not national);—

## XXIV.

But Juan was quite "a broth of a boy,"  
A thing of impulse and a child of song;  
Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,  
Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem wrong),  
And afterward, if he must needs destroy,  
In such good company as always throng  
To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,  
No less delighted to employ his leisure;

## XXV.

But always without malice: if he warr'd  
Or loved, it was with what we call "the  
best [card,  
Intentions," which form all mankind's *trump*  
To be produced when brought up to the test.  
The statesman, hero, barlot, lawyer—ward  
Off each attack, when people are in quest  
Of their designs, by saying they *meant well*;  
T is pity "that such meaning should pave  
bell. <sup>106</sup>

## XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt  
Whether hell's pavement—if it be so *paved*—  
Must not have latterly been quite worn out,  
Not by the numbers good intent hath saved,  
But by the mass who go below without  
Those ancient good intentions, which once  
shaved [hell,  
And smooth'd the brimstone of that street of  
Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall  
Mall.

## XXVII.

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides  
Warrior from warrior in their grim career,  
Like chastest wives from constant husbands'  
sides  
Just at the close of the first bridal year.  
By one of those odd turns of Fortune's tides,  
Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,  
When, after a good deal of heavy firing,  
He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

## XXVIII.

I don't know how the thing occur'd—it might  
Be that the greater part were kill'd or  
wounded,  
And that the rest had faced unto the right  
About; a circumstance which has con-  
founded  
Cæsar himself, who, in the very sight  
Of his whole army, which so much abounded  
In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,  
And rally back his Romans to the field.

## XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was  
No Cæsar, but a fine young lad, who fought  
He knew not why, arriving at this pass,  
Stopp'd for a minute, as perhaps he ought  
For a much longer time; then, like an ass—  
(Start not, kind reader, since great Homer  
thought  
This simile enough for Ajax, Juan  
Perhaps may find it better than a new one);—

## XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,  
And, what was stranger, never look'd be-  
hind;  
But seeing, flashing forward, like the day  
Over the hills, a fire enough to blind  
Those who dislike to look upon a fray,  
He stumbled on, to try if he could find  
A path, to add his own slight arm and forces  
To corps, the greater part of which were  
corses.

## XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant  
Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which  
had  
Quite disappear'd—the gods know how! (I can't  
Account for every thing which may look  
bad  
In history; but we at least may grant  
It was not marvellous that a mere lad,  
In search of glory, should look on before,  
Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps:—)

## XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,  
And left at large, like a young heir, to make  
His way to—where he knew not—single  
handed;  
As travellers follow over bog and brake  
An "ignis fatuus;" or as sailors stranded  
Unto the nearest hut themselves betake;  
So Juan, following honour and his nose,  
Rush'd where the thickest fire announced  
most foes.

## XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,  
For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins  
Fill'd as with lightning—for his spirit shared  
The hour, as is the case with lively brains;  
And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,  
And the loud cannon peal'd his hoarsest  
strains, [shaken  
He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly  
By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!<sup>106</sup>

## XXXIV.

And as he rush'd along, it came to pass he  
Fell in with what was late the second  
column,  
Under the orders of the General Lascy,  
But now reduced, as is a bulky volume  
Into an elegant extract (much less massy)  
Of heroism, and took his place with solemn  
Air 'mids the rest, who kept their valiant  
faces  
And levell'd weapons still against the glaxis.

## XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,  
Who had "retreated," as the phrase is  
when  
Men run away much rather than go through  
Destruction's jaws into the devil's den;  
But Johnson was a clever fellow, who  
Knew when and how "to cut and come  
again,"  
And never ran away, except when running  
Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

## XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying  
Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose  
More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,  
From ignorance of danger, which induces  
Its votaries, like innocence relying  
On its own strength, with careless nerves  
and thews,—  
Johnson retired a little, just to rally  
Those who catch cold in "shadows of Death's  
valley."

## XXXVII.

And there, a little shelter'd from the shot,  
Which rain'd from bastion, battery, parapet,  
Rampart, wall, casement, house — for there  
was not  
In this extensive city, sore beset  
By Christian soldiery, a single spot [yet.—  
Which did not combat like the devil, as  
He found a number of Chasseurs, all scatter'd  
By the resistance of the chase they batter'd.

## XXXVIII.

And these he call'd on; and, what's strange,  
they came  
Unto his call, unlike "the spirits from  
The vasty deep," to whom you may exclaim,  
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave  
their home.  
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame  
At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,  
And that odd impulse, which in wars or creeds  
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

## XXXIX.

By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,  
And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles,  
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun  
soon kill his  
We shall not see his likeness: he could  
Man quite as quietly as blows the monsoon  
Her steady breath (which some months the  
same still is):  
Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,  
And could be very busy without bustle;

## XL.

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so  
Upon reflection, knowing that behind  
He would find others who would fain be rid so  
Of idle apprehensions, which like wind  
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so  
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,  
But when they light upon immediate death,  
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

## XLI.

But Johnson only ran off, to return  
 With many other warriors, as we said,  
 Unto that rather somewhat misty bourn,  
 Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.  
 To Jack, howe'er, this gave but slight concern:  
 His soul (like galvanism upon the dead)  
 Acted upon the living as on wire,  
 And led them back into the heaviest fire.

## XLII.

Egad! they found the second time what they  
 The first time thought quite terrible enough  
 To fly from, malgré all which people say  
 Of glory, and all that immortal stuff  
 Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,  
 That daily shilling which makes warriors  
 tough)— [welcome,  
 They found on their return the self-same  
 Which made some *think*, and others *know* a  
*hell* come.

## XLIII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,  
 Grass before scythes, or corn below the  
 sickle,  
 Proving that trite old truth, that life's as frail,  
 As any other boon for which men stickle.  
 The Turkish batteries thrash'd them like a flail,  
 Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle  
 Putting the very bravest, who were knock'd  
 Upon the head, before their guns were cock'd.

## XLIV.

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks  
 Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,  
 And swept, as gales sweep foam away, whole  
 ranks: [levels  
 However, Heaven knows how, the Fate who  
 Towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving  
 pranks,  
 So order'd it, amidst these sulphury revels,  
 That Johnson and some few who had not  
 scamper'd,  
 Reach'd the interior talus<sup>107</sup> of the rampart.

## XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen  
 Came mounting quickly up, for it was now  
 All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,  
 Flame was shower'd forth above, as well's  
 below, [chosen,  
 So that you scarce could say who best had  
 The gentlemen that were the first to show  
 Their martial faces on the parapet,  
 Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

## XLVI.

But those who sealed, found out that their  
 advance  
 Was favour'd by an accident or blunder:  
 The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignorance  
 Had pallisado'd in a way you'd wonder  
 To see in forts of Netherlands or France—  
 (Though these to our Gibraltar must knock  
 under)—  
 Right in the middle of the parapet  
 Just named, these palisades were primly set

## XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten  
 Paces were left, whereon you could contrive  
 To march; a great convenience to our men,  
 At least to all those who were left alive,  
 Who thus could form a line and fight again;  
 And that which farther aided them to strive  
 Was, that they could kick down the palisades,  
 Which scarcely rose much higher than grass  
 blades.

## XLVIII.

Among the first,—I will not say the *first*,  
 For such precedence upon such occasions  
 Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst  
 Out between friends as well as allied nations:  
 The Briton must be bold who really durst  
 Put to such trial John Bull's partial  
 patience,  
 As say that Wellington at Waterloo  
 Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so  
 too;—

## XLIX.

And that if Blucher, Bulow, Gneisenau,  
 And God knows who besides in "au"  
 and "ow,"  
 Had not come up in time to cast an awe<sup>108</sup>  
 Into the hearts of those who fought till now  
 As tigers combat with an empty craw,  
 The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show  
 His orders, also to receive his pensions:  
 Which are the heaviest that our history  
 mentions.

## L.

But never mind;—"God save the king!" and  
 kings!  
 For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer—  
 I think I hear a little bird, who sings  
 The people by and by will be the stronger:  
 The veriest jade will wince whose harness  
 wrings  
 So much into the raw as quite to wrong her  
 Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob  
 At last fall sick of imitating Job.

## LI.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,  
Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a  
giant;

At last it takes to weapons such as men  
Snatch when-despair makes human hearts  
less pliant.

Then comes "the tug of war;"—'t will come  
again, [on 't,"

I rather doubt; and I would fain say "fie  
if I had not perceived that revolution  
Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution

## LII.

But to continue:—I say not the first,  
But of the first, our little friend Don Juan  
Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed  
Amidst such scenes—though this was quite  
a new one [thirst

To him, and I should hope to *most*. The  
Of glory, which so pierces through and  
through one,

Pervaded him,—although a generous creature,  
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

## LIII.

And here he was—who upon woman's breast,  
Even from a child, felt like a child;  
how'er

The man in all the rest might be confest,  
To him it was Elysium to be there; [test  
And he could even withstand that awkward  
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious  
*fair*, [arms;"]

'Observe your lover when he *leaves* your  
But Juan never left them, while they had  
charms,

## LIV.

Unless compell'd by fate, or wave, or wind,  
Or near relations, who are much the same.  
But *here* he was!—where each tie that can  
bind

Humanity must yield to steel and flame:  
And *he* whose very body was all mind, [tame  
Flung here by fate or circumstance, which  
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,  
Dash'd on like a spur'd horse in a race.

## LV.

So was his blood stirr'd while he found re-  
sistance,

As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,  
Or double post and rail, where the existence  
Of Britain's youth depends upon their  
weight,

The lightest being the safest: at a distance  
He hated cruelty, as all men hate  
Blood, until heated—and even then his own  
A. *comes* would curdle o'er some heavy groan.

## LVI.

The General Lascy, who had been hard  
press'd,

Seeing arrive an aid so opportune  
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,  
Who came as if just dropp'd down from the  
moon,

To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd  
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,  
Not reckoning him to be a "base *Bezzonian*."  
(As Pistol calls it) but a young *Livonian*.

## LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew  
As much of German as of Sanscrit, and  
In answer made an inclination to  
The general who held him in command;  
For seeing one with ribands, black and blue,  
Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,  
Addressing him in tones which seem'd to  
thank,  
He recognised an officer of rank.

## LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who  
speak  
No common language: and besides, in time  
Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek  
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime  
Is perpetrated ere a word can break  
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime  
In like church-bells, with sigh, howl, groan,  
yell, prayer,  
These cannot be much conversation there.

## LIX.

And therefore all we have related in  
Two long octaves, pass'd in a little minute;  
But in the same small minute, every sin  
Contrived to get itself comprised within it.  
The very cannon, deafened by the din, [linnet,  
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a  
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise  
Of human nature's agonising voice!

## LX.

The town was enter'd. Oh eternity!—  
"God made the country, and man made  
the town,"  
So Cowper says—and I began to be  
Of his opinion, when I see cast down  
Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,  
All walls men know, and many never known;  
And pondering on the present and the past,  
To deem the woods shall be our home at last—

## LXI.

Of all men saving Sylla the man-slayer,  
 Who passes for in life and death most lucky,  
 Of the great names which in our faces stare,  
 The General Boon, back-woodsman of  
 Kentucky,  
 Was happiest among mortals any where ;  
 For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he  
 Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days  
 Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

## LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the  
 child [for  
 Of solitude; Health shrank not from him—  
 Her home is in the rarely trodden wild, [more  
 Where if men seek her not, and death be  
 Their choice than life, forgive them, as be  
 gniled  
 By habit to what their own hearts abhor—  
 In cities caged. The present case in point I  
 Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety ;

## LXIII.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name  
 For which men vainly decimate the throng,  
 Not only famous, but of that good fame,  
 Without which glory's but a tavern song—  
 Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,  
 Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with  
 wrong;  
 An active hermit, even in age the child  
 Of Nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

## LXIV.

'Tis true he shrank from men even of his  
 nation, [trees,—  
 When they built up unto his darling  
 He moved some hundred miles off, for a  
 station [ease ;  
 Where there were fewer houses and more  
 The inconvenience of civilisation [please ;  
 Is, that you neither can be pleased nor  
 But where he met the individual man,  
 He show'd himself as kind as mortal can.

## LXV.

He was not all alone: around him grew  
 A sylvan tribe of children of the chase.  
 Whose young, unawaken'd world was ever new,  
 Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace  
 On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view  
 A frown on Nature's or on human face ;—  
 The free-born 'orest found and kept them free,  
 And fresh as is a torrent or a tree

## LXVI.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were  
 they,  
 Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,  
 Because their thoughts had never been the prey  
 Of care or gain; the green woods were  
 their portions;  
 No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,  
 No fashion made them apes of her distor-  
 tions ;  
 Simple they were, not savage: and their rifles,  
 Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

## LXVII.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slum-  
 bers, [toil ;  
 And cheerfulness the handmaid of their  
 Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers ;  
 Corruption could not make their hearts her  
 soil; [cumbers ;  
 The lust which stings, the splendour which en-  
 With the free foresters divide no spoil ;  
 Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes  
 Of this unsighing people of the woods.

## LXVIII.

So much for Nature:—by way of variety,  
 Now back to thy great joys, Civilisation !  
 And the sweet consequence of large society,  
 War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,  
 The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,  
 The millions slain by soldiers for their  
 ration, [score,  
 The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at three  
 With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

## LXIX.

The town was enter'd: first one column made  
 Its sanguinary way good—then another ;  
 The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade  
 Clash'd 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and  
 mother, [braid:—  
 With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to up-  
 Still closer sulphury clouds began to  
 smother [foot  
 The breath of morn and man, where foot by  
 The madden'd Turks their city still dispute.

## LXX.

Koutousow, he who afterward beat back [snow'  
 (With some assistance from the frost and  
 Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,  
 It happen'd was himself beat back just now:  
 He was a jolly fellow, and could crack  
 His jest alike in face of friend or foe, [stake ;  
 Though life, and death, and victory were at  
 But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to take



## LXXI.

For having thrown himself into a ditch,  
Follow'd in haste by various grenadiers,  
Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,  
He climb'd to where the parapet appears;  
But there his project reach'd its utmost pitch  
(Mongst other deaths the General Ribau-  
pierre's  
Was much regretted), for the Moslem men  
Threw them all down into the ditch again.

## LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops  
landing [stream  
They knew not where, being carried by the  
To some spot, where they lost their under-  
standing,  
And wander'd up and down as in a dream,  
Until they reach'd, as daybreak was expanding,  
That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—  
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain  
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

## LXXIII.

And scrambling round the rampart, these same  
troops,  
After the taking of the "Cavalier,"<sup>109</sup>  
Just as Koutousow's most "forlorn" of "hopes"  
Took, like chameleons, some slight tinge of  
fear,  
Open'd the gate call'd "Kilia," to the groups  
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,  
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,  
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

## LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cos-  
sacques— [graphy,  
(I don't much pique myself upon ortho-  
So that I do not grossly err in facts,  
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography)—  
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,  
And no great dilettanti in topography  
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases  
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.

## LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries  
thunder'd [rampart,  
Upon them, ne'ertheless had reach'd the  
And naturally thought they could have plun-  
der'd  
The city, without being farther hamper'd;  
But as it happens to brave men, they blunder'd—  
The Turks at first pretended to have scam-  
per'd,  
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,  
From whence they sallied on those Christian  
scorners.

## LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking  
Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these  
Cossacques were all cut off as day was breaking,  
And found their lives were let at a short  
lease—  
But perish'd without shivering or shaking,  
Leaving as ladders their heap'd carcasses,  
O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi  
March'd with the brave battalion of Polouzki.—

## LXXVII.

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,  
But could not eat them, being in his turn  
Slain by some Mussulmans, who would not yet,  
Without resistance, see their city burn.  
The walls were won, but 't was an even bet  
Which of the armies would have cause to  
mourn:  
T was blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,  
For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.

## LXXVIII.

Another column also suffer'd much:—  
And here we may remark with the historian,  
You should but give few cartridges to such  
Troops as are meant to march with greatest  
glory on:  
When matters must be carried by the touch  
Of the bright bayonet, and they all should  
hurry on,  
They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,  
Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

## LXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men  
(Without the General, who had fallen some  
time  
Before, being badly seconded just then)  
Was made at length with those who dared  
to climb  
The death disgorging rampart once again;  
And though the Turk's resistance was sublime  
They took the bastion, which the Seraskier  
Defended at a price extremely dear.

## LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers  
Among the foremost, offer'd him good quarters  
A word which little suits with Seraskiers,  
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.  
He died, deserving well his country's tears,  
A savage sort of military martyr.  
An English naval officer, who wish'd  
To make him prisoner, was also dish'd:

## LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition  
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead;  
On which the rest, without more intermission,  
Began to lay about with steel and lead—  
The pious metals most in requisition  
On such occasions: not a single head  
Was spared;—three thousand Moslems perish'd  
here.  
And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

## LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—  
And Death is drunk with gore: there's not  
a street  
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,  
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.  
Here War forgot his own destructive art  
In more destroying Nature; and the heat  
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,  
Engender'd monstrous shapes of every crime.

## LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread  
Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel  
Seized fast, as if 't were by the serpent's head  
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed  
to feel; [bled,  
In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed, and  
And how! 'd for help as wolves do for a meal—  
The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,  
As do the subtle snakes described of old.

## LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot  
Of a foe o'er him, snatch'd at it, and bit  
The very tendon which is most acute—  
(That which some ancient Muse or modern  
wit  
Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through 't  
He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it  
Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis said  
To the live leg still clung the sever'd head.

## LXXXV.

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure  
The Russian officer for life was lamed,  
For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,  
And left him 'midst the invalid and maim'd:  
The regimental surgeon could not cure  
His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed  
More than the head of the inveterate foe,  
Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

## LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—and 'tis the part  
Of a true poet to escape from fiction  
Where'er he can; for there is little art  
In leaving verse more free from the restriction

Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart  
For what is sometimes called poetic diction  
And that outrageous appetite for lies  
Which Satan angles with for souls, like flies.

## LXXXVII.

The city's taken, but not render'd!—No!  
There's not a Moslem that hath yielded  
sword:  
The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow  
Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word  
Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe:  
In vain the yell of victory is roar'd  
By the advancing Muscovite—the groan  
Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

## LXXXVIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,  
And human lives are lavish'd every where,  
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves  
When the stripp'd forest bows to the bleak air  
And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves,  
Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare,  
But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,  
As oaks blown down with all their thousand  
winters.

## LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 't is not  
My cue for any time to be terrific.  
For checker'd as is seen our human lot  
With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific  
Of melancholy merriment, to quote  
Too much of one sort would be soporific;—  
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

## XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes  
Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase  
Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,  
With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,  
And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes  
A little scorch'd at present with the blaze  
Of conquest and its consequences, which  
Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

## XCI.

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay  
Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm  
group  
Of murder'd women, who had found their way  
To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop  
And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,  
A female child of ten years tried to stoop  
And hide her little palpitating breast  
Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.

## XCII.

Two villanous Cossacques pursued the child  
 With flashing eyes and weapons: match'd  
 with them,  
 The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild  
 Has feelings pure and polish'd as a gem,—  
 The bear is civilised, the wolf is mild:  
 And whom for this at last must we condemn?  
 Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ  
 All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

## XCIII.

Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,  
 Whence her fair hair rose twinning with  
 affright,  
 Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:  
 When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad  
 sight,  
 I shall not say exactly what he said,  
 Because it might not solace "ears polite;"  
 But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,  
 The readiest way of reasoning with Cos-  
 sacques.

## XCIV.

One's hip he slash'd, and split the other's  
 shoulder, [seek,  
 And drove them with their brutal yells to  
 If there might be chirurgeons who could solder  
 The wounds they richly merited, and  
 shriek [colder  
 Their baffled rage and pain; while waxing  
 As he turn'd o'er each pale and gory cheek,  
 Don Juan raised his little captive from  
 The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

## XCV.

And she was chill as they, and on her face  
 A slender streak of blood announced how  
 near  
 Her fate had been to that of all her race;  
 For the same blow which laid her mother  
 here [trace,  
 Had scarr'd her brow, and left its crimson  
 As the last link with all she had held dear.  
 But else unhurt, she open'd her large eyes,  
 And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

## XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fix'd  
 Upon each other, with dilated glance,  
 In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear,  
 mix'd [chance  
 With joy to save, and dread of some mis-  
 Unto his protégée; while hers, transfixed  
 With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,  
 A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,  
 Like to a lighted alabaster vase;—

## XCVII.

Up came John Johnson (I will not say  
 "Jack," [place  
 For that were vulgar, cold, and common-  
 On great occasions, such as an attack  
 On cities, as hath been the present case):  
 Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back;  
 Exclaiming:—"Juan! Juan! On, boy!  
 brace  
 Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,  
 That you and I will win St. George's collar!"

## XCVIII.

'The Seraskier is knock'd upon the head,  
 But the stone bastion still remains, where'n  
 The old Pacha sits among some hundreds  
 dead, [din  
 Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the  
 Of our artillery and his own: 'tis said  
 Our kill'd, already piled up to the chin.  
 Lie round the battery; but still it batters,  
 And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

## XCIX.

"Then up with me!"—But Juan answer'd,  
 "Look  
 Upon this child—I saved her—must not  
 leave [nook  
 Her life to chance; but point me out some  
 Of safety, where she less may shrink and  
 grieve, [took  
 And I am with you."—Whereon Johnson  
 A glance around—and shrugg'd, and twitch'd  
 his sleeve "You're right;  
 And black silk neckcloth — and replied,  
 Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm puz-  
 zled quite."

## C.

Said Juan—"Whatsoever is to be [cure  
 Done, I'll not quit her till she seems se-  
 Of present life a good deal more than we."—  
 Quoth Johnson — "Neither will I quite  
 ensure;  
 But at the least *you* may die gloriously."—  
 Juan replied—"At least I will endure  
 What'er is to be borne—~~it~~ not resign  
 This child, who is parentless, and therefore  
 mine."

## CI.

Johnson said—"Juan, we've no time to lose;  
 The child's a pretty child—a very pretty—  
 I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose  
 Between your fame and feelings, pride and  
 pity;—

Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse  
Will serve when there is plunder in a  
city;—

I should be loath to march without you, but,  
By God! we'll be too late for the first cut."

## CII.

But Juan was immoveable; until  
Johnson, who really loved him in his way,  
Pick'd out amongst his followers with some  
skill [prey;

Such as he thought the least given up to  
And swearing if the infant came to ill [day;  
That they should all be shot on the next  
But if she were deliver'd safe and sound,  
They should at least have fifty rubles round,

## CIII.

And all allowances besides of plunder, [then  
In fair proportion with their comrades;—  
Juan consented to march on through thunder,  
Which thinn'd at every step their ranks of  
men;

And yet the rest rush'd eagerly—no wonder  
For they were heated by the hope of gain,  
A thing which happens every where each day—  
No hero trusteth wholly to half pay.

## CIV.

And such is victory, and such is man! [God  
At least nine-tenths of what we call so;—  
May have another name for half we scan  
As human beings, or his ways are odd.  
But to our subject: a brave Tartar khan—  
Or "sultan," as the author (to whose nod  
In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call  
This chieftain—somehow would not yield at  
all:

## CV.

But flank'd by five brave sons (such is poly-  
gamy, [where none  
That she spawns warriors by the score,  
Are prosecuted for that false crime bigamy),  
He never would believe the city won [Am I  
While courage clung but to a single twig.—  
Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son?  
Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate  
man,  
Who fought with his five children in the van.

## CVI.

To take him was the point.—The truly brave,  
When they beheld the brave oppress'd  
with odds, [save;—  
Are touch'd with a desire to shield and  
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods

Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,  
Now moved with pity: even as sometimes  
nods

The rugged tree unto the summer wind,  
Compassion breathes along the savage minu  
CVII.

But he would *not* be taken, and replied  
To all the propositions of surrender  
By mowing Christians down on every side,  
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at  
Bender.<sup>111</sup>

His five brave boys no less the foe defied;  
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less  
tender,  
As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,  
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

## CVIII.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who  
Expended all their Eastern phraseology  
In begging him, for God's sake, just to show  
So much less fight as might form an apo-  
logy

For *them* in saving such a desperate foe—  
He hew'd away, like doctors of theology  
When they dispute with sceptics; and with  
curses [nurses.  
Struck at his friends, as babies beat their

## CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly,  
both  
Juan and Johnson; whereupon they fell,  
The first with sighs, the second with an oath,  
Upon his angry sultanship, pell-mell,  
And all around were grown exceeding wroth  
At such a pertinacious infidel,  
And pour'd upon him and his sons like rain,  
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

## CX.

That drinks and still is dry. At last they  
perish'd—  
His second son was levell'd by a shot;  
His third was sabred; and the fourth, most  
cherish'd  
Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot;  
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother now  
rish'd,  
Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,  
Because deform'd, yet died all game and  
bottom,  
To save a sire who blush'd that he begot him.

## CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,  
As great a scorner of the Nazarene  
As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr.  
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,

Who make the beds of those who won't take  
quarter

On earth, in Paradise; and when once seen,  
Those hours, like all other pretty creatures,  
Do just whate'er they please, by dint of fea-  
tures.

## CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young  
khan

In heaven I know not, nor pretend to guess;  
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man  
To tough old heroes, and can do no less;  
And that's the cause no doubt why, if we  
scan

A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,  
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,  
You'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs  
bloody.

## CXIII.

Your hours also have a natural pleasure  
In lopping off your lately married men,  
Before the bridal hours have danced their  
measure,

And the sad, second moon grows dim again,  
Or dull repentance hath had dreary leisure  
To wish him back a bachelor now and then.  
And thus your houri (it may be) disputes  
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

## CXIV.

Thus the young khan, with hours in his  
sight, [brides,

Thought not upon the charms of four young  
But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly night.

In short, howe'er our better faith derides,  
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems  
fight, [besides,—

As though there were one heaven and none  
Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven  
And hell, there must at least be six or seven.

## CXV.

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,  
That when the very lance was in his heart,  
He shouted "Allah!" and saw Paradise

With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,  
And bright eternity without disguise

On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart:—  
With prophets, hours, angels, saints, descried  
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died:

## CXVI.

But with a heavenly rapture on his face,  
The good old khan, who long had ceased  
to see

Hours, or aught except his florid race  
Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—

When he beheld his latest hero grace

The earth, which he became like a fell'd tree,  
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast  
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

## CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,  
Stopp'd as if once more willing to concede  
Quarter, in case he bade them not "aroynt!"  
As he before had done. He did not heed  
Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of  
joint,

And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,  
As he look'd down upon his children gone,  
And felt—though done with life—he was  
alone.

## CXVIII.

But 'twas a transient tremor:—with a spring  
Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung,  
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing  
Against the light wherein she dies: he  
clung

Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,  
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his  
young;

And throwing back a dim look on his sons,  
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at  
once.

## CXIX.

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers,  
who

Spared neither sex nor age in their career  
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced  
through,

And lay before them with his children near,  
Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,

Were melted for a moment: though no tear  
Flow'd from their bloodshot eyes, all red with  
strife,

Their honour'd such determined scorn of life.

## CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,  
Where the chief pacha calmly held his post.

Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,  
And baffled the assaults of all their host:

At length he condescended to inquire  
If yet the city's rest were won or lost;

And being told the latter, sent a bey  
To answer Ribas's summons to give way.

## CXXI.

In the mean time, cross-legg'd, with great sang  
froid,

Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking  
Tobacco on a little carpet;—Troy

Saw nothing like the scene around;—yet  
looking

With martial stoicism, nought seem'd to annoy  
His stern philosophy; but gently stroking  
His beard, he puff'd his pipe's ambrosial gales,  
As if he had three lives, as well as tails.

## CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield  
Himself or bastion, little matter'd now :  
His stubborn valour was no future shield.  
Ismail's no more! The crescent's silver bow  
Sunk, and the crimson cross glared o'er the  
field,

But red with no *redeeming* gore: the glow  
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,  
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.

## CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses ;  
All that the body perpetrates of bad ;  
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses ;  
All that the devil would do if run stark mad ;  
All that defies the worst which pen expresses ;  
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad  
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—  
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

## CXXIV.

If here and there some transient trait of pity  
Was shown, and some more noble heart  
broke through  
Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some pretty  
Child, or an aged, helpless man or two—  
What's this in one annihilated city, [grew?  
Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties  
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!  
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.

## CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette  
Are purchased by all agonies and crimes :  
Or if these do not move you, don't forget  
Such doom may be your own in after-times.  
Meantime the Taxes, Castlereagh, and Debt,  
Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes.  
Read your own hearts and Ireland's present  
story,  
Then feed her famine fat with Wellesley's glory.

## CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,  
Which loves so well its country and its king,  
A subject of sublimest exultation—  
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!  
Howe'er the mighty locust, Desolation,  
Strip your green fields, and to your harvests  
cling,  
Gaunt famine never shall approach the throne—  
Though Ireland starve, great George weighs  
twenty stone.

## CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme :  
There was an end of Ismail—hapless town !  
Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Danube's  
stream,  
And redly ran his blushing waters down.  
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream  
Rose still ; but fainter were the thunders  
grown :  
Of forty thousand who had mann'd the wall,  
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent  
all !

## CXXVIII.

In one thing ne'ertheless 't is fit to praise  
The Russian army upon this occasion,  
A virtue much in fashion now a-days,  
And therefore worthy of commemoration :  
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—  
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long  
station  
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,  
Had made them chaste ;—they ravish'd very  
little.

## CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less  
Might here and there occur some violation  
In the other line ;—but not to such excess  
As when the French, that dissipated nation  
Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess,  
Except cold weather and commiseration ;  
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,  
Were almost as much virgins as before.

## CXXX.

Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,  
Which show'd a want of lanterns, or of  
taste— [mark  
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could  
Their friends from foes,—besides such things  
from haste  
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark  
Of light to save the venerably chaste :  
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,  
Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

## CXXXI.

But on the whole their continence was great ;  
So that some disappointment there ensued  
To those who had felt the inconvenient state  
Of "single blessedness," and thought it good  
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,  
To bear these crosses) for each waning pride  
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding.  
Without the expense and the suspense of ~~wed-~~  
ding.

## CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged  
 Were also heard to wonder in the din  
 (Widows of forty were these birds long caged)  
 "Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!"  
 But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,  
 There was small leisure for superfluous sin;  
 But whether they escaped or no, lies hid  
 In darkness—I can only hope they did.

## CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match  
 For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.  
 While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes,  
 like thatch [lay'd,  
 Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce al-  
 With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;  
 And here exactly follows what he said:—  
 "Glory to God and to the Empress!" (*Powers  
 Eternal! such names mingled!*) "Ismail's ours."

## CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,  
 Since "Menè, Menè, Tekel," and "Upharsin,"  
 Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.  
 Heaven help me! I'm but little of a parson:  
 What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,  
 Severe, sublime; the prophet wrote no farce  
 on  
 The fate of nations:—but this Russ so witty  
 Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

## CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,  
 Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,  
 Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget  
 it—  
 For I will teach, if possible, the stones  
 To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it  
 Be said that we still truckle unto thrones:—  
 But ye—our children's children! think how we  
 Show'd *what things were* before the world was free

## CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but 't is for you:  
 And as, in the great joy of your millennium,  
 You hardly will believe such things were true  
 As now occur, I thought that I would pen  
 you 'em;  
 But may their very memory perish too!—  
 Yet if perchance remember'd, still disdain  
 you 'em  
 More than you scorn the savages of yore,  
 Who *painted* their bare limbs, but *not* with gore.

## CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,  
 And those that sate upon them, let it be  
 As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones  
 And wonder what old world such things  
 could see,  
 Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,  
 The pleasant riddles of futurity—  
 Guessing at what shall happily be hid,  
 As the real purpose of a pyramid.

## CXXXVIII.

Reader! I have kept my word,—at least so far  
 As the first Canto promised. You have now  
 Had sketches of love, tempest, travel, war—  
 All very accurate, you must allow,  
 And *epic*, if plain truth should prove no bar;  
 For I have drawn much less with a long bow  
 Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,  
 But Phœbus lends me now and then a string,

## CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and  
 fiddle.  
 What farther hath befallen or may befall  
 The hero of this grand poetic riddle,  
 I by and by may tell you, if at all:  
 But now I choose to break off in the middle,  
 Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn  
 wall,  
 While Juan is sent off with the despatch,  
 For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

## CXL.

This special honour was conferr'd, because  
 He had behaved with courage and hu-  
 manity— [pause  
 Which *last* men like, when they have time to  
 From their ferocities produced by vanity.  
 His little captive gain'd him some applause  
 For saving her amidst the wild insanity  
 Of carnage,—and I think he was more glad  
 in her  
 Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

## CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,  
 For she was homeless, houseless, helpless; all  
 Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,  
 Had perish'd in the field or by the wall,  
 Her very place of birth was but a spectre  
 Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call  
 To prayer was heard no more!—and Juan wept,  
 And made a vow to shield her, which he kept

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE NINTH.

## I.

Oh, Wellington! (or "Villainton"—for Fame  
 Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;  
 France could not even conquer your great name,  
 But punn'd it down to this facetious phrase—  
 Beating or beaten she will laugh the same.)  
 You have obtain'd great pensions and much  
 praise:

Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,  
 Humanity would rise, and thunder "Nay!"

## II.

I don't think that you used Kinnaird quite well  
 In Marinè's affair—in fact, 't was shabby,  
 And like some other things won't do to tell  
 Upon your tomb in Westminster's old abbey.  
 Upon the rest 't is not worth while to dwell,  
 Such tales being for the tea-hours of some  
 tabby;

But though your years as *man* tend fast to zero,  
 In fact your grace is still but a *young hero*.

## III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,  
 Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more:  
 You have repair'd Legitimacy's crutch,  
 A prop not quite so certain as before:  
 The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,  
 Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore*;  
 And Waterloo has made the world your debtor  
 (I wish your bards would sing it rather better).

## IV.

You are "the best of cut-throats:"—do not  
 start; [applied:—  
 The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not mis-  
 War's brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,  
 Unless her cause by right be sanctified.  
 If you have acted *once* a generous part,  
 The world, not the world's masters, will decide,  
 And I shall be delighted to learn who,  
 Save you and yours, have gain'd by Waterloo?

## V.

I am no flatterer—you've supp'd full of flattery:  
 They say you like it too—'tis no great wonder.  
 He whose whole life has been assault and bat-  
 tery,  
 At last may get a little 'tired of thunder;

And swallowing eulogy much more than *sauire*,  
 he [i.e.f.]

May like being praised for every lucky blow  
 Call'd "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,  
 And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved.

## VI.

I've done. Now go and dine from off the plate  
 Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,  
 And send the sentinel before your gate  
 A slice or two from your luxurious meals:  
 He fought, but has not fed so well of late.  
 Some hunger, too, they say the people feels:—  
 There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,  
 But pray give back a little to the nation.

## VII.

I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as  
 You, my lord duke! is far above reflection:  
 The high Roman fashion, too, of Cincinnatus,  
 With modern history has but small connec-  
 tion:  
 Though as an Irishman you love potatoes,  
 You need not take them under your direction;  
 And half a million for your Sabine farm  
 Is rather dear!—I'm sure I mean no harm.

## VIII.

Great men have always scorn'd great recom-  
 pences:  
 Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,  
 Not leaving even his funeral expenses:  
 George Washington had thanks and nought  
 beside, [is]  
 Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's  
 To free his country: Pitt too had his pride,  
 And as a high-soul'd minister of state is  
 Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.

## IX.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,  
 Except Napoleon, or abused it more:  
 You might have freed fallen Europe from the  
 unity  
 Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore.  
 And *now*—what *is* your fame? Shall the Muse  
 tune it ye? [o'er?]  
*Now*—that the rabble's first vain shouts are  
 Go! hear it in your famish'd country's cries  
 Behold the world! and curse your victories!

## X.

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,  
 To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to  
 inscribe  
 Truths, that you will not read in the *Gazettes*,  
 But which 'tis time to teach the hireling *trib*



Who fatten on their country's gore, and debts,  
Must be recited, and—without a bribe.  
You *did* great things; but not being *great* in  
mind,  
Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

## XI.

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton  
With which men image out the unknown  
thing  
That hides the past world, like to a set sun  
Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter  
spring—  
Death laughs at all you weep for:—look upon  
This hourly dread of all! whose *threaten'd*  
*sting*  
Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath:  
Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without  
breath!

## XII.

Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you are!  
And yet *was* what you are: from *ear* to *ear*  
It *laughs not*—there is now no fleshy bar  
So call'd; the Antic long hath ceased to *hear*,  
But still he *smiles*; and whether near or far,  
He strips from man that mantle (far more dear  
Than even the tailors), his incarnate skin,  
White, black, or copper—the dead bones will  
grin.

## XIII.

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,  
But still it *is* so; and with such example  
Why should not Life be equally content  
With his superior, in a smile to trample  
Upon the nothings which are daily spent  
Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample  
Than the eternal deluge, which devours  
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like  
hours?

## XIV.

"To be, or not to be? that is the question,"  
Says Shakspeare, who just now is much in  
fashion.  
I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion,  
Norever had for *abstract* fame much passion;  
But would much rather have a sound digestion  
Than Buonaparte's cancer:—could I dash on  
Through fifty victories to shame or fame,  
Without a stomach—what were a good name?

## XV.

"O! *dara ilia messorum!*"—"Oh  
Ye rigid guts of reapers!" I translate  
For the great benefit of those who know  
What indigestion is—that inward fate

Which makes all Styx through one small liver  
flow.

A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:  
Let *this* one toil for bread—that rack for rent,  
He who sleeps best may be the most content

## XVI.

"To be, or not to be?"—Ere I decide,  
I should be glad to know that which *is being*  
'T is true we speculate both far and wide,  
And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing*  
For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,  
Until I see both sides for once agreeing.  
For me, I sometimes think that life is death,  
Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

## XVII.

"Que scais-je?" was the motto of Montaigne,  
As also of the first academicians;  
That all is dubious which man may attain,  
Was one of their most favourite positions.  
There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain  
As any of Mortality's conditions;  
So little do we know what we're about in  
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

## XVIII.

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,  
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation;  
But what if carrying sail capsizes the boat?  
Your wise men don't know much of navi-  
gation;  
And swimming long in the abyss of thought  
Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station  
Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down  
and gathers  
Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers

## XIX.

"But heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all—  
No more of this, then,—let us pray!" We  
have  
Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,  
Which tumbled all mankind into the grave.  
Besides fish, beasts, and birds. "The spar-  
row's fall  
Is special providence," though how it gave  
Offence, we know not; probably it perch'd  
Upon the tree which Eve so fondly search'd

## XX.

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is theogony?  
Oh! thou, too, mortal man! what is philan-  
thropy? [mogony?  
Oh! world, which was and is, what is eos  
Some people have accused me of misao  
thropy;

And yet I know no more than the manogany  
That forms this desk, of what they mean;  
*lykanthropy*<sup>112</sup>

I comprehend, for without transformation  
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,  
Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er  
Done any thing exceedingly unkind,— [bear  
And (though I could not now and then fol-  
Following the bent of body or of mind)

Have always had a tendency to spare,—  
Why do they call me misanthrope? Because  
*They hate me, not I them*:—and here we'll  
pause.

XXII.

'T is time we should proceed with our good  
poem,—

For I maintain that it is really good,  
Not only in the body but the poem,  
However little both are understood  
Just now,—but by and by the Truth will  
show 'em

Herself in her sublimest attitude:  
And till she doth, I fain must be content  
To share her beauty and her banishment

XXIII.

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader! yours—)  
Was left upon his way to the chief city  
Of the immortal Peter's polish'd boors,  
Who still have shown themselves more brave  
than witty.

I know its mighty empire now allures  
Much flattery—even Voltaire's, and that's  
a pity.

For me, I deem an absolute autocrat  
*Not* a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should  
My chance so happen—deeds), with all who  
war [far most rude,  
With Thought;—and of Thought's foes by  
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.

I know not who may conquer: if I could  
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar  
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation  
Of every despotism in every nation.

XXV.

It is not that I adulate the people:  
Without me, there are demagogues enough,  
And infidels, to pull down every steeple,  
And set up in their stead some proper stuff.  
Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,  
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,  
I do not know;—I wish men to be free  
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me

XXVI.

The consequence is, being of no party  
I shall offend all parties:—never mind!  
My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty  
Than if I sought to sail before the wind.  
He who has nought to gain can have small  
art: he

Who neither wishes to be bound or bind,  
May still expatiate freely, as will I,  
Nor give my voice to slavery's jackall cry.

XXVII.

*That's* an appropriate simile, *that jackall*,—  
I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl  
By night, as do that mercenary pack all,  
Power's base purveyors, who for pickings  
prowl, [all  
And scent the prey their masters would attack  
However, the poor jackalls are less foul  
(As being the brave lion's keen providers)  
Than human insects, catering for spiders.

XXVIII.

Raise but an arm! 't will brush their web away,  
And without *that*, their poison and their  
claws [say—  
Are useless. Mind, good people! what I  
(Or rather peoples)—*go on* without pause!  
The web of these tarantulas each day  
Increases, till you shall make common cause—  
None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,  
As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

XXIX.

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,  
Was left upon his way with the despatch,  
Where blood was talk'd of as we would of  
water;

And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch  
O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter  
Fair Catherine's pastime—who look'd on  
the match

Between these nations as a main of cocks,  
Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.

And there in a *kibitka* he roll'd on  
(A cursed sort of carriage without springs,  
Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole  
bone.)

Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,  
And orders, and on all that he had done—  
And wishing that post-horses had the wings  
Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises  
Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is

## XXXI.

At every jolt—and they were many—still  
 He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,  
 As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill  
 Than he, in these sad highways left at large  
 To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,  
 Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge  
 On *her* canals, where God takes sea and land,  
 Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

## XXXII.

At least he pays no rent, and has best right  
 To be the first of what we used to call  
 "Gentlemen farmers"—a race worn out quite,  
 Since lately there have been no rents at all,  
 And "gentlemen" are in a piteous plight,  
 And "farmers" can't raise Ceres from her  
 fall: [thoughts  
 She fell with Buonaparte—What strange  
 Arise, when we see emperors fall with oats!

## XXXIII.

But Jnan turn'd his eyes on the sweet child  
 Whom he had saved from slaughter—what  
 a trophy!  
 Oh! ye who built up monuments, defiled  
 With gore, like Nadir Shah, that costive  
 sophy,  
 Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,  
 And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee  
 To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the sinner!  
 Because he could no more digest his din-  
 ner: 113—

## XXXIV.

Oh ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,  
 That *one* life saved, especially if young  
 Or pretty, is a thing to recollect  
 Far sweeter than the greenest laurels sprung  
 From the manure of human clay, though deck'd  
 With all the praises ever said or sung:  
 Though hymn'd by every harp, unless within  
 our heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din.

## XXXV.

Oh! ye great authors luminous, voluminous!  
 Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes!  
 Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers, il-  
 lumine us! [bribes,  
 Whether you're paid by government in  
 To prove the public debt is not consuming us—  
 Or, roughly treading on the "courtier's  
 kibes,"  
 With clownish heel, your popular circulation  
 Feeds you by printing half the realm's starva-  
 tion;—

## XXXVI.

Oh, ye great authors!—"A propos des bottes,"—  
 I have forgotten what I meant to say,  
 As sometimes have been greater sages' lots;—  
 'T was something calculated to allay  
 All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots:  
 Certes it would have been but thrown away  
 And that's one comfort for my lost advice,  
 Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

## XXXVII.

But let it go:—it will one day be found  
 With other relics of "a former world,"  
 When this world shall be *former*, underground  
 Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd, and  
 curl'd, [drown'd,  
 Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside-out, or  
 Like all the worlds before, which have been  
 hurl'd  
 First out of, and then back again to chaos,  
 The superstratum which will overlay us.

## XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says;—and then shall come again  
 Unto the new creation, rising out  
 From our old crash, some mystic, ancient strain  
 Of things destroy'd and left in airy doubt;  
 Like to the notions we now entertain  
 Of Titans, giants, fellows of about  
 Som. hundred feet in height, *not to say miles*.  
 And mammoths, and your winged crocodiles.

## XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be  
 dug up! [East  
 How the new worldlings of the then new  
 Will wonder where such animals could sup!  
 (For they themselves will be but of the least.)  
 Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pup,  
 And every new creation hath decreased  
 In size, from overworking the material—  
 Men are but maggots of some huge Earth's  
 burial.)

## XL.

*How* will—to these young people, just thrust  
 out  
 From some fresh Paradise, and set to plough  
 And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about  
 And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind  
 and sow,  
 Till all the arts at length are brought about,  
 Especially of war and taxing—how,  
 I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em  
 Look like the monsters of a new museum?

## XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:  
 "The time is out of joint,"—and so am I.  
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,  
 And deviate into matters rather dry.

ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call  
 Much too poetical: men should know why  
 They write, and for what end; but note or text,  
 I never know the word which will come next.

## XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,  
 Now pondering:—it is time we should  
 narrate.  
 I left Don Juan, with his horses baiting—  
 Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.  
 I shall not be particular in stating  
 His journey, we've so many tours of late:  
 Suppose him then at Petersburgh; suppose  
 That pleasant capital of painted snows;

## XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;  
 A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,  
 Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,  
 Over a cock'd hat in a crowded room,  
 And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn  
 Gorme,<sup>114</sup>  
 Of yellow casimire we may presume,  
 White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk  
 O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk;

## XLIV.

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,  
 Made up by youth, fame, and an army  
 tailor—  
 That great enchanter, at whose rod's command  
 Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns  
 paler,  
 Seeing how Art can make her work more grand  
 (When she don't pin men's limbs in like a  
 gaoler),—  
 Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He  
 Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery.

## XLV.

His bandage slipp'd down into a cravat;  
 His wings subdued to epaulettes; his quiver  
 Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at  
 His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever;  
 His bow converted into a cock'd hat;  
 But still so like, that Psyche were more  
 clever [stupid],  
 Than some wives (who make blunders no less  
 If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

## XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd, and  
 The empress smiled: the reigning favourite  
 frown'd—  
 I quite forget which of them was in hand  
 Just then; as they are rather numerous  
 found,

Who took by turns that difficult command,  
 Since first her majesty was singly crown'd  
 But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,  
 All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

## XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,  
 Blushing and beardless; and yet ne'ertheless  
 There was a something in his turn of limb,  
 And still more in his eye, which seem'd to  
 express,  
 That though he look'd like one of the seraphim,  
 There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's dress.  
 Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy.  
 And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoj.<sup>115</sup>

## XLVIII.

No wonder then that Yernoloff, or Momonoff,  
 Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*  
 Or *on*, might dread her majesty had not room  
 enough  
 Within her bosom (which was not too tough)  
 For a new flame; a thought to cast of gloom  
 enough  
 Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough  
 Of him who, in the language of his station  
 Then held that "high official situation."

## XLIX.

O, gentle ladies! should you seek to know  
 The import of this diplomatic phrase,  
 Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess<sup>116</sup> show  
 His parts of speech; and in the strange  
 displays  
 Of that odd string of words, all in a row,  
 Which none divine, and every one obeys,  
 Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no*  
 meaning,  
 Of that weak wordy harvest the sole gleanings.

## L.

I think I can explain myself without  
 That sad inexplicable beast of prey—  
 That Sphinx, whose words would ever be a  
 doubt,  
 Did not his deeds unriddle them each day—  
 That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spout  
 Of blood and water, leaden Castlereagh!  
 And here I must an anecdote relate,  
 But luckily of no great length or weight.

## LI.

An English lady ask'd of an Italian,  
 What were the actual and official duties  
 Of the strange thing, some women set a value  
 on, [lies,  
 Which hovers oft about some married beauties.

Called "Cavaier servente?" a Pygmalion  
Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true  
tis) [them,  
Beneath his art. The dame, press'd to disclose  
Said—"Lady, I beseech you to suppose them."

## LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,  
And mildest, matron-like interpretation,  
Of the imperial favourite's condition.  
'T was a high place, the highest in the nation  
In fact, if not in rank; and the suspicion  
Of any one's attaining to his station,  
No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of  
shoulders, [holders.  
If rather broad, made stocks rise and their

## LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,  
And had retain'd his boyish look beyond  
The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,  
With beards and whiskers, and the like, the fond  
Parisian aspect, which upset old Troy  
And founded Doctors' Commons:—I have  
conn'd [quer'd,  
The history of divorces, which, though che-  
Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

## LIV.

And Catherine, who loved all things, (save her  
lord, [much,  
Who was gone to his place,) and pass'd for  
Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorr'd)  
Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch  
Of sentiment; and he she most adored  
Was the lamented Lanskoï, who was such  
A lover as had cost her many a tear,  
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

## LV.

Oh thou "terrima causa" of all "belli"—  
Thou gate of life and death—thou nonde-  
script!  
Whence is our exit and our entrance,—well I  
May pause in pondering how all souls are dipt  
In thy perennial fountain:—how man fell. I  
Know not, since knowledge saw her branches  
stript  
Of her first fruit; but how he falls and rises  
Since, thou hast settled beyond all surmises.

## LVI.

Some call thee "the worst cause of war," but I  
Maintain thou art the best: for after all  
From thee we come, to thee we go, and why  
To get at thee not batter down a wall,

Or waste a world? since no one can deny  
Thou dost replenish worlds both great and  
small:  
With, or without thee, all things at a stand  
Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry land!

## LVII.

Catherine, who was the grand epitome  
Of that great cause of war, or peace, or what  
You please (it causes all the things which be,  
So you may take your choice of this or that)—  
Catherine, I say, was very glad to see  
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat  
Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel  
With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.

## LVIII.

Then recollecting the whole empress, nor  
Forgetting quite the woman (which com-  
posed [tore  
At least three parts of this great whole), she  
The letter open with an air which posed  
The court, that watch'd each look her visage  
wore,  
Until a royal smile at length disclosed  
Fair weather for the day. Though rather  
spacious, [cious.  
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gra-

## LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joys: the first  
Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain.  
Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,  
As an East Indian sunrise on the main.  
These quench'd a moment her ambition's  
thirst—  
So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain.  
In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless  
sands,  
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!

## LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful;  
She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who  
threw  
Into a Russian couplet rather dull [slew. 117  
The whole gazette of thousands whom he  
Her third was feminine enough to annul  
The shudder which runs naturally through  
Our veins, when things call'd sovereigns think  
it best  
To kill, and generals turn it into jest.

## LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,  
And lighted first her eye, and then her  
mouth:  
The whole court look'd immediately most sweet,  
Like flowers well water'd after a long  
drouth.—

ut when on the lieutenant at her feet  
 Her majesty, who liked to gaze on youth  
 Almost as much as on a new despatch,  
 Glanced mildly, all the world was on the watch.

## LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and truculent,  
 [a figure  
 When *wroth*—while *pleas'd*, she was as fine  
 As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,  
 [vigour  
 Would wish to look on, while they are in  
 She could repay each amatory look you lent  
 With interest, and in turn was wont with rigour  
 To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount  
 At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

## LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,  
 Was not so necessary; for they tell  
 That she was handsome, and though fierce  
*look'd* lenient,  
 And always used her favourites too well.  
 If once beyond her boudoir's precincts in ye  
 went,  
 Your "fortune" was in a fair way "to swell  
 A man" (as Giles says); for though she would  
 widow all  
 Nations, she liked man as an individual.

## LXIV.

What a strange thing is man! and what a  
 stranger  
 Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,  
 And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger  
 Is all the rest about her! Whether wed,  
 Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her  
 Mind like the wind: whatever she has said  
 Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;—  
 The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

## LXV.

Oh Catherine! (for of all interjections,  
 To thee both *oh!* and *ah!* belong of right  
 In love and war) how odd are the connections  
 Of human thoughts, which jostle in their  
 flight! [tions:  
 Just now *yours* were cut out in different sec-  
*First* Ismail's capture caught your fancy  
 quite: [batch:  
*Next* of new knights, the fresh and glorious  
 And *thirdly* he who brought you the despatch!

## LXVI.

Shakspeare talks of "the herald Mercury  
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"  
 And some such visions cross'd her majesty,  
 While her young herald knelt before her still.

'Tis very true the hill seem'd rather high,  
 For a lieutenant to climb up; but skill  
 Smooth'd even the Simphon's steep, and by  
 God's blessing, [kissing."  
 With youth and health all kisses are "heaven-

## LXVII.

Her majesty look'd down, the youth look'd up—  
 And so they fell in love;—she with his face,  
 His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's  
 cup  
 With the first draught intoxicates apace,  
 A quintessential laudanum or "black drop,"  
 Which makes one drunk at once, without  
 the base  
 Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye  
 In love drinks all life's fountains, (save tears) dry.

## LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,  
 Fell into that no less imperious passion,  
 Self-love—which, when some sort of thing  
 above  
 Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,  
 Or duchess, princess, empress, "deigns to  
 prove" [a rash one,  
 ("Tis Pope's phrase) a great longing, though  
 For one especial person out of many,  
 Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

## LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age  
 Which makes all female ages equal—when  
 We don't much care with whom we may  
 engage,  
 As bold as Daniel in the lion's den,  
 So that we can our native sun assuage  
 In the next ocean, which may flow just then,  
 To make a twilight in, just as Sol's heat is  
 Quench'd in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

## LXX.

And Catherine (we must say thus much for  
 Catherine), [thing  
 Though bold and bloody, was the kind of  
 Whose temporary passion was quite flattering,  
 Because each lover look'd a sort of king,  
 Made up upon an amatory pattern,  
 A royal husband in all save the *ring*—  
 Which, being the damn'dest part of matrimony,  
 Seem'd taking out the sting to leave the honey

## LXXI.

And when you add to 'his, her womanhood  
 In its meridian, her blue eyes or gray—  
 (The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,  
 Or better, as the best examples say

Napoleon's, Mary's (queen of Scotland),  
should

Lend to that colour a transcendent ray ;  
And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,  
Too wise to look through optics black or  
blue!—

## LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,  
Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,  
Her preference of a boy to men much bigger  
(Fellows whom Messalina's self would  
pension),

Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,  
With other *extras*, which we need not  
mention,—

All these, or any one of these, explain  
Enough to make a stripling very vain.

## LXXIII.

And that's enough, for love is vanity,  
Selfish in its beginning as its end,  
Except where 'tis a mere insanity, [blend  
A maddening spirit which would strive to  
Itself with beauty's frail inanity,

On which the passion's self seems to depend :  
And hence some heathenish philosophers  
Make love the main-spring of the universe.

## LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love  
Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving  
Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme with  
dove, [verses moving  
That good old steam-boat which keeps  
Gainst reason—Reason ne'er was hand-and-  
glove [proving

With rhyme, but always leant less to im-  
The sound than sense)—besides all these  
pretences [name senses ;

To love, there are those things which words

## LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our  
bodies

Which make all bodies anxious to get out  
Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a goddess,  
For such all women are at first no doubt.  
How beautiful that moment! and how odd is  
That fever which precedes the languid rout  
Of our sensations! What a curious way  
The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay!

## LXXVI.

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,  
To end or to begin with; the next grand  
Is that which may be christen'd love canon-  
ical,

Because the clergy take the thing in hand;

The third sort to be noted in our chronicle  
As flourishing in every Christian land,  
Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties  
Add what may be call'd *marriage in disguise*.

## LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyse—our story must  
Tell for itself: the sovereign was smitten,  
'uan much flatter'd by her love, or lust;—

I cannot stop to alter words once written,  
And the two are so mix'd with human dust,  
That he who *names one*, both perchance  
may hit on :

But in such matters Russia's mighty empress  
Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

## LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,  
And all lips were applied unto all ears!  
The elder ladies' wrinkles curl'd much crispier  
As they beheld; the younger cast some leers  
On one another, and each lovely lipser  
Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er; but  
tears

Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye  
Of all the standing army who stood by

## LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers  
Inquired, Who was this very new young  
man,

Who promised to be great in some few hours?  
Which is full soon (though life is but a  
span).

Already they beheld the silver showers  
Of rubles rain, as fast as specie can,  
Upon his cabinet, besides the presents  
Of several ribands, and some thousand pea-  
sants.<sup>118</sup>

## LXXX.

Catherine was generous,—all such ladies are:  
Love, that great opener of the heart and all  
The ways that lead there, be they near or far,  
Above, below, by turnpikes great or small,—  
Love—(though she had a cursed taste for war,  
And was not the best wife, unless we call  
Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 'tis better  
That one should die, than two drag on the  
fetter)—

## LXXXI.

Love had made Catherine make each lover's  
fortune,

Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth,  
Whose avarice all disbursements did impor-  
tune,

If history, the grand liar, ever saith

The truth; and though grief her old age  
might shorten,

Because she put a favourite to death,  
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,  
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

LXXXII.

But when the levee rose, and all was bustle

In the dissolving circle, all the nations'  
Ambassadors began as't were to hustle

Round the young man with their congratula-  
tions.

Also the softer silks were heard to rustle

Of gentle dames, among whose recreations  
It is to speculate on handsome faces,  
Especially when such lead to high places.

LXXXIII.

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,

A general object of attention, made

His answers with a very graceful bow,

As if born for the ministerial trade.

Though modest, on his unembarrass'd brow

Nature had written "gentleman." He said

Little, but to the purpose; and his manner

Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

LXXXIV.

An order from her majesty consign'd

Our young lieutenant to the genial care

Of those in office: all the world look'd kind,

(As it will look sometimes with the first  
stare, [mind,])

Which youth would not act ill to keep in

As also did Miss Protasoff then there,

Named from her mystic office "l'Epreuveuse,"

A term inexplicable to the Muse.

LXXXV.

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,

Juan retired,—and so will I, until

My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground.

We have just lit on a "heaven-kissing hill,"

So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,

And all my fancies whirling like a mill;

Which is a signal to my nerves and brain

To take a quiet ride in some green lane.

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found  
In that slight startle from his contempla-  
tion—

'Tis *said* (for I'll not answer above ground

For any sage's creed or calculation)—

A mode of proving that the earth turn'd round

In a most natural whirl, call'd "gravita-  
tion;"

And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,  
Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.<sup>129</sup>

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,

If this be true; for we must deem the mod

In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose

Through the then unpaved stars the turn  
pike road,

A thing to counterbalance human woes:

For ever since immortal man hath glow'd

With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon

Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon.

III.

And wherefore this exordium?—Why, just  
now,

In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,

My bosom underwent a glorious glow,

And my internal spirit cut a caper:

And though so much inferior, as I know,

To those who, by the dint of glass and va-  
pour,

Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,

I wish to do as much by poesy.

IV.

In the wind's eye I have sail'd, and sail; but  
for

The stars, I own my telescope is dim;

But at the least I have shunn'd the common  
shore, [skim

And leaving land far out of sight, would

'he ocean of eternity: the roar

Of breakers has not daunted my slight trim,

But *still* sea-worthy skiff; and she may float

Where ships have found'er'd, as doth many  
boat.

V.

We left our hero, Juan, in the *bloom*

Of favouritism, but not yet in the *blush*;—

And far be it from my *Muses* to presume

(For I have more than one Muse at a push)

To follow him beyond the drawing-room:

It is enough that Fortune found him flush

Of youth, and vigour, beauty, and those things

Which for an instant clip enjoyment's wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again and leave their nest.

"Oh!" saith the Psalmist, "that I had a  
dove's

Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!"

And who that recollects young years and  
loves,—



Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,  
And palsied fancy, which no longer roves  
Beyond its dimm'd eye's sphere,—but would  
much rather [father?  
Sigh like his son, than cough like his grand-

## VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows')  
shrink,

Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow,  
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,  
Which threatens inundations deep and  
yellow! [You'd think  
Such difference doth a few months make.  
Grief a rich field which never would lie  
fallow; [boys,  
No more it doth, its ploughs but change their  
Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.

## VIII.

But coughs will come when sighs depart—  
and now

And then before sighs cease; for oft the one  
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow  
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun  
Of life reach'd ten o'clock: and while a glow,  
Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh done,  
O'erspreads the cheek which seems too pure  
for clay, [they!—  
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die,—how happy

## IX.

But Juan was not meant to die so soon.  
We left him in the focus of such glory  
As may be won by favour of the moon  
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory  
Perhaps; but who would scorn the month of  
June,

Because December, with his breath so hoary,  
Must come? Much rather should he court the  
ray,

To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

## X.

Besides, he had some qualities which fix  
Middle-aged ladies even more than young:  
The former know what's what; while new-  
fledged chicks

Know little more of love than what is sung  
In rhymes, or dreamt (for fancy will play tricks)  
In visions of those skies from whence Love  
sprung.

Some reckon women by their suns or years,  
I rather think the moon should date the dears

## XI.

And why? because she's changeable and  
chaste.

I know no other reason, whatso'er

Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,  
May choose to tax me with: which is not  
fair,

Nor flattering to "their temper or their taste,"  
As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air  
However, I forgive him, and I trust  
He will forgive himself;—if not, I must.

## XII.

Old enemies who have become new friends  
Should so continue—'t is a point of honour,  
And I know nothing which could make amends  
For a return to hatred: I would shun her  
Like garlic, howsoever she extends  
Her hundred arms and legs, and fain out  
run her [foes—  
Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest  
Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

## XIII.

This were the worst desertion:—renegadoes,  
Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,  
Would scarcely join again the "reforma-  
does,"<sup>120</sup>

Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's sty;  
And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,  
Whether in Caledon or Italy,  
Should not veer round with every breath, nor  
seize

To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

## XIV.

The lawyer and the critic but behold  
The baser sides of literature and life,  
And nought remains unseen, but much untold,  
By those who scour those double vales of strife  
While common men grow ignorantly old,  
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,  
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,  
And with it all the process of digestion.

## XV.

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,  
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty,  
The endless soot<sup>121</sup> bestows a tint far deeper  
Than can be hid by altering his shirt: he  
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,  
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,  
In all their habits;—not so *you*, I own;  
As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your gown

## XVI.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,  
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe  
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine  
To make such puppets of us things below),  
Are over: Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne!"  
I do not know you, and may never know  
Your face—but you have acted on the whole  
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

## XVII.

And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne!"

'Tis not address'd to you—the more 's the pity  
For me, for I would rather take my wine

With you, than aught (save Scott) in your  
proud city. [whine,

But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's  
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,  
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred  
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—

## XVIII.

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one  
and all, [and clear streams,  
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills,  
The Dee, the Don, Balmouline's brig's *black  
wall*,<sup>122</sup>

All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams  
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,  
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me  
seems

My childhood in this childishness of mine  
I care not—'t is a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

## XIX.

And though, as you remember, in a fit  
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,  
I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,  
Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,  
Yet 't is in vain such sallies to permit,  
They cannot quench young feelings fresh  
and early: [blood,

[ "*scotch'd* not kill'd" the Scotchman in my  
And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

## XX.

Don Juan, who was real, or ideal,—  
For both are much the same, since what men  
think

Exists when the once thinkers are less real  
Than what they thought for mind can never  
sink,

And gainst the body makes a strong appeal;  
And yet 't is very puzzling on the brink

Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,  
And know no more of what is here, than there;—

## XXI.

Don Juan grew a very polish'd Russian—  
*How* we won't mention, *why* we need not say:  
Few youthful minds can stand the strong con-  
cussion

Of any slight temptation in their way;  
But *his* just now were spread as is a cushion  
Smooth'd for a monarch's seat of honour: gay  
Damsels, and dances, revels, ready money,  
Made ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

## XXII.

The favour of the empress was agreeable;  
And though the duty wax'd a little hard,  
Young people at his time of life should be abl-  
To come off handsomely in that regard.  
He was now growing up like a green tree, abl-  
For love, war, or ambition, which reward  
Their luckier votaries, till old age's tedium  
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

## XXIII.

About this time, as might have been anticipated,  
Seduced by youth and dangerous examples  
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;  
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples  
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated  
With all kinds of incorrigible samples  
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,  
And shut our souls up in us like a sheil-fish

## XXIV.

This we pass over. We will also pass  
The usual progress of intrigues between  
Unequal matches, such as are, alas!  
A young lieutenant's with a *not old* queen,  
But one who is not so youthful as she was  
In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.  
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter  
And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won't  
flatter.

## XXV.

And Death, the sovereign's sovereign, though  
the great  
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,  
With his *Agrarian* laws<sup>123</sup>, the high estate  
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and  
revels, [awaits  
To one small grass-grown patch (which *must*  
Corruption for its crop) with the poor devil  
Who never had a foot of land till now,—  
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

## XXVI.

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry  
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss  
and glitter, [fury,—  
In this gay clime of bear-skins black and  
Which (though I hate to say a thing that's  
bitter) [flurry,  
Peep out sometimes, when things are in a  
Through all the "purple and fine linen,"  
fitter  
For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—  
And neutralise her outward show of *scarlet*.

## XXVII.

And this same state we won't describe: we would

Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection;  
But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood,"

That horrid equinox, that hateful section  
Of human years, that half-way house, that rude  
Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circum-  
spection

Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier,  
Of age, and looking back to youth, give *one*  
tear;—

## XXVIII.

I won't describe, —that is, if I can help  
Description: and I won't reflect—*that is,*  
(if I can stave off thought, which—as a whelp  
Clings to its teat—sticks to me through the  
abyss

Of this odd labyrinth; or as the kelp  
Holds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss  
Drains its first draught of lips:—but, as I said,  
I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read,

## XXIX.

Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,—  
A thing which happens rarely: this he owed  
Much to his youth, and much to his reported  
Valour; much also to the blood he show'd,  
Like a race-horse; much to each dress he  
sport'd,

Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,  
As purple clouds betringe the sun; but most  
He owed to an old woman and his post.

## XXX.

He wrote to Spain:—and all his near relations,  
Perceiving he was in a handsome way  
Of getting on himself, and finding stations  
For cousins also, answer'd the same day.  
Several prepared themselves for emigrations;  
And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,  
That with the addition of a slight pelisse,  
Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

## XXXI.

His mother, Donna Inez, finding, too,  
That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,  
Where his assets were waxing rather few,  
He had brought his spending to a handsome  
anchor,—

Replied, "that she was glad to see him through  
Those pleasures after which wild youth will  
hanker;

As the sole sign of man's being in his senses  
Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

## XXXII

"She also recommended him to God,  
And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother  
Warn'd him against Greek worship, which  
looks odd smother

In Catholic eyes; but told him, too, to  
Outward dislike, which don't look well abroad.

Inform'd him that he had a little brother  
Born in a second wedlock; and above  
All, praised the empress's *maternal* love.

## XXXIII.

'She could not too much give her approbation  
Unto an empress, who prefer'd young men  
Whose age, and what was better still, whose  
nation (then):—

And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now and  
At home it might have given her some vexation;  
But where thermometers sunk down to ten,  
Or five, or one, or zero, she could never  
Believe that virtue thaw'd before the river."

## XXXIV.

Oh for a *forty-parson power* to chant  
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn  
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,  
Not practise! Oh for trumps of cherubim  
Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,  
Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,  
Drew quiet consolation through its hint,  
When she no more could read the pious print.

## XXXV.

She was no hypocrite at least, poor soul  
But went to heaven in as sincere a way  
As any body on the elected roll,  
Which portions out upon the judgment day  
Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of doomsday  
scroll,

Such as the conqueror William did repay  
His knights with, lotting others' properties  
Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

## XXXVI.

I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,  
Erneis, Radulphs—eight-and-forty manors  
If that my memory doth not greatly err)  
Were their reward for following Billy's  
banners; [fair

And though I can't help thinking 't was scarce  
To strip the Saxons of their *hydcs*<sup>124</sup>, like  
tanners;

Yet as they founded churches with the produce  
You'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.

## XXXVII.

The gentle Juan flourish'd, though at times  
He felt like other plants call'd sensitive,  
Which shrink from touch, as monarchs do  
from rhymes,

Save such as Southey can afford to give.

Perhaps he long'd in bitter frosts for climes  
In which the Neva's ice would cease to live  
Before May-day: perhaps, despite his duty,  
In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty:

## XXXVIII.

Perhaps—but, sans perhaps, we need not seek  
For causes young or oid: the canker-worm  
Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,  
As well as further drain the wither'd form:  
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week  
His bills in, and however we may storm,  
They must be paid: though six days smoothly  
run,  
The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

## XXXIX.

I don't know how it was, but he grew sick:  
The empress was alarm'd, and her physician  
(The same who physick'd Peter) found the tick  
Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition  
Which augur'd of the dead, however *quick*  
Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition;  
At which the whole court was extremely  
troubled, [doubled.  
The sovereign shock'd, and all his medicines

## XL.

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours:  
Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkin;  
Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,  
Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kind;  
Some said 'twas a concoction of the humours  
Which with the blood too readily will claim  
kin;  
Others again were ready to maintain,  
" 'T was only the fatigue of last campaign."

## XLI.

But here is one prescription out of many:  
"Sodæ sulphat. ʒvj. ʒfs. Mannæ optim.  
Aq. fervent. f. ʒ ifs. ʒij. tinct. Sennæ  
Haustus" (And here the surgeon came and  
cupp'd him)  
"R Pulv. Com. gr. iij. Ipecacuanhæ" ['em),  
(With more beside if Juan had not stopp'd  
' Bolus Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,  
Et haustus ter in die capiendus."

## XLII.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,  
Secundum artem: but although we sneer  
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,  
Without the least propensity to jeer:  
While that "hiatus maxime defendus"  
To be fill'd up by spade or mattock's near  
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,  
We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy.

## XLIII.

Juan demurr'd at 'his first notice to  
Quit; and though death had threaten'd an  
ejection,  
His youth and constitution bore him through.  
And sent the doctor in a new direction.  
But still his state was delicate: the hue  
Of health but flicker'd with a faint reflection  
Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to grave  
The faculty—who said that he must travel.

## XLIV.

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,  
Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion  
Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,  
Who did not like at first to lose her minion.  
But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,  
And drooping like an eagle's with cliptinion,  
She then resolved to send him on a mission,  
But in a style becoming his condition.

## XLV.

There was just then a kind of a discussion,  
A sort of treaty or negotiation,  
Between the British cabinet and Russian,  
Maintain'd with all the due prevarication  
With which great states such things are apt  
to push on;  
Something about the Baltic's navigation,  
Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,  
Which Britons deem their "uti possidetis."

## XLVI.

So Catherine, who had a handsome way  
Of fitting out her favourites, conferr'd  
This secret charge on Juan, to display  
At once her royal splendour, and reward  
His services. He kiss'd hands the next day,  
Received instructions how to play his card  
Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,  
Which show'd what great discernment was  
the donor's.

## XLVII.

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens  
Are generally prosperous in reigning;  
Which puzzles us to know what Fortune means,  
But to continue: though her years were  
waning,  
Her climacteric teased her like her teens;  
And though her dignity brook'd no complain  
ing,  
So much did Juan's setting off distress her,  
She could not find at first a fit successor.

## XLVIII.

But time, the comforter, will come at last;  
And four-and-twenty hours, and twice that  
number

Of candidates requesting to be placed,  
 Made Catherine taste next night a quiet  
 slumber:—  
 Not tha. she meant to fix again in haste,  
 Nor did she find the quantity encumber,  
 But always choosing with deliberation,  
 Kept the place open for their emulation.

## XLIX.

While this high post of honour's in abeyance,  
 For one or two days, reader, we request  
 You'll mount with our young hero the convey-  
 ance  
 / Which wafted him from Petersburg: the best  
 Barouche, which had the glory to display once  
 The fair czarina's autocratic crest,  
 When, a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,  
 Was given to her favourite, and now bore his

## L.

A bull-dog, and a bullfinch, and an ermine,  
 All private favourites of Don Juan;—for  
 (Let deeper sages the true cause determine)  
 He had a kind of inclination, or  
 Weakness, for what most people deem mere  
 vermin,

Live animals: an old maid of threescore  
 For cats and birds more penchantne'er display'd,  
 Although he was not old, nor even a maid;—

## LI.

The animals aforesaid occupied  
 Their station: there were valets, secretaries  
 In other vehicles; but at his side  
 Sat little Leila, who survived the parries  
 He made 'gainst Cossacque sabres, in the wide  
 Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild Muse  
 varies  
 Her note, she don't forget the infant girl  
 Whom he preserved a pure and living pearl.

## LII.

Poor little thing! she was as fair as docile,  
 And with that gentle, serious character,  
 As rare in living beings as a fossible  
 Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths, "grand  
 Cuvier!"  
 It fitted was her ignorance to jostle  
 With this o'erwhelming world, where all  
 must err  
 But she was yet but ten years old, and therefor  
 Was tranquil, though she knew not why or  
 wherefore.

## LIII.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as  
 Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.  
 I cannot tell exactly what it was;  
 He was not yet quite old enough to prove

Parental feelings, and the other class.

Call'd brotherly affection, could not move  
 His bosom,—for he never had a sister:  
 Ah! if he had, how much he would have  
 miss'd her!

## LIV.

And still less was it sensual; for besides  
 That he was not an ancient debauchee,  
 (Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins' salt  
 tides,  
 As acids rouse a dormant alkali.)  
 Although ('t will happen as our planet guides)  
 His youth was not the chastest that might be,  
 There was the purest Platonism at bottom  
 Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

## LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation;  
 He loved the infant orphan he had saved,  
 As patriots (now and then) may love a nation;  
 His pride, too, felt that she was not enslaved  
 Owing to him;—as also her salvation  
 Through his means and the church's might  
 be paved. [serted,  
 But one thing's odd, which here must be in  
 The little Turk refused to be converted.

## LVI.

'T was strange enough she should retain the  
 impression  
 Through such a scene of change, and dread,  
 and slaughter; [gression,  
 But though three bishops told her the trans-  
 She show'd a great dislike to holy water:  
 She also had no passion for confession;  
 Perhaps she had nothing to confess:—no  
 matter [it—  
 Whate'er the cause, the church made little of  
 She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet

## LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear  
 Was Juan; whom she seem'd to have  
 selected [were.  
 In place of what her home and friends once  
 He naturally loved what he protected:  
 And thus they form'd a rather curious pair,  
 A guardian green in years, a ward connected  
 In neither climate, time, blood, with her defender—  
 And yet this want of ties made theirs more  
 tender.

## LVIII.

They journey'd on through Poland and through  
 Warsaw,  
 Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron:  
 Through Conrland also, which that famous  
 farce saw ["Biron." 22  
 Which gave her duke the graceless name of

It is the same landscape which the modern  
Mars saw, [the siren!  
Who march'd to Moscow, led by Fame,  
To lose by one month's frost some twenty years  
Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

## LIX.

Let this not seem an anti-climax:—"Oh!  
My guard! my old guard!"<sup>126</sup> exclaim'd  
that god of clay.  
Think of the Thunderer's falling down below  
Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh!  
Alas! that glory should be chill'd by snow!  
But should we wish to warm us on our way  
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name  
Might scatter fire thro' ghice, like Hecla's  
flame.

## LX.

From Poland, they came on through Prussia  
Proper,  
And Königsberg the capital, whose vaunt,  
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,  
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.<sup>127</sup>  
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper  
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt  
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions  
Have princes who spur more than their pos-  
tilions.

## LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the  
like,  
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine:—  
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike  
All phantasies, rot even excepting mine;  
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,  
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line  
Between the present and past worlds, and hover  
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.

## LXII.

But Juan posted on through Manheim, Bonn,  
Which Drachenfels frowns over like a spectre  
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,  
On which I have not time just now to lec-  
ture.  
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne  
A city which presents to the inspector  
Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone,  
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.<sup>128</sup>

## LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoet-  
sluys,  
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,  
Where juniper expresses its best juice,  
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.

Senates and sages have condemn'd its use—  
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is  
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,  
Good government has left them, seems but  
cruel.

## LXIV.

Here he embark'd, and with a flowing sail  
Went bounding for the island of the fr  
Towards which the impatient wind blew hal  
a gale; [the se  
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in  
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale;  
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be.  
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs  
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the  
cliffs.

## LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall along  
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—  
What even young strangers feel a little strong  
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—  
A kind of pride that he should be among  
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly  
dealt  
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,  
And made the very billows pay them toll.

## LXVI.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,  
Which holds what *might have been* the no-  
blest nation;  
But though I owe it little but my birth,  
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration  
For its decaying fame and former worth.  
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)  
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,  
When a man's country's going to the devil.

## LXVII.

Alas! could she but fully, truly, know  
How her great name is now throughout ab-  
hor'd;  
How eager all the earth is for the blow  
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;  
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,  
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once  
adored  
False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,  
And now would chain them, to the very  
mind:—

## LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,  
Who is but first of slaves? The nations are  
In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?  
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.

Is the poor privilege to turn the key  
Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far  
From the enjoyment of the earth and air  
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

## LXIX.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,  
Thy cliffs, dear Dover! harbour, and hotel;  
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;  
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;  
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties  
To those who upon land or water dwell;  
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,  
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

## LXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnifique,  
And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,  
Who did not limit much his bills per week,  
Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it,—  
His *Maggiòr Duomo*, a smart, subtle Greek,  
Before him summ'd the awful scroll and  
read it:)

But doubtless as the air, though seldom sunny,  
Is free, the respiration 's worth the money.

## LXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!  
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash  
through puddle;

Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!  
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle  
along the road, as if they went to bury  
Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle,  
With "schnapps"—sad dogs! whom "Hunds-  
tot," or "Verflucker,"

Affect no more than lightning a conductor.

## LXXII.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,  
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,  
As going at full speed—no matter where its  
Direction be, so 't is but in a hurry,  
And merely for the sake of its own merits;  
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,  
The greater is the pleasure in arriving  
At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

## LXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;  
Black Edward's helm,<sup>129</sup> and Becket's bloody  
stone,<sup>130</sup>

Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,  
In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—  
There's glory again for you, gentle reader! Al  
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,  
Half-solved into these sodas or magnesias,  
Which form that bitter draught, the human  
species.

## LXXIV.

The effect on Juan was of course sublime:  
He breathed a thousand Cressys, as he saw  
That casque, which never stoop'd except to Time  
Even the bold Churchman's tomb excited awe  
Who died in the then great attempt to climb  
O'er kings, who now at least *must talk* of Jav  
Before they butcher. Little Leila gazed,  
And asked why such a structure had been rais'd

## LXXV.

And being told it was "God's nouse," she said  
He was well lodged, but only wonder'd how  
He suffer'd Infidels in his homestead,  
The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low  
His holy temples in the lands which bred  
The true Believers;—and her infant brow  
Was bent with grief that Mahomet should resign  
A mosque so noble, flung like pearls to swine

## LXXVI.

On. on! through meadows, managed like a  
garden,

A paradise of hops and high production:  
For after years of travel by a bard in  
Countries of greater heat, but lesser suction  
A green field is a sight which makes him pardon  
The absence of that more sublime construc-  
tion,

Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,  
Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.

## LXXVII

And when I think upon a pot of beer—  
But I won't weep!—and so drive on, postil-  
lions!

As the smart boys spur'd fast in their career,  
Juan admired these highways of free millions:  
A country in all senses the most dear

To foreigner or native, save some silly ones  
Who "kick against the pricks" just at this  
junction,

And for their pains get only a fresh puncture

## LXXVIII.

What a delightful thing 's a turnpike road!  
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving  
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad  
Air can accomplish, with his wide wing  
waving.

Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god  
Had told his son to satisfy his craving  
With the York mail;—but onward as we roll  
"Surgit amari aliquid"—the toll!

## LXXIX.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!  
Take lives, take wives, take aught except  
men's purses.

As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,  
Such is the shortest way to general curses.

They hate a murderer much less than a claimant  
On that sweet ore which every body nurses.—  
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,  
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket :

LXXX.

So said the Florentine : ye monarchs, hearken  
To your instructor. Juan now was borne,  
Just as the day began to wane and darken,  
O'er the high hill, which looks with pride  
or scorn [in  
Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark  
Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or  
mourn  
According as you take things well or ill ;—  
Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill !

LXXXI.

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as  
from  
A half-unquench'd volcano, o'er a space  
Which well beseem'd the " Devil's drawing-  
room,"  
As some have qualified that wondrous place ;  
But Juan felt, though not approaching *home*,  
As one who, though he were not of the race,  
Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,  
Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied  
t' other.<sup>131</sup>

LXXXII

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and  
shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just  
skipping  
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;  
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
On a fool's head—and there is London Town !

LXXXIII

But Juan saw not this : each wreath of smoke  
Appear'd to him but as the magic vapour  
Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke  
The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and  
paper):  
The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke  
Are bow'd, and put the sun out like a taper,  
Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,  
Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV.

He paused—and so will I ; as doth a crew  
Before they give their broadside. By and by,  
My gentle countrymen, we will renew  
Our oid acquaintance ; and at least I'll try

To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,  
Because they are so ;—a male Mrs. Fry,  
With a soft besom will I sweep your halls  
And brush a web or two from off the walls

LXXXV.

Oh Mrs. Fry ! Why go to Newgate ? Why  
Preach to poor rogues ? And wherefore  
not begin  
With Carlton, or with other houses ? Try  
Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.  
To mend the people's an absurdity,  
A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,  
Unless you make their betters better :—Fy !  
I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI.

Teach them the decencies of good threescore ;  
Cure them of tours, hussar and highland  
dresses ;  
Tell them that youth once gone returns no  
more, [tresses ;  
That hired huzzas redeem no land's dis-  
Tell them Sir Wil. am Curtis is a bore,  
Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,  
The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,  
A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

LXXXVII.

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late  
On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated  
To set up vain pretences of being great,  
'Tis not so to be good ; and be it stated,  
The worthiest kings have ever loved least  
state : [prate  
And tell them——But you won't, and I have  
Just now enough ; but by and by I'll prattle  
Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle

## Don Juan.

### CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said " there was no  
matter,"<sup>132</sup> [said  
And proved it—'t was no matter what he  
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,  
Too subtle for the airiest human head ;  
And yet who can believe it ? I would shatter  
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,  
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,  
And wear my head, denying that I wear it



## II.

What a sublime discovery 't was to make the  
 Universe universal egotism,  
 That all's ideal—*all ourselves* · I'll stake the  
 World (be it what you will) that *that's* no  
 schism. [some take thee,  
 Oh Doubt!—if thou be'st Doubt, for which  
 But which I doubt extremely—thou sole  
 prism [spirit!  
 Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of  
 Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly  
 bear it.

## III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion,  
 (Not the most "dainty Ariel") and per-  
 plexes  
 Our soarings with another sort of question :  
 And that which after all my spirit vexes,  
 Is, that I find no spot where man can rest  
 eye on,  
 Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,  
 Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,  
 The world, which at the worst's a glorious  
 blunder—

## IV.

If it be chance ; or if it be according  
 To the old text, still better :—lest it should  
 Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the  
 wording,  
 As several people think such hazards rude.  
 They're right ; our days are too brief for  
 affording  
 Space to dispute what *no one* ever could  
 Decide, and *every body one day* will  
 Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

## V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical  
 Discussion, which is neither here nor there :  
 If I agree that what is, is ; then this I call  
 Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair ;  
 The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthi-  
 sical ;  
 I don't know what the reason is—the air  
 Perhaps ; but as I suffer from the shocks  
 Of illness, I grow much more orthodox

## VI.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity  
 (But *hat* I never doubted, nor the Devil),  
 The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity ;  
 The third, the usual Origin of Evil ;  
 The fourth at once established the whole  
 Trinity  
 On so uncontrovertible a level,  
 That I devoutly wish'd the three were four,  
 Or purpose to believe so much the more.

## VII.

To our theme.—The man who has stood on  
 the Acropolis,  
 And look'd down over Attica ; or he  
 Who has sail'd where picturesque Constan-  
 tinople is,  
 Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea [lis  
 In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropo-  
 Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,  
 May not think much of London's first ap-  
 pearance— hence ?  
 But ask him what he thinks of it a year

## VIII.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill ; [vity  
 Sunset the time, the place the same decli-  
 Which looks along that vale of good and ill  
 Where London streets ferment in full ac-  
 tivity ;  
 While every thing around was calm and still,  
 Except the creak of wheels, which on their  
 pivct he [hum  
 Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy  
 Of cities, that boil over with their scum :—

## IX.

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,  
 Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the  
 summit,  
 And lost in wonder of so great a nation,  
 Gave way to't, since he could not over-  
 come it. [station ;  
 " And here," he cried, " is Freedom's chosen  
 Here peals the people's voice, nor can en-  
 tomb it  
 Racks, prisons, inquisitions ; resurrection  
 Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

## X.

" Here are chaste wives, pure lives ; here  
 people pay [dear,  
 But what they please ; and if that things be  
 'T is only that they've to throw away  
 Their cash, to show how much they have  
 a-year.  
 Here laws are all inviolate ; none lay [clear  
 Traps for the traveller ; every highway's  
 Here—" he was interrupted by a knife.  
 With—" Damn your eyes ! your money or  
 your life !"—

## XI.

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four  
 pads [loiter  
 In ambush laid, who had perceived him  
 Behind his carriage ; and, like haudy lads,  
 Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre.

In which the heedless gentleman who gads  
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,  
May find himself within that isle of riches  
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

## XII.

Juan, who did not understand a word  
Of English, save their shibboleth, "God  
damn!"

And even that he had so rarely heard,  
He sometimes thought 'twas only their  
"Salam,"

Or "God be with you!"—and 't is not absurd  
To think so: for half English as I am  
(To my misfortune) never can I say  
' heard them wish "God with you," save  
that way;—

## XIII.

Man yet quickly understood their gesture,  
And being somewhat choleric and sudden,  
Drew forth a pocket pistol from his vesture,  
And fired it into one assailant's pudding—  
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,  
And roar'd out, as he writhed his native  
mud in,

Unto his nearest follower or henchman,  
Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that 'ere bloody  
Frenchman!"

## XIV.

In which Jack and his train set off at speed'  
And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,

Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,  
And offering, as usual, late assistance.  
Juan, who saw the moon's late minion bleed  
As if his veins would pour out his existence,  
Stood calling out for bandages and lint, [flint.  
And wish'd he had been less hasty with his

## XV.

"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's  
wont

To welcome foreigners in this way: now  
' recollect some innkeepers who don't  
Differ, except in robbing with a bow,  
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front  
But what is to be done? I can't allow  
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:  
Sotake him up; I'll help you with the load."

## XVI.

But ere they could perform this pious duty,  
The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my  
gruel! [booty;  
Oh! for a glass of *max'* We've miss'd our  
Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel

Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty  
The drops fell from his death-wound, and  
he drew ill  
His breath,—he from his swelling throat urtied  
A kerchief, crying, "Give Sal that."—and  
died.

## XVII.

The cravat stain'd with bloody drops fell down  
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell  
Exactly why it was before him thrown,  
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell  
Poor Tom was once a kiddy<sup>133</sup> upon town  
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,<sup>134</sup>  
Full flash<sup>135</sup>, all fancy, until fairly diddled,  
His pockets first and then his body riddled

## XVIII.

Don Juan, having done the best he could  
In all the circumstances of the case,  
As soon as "Crowner's quest" allow'd, pursu'd  
His travels to the capital apace;—  
Esteeming it a little hard he should  
In twelve hours' time, and very little space,  
Have been obliged to slay a freeborn native  
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

## XIX.

He from the world had cut off a great man,  
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.  
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,  
Booze in the ken<sup>136</sup>, or at the spellken<sup>137</sup>  
hustle? [street's ban)  
Who queer a flat?<sup>138</sup> Who (spite of Bow-  
On the high toby-spice<sup>139</sup> so flash the  
muzzle? [blowing),<sup>141</sup>  
Who on a lark<sup>140</sup> with black-eyed Sal (his  
So prime, so swell<sup>142</sup>, so nutty<sup>143</sup>, and so  
knowing?

## XX.

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.  
Heroes must die; and by God's blessing 'tis  
Not long before the most of them go home.  
Hail! Themis, hail! Upon thy verge it is  
That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum  
In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,  
Through Kennington and all the other "tons,"  
Which make us wish ourselves in town at  
once;—

## XXI.

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees,  
(Like *lucus* from *no* light); through prospects  
named  
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,  
Nor much to climb; through little *boxes*  
framed

Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,

With "To be let," upon their doors proclaim'd;  
[dise,]  
Through "Rows" most modestly call'd "Parasites,"  
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;—

## XXII.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl

Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;  
Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"<sup>144</sup>

There mails fast flying off like a delusion;

There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl

In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion  
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass  
(For in those days we had not got to gas—);<sup>145</sup>

## XXIII.

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach

Of travellers to mighty Babylon  
Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,  
With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.  
[croach

I could say more, but do not choose to upon  
The Guide-book's privilege. The sun  
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge  
Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

## XXIV.

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thames—

Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—  
Though hardly heard through multifarious  
"damme's." [gleam,

The lamps of Westminster's more regular  
The breadth of pavement, and you shrine  
where fame is

A spectral resident—whose pallid beam  
In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—  
Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

## XXV.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the better  
[it?—

Stone-Henge is not—but what the devil is  
But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,

That madmen may not bite you on a visit;  
The Bench too seats or suits full many a debtor;

The Mansion House too (though some people  
quiz it)

To me appears a stiff yet grand erection;  
But then the Abbey's worth the whole collection.

## XXVI.

The line of lights too up to Charing Cross,  
Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation  
Like gold as in comparison to dross,

March'd with the Continent's illumination

Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss  
The French were not yet a lamp-lighting  
nation, [lantern,

And when they grew so—on their new-found  
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

## XXVII.

A row of gentlemen along the streets  
Suspended may illuminate mankind,

As also bonfires made of country seats,

But the old way is best for the purblind:

The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,

A sort of ignis fatuus to the mind,  
Which, though 'tis certain to perplex and  
frighten,

Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

## XXVIII.

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes  
Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*

And found him not amidst the various progenies

Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,  
'T were not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his

Yet undiscover'd treasure. What I can,  
I've done to find the same throughout life's  
journey,

But see the world is only one attorney.

## XXIX.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,

Through crowds and carriages, but waxing  
thinner [spell

As thunder'd knockers broke the long seal'd

O' doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner  
Admitted a small party as night fell,—

Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,  
Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels  
St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells."<sup>146</sup>

## XXX.

They reach'd the hotel: forth stream'd from  
the front door

A tide of well-clad waiters, and around

The mob stood, and as usual several score

Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound

In decent London when the daylight's o'er;

Commodious but immoral, they are found

Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage—

But Juan now is stepping from his carriage

## XXXI.

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,

Especially for foreigners—and mostly

For those whom favour or whom fortune swells

And cannot find a bill's small items costly

There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells

(The den of many a diplomatic lost lie),

Until to some conspicuous square they pass,

And blazon o'er the door their names in brass

## XXXII.

uan, whose was a delicate commission,  
 Private, though publicly important, bore  
 No title to point out with due precision  
 The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.  
 'T was merely known, that on a secret mission  
 A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,  
 Young, handsome, and accomplish'd, who was  
 said [head.  
 (In whispers) to have turn'd his sovereign's

## XXXIII.

Some rumour also of some strange adventures  
 Had gone before him, and his wars and loves;  
 And as romantic heads are pretty painters,  
 And, above all, an Englishwoman's roves  
 Into the excursive, breaking the indentures  
 Of sober reason, wheresoe'er it moves,  
 He found himself extremely in the fashion,  
 Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

## XXXIV.

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite  
 The contrary; but then 'tis in the head;  
 Yet as the consequences are as bright  
 As if they acted with the heart instead,  
 What after all can signify the site  
 Of ladies' lucubrations? So they lead  
 In safety to the place for which you start,  
 What matters if the road be head or heart?

## XXXV.

Juan presented in the proper place,  
 To proper placemen, every Russ credential;  
 And was received with all the due grimace,  
 By those who govern in the mood potential,  
 Who, seeing a handsome stripling with smooth  
 face, [tial)  
 Thought (what in state affairs is most essen-  
 That they as easily might *do* the youngster,  
 As hawks may pounce upon a woodland song-  
 ster.

## XXXVI.

They err'd, as aged men will do; but by  
 And by we'll talk of that; and if we don't  
 'T will be because our notion is not high  
 Of politicians and their double front,  
 Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie:—  
 Now what I love in women is, they won't  
 Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it  
 So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.

## XXXVII.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but  
 The truth in masquerade; and I defy  
 Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put  
 A fact without some leaven of a lie.

The very shadow of true Truth wou'd shew  
 Up annals, revelations, poesy,  
 And prophecy—except it should be dated  
 Some years before the incidents related.

## XXXVIII.

Praised be all liars and all lies! Who now  
 Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy?  
 She rings the world's "Te Deum," and her brow  
 Blushes for those who will not:—but to sigh  
 Is idle; let us like most others bow,  
 Kiss hands, feet, any part of majesty,  
 After the good example of "Green Erin,"  
 Whose shamrock now seems rather worse for  
 wearing.

## XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress  
 And mien excited general admiration—  
 I don't know which was more admired or  
 less; vation,  
 One monstrous diamond drew much obser-  
 Which Catherine in a moment of "ivresse"  
 (In love or brandy's fervent fermentation)  
 Bestow'd upon him, as the public learn'd;  
 And, to say truth, it had been fairly earn'd.

## XL.

Besides the ministers and underlings,  
 Who must be courteous to the accredited  
 Diplomats of rather wavering kings,  
 Until their royal riddle's fully read, [springs  
 The very clerks, — those somewhat dirty  
 Of office, or the house of office, fed  
 By foul corruption into streams,—even they  
 Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

## XLI.

And insolence no doubt is what they are  
 Employ'd for, since it is their daily labour,  
 In the dear offices of peace or war;  
 And should you doubt, pray ask of your  
 next neighbour,  
 When for a passport, or some other bar  
 To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore),  
 If he found not this spawn of taxborn riches,  
 Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b——s.

## XLII.

But Juan was received with much "em-  
 pressement:—"  
 These phrases of refinement I must borrow  
 From our next neighbours' land, where, like  
 a chessman,

There is a move set down for joy or sorrow  
 Not only in mere talking, but the press. Man  
 In islands is, it seems, downright and  
 thorough,  
 More than on continents—as if the sea were  
 (See Billingsgate) made even the tongue more

## XLIII

And yet the British "Damme" 's rather Attic,  
Your continental oaths are but incontinent,  
And turn on things which no aristocratic  
Spirit would name, and therefore even I  
won't anent!<sup>147</sup>

This subject quote; as it would be schismatic  
In politesse, and have a sound affronting  
in 't: [daring—  
But "Damme"'s quite ethereal, though too  
Platonic blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

## XLIV.

For downright rudeness, ye may stay at home;  
For true or false politeness (and scarce *that*  
*Nou*) you may cross the blue deep and white  
foam—

The first the emblem (rarely though) of what  
You leave behind, the next of much you come  
To meet. However, 't is no time to chat  
On general topics: poets must confine  
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.

## XLV.

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,  
Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,  
And about twice two thousand people bred  
By no means to be very wise or witty,  
But to sit up while others lie in bed,  
And look down on the universe with pity,—  
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,  
Was well received by persons of condition.

## XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter  
Of import both to virgin and to bride,  
The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter;  
And (should she not hold fast by love or  
pride)  
'T is also of some moment to the latter;  
A rib's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,  
Requires decorum, and is apt to double  
The horrid sin—and what's still worse, the  
trouble.

## XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts, [and had  
And parts, and hearts: he danced and sung,  
An air as sentimental as Mozart's  
Softest of melodies; and could be sad  
Or cheerful, without any "flaws or starts,"  
Just at the proper time; and though a lad,  
Had seen the world—which is a curious sight,  
And very much unlike what people write.

## XLVIII.

Fair virgins blush'd upon him; wedded dames  
Bloom'd also in less transitory hues;  
For both commodities dwell by the Thames,  
The painting and the painted; youth, ceruse,

Against his heart prefer'd their usual claims,  
Such as no gentleman can quite refuse:  
Daughters admired his dress, and pious  
mothers  
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

## XLIX.

The milliners who furnish "drapery misses"<sup>148</sup>  
Throughout the season, upon speculation  
Of payment ere the honey-moon's last kisses  
Have waned into a crescent's coruscation.  
Thought such an opportunity as this is,  
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,  
Not to be overlook'd—and gave such credit,  
That future bridegrooms swore, and sigh'd,  
and paid it.

## L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er  
sonnets  
And with the pages of the last Review  
Like the interior of their heads or bonnets,  
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue:  
They talk'd bad French or Spanish, and  
upon its  
Late authors ask'd him for a hint or two;  
And which was softest, Russian or Castilian?  
And whether in his travels he saw Ilion?

## LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,  
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,  
Examined by this learned and especial [swear;  
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to an-  
His duties warlike, loving or official,  
His steady application as a dancer,  
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,  
Which now he found was blue instead of  
green.

## LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with  
A modest confidence and calm assurance,  
Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,  
And pass'd for arguments of good endurance.  
That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith  
(Who at sixteen translated "Hercules  
Furens"  
Into as furious English), with her best look,  
Set down his sayings in her common-place  
book.

## LIII.

Juan knew several languages—as well  
He might—and brought them up with skill  
in time  
To save his fame with each accomplish'd belle,  
Who still regretted that he did not rhyme

There wanted but this requisite to swell

His qualities (with them) into sublime :  
Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,  
Both long'd extremely to be sung in Spanish.

## LIV.

However, he did pretty well, and was  
Admitted as an aspirant to all  
The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,  
At great assemblies or in parties small,  
He saw ten thousand living authors pass,  
That being about their average numeral ;  
Also the eighty " greatest living poets,"  
As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

## LV.

In twice five years the " greatest living poet,"  
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,  
Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,  
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.  
Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,  
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—  
Was reckon'd a considerable time,  
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

## LVI.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero  
My Leipsie, and my Mount Saint Jean  
seems Cain :  
" La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,  
Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise again ;  
But I will fall at least as fell my hero ;  
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;  
Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,  
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

## LVII.

Sir Walter reign'd before me ; Moore and  
Campbell [holy,  
Before and after ; but now grown more  
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble  
With poets almost Clergymen, or wholly ;  
And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble  
Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,  
Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,  
A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts !

## LVIII.

Still he excels that artificial hard [vine  
Labourer in the same vineyard, though the  
Yields him but vinegar for his reward.—  
That neutralised dull Dorus of the Nine ;  
That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard !  
That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every  
line :—  
Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least  
The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.

## LIX.

Then there's my gentle Euphnes ; v ho, they  
Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;  
He'll find it rather difficult some day  
To turn out both, or either, it may be.  
Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway,  
And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three  
And that deep-mouth'd Bœotian " Savage  
Landor"  
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander

## LX.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique  
Just as he really promised something great  
If not intelligible, without Greek  
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.  
Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate ;  
T is strange the mind, that very fiery partick,  
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

## LXI.

The list grows long of live and dead pretenders  
To that which none will gain—or none will  
know  
The conqueror at least ; who ere Time renders  
His last award, will have the long grass grow  
Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders  
If I might augur, I should rate but low  
Their chances ;—they're too numerous, like  
the thirty [dirty,  
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but

## LXII.

This is the literary *lower* empire,  
Where the prætorian bands take up the  
matter :— [phire,"  
A " dreadful trade," like his who " gathers sam  
The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,  
With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.  
Now, were I once at home, and in good satire  
I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,  
And show them *what* an intellectual war is

## LXIII.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn  
Their flanks ;—but it is hardly worth *my*  
while,  
With such small gear to give myself concern  
Indeed I've not the necessary bile ;  
My natural temper's really aught but stern,  
And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile,  
And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy  
And glides away, assured she never *hurts y<sup>e</sup>*

## LXIV.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril  
 Amongst live poets and blue ladies, past  
 With some small profit through that field so  
 sterile [last,  
 Being tired in time, and neither least nor  
 Left it before he had been treated very ill;  
 And henceforth found himself more gaily  
 class'd  
 Amongst the higher spirits of the day,  
 The sun's true son, no vapour, but a ray.

## LXV.

His morns he pass'd in business—which dis-  
 sected,  
 Was like all business, a laborious nothing  
 That leads to lassitude, the most infected  
 And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing  
 And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,  
 And talk in tender horrors of our loathing  
 All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—  
 Which grows no better, though 'tis time it  
 should.

## LXVI.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons  
 Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight  
 hour  
 In riding round those vegetable puncheons  
 Call'd "Parks," where their is neither fruit  
 nor flower  
 Enough to gratify a bee's slight manchings;  
 But after all it is the only "bower."  
 (In Moor's phrase) where the fashionable fair  
 Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

## LXVII.

'Tben dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!  
 Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels,  
 then roar [riots hurl'd  
 Through street and square fast flashing cha-  
 Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor  
 Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are  
 twirl'd;  
 Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,  
 Which opens to the thousand happy few  
 An earthly paradise of "Or Molu."

## LXVIII.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink  
 Wit the three-thousandth curtsy; there the  
 waltz,  
 The only dance which teaches girls to think,  
 Makes one in love even with its very faults.  
 Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,  
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,  
 'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to  
 climb,  
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

## LXIX.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey  
 Of the good company, can win a corner,  
 A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,  
 Where he may fix himself like small "Jack  
 Horner,"  
 And let the Babel round run as it may,  
 And look on as a mourner, or a scornor,  
 Or an approver, or a mere spectator  
 Yawning a little as the night grows later.

## LXX.

But this won't do, save by and by; and he  
 Who like Don Juan, takes an active share  
 Must steer with care through all that glittering  
 sea [where  
 Of gems and plumes and pearls and silks, &c.  
 He deems it is his proper place to be;  
 Dissolving in the waitz to some soft air,  
 Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill,  
 Where science marshals forth her own quadrille

## LXXI.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views  
 Upon an heiress or his neighbour's bride,  
 Let him take care that that which he pursues  
 Is not at once too palpably describ'd.  
 Full many an eager gentleman oft rues  
 His haste: impatience is a blundering guide,  
 Amongst a people famous for reflection,  
 Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

## LXXII.

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper;  
 Or if, forestall'd, get opposite and ogle:—  
 Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper  
 In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,<sup>149</sup>  
 Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper  
 The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in  
 vogue! Ill

Can tender souls relate the rise and fall  
 Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball

## LXXIII.

But these precautionary hints can touch  
 Only the common run, who must pursue,  
 And watch, and ward; whose plans a word too  
 much

Or little overturns; and not the few  
 Or many (for the number's sometimes such)  
 Whom a good mien, especially if new,  
 Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or non  
 sense, [since  
 Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long

## LXXIV.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,  
 Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,  
 Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom  
 Before he can escape from so much dange.

s will environ a conspicuous man. Some  
Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"  
And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—  
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

## LXXV.

They are young, but know not youth—it is  
anticipated;

Handsome but wasted, rich without a son;  
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;  
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to*  
a Jew;

Both senates see their nightly votes participated  
Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;  
And having voted, dined, drank, gamed, and  
whored,  
The family vault receives another lord.

## LXXVI.

'Where is the world?' cries Young, at  
*eighty*—"Where

The world in which a man was born?" Alas.  
Where is the world of *eight* years past? '*Twas*  
*there*—

I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!  
Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gazed on,  
ere

A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.  
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots,  
kings,  
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings

## LXXVII.

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:

Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:  
Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those

Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?  
Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?

And where the Daughter, whom the Isles  
loved well? [Cents?

Where are those martyr'd saints the Five per  
And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents?

## LXXVIII.

Where's Brummel? Dish'd. Where's Long  
Pole Wellesley? Diddled.

Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's  
George the Third? [riddled.]

Where is his will? <sup>150</sup> (That's not so soon un-  
And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our  
"royal bird?"

Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be fiddled  
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard:

"Caw me, caw thee"—for six month's hath  
been hatching

This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.

## LXXXIX.

Where is Lord This? And where my Lady  
That?

The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?  
Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,  
Married, unmarried, and remarried: (this is  
An evolution oft perform'd of late.)

Where are the Dublin shouts—and London  
hisses? [Where

Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual.  
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they  
were

## LXXX.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses?  
Divorced or doing thereabout. Ye annals  
So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances  
is,—

Thou Morning Post, sole record of the panels  
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies

Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those  
channels? [tinent,

Some die, some fly, some languish on the Con-  
Because the times have hardly left them *one*  
tenant.

## LXXXI.

Some who once set their caps at cautious dukes,  
Have taken up at length with younger  
brothers:

Some heiresses have bit at sharpers' hooks:  
Some maids have been made wives, some  
merely mothers;

Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks:  
In short, the list of alterations bothers.

There's little strange in this, but something  
strange is [changes.

The unusual quickness of these common

## LXXXII.

Talk not of seventy years as age; in seven  
I have seen more changes, down from  
monarchs to

The humblest individual under heaven,  
Than might suffice a moderate century  
through.

I knew that nought was lasting, but now even  
Change grows too changeable, without being  
new:

Nought's permanent among the human race,  
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

## LXXXIII.

I have seen Napoleon, who seem'd quite  
Jupiter;

Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a Duke  
(No matter which) turn politician stupider.

If that can well be, than his wooden look



But it is time that I should hoist my "blue Peter," [and shook

And sail for a new theme:—I have seen—  
To see it—the king hiss'd, and then carest;  
But don't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.

I have seen the Landholders without a rap—

I have seen Joanna Southeote—I have seen

The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap—

I have seen that sad affair of the late Queen—

I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's cap— [mean—

I have seen a Congress<sup>151</sup> doing all that's

I have seen some nations like o'erloaded asses,

Kick off their burthens—meaning the high classes.

LXXXV.

I have seen small poets, and great prozers, and

Interminable—not eternal—speakers—

I have seen the funds at war with house and

land— [squeakers—

I have seen the country gentlemen turn

I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand

By slaves on horseback—I have seen malt

liquors [Bull—

Exchanged for "thin potatoes" by John

I have seen John half detect himself a fool.—

LXXXVI.

But "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, carpe!"

To-morrow sees another race as gay

And transient, and devour'd by the same harpy.

"Life's a poor player,"—then "play out the play,

Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye

Much less on what you do than what you say:

Be hypocritical, be cautious, be

Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

LXXXVII.

But how shall I relate in other cantos

Of what befell our hero in the land,

Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as

A moral country? But I hold my hand—

For I disdain to write an Atalantis;

But 'tis as well at once to understand

You are *not* a moral people, and you know it,

Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be

My topic, with of course the due restriction

Which is required by proper courtesy;

And recollect the work is only fiction,

And that I sing of neither mine nor me,

Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction,

Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt

*This*—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

LXXXIX.

Whether he married with the third or fourth  
Offspring of some sage husband-hunting

countess,

Or whether with some virgin of more worth

(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties'

He took to regularly peopling Earth,

Of which your lawful awful wedlock found

is,—

Or whether he was taken in for damages,

For being too excursive in his homages,—

xc.

Is yet within the unread events of time.

Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back

Against the same given quantity of rhyme,

For being as much the subject of attack

As ever yet was any work sublime,

By those who love to say that white is black

So much the better!—I may stand alone,

But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

## Don Juan.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.<sup>152</sup>

I.

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that

Which is most barbarous is the middle age

Of man: it is—I really scarce know what;

But when we hover between fool and sage,

And don't know justly what we would be at—

A period something like a printed page,

Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair

Grows grizzled, and we are not what we

were;—

II.

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-five,

To herd with boys, or hoard with good

threescore,—

I wonder people should be left alive;

But since they are, that epoch is a bore:

Love lingers still, although 't were late to wive;

And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;

And money, that most pure imagination,

Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

O Gold! Why call we misers miserable?

Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;

Theirs is the best bower anchor the chain

cable [small

Which holds fast other pleasures great and

Ye who but see the saving man at table,  
 And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,  
 And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,  
 Know not what visions spring from each  
 cheese-paring.

## IV

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much  
 sicker;

Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;  
 But making money, slowly first, then quicker,  
 And adding still a little through each cross  
 (Which *will* come over things), beats love or  
 liquor, [cross.

The gamester's counter, or the statesman's  
 O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,  
 Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

## V.

Who hold the balance of the world? Who  
 reign

O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal?  
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?  
 (That make old Europe's journals squeak  
 and gibber all.)

Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain  
 Or pleasure? Who make politics run glib-  
 ber all?

The shade of Buonaparte's noble daring?—  
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian,  
 Baring.

## VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,  
 Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan  
 Is not a merely speculative hit,

But seats a nation or upsets a throne.  
 Republics also get involved a bit;

Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown  
 On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru,  
 Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

## VII.

Why call the miser miserable? as  
 I said before: the frugal life is his  
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was  
 The theme of praise: a hermit would not  
 miss

Canonization for the self-same cause

And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's au-  
 sterities? [trial;—

Because, you'll say, nought cails for such a  
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

## VIII.

He is your only poet:—passion, pure,  
 And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,  
 Possess'd, the ore, of which mere hopes allure,  
 Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays

Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure;  
 On him the diamond pours its brilliant  
 blaze; [the dice  
 While the mild emerald's beam shades down  
 Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

## IX.

The lands on either side are his: the shi-  
 From Ceylon, Indé, or far Cathay<sup>153</sup>, unloads

For him the fragrant produce of each trip;  
 Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,  
 And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;

His very cellars might be kings' abodes;  
 While he, despising every sensual call,  
 Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

## X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,  
 To build a college, or to found a race,  
 A hospital, a church,—and leave behind  
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face.

Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind  
 Even with the very ore which makes them  
 ba-e;

Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,  
 Or revel in the joys of calculation.

## XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these  
 May be the hoarder's principle of action,  
 The fool will call such mania a disease:—

What is his *own*? Go—look at each trans-  
 action, [ease

Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more  
 Than the mere plodding through each  
 “vulgar fraction?”

Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!  
 Let spend thrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's  
 wiser?

## XII.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming  
 chests

Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins  
 (Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests  
 Weigh not the thin ore where their visage  
 shines,

But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests  
 Some likeness, which the glittering cirque  
 confines,

Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp:—  
 Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

## XIII.

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,—  
 for love [the bawl;

Is heaven, and heaven is love:—so sings  
 Which it were rather difficult to prove  
 (A thing with poetry in general hard)

Perhaps there may be something in "the grove," [pared

At least it rhymes to "love:" but I'm pre-  
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)  
If "courts" and "camps" be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and Cash alone:  
Cash rules the grove, and sells it too besides;  
Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were  
none; [brides."

Without cash, Malthus tells you—"take no  
So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own

High ground, as virgin Cynthia sways the  
tides: [say honey

And as for "Heaven being Love," why not  
Is wax? Heaven is not Love, 't is Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibited whatever,  
Excepting marriage? which is love, no doubt,  
After a sort; but somehow people never

With the same thought the two words have  
help'd out:

Love may exist *with* marriage, and *should* ever,  
And marriage also may exist without;

But love *sans* bans is both a sin and shame,  
And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the "court," and "camp," and "grove,"  
be not

Recruited all with constant married men,  
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,

I say *that* line's a lapsus of the pen;—  
Strange too in my "buon camerado" Scott,

So celebrated for his morals, when  
My Jeffrey held him up as an example

To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,  
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,

The only time when much success is needed:  
And my success produced what I, in sooth,

Cared most about; it need not now be  
pleaded— [truth,

Whate'er it was, 't was mine; I've paid, in  
Of late, the penalty of such success,

But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,—which some persons  
plead

In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,  
in the faith of their procreative creed,

Baptize posterity, or future clay,—  
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed

To lean on for support in any way;  
Since odds are that posterity will know  
No more of them, than they of her, I trow

XIX.

Why, I'm posterity—and so are you:

And whom do we remember? Not a hundred  
Were every memory written down all true,

The tenth or twentieth name would be but  
blunder'd;

Even Plutarch's Lives have but pick'd out a few  
And 'gainst those few your annalists have  
thunder'd;

And Mitford in the nineteenth century  
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek  
the lie.

XX.

Good people all, of every degree,  
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,  
In this twelfth Canto 't is my wish to be  
As serious as if I had for inditers

Malthus and Wilberforce:—the last set free  
The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters;

While Wellington has but enslaved the Whites,  
And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which he  
writes.

XXI.

I'm serious—so are all men upon paper;  
And why should I not form my speculation,  
And hold up to the sun my little taper?

Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation  
On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour;

While sages write against all procreation,  
Unless a man can calculate his means  
Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

XXII.

That's noble! That's romantic! For my part  
I think that "Philo-genitiveness" is—  
(Now here's a word quite after my own heart,  
Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,

If that politeness set it not apart;  
But I'm resolved to say nought that's amiss)—  
I say, methinks that "Philo-genitiveness"<sup>154</sup>  
Might meet from men a little more forgiveness,

XXIII.

And now to business.—O my gentle Juan!  
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,  
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,  
Which can await warm youth in its wild race.

'T is true, that thy career is not a new one;  
Thou art no novice in the headlong chase  
Of early life; but this is a new land,  
Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,  
Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,  
I could send forth my mandate like a prima  
Upon the rest of Europe's social state,

But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,  
Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate.

All countries have their "Lions," but in thee  
There is but one superb menagerie.

## XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin,  
"Paulo Majora." Juan, undecided  
Amongst the paths of being "taken in,  
Above the ice had like a skater glided:  
When tired of play, he flirted without sin  
With some of those fair creatures who have  
prided  
Themselves on innocent tantalisation,  
And hate all vice except its reputation.

## XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make  
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows  
That even the purest people may mistake  
Their way through virtue's primrose paths  
of snows;  
And then men stare, as if a new ass spake  
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'er-  
flows  
Quicksilver small talk, ending (if you note it)  
With the kind world's amen—"Who would  
have thought it?"

## XXVII.

The little Leila, with her orient eyes,  
And taciturn Asiatic disposition, (surprise,  
(Which saw all western things with small  
To the surprise of people of condition,  
Who think that novelties are butterflies,  
To be pursued as food for inanition,)  
Her charming figure and romantic history  
Became a kind of fashionable mystery

## XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual  
Amongst the sex in little things or great.  
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to  
abuse you all—  
I have always liked you better than I state:  
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse  
you all  
Of being apt to talk at a great rate,  
And now there was a general sensation  
Amongst you, about Leila's education

## XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and  
You had reason; 't was that a young child  
of grace.  
As beautiful as her own native land,  
And far away, the last bud of her race,

How'er our friend Don Juan might command  
Himself for five, four, three, or two years  
space,

Would be much better taught beneath the eye  
Of peeresses whose follies had run dry.

## XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,  
And then there was a general competition.  
To undertake the orphan's education.  
As Juan was a person of condition,  
It had been an affront on this occasion  
To talk of a subscription or petition,  
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,  
Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle  
Ages,"

## XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without  
A fruit to bloom upon their withering  
bough—  
Begged to bring up the little girl, and "out,"—  
For that's the phrase that settles all things  
now,  
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,  
And all her points as thorough-bred to show  
And I assure you, that like virgin honey  
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have  
money).

## XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,  
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,  
The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,  
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more  
handy [glisters,"  
At making matches, where "'tis gold that  
Than their *he* relatives,) like flies o'er candy  
Buzz round "the Fortune" with their busy  
battery, [tery'  
To turn her head with waltzing and with flat

## XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her speculation,  
Nay, married dames will now and then  
discover  
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,  
I've known them court an heiress for their  
lover. [tion,  
'Tantæne!" Such the virtues of high sta  
Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's  
"Dover!" [cares  
While the poor rich wretch, object of these  
Has cause to wish her sire had sad male heirs

## XXXIV.

Some are soon bagg'd, and some reject three  
dozen.  
'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals

And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin  
(Friends of the party), who begin accusals,  
Such as—"Unless Miss (Blank) meant to  
have chosen

Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals  
To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? *Why*,  
I pray,  
Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?

## XXXV.

"Why?—Why?—Besides, Fred really was  
*attach'd*; [without:

"T was not her fortune—he has enough  
The time will come she'll wish that she had  
snatch'd

So good an opportunity, no doubt:—  
But the old marchioness some plan had  
hatch'd,

As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:  
And after all poor Frederick may do better—  
Pray did you see her answer to his letter?"

## XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets  
Are spurn'd in turn, until her turn arrives,  
After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets

Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives;  
And when at last the pretty creature gets  
\*Some gentleman, who fights, or writes, or  
drives,

It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected  
To find how very badly she selected.

## XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,  
Worn out with impotency; or fail  
But here perhaps the instances are fewer)

To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.  
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure  
(If 't is not vain examples to recall)

To draw a high prize: now, howe'er he got her, I  
See nought more strange in this than t' other  
lottery.

## XXXVIII.

I, for my part—(one "modern instance" more,  
"True, 't is a pity—pity 't is, 't is true")

Was chosen from out an amatory score,  
Albeit my years were less discreet than few;  
But though I also had reform'd before

Those became one who soon were to be two,  
'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,  
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

## XXXIX.

Oh, pardon my digression—or at least  
Peruse! 'T is always with a moral end  
That I dissert, like grace before a feast:  
For like an aged aunt or tiresome friend,

A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest  
My Muse by exhortation means to mend  
All people, at all times, and in most places,  
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces

## XL.

But now I'm going to be immoral; now  
I mean to show things really as they are,  
Not as they ought to be: for I avow,  
That till we see what's what in fact, we're far  
From much improvement with that virtuous  
plough

Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar  
Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,  
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

## XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;  
For like a day-dawn she was young and pure  
Or like the old comparison of snows,  
Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure  
Like many people every body knows,  
Don Juan was delighted to secure  
A goodly guardian for his infant charge,  
Who might not profit much by being at large

## XLII.

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor  
(I wish that others would find out the same);  
And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter  
For silly wards will bring their guardians  
blame:

So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor  
To make his little wild Asiatic tame,  
Consulting "the Society for Vice  
Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice

## XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young;  
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe  
Although the world has such an evil tongue  
That—but my chaster ear will not receive  
An echo of a syllable that's wrong:

In fact, there's nothing makes me so much  
grieve,  
As that abominable tittle-tattle,  
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.

## XLIV.

Moreover I've remark'd (and I was once  
A slight observer in a modest way),  
And so may every one except a dunce,  
That ladies in their youth a little gay,  
Besides their knowledge of the world, and  
sense

Of the sad consequence of going astray,  
Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe  
Which the mere passionless can never know.

## XLV

While the harsh prude indemnifies her virtue  
 By railing at the unknown and envied  
 passion,  
 Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,  
 Or, what's still worse, to put you out of  
 fashion,— [you,  
 The kinder veteran with calm words will court  
 Expounding you to pause before you dash on;  
 Expounding and illustrating the riddle  
 Of epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

## XLVI.

Now whether it be thus, or that they are  
 stricter,  
 As better knowing why they should be so,  
 I think you'll find from many a family picture,  
 That daughters of such mothers as may know  
 The world by experience rather than by lec-  
 ture, [Show  
 Turn out much better for the Smithfield  
 Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,  
 Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

## XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd  
 about— [pretty?  
 As who has not, if female, young, and  
 But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalk'd  
 about;  
 She merely was deem'd amiable and witty  
 And several of her best bon-mots were hawk'd  
 about:

Then she was given to charity and pity,  
 And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)  
 For being a most exemplary wife.

## XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,  
 She was the mild reprovee of the young,  
 Whenever—which means every day—they'd  
 shown

An awkward inclination to go wrong.  
 The quantity of good she did's unknown,  
 Or at the least would lengthen out my song:  
 In brief, the little orphan of the East  
 Had raised an interest in her which increased.

## XLIX.

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,  
 Because she thought him a good heart at  
 bottom,

A little spoil'd, but not so altogether; [him,  
 Which was a wonder, if you think who got  
 And how he had been toss'd, he scarce knew  
 whither:

Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him  
 At least entirely—for he had seen too many  
 Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

## L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;  
 For when they happen at a riper age,  
 People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,  
 And wonder Providence is not more sage  
 Adversity is the first path to truth:  
 He who hath proved war, storm, or  
 woman's rage,  
 Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,  
 Hath won the experience which is deem'd so  
 weighty.

## LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—  
 Our hero gladly saw his little charge [ter  
 Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daugh-  
 ter  
 Being long married, and thus set at large,  
 Had left all the accomplishments she taught her  
 To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge.  
 To the next comer; or—as it will tell  
 More Muse-like—like to Cytherea's shell.

## LII.

I call such things transmission; for there is  
 A floating balance of accomplishment,  
 Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,  
 According as their minds or backs are bent.  
 Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss  
 Of metaphysics; others are content  
 With music; the most moderate shine as wits,  
 While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

## LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,  
 Theology, fine arts, or finer stays,  
 May be the baits for gentlemen or lords  
 With regular descent, in these our days,  
 The last year to the new transfers its hoards:  
 New vestals claim men's eyes with the same  
 praise  
 Of "elegant" *et cetera*, in fresh batches—  
 All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches

## LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis  
 Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,  
 That from the first of Cantos up to this  
 I've not begun what we have to go through  
 These first twelve books are merely flourishes  
 Preludios, trying just a string or two  
 Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure:  
 And when so, you shall have the overture.

## LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin  
 About what's called success, or not succeeding  
 Such thoughts are quite below the strain they  
 have chosen:

'Tis a "great moral lesson" they are reading

I thought, at setting off, about two dozen  
Cantos would do: but at Apollo's pleading,  
if that my Pegasus should not be founde'd,  
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

## LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,  
Yclept the Great World; for it is the least,  
Although the highest: but as swords have hilts  
By which their power of mischief is increased,  
When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,  
Thus the low world, north, south, or west,  
or east,  
Must still obey the high—which is their handle,  
Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing  
candle.

## LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives,  
and was  
Well look'd upon by both, to that extent  
Of friendship which you may accept or pass,  
It does nor good nor harm; being merely  
meant

To keep the wheels going of the higher class,  
And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent:  
And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,  
For the first season such a life scarce palls.

## LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name  
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;  
For good society is but a game,  
"The royal game of Goose," as I may say,  
Where every body has some separate aim,  
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—  
The single ladies wishing to be double,  
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

## LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular  
Examples may be found of such pursuits  
Though several also keep their perpendicular  
Like poplars, with good principles for roots;  
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—  
"Fishers for men," like sirens with soft lutes:  
For talk six times with the same single lady,  
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

## LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,  
To say her daughter's feelings are trepann'd;  
Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,  
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand  
What "your intentions are?"—One way or other  
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand:  
And between pity for her case and yours,  
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cure.

## LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*  
And some of them high names: I have also  
known  
Young men who—though they hated to discuss  
Pretensions which they never dream'd to  
have shown—  
Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuss,  
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,  
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,  
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

## LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,  
A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,  
But not the less for this to be depreciated:  
It is—I meant and mean not to disparage  
The show of virtue even in the vitiated—  
It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—  
But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,  
"Couleur de rose," who's neither white nor  
scarlet.

## LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"  
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on  
and offing  
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—  
Then sees your heart wreck'd, with an inward  
scoffing.  
This works a world of sentimental woe,  
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;  
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,  
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

## LXIV.

"Ye gods, I grow a talker!" Let us prate.  
The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,  
Is when, without regard to "church or state,"  
A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.  
Abroad, such things decide few women's fate—  
(Such, early traveller! is the truth thou  
learnest!—  
But in old England, when a young bride errs  
Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to hers.

## LXV.

For 't is a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit  
Country, where a young couple of the same  
ages  
Can't form a friendship, but the world o'erawes it,  
Then there's the vulgar trick of those d—d  
damages!  
A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it!—  
Forms a sad climax to romantic homages:  
Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders  
And evidences which regale all readers

## LXVI.

But they who blunder thus are raw beginners ;  
 A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy  
 Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,  
 The loveliest oligarchs of our gynocracy ;  
 You may see such at all the balls and dinners,  
 Among the proudest of our aristocracy,  
 So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—  
 And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

## LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament  
 Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more ;  
 For he was sick—no, 't was not the word *sick*  
 I meant—

But he had seen so much good love before,  
 That he was not in heart so very weak ;—I  
 meant

But thus much, and no sneer against the shore  
 Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, blue  
 stockings, [knockings.  
 Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double

## LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes ro-  
 mantic, [Passion,

Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for  
 And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,  
 Into a country where 't is half a fashion,  
 Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,  
 Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation :  
 Besides (alas ! his taste—forgive and pity !)  
 At first he did not think the women pretty.

## LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,  
 But by degrees, that they were fairer far  
 Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast  
 Beneath the influence of the eastern star.  
 A further proof we should not judge in haste ;  
 Yet inexperience could not be his bar  
 To taste :—the truth is, if men would confess,  
 That novelties *please* less than they *impress*.

## LXX.

Though travell'd, I have never had the luck to  
 Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or  
 Niger,

To that impracticable place, Timbuctoo,  
 Where Geography finds no one to oblige her  
 With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—  
 For Europe ploughs in Afric like "bos piger :"  
 But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there  
 No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

## LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white ;  
 But I suspect in fact that white is black,  
 And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight.  
 Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll  
 attack

Perhaps this new position—but I'm right :  
 Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback :—  
 He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark  
 Within ; and what seest thou ? A dubious spark

## LXXII.

But I'm-relapsing into metaphysics,  
 That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same  
 Construction as your cures for hectic phthisis  
 Those bright moths fluttering round a dying  
 flame ;

And this reflection brings me to plain physics,  
 And to the beauties of a foreign dame,  
 Compared with those of our pure pearls of  
 price,

Those polar summers, *all* sun, and some ice

## LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose  
 Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes ;—  
 Not that there's not a quantity of those  
 Who have a due respect for their own wishes.  
 Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows  
 Are they, at bottom virtuous even when  
 vicious :

They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,  
 As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

## LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.  
 I said that Juan did not think them pretty  
 At the first blush ; for a fair Briton hides  
 Half her attractions—probably from pity—  
 And rather calmly into the heart glides,  
 Than storms it as a foe would take a city ;  
 But once there (if you doubt this, prithe try)  
 She keeps it for you like a true ally.

## LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,  
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,  
 Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,  
 Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning ;  
 Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to war-  
 ble those bravuras (which I still am learning  
 To like, though I have been seven years in  
 Italy, [tily] ;—  
 And have, or had, an ear that served me pret-

## LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two  
 Others, in that off-hand and dashing style  
 Which takes so much—to give the devil his  
 due ;

Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,  
 Nor settles all things in one interview.

(A thing approved as saving time and  
 toil ;— [trouble

But though the soil may give you time and  
 Well cultivated, it will render double.



## LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a "grande passion,"

It is a very serious thing indeed :

Nine times in ten 't is but caprice or fashion,  
Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,

The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,

Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed :

But the tenth instance will be a tornado,

For there 's no saying what they will or may do.

## LXXVIII.

The reason s obvious; if there 's an éclat,

They lose their caste at once, as do the

Parias ;

And when the delicacies of the law

Have fill'd their papers with their comments

various,

Society, that china without flaw, [Marius,

(The hypocrite!) will banish them like

To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:

For Fame's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

## LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be;—it is

A comment on the Gospel's "Sin no more,

And be thy sins forgiven:"—but upon this

I leave the saints to settle their own score.

Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,

An erring woman finds an opener door

For her return to Virtue—as they call

That lady, who should be at home to all.

## LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,

Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads

People some ten times less in fact to mind it,

And care but for discoveries and not deeds.

And as for chastity, you 'll never bind it

By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,

But aggravate the crime you have not pre-

vented, [repented.

By rendering desperate those who had else

## LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd

Upon the moral lessons of mankind :

Besides, he had not seen of several hundred

A lady altogether to his mind.

A little "blasé"—'t is not to be wonder'd

At, that his heart had got a tougher rind :

And though not vainer from his past success,

No doubt his sensibilities were less.

## LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—

The Parliamēt and all the other houses ;

Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,

To hear debates whose thunder roused (not  
rouses)

The world to gaze upon those northern lights,

Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull  
browzes ;

He had also stood at times behind the throne—

But Grey<sup>155</sup> was not arrived, and Chathan  
gone.<sup>156</sup>

## LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session,

That noble sight, when *really* free the nation.

A king in constitutional possession

Of such a throne as is the proudest station,

Though despots know it not—till the progression

Of freedom shall complete their education.

'T is not mere splendour makes the show august

To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

## LXXXIV.

There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)

A Prince, the prince of princes at the time,

With fascination in his very bow,

And full of promise, as the spring of prime.

Though royalty was written on his brow,

He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime.

Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,

A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

## LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,

Into the best society : and there

Occurr'd what often happens, I 'm afraid,

However disciplined and debonnaire :—

The talent and good humour he display'd,

Besides the mark'd distinction of his air,

Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,

Even though himself avoided the occasion.

## LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when,

and why,

Is not to be put hastily together ;

And as my object is morality

(Whatever people say), I don't know whether

I 'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,

But harrow up his feelings, till they wither,

And hew out a huge monument of pathos,

As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.

## LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth canto of our introduction

Ends. When the body of the book 's begun.

You 'll find it of a different construction

From what some people say 't will be when

done :

The plan at present 's simply in concoction.

I can't oblige you, reader, to read on ;

That 's your affair, not mine : a real spirit

Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear  
it.

## LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,  
Remember, reader! you have had before,  
The worst of tempests and the best of battles,  
That e'er were brew'd from clements or gore,  
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows  
what else:

An usurer could scarce expect much more—  
But my best canto, save one on astronomy,  
Will turn upon "political economy."

## LXXXIX.

*That* is your present theme for popularity.  
Now that the public hedge hath scarce a  
stake,

It grows an act of patriotic charity,  
To show the people the best way to break.  
*My plan* (but I, if but for singularity,  
Reserve it) will be very sure to take.  
Meantime, read all the national-debt sinkers,  
And tell me what you think of our great  
thinkers.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

## I.

I NOW mean to be serious;—it is time,  
Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd too  
serious.

A jest at Vice by Virtue's call'd a crime,  
And critically held as deleterious:  
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime.

Although when long a little apt to weary us;  
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,  
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

## II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville  
('T is an old Norman name, and to be found  
In pedigrees, by those who wander still  
Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)  
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,  
And bateauteous, even where beauties most  
abound,

In Britain—which of course true patriots find  
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

## III.

I'll not gainsay them; it is not my cue;  
I'll leave them to their taste, no doubt the  
best:  
An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,  
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request,

'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue—

The kindest may be taken as a test. [ma. a.  
The fair sex should be always fair; and no  
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain  
woman.

## IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull  
Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd for days  
More quiet, when our moon's no more at full,  
We may presume to criticise or praise;  
Because indifference begins to lull [ways;  
Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's  
Also because the figure and the face  
Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger place.

## V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,  
Reluctant as all placemen to resign  
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,  
For they have pass'd life's equinoctial line:  
But then they have their claret and Madeira,  
To irrigate the dryness of decline;  
And county meetings, and the parliament,  
And debt, and what not, for their solace sent.

## VI.

And is there not religion, and reform,  
Peace, war, the taxes, and what's call'd the  
"Nation?"

The struggle to be pilots in a storm?  
The landed and the monied speculation?  
The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,  
Instead of love, that mere hallucination?  
Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;  
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure;

## VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,  
Right honestly, "he liked an honest  
hater!"—

The only truth that yet has been confest  
Within these latest thousand years or later  
Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest:—  
For my part, I am but a mere spectator,  
And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,  
Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephisto-  
topheles;<sup>157</sup>

## VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess;  
Though 't was not once so. If I sneer some-  
times,  
It is because I cannot well do less,  
And now and then it also suits my rhymes.  
I should be very willing to redress  
Men's wrongs, and rather check than  
punish crimes,  
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale  
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

## IX.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,  
 Because it makes us smile: his hero's right,  
 And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad  
 His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight  
 His guerdon 'tis his virtue makes him mad!  
 But his adventures form a sorry sight;—  
 A sorrier still is the great moral taught  
 By that real epic unto all who have thought.

## X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,  
 To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;  
 Opposing singly the united strong, [tive:—  
 From foreign yoke to free the helpless na-  
 Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,  
 Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative,  
 A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and thin  
 sought!  
 And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

## XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;  
 A single laugh demolish'd the right arm  
 Of his own country;—seldom since that day  
 Has Spain had heroes. While Romance  
 could charm,  
 The world gave ground before her bright array;  
 And therefore have his volumes done such  
 harm,  
 That all their glory, as a composition,  
 Was dearly purchased by this land's perdition.

## XII

I'm "at my old lues"—digression, and forget  
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville:  
 The fair most fatal Juan ever met,  
 Although she was not evil nor meant ill;  
 But Destiny and Passion spread the net  
 (Fate is a good excuse for our own will),  
 And caught them;—what do they *not* catch,  
 methinks?  
 But I'm not CEdipus, and life's a Sphinx.

## XIII

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare  
 To venture a solution: "Davus sum!"  
 And now I will proceed upon the pair.  
 Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,  
 Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that's fair;  
 Whose charms made all men speak, and  
 women dumb.  
 The last's a miracle, and such was reckon'd,  
 And since that time there has not been a second.

## XIV.

Chaste was she, to detraction's desperation,  
 And wedded unto one she had loved well—  
 A man known in the councils of the nation,  
 Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,

Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,  
 Proud of himself and her: the world could  
 tell [cure—  
 Nought against either, and both seem'd so  
 She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

## XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,  
 Arising out of business, often brought  
 Himself and Juan in their mutual stations  
 Into close contact. Though reserved, nor  
 caught [patience.  
 By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and  
 And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,  
 And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends  
 In making men what courtesy calls friends.

## XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as  
 Reserve and pride could make him, and  
 full slow [was  
 In judging men—when once his judgment  
 Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,  
 Had all the pertinacity pride has,  
 Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow  
 And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,  
 Because its own good pleasure hath decided.

## XVII.

His friendships, therefore, and no less aver-  
 sions, [but more  
 Though oft well founded, which confirm'd  
 His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians  
 And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went  
 before. [tertians,  
 His feelings had not those strange fits, like  
 Of common likings, which make some  
 deplore [still  
 What they should laugh at—the mere ague  
 Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

## XVIII.

"Tis not in mortals to command success:  
 But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* de-  
 serve it,"  
 And take my word, you won't have any less.  
 Be wary, watch the time, and always  
 serve it; [press;  
 Give gently way, when there's too great a  
 And for your conscience, only learn to  
 nerve it;  
 For, like a racer, or a boxer training,  
 'T will make, if proved, vast efforts without  
 paining.

## XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,  
 As most men do, the little or the great;  
 The very lowest find out an inferior,  
 At least they think so, to exert their state

Upon : for there are very few things wearier  
Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,  
Which mortals generously would divide,  
By bidding others carry while they ride.

## XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,  
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim ;  
In years he had the advantage of time's  
sequel ; [same—  
And, as he thought, in country much the  
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free  
quill,  
At which all modern nations vainly aim ;  
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,  
So that few members kept the house up later.

## XXI.

These were advantages : and then he thought—  
It was his foible, but by no means sinister—  
That few or none more than himself had caught  
Court mysteries, having been himself a  
minister : [taught,  
He liked to teach that which he had been  
And greatly shone whenever there had been  
a stir ;  
And reconciled all qualities which grace man,  
Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

## XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity ;  
He almost honour'd him for his docility,  
Because, though young, he acquiesced with  
suavity,  
Or contradicted but with proud humility.  
He knew the world, and would not see depravity  
In faults which sometimes show the soil's  
fertility,  
If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop—  
For then they are very difficult to stop.

## XXIII

And then he talk'd with him about Madrid,  
Constantinople, and such distant places ;  
Where people always did as they were bid,  
Or did what they should not with foreign  
graces.  
Of coursers always spake they . Henry rid  
Well, like most Englishmen, and loved  
the races ;  
And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,  
Could back a horse, as despots ride a Russian.

## XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,  
And diplomatic dinners, or at other—  
For Juan stood well, both with Ins and Outs,  
As in freemasonry a higher brother.

Upon his talent Henry had no doubts ;  
His manner show'd him sprung from a high  
mother ;  
And all men like to show their hospitality  
To him whose breeding matches with his  
quality.

## XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break  
no squares, [sorious  
By naming streets : since men are so cer-  
And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,  
Reaping allusions private and inglorious,  
Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,  
Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,  
That therefore do I previously declare,  
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank  
Square.

## XXVI.

Also there bin another pious reason  
For making squares and streets anonymous ;  
Which is, that there is scarce a single season  
Which doth not shake some very splendid  
house [son—  
With some slight heart-quake of domestic trea-  
A topic scandal doth delight to rouse :  
Such I might stumble over unawares,  
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

## XXVII.

'T is true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,  
A place where peccadillos are unknown ;  
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,  
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.  
Therefore I name not square, street, place,  
until I [shown,  
Find one where nothing naughty can be  
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart.  
Such are—but I have lost the London  
Chart.

## XXVIII

At Henry's mansion then, in Blank-Blank  
Square,  
Was Juan a recherché, welcome guest,  
As many other noble scions were ;  
And some who had but talent for their crest ;  
Or wealth, which is a passport every where ;  
Or even mere fashion, which indeed's the  
best  
Recommendation ; and to be well drest  
Will very often supersede the rest.

## XXIX.

And since " there's safety in a multitude  
Of counsellors," as Solomon has said,  
Or some one for him, in some sage, grave  
mood ;—  
Indeed we see the daily proof display'd

In senates, at the bar, in wordy feud,

Where'er collective wisdom can parade,  
Which is the only cause that we can guess  
Britain's present wealth and happiness;—

xxx.

But as "there's safety" grafted in the number  
"Of counsellors," for men,—thus for the sex  
A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber;  
Or should it shake, the choice will more  
perplex—

Variety itself will more encumber.

'Midst many rocks we guard more against  
wrecks; [some's]

And thus with women: howsoe'er it shocks  
Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

xxxI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion  
For such a shield, which leaves but little  
merit

To virtue proper, or good education.

Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,  
Which judged mankind at their due estimation;

And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear it:  
Secure of admiration, its impression  
Was faint, as of an every-day possession.

xxxII.

To all she was polite without parade;

To some she show'd attention of that kind  
Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd

In such a sort as cannot leave behind  
A trace unworthy either wife or maid;—

A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,  
To those who were, or pass'd for meritorious,  
Just to console sad glory for being glorious;

xxxIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,  
A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze

Upon the shades of those distinguish'd men,

Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,  
The praise of persecution. Gaze again

On the most favour'd; and amidst the blaze  
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,  
What can ye recognise?—a gilded cloud.

xxxIV.

There also was of course in Adeline

That calm patrician polish in the address,  
Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line

Of any thing which nature would express;  
Just as a mandarin finds nothing fine,—

At least his manner suffers not to guess,  
That any thing he views can greatly please.  
Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the Chi

nese—

xxxv.

Perhaps from Horace: his "*Nil admirari*:"

Was what he call'd the 'Art of Happiness;'  
An art on which the artists greatly vary,

And have not yet attain'd to much suc

However, 'tis expedient to be wary:

Indifference certes don't produce distr

And rash enthusiasm in good society

Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

xxxvi.

But Adeline was not indifferent: for [snow,

(Now for a common-place!) beneath the  
As a volcano holds the lava more

Within—*et cetera*. Shall I go on?—No.

I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,

So let the often-used volcano go.

Poor thing! How frequently, by me and others,

It hath been stirr'd up till its smoke quite  
smothers.

xxxvii.

I'll have another figure in a trice:—

What say you to a bottle of champagne?

Frozen into a very vinous ice, [rain,

Which leaves few drops of that immortal

Yet in the very centre, past all price,

About a liquid glassful will remain;

And this is stronger than the strongest grape

Could e'er express in its expanded shape:

xxxviii.

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence;

And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate

A hidden nectar under a cold presence.

And such are many—though I only meant  
her

From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,  
On which the Muse has always sought to

enter.

And your cold people are beyond all price,

When once you have broken their confounde  
ice.

xxxix.

But after all they are a North-West Passage

Unto the glowing India of the soul;

And as the good ships sent upon that mess

Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole

(Though Parry's efforts look a lucky prey

Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal:

For if the Pole's not open, but all frost

(A chance still), 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

xl.

And young beginners may as well commence

With quiet cruising o'er the ocean woman;

While those who are not beginners should  
have sense [mon

Enough to make for port, ere time shall sum-

With his grey signal-flag; and the past tense,  
The dreary "*Fuimus*" of all things human,  
Must be declined, while life's thin thread's  
    spun out  
Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

## XLII.

But heaven must be diverted; its diversion  
Is sometimes truculent—but never mind:  
The world upon the whole is worth the assertion  
(If but for comfort) that all things are kind:  
And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,  
Of the two principles, but leaves behind  
As many doubts as any other doctrine  
Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

## XLIII.

The English winter—ending in July,  
To recommence in August—now was done.  
'T is the postilion's paradise: wheels fly:  
On roads, east, south, north, west, there is  
    a run.

But for post-horses who finds sympathy?  
Man's pity 's for himself, or for his son,  
Always premising that said son at college  
Has not contracted much more debt than  
    knowledge.

## XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—  
Sometimes a little later. I don't err  
In this: whatever other blunders lie  
Upon my shoulders, here I must aver  
My Muse a glass of weatherology;  
For parliament is our barometer:  
Let radicals its other acts attack,  
Its sessions form our only almanack.

## XLIV.

When its quicksilver 's down at zero,—lo!  
Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!  
Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho,  
And happiest they who horses can engage;  
The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row  
Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;  
And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,  
Sigh—as the postboys faster on the traces.

## XLV.

They and their bills, "Arcadians both," are left  
To the Greek kalends of another session.  
Alas! to them of ready cash bereft.

What hope remains? Of *hope* the full pos  
    session,

Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,  
At a long date—till they can get a fresh one—  
Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large;  
Also the solace of an overcharge.

## XLVI.

But these are trifles Downward flies my lord,  
Nodding beside my lady in his carriage.  
Away! away! "Fresh horses!" are the word,  
And changed as quickly as hearts alter mar-  
    riage; [stored;  
The obsequious landlord hath the change re-  
The postboys have no reason to disparage  
Their fee; but ere the water'd wheels may his  
    hence,  
The ostler pleads too for a reminiscence

## XLVII.

'T is granted; and the valet mounts the dickey—  
That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;  
Also my lady's gentlewoman, tricky,  
Trick'd out, but modest more than poet's pen  
Can paint,—"*Così viaggino i Ricchi!*"<sup>156</sup>  
{Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,  
If but to show I've travell'd; and what 's travel,  
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?}

## XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer  
Were well nigh over. 'T is perhaps a pity,  
When nature wears the gown that doth become  
    her,

To lose those best months in a sweaty city,  
And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,  
Listening debates not very wise or witty,  
Ere patriots their true *country* can remember;—  
But there 's no shooting (save grouse) till Sep-  
    tember.

## XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone;  
The twice two thousand, for whom earth  
    was made,  
Were vanish'd to be what they call alone—  
That is, with thirty servants for parade,  
As many guests, or more; before whom groar  
As many covers, duly, daily laid.  
Let none accuse old England's hospitality—  
Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

## L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline  
Departed like the rest of their compeers,  
The peerage, to a mansion very fine;  
The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.  
None than themselves could boast a longer line,  
Where time through heroes and through  
    beauties steers;  
And oaks as olden as their pedigree  
Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree

## LI.

A paragraph in every paper told  
Of their departure: such is modern fame;  
'T is pity that it takes no farther hold  
Than an advertisement, or much the *same*;

When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.  
The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—  
Departure, for his country seat, to-day  
Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

## LII.

“We understand the splendid host intends  
To entertain, this autumn, a select  
And numerous party of his noble friends;  
Midst whom we have heard, from sources  
quite correct,  
The Duke of D—the shooting season spends,  
With many more by rank and fashion deck'd;  
Also a foreigner of high condition,  
The envoy of the secret Russian mission.”

## LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning  
Post?

(Whose articles are like the “Thirty-nine,”  
Which those most swear to who believe them  
most)— [shine,

Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain'd to  
Deck'd by the rays reflected from his host,  
With those who, Pope says, “greatly daring  
dine.”—

'Tis odd, but true,—last war the News abounded  
More with these dinners than the kill'd or  
wounded;—

## LIV.

As thus: “On Thursday there was a grand  
dinner; [name

Present, Lords A. B. C.”—Earls, dukes, by  
Announced with no less pomp than victory's  
winner:

Then underneath, and in the very same  
Column; date, “Falmouth. There has lately  
been here [to fame;

The Slap-dash regiment, so well known  
Whose loss in the late action we regret:  
The vacancies are fill'd up—see Gazette.’

## LV.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—

An old, old monastery once, and now  
Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare  
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow  
Few specimens yet left us can com pare

Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,  
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,  
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

## LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,  
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the  
Druid oak

Stood like Caractacus in act to rally  
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thun-  
der-stroke;

And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally  
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all his  
herd,  
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird

## LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed  
By a river, which its soften'd way did take  
In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around: the widgeon nestled in the brake  
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:  
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and  
stood  
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

## LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,  
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,  
Its shrilling echoes—like an infant made  
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding  
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,  
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and  
now hiding [now blue  
Its windings through the woods; now clear  
According as the skies their shadows threw.

## LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile  
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood  
half apart [an aisle.  
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many  
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:  
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tem-  
pest's march,  
In gazing on that venerable arch.

## LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle, [stone  
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in  
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,  
But in the war which struck Charles from  
his throne,  
When each house was a fortalice—as tell  
The annals of full many a line undone,—  
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain  
For those who knew not to resign or reign

## LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,<sup>155</sup>  
With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd  
round, [spoil'd:  
Spared by some chance when at bedside was

She made the earth below seem holy ground.

This may be superstition, weak or wild,  
But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

## LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
Through which the deepen'd glories once  
could enter, [wings,  
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's  
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now  
fainter, [oft sings  
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and  
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

## LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when  
The wind is winged from one point of  
heaven, [which then,  
There moans a strange unearthly sound,  
Is musical—a dying accent driven [again.  
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks  
Some deem it but the distant echo given  
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,  
And harmonised by the old choral wall:

## LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form  
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given  
the power [warm  
[Though less than that of Memnon's statue,  
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)  
To this grey ruin with a voice to charm  
Sad, but serene, it sweeps overtree or tower;  
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such  
The fact.—I've heard it,—once perhaps too  
much.

## LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,  
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings  
quaint—  
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:  
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of  
granite made,  
And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

## LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,  
With more of the monastic than has been  
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were  
stable,  
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:

An exquisite small chapel had been able,  
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;  
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk  
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

## LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers,  
join'd  
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,  
Might shock a connoisseur; but when com-  
bined,  
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,  
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,  
At least of those whose eyes are in their  
hearts;  
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,  
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

## LXVIII.

Steel barons, molten the next generation  
To silken rows of gay and garter'd ears,  
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation:  
And Lady Marys blooming into girls,  
With fair long locks, had also kept their  
station:  
And countesses mature in robes and pearls:  
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,  
Whose drapery hints we may admire them  
freely.

## LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine [invite  
Were there, with brows that did not much  
The accused to think their lordships would  
determine [right.  
His cause by leaning much from might to  
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;  
Attorneys-general, awful to the sight, [us)  
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp  
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas  
Corpus."

## LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old  
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead;  
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,  
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed:  
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of  
gold: [the steel;  
Nimrods, whose canvass scarce contain'd  
And here and there some stern high patriot  
stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

## LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,  
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,  
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,  
Or wilder group of savage Salvatores: 160



Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea  
shone [stories

In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the  
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted  
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

## LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;  
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal  
light,

Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain  
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—

But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,  
Your eyes to revel in a lovelier sight:  
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite  
Danish [Rhenish.

Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of

## LXXIII.

O reader! if that thou canst read,—and know,  
'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,  
To constitute a reader; there must go

Virtues of which both you and I have need.  
Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though

That clause is hard); and secondly, proceed;  
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or,  
sinning

In this sort, end at least with the beginning.

## LXXIV.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,  
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,  
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,  
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.

That poets were so from their earliest date,  
By Homer's "catalogue of ships" is clear;  
But a mere modern must be moderate—  
I spare you then the furniture and plate.

## LXXV.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came  
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.

The corn is cut, the manor full of game;  
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats  
In russet jacket:—lynx-like is his aim;

Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.  
Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!  
[sants.

And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for pea-

## LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines  
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along

The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines  
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,  
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;  
The claret light, and the Madeira strong.

If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,  
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

## LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline  
Which makes the southern autumn's day  
appear

As if 't would to a second spring resign  
The season, rather than to winter drear,—  
Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine.—  
The sea-coal fires, the "earliest of the year;"  
Without doors, too, she may compete in mellow,  
As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

## LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—  
Rife with more horns than hounds—she  
hath the chase,  
So animated that it might allure a  
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race:  
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of  
Dura,<sup>161</sup>

And wear the Melton jacket for a space.  
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame  
Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.

## LXXIX.

The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey,  
Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—  
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess  
Crabby;

The Ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclat,  
Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss  
O'Tabby,

And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw;  
Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep, [sheep:  
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black

## LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank:  
At once the "lie" and the "élite" of crowds;  
Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,  
All purged and pious from their native clouds;  
Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank:

No matter how or why, the passport shrouds  
The "passée" and the past; for good society  
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety,—

## LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point; which point  
Forms the most difficult in punctuation.  
Appearances appear to form the joint  
On which it hinges in a higher station;  
And so that no explosion cry "Aroint  
Thee, witch!" or each Medea has her Jason  
Or (to the point with Horace and the Pulci)  
"Omne tulit punctum, quæ miscuit utile dulci."

## LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,  
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.  
I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite  
By the mere combination of a coterie;

Also a so-so matron bold, / fight

Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,  
And shine the very *Siria*<sup>162</sup> of the spheres,  
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

## LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I'll say :—but we will  
see

How our *villeggiatura* will get on.  
The party might consist of thirty-three  
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.  
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,  
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.  
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these,  
There also were some Irish absentees.

## LXXXIV.

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,  
Who limits all his battles to the bar  
And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly  
He shows more appetite for words than war  
There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who  
had newly [star.  
Come out and glimmer'd as a six weeks'  
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great free-  
thinker;  
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

## LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—  
duke, [twelve peers  
“Av, every inch a” duke; there were  
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in  
'ook  
And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears  
For commoners had ever them mistook.  
There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty  
dears! [set  
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were  
Less on a convent than a coronet.

## LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose  
Honour was more before their names than  
after;  
There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,  
Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to  
waft here,  
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;  
But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,  
Because—such was his magic power to please—  
The dice seem'd charm'd, too, with his repartees.

## LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysician,  
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;  
Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;  
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner

There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisial.  
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner  
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,  
Good at all things, but better at a bet

## LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guards-  
man;  
And General Fireface, famous in the field,  
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,  
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he  
kill'd. [Hardsman,  
There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies  
In his grave office so completely skill'd,  
That when a culprit came for condemnation,  
He had his judge's joke for consolation

## LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are  
kings, [world's a game,  
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns; the  
Save that the puppets pull at their own strings,  
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the  
same.  
My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,  
Not stings, and flits through ether without  
aim,  
Alighting rarely :—were she but a hornet,  
Perhaps there might be vices which would  
mourn it.

## XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—  
An orator, the latest of the session,  
Who had deliver'd well a very set  
Smooth speech, his first and maidenly trans-  
gression  
Upon debate: the papers echoed yet  
With his debut, which made a strong im-  
pression,  
And rank'd with what is every day display'd—  
“The best first speech that ever yet was made.”

## XCI.

Proud of his “Hear hims!” proud, too, of his  
vote  
And lost virginity of oratory,  
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),  
He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory.  
With memory excellent to get by rote,  
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,  
Graced with some merit, and with more effron-  
tery, [country  
“His country's pride,” he came down to the

## XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,  
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the  
Tweed. 163

Both lawyers and both men of education ;  
But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd  
breed :

Longbow was rich in an imagination  
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,  
But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—  
While Strongbow's best things might have  
come from Cato.

## XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord ;  
But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,  
With which the winds of heaven can claim  
accord,

And make a music, whether flat or sharp.  
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a  
word : [carp :

At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes  
Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,  
This by his heart—his rival by his head.

## XCIV.

If all these seem an heterogeneous mass

To be assembled at a country seat,  
Yet think, a specimen of every class  
Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.

The days of Comedy are gone, alas !  
When Congreve's fool could vie with Mo-  
lière's *bete* ;

Society is smooth'd to that excess,  
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

## XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the back-ground—  
Ridiculous enough, but also dull ;  
Professions, too, are no more to be found  
Professional ; and there is nought to cull  
Of folly's fruit : for though your fools abound,  
They're barren, and not worth the pains to  
pull.

Society is now one polish'd horde [Bored.  
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and

## XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners,  
gleaning [truth ;

The scanty but right-well thresh'd ears of  
And, gentle reader ! when you gather meaning,

You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.  
Farther I'd quote, but Scripture intervening  
Forbids. A great impression in my youth  
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries,  
" That Scriptures out of church are blas-  
phemies."

## XCVII.

But what we can we glean in this vile age  
Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.  
I must not quite omit the talking sage,  
Kit-Cat, the famous Conversationist,

Who, in his common-place book, had a page  
Prepared each morn for evenings. " List,  
oh list !"—

" Alas, poor ghost !"—What unexpected woes  
Await those who have studied their *bons-mots* !

## XCIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation,  
By many windings to their clever clinch ;  
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,  
Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,  
But take an ell—and make a great sensation,  
If possible ; and thirdly, never flinch  
When some smart talker puts them to the test,  
But seize the last word, which no doubt's the  
best.

## XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts ;  
The party we have touch'd on were the  
guests.

Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts  
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.  
I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,  
Albeit all human history attests  
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner !—  
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

## C.

Witness the lands which " flow'd with milk  
and honey,"

Held out unto the hungry Israelites ;  
To this we have added since, the love of money,  
The only sort of pleasure which requites.

Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer  
sunny ;

We tire of mistresses and parasites ;  
But oh, ambrosial cash ! Ah ! who would  
lose thee ?

When we no more can use, or even abuse thee !

## CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,

Or hunt : the young, because they liked  
the sport—

The first thing boys like, after play and fruit ;  
The middle-aged, to make the day more  
short ;

For *ennui* is a growth of English root,  
Though nameless in our language !—we  
retort

The fact for words, and let the French translate  
That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.

## CII.

The elderly walk'd through the library,  
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures  
Or saunter'd through the gardens piously,  
And made upon the hot-house several *stric-  
tures*,

Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,  
 Or on the morning papers read their lectures,  
 Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,  
 Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

## CIII.

But none were "gêné:" the great hour of union  
 Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were  
 Masters of their own time—or in communion,  
 Or solitary, as they chose to bear  
 The hours, which how to pass is but to few  
 known.

Each rose up at his own, and had to spare  
 What time he chose for dress, and broke his  
 fast [past.

When, where, and how he chose for tha. re-  
 civ.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—  
 Met the morn as they might. If fine, they  
 rode,

Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,  
 Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;  
 Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,  
 And settled bonnets by the newest code,  
 Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,  
 To make each correspondent a new debtor.

## CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.  
 The earth has nothing like a she epistle,  
 And hardly heaven—because it never ends.  
 I love the mystery of a female missal,  
 Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,  
 But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,  
 When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better  
 Take care what you reply to such a letter.

## CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but *no*  
 dice;—

Save in the clubs no man of honour plays;—  
 Boats when 'twas water, skating when 't was ice,  
 And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days:  
 And angling, too, that solitary vice,

Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:  
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet  
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

## CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine;  
 The conversazione; the duet,  
 Attuned by voices more or less divine  
 (My heart or head aches with the memory  
 yet).

The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;  
 But the two youngest loved more to be set  
 Down to the harp—because to music's charms  
 They added graceful necks, white hands and  
 arms.

## CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,  
 For then the gentlemen were rather tired)  
 Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze;  
 Then there was small-talk ready when re-  
 quired;

Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise  
 Of charms that should or should not be ad-  
 mired,

The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,  
 And then retreated soberly—at ten.

## CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,  
 Discuss'd the world, and settled all the  
 spheres:

The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,  
 To introduce a bon-mot head and ears;  
 Small is the rest of those who would be smart,  
 A moment's good thing may have cost them  
 years,

Before they find an hour to introduce it;  
 And then, even *then*, some bore may make  
 them lose it

## CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic  
 In this our party; polish'd, smooth, and cold,  
 As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.

There now are no Squire Westerns as of old,  
 And our Sophias are not so emphatic,  
 But fair as then, or fairer to behold.

We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like  
 Tom Jones,

But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

## CXI.

They separated at an early hour;  
 That is, ere midnight—which is London's  
 noon:

But in the country ladies seek their bower  
 A little earlier than the waning moon.

Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—  
 May the rose call back its true colour soon!  
 Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinter,  
 And lower the price of rouge—at least *some*  
 winters.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

## 1

If from great nature's or our own abyss  
 Of thought we could but snatch a certain

Perhaps mankind might find the path they  
miss—

But then 't would spoil much good philosophy.  
One system eats another up, and this

Much as old Saturn ate his progeny ;  
For when his pious consort gave him stones  
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

## II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,  
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion

Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,  
After due search, your faith to any question?

Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast  
You bind yourself, and call some mode the  
best one.

Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses,  
And yet what are your other evidences?

## III.

For me, I know nought ; nothing I deny,  
Admit, reject, contemn ; and what know *you*.

Except perhaps that you were born to die ?  
And both may after all turn out untrue.

An age may come, Font of Eternity,  
When nothing shall be either old or new.

Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men  
weep,

And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

## IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day  
Of toil, is what we covet most ; and yet  
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent  
clay !

The very Suicide that pays his debt  
At once without instalments (an old way

Of paying debts, which creditors regret)  
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,  
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

## V.

T is round him, near him, here, there, every  
where ; [fear,

And there 's a courage which grows out of  
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare

The worst to *know* it :—when the moun-  
tains rear [there

Their peaks beneath your human foot, and  
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear

The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a  
minute,

Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

## VI.

T is true, you don't—but, pale and struck with  
terror,

Retire: but look into your past impression.  
And you will find, though shuddering at the

mirror [fession,  
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-con-

The lurking bias, be it truth or error,

To the *unknown* ; a secret prepossession,  
To plunge with all your fears—but where ?

You know not,  
And that 's the reason why you do—or do not.

## VII.

But what 's this to the purpose? you will say  
Gent. reader, nothing ; a mere speculation,

For which my sole excuse is—'t is my way,  
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without

occasion  
I write what 's uppermost without delay ;

This narrative is not meant for narration,  
But a mere airy and fantastic basis,

To build up common things with common  
places.

## VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon  
saith, [wind blows ;"

" Fling up a straw, 't will show the way the  
And such a straw, borne on by human breath

Is poesy, according as the mind glows ;  
A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death,

A shadow which the onward soul behind  
throws :

And mine 's a bubble, not blown up for praise,  
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

## IX.

The world is all before me—or behind ;

For I have seen a portion of that same,  
And quite enough for me to keep in mind :—

Of passions, too, I have proved enough to  
blame,

To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,  
Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame;

For I was rather famous in my time,  
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

## X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke  
The other: that 's to say, the clergy—who

Upon my head have bid their thunders break  
In pious libel; by no means a few.

And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,  
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.

In youth I wrote because my mind was full,  
And now because I feel it growing dull.

## XI.

But " why then publish? "—There are no  
rewards [weary.

Of fame or profit when the world grows  
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards?

Why drink? Why read?—To make some  
hour less dreary.

It occupies me to turn back regards

On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;  
And what I write I cast upon the stream,  
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

## XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,  
I hardly could compose another line:  
So long I've battled either more or less,  
That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.  
This feeling 't is not easy to express,  
And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.

In play, there are two pleasures for your  
choosing—  
The one is winning, and the other losing.

## XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:  
She gathers a repertory of facts,  
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,

But mostly sings of human things and acts—  
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction;  
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er  
And were her object only what's call'd glory,  
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

## XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;  
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;  
A bird's eye view, too, of that wild, Society;  
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.

If you have nought else, here's at least satiety,  
Both in performance and in preparation;  
And though these lines should only line port-  
manteaus,  
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

## XV.

The portion of this world which I at present  
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,  
Is one of which there's no description recent:  
The reason why, is easy to determine:  
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,  
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,  
A dull and family likeness through all ages,  
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

## XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;  
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;  
A sort of varnish over every fault;  
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes;  
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,  
A want of that true nature which sublimes  
Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth mono-  
tony [any.  
Of character, in those at least who have got

## XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers at parade,  
They break their ranks and gladly leave the  
drill:

But then the roll-call draws them back afraid  
And they must be or seem what they were: still  
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade;  
But when of the first sight you have had  
your fill,  
It palls—at least it did so upon me,  
This paradise of pleasure and *ennui*.

## XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed  
our gaming, [more;  
Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, something  
With dandies dined; heard senators declaiming;  
Seen beauties brought to market by the score,  
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming;  
There's little left but to be bored or bore.  
Witness those "*ci-devant jeunes hommes*" who  
stem [them.

The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth

## XIX.

'T is said—indeed a general complaint—  
That no one has succeeded in describing  
The monde, exactly as they ought to paint:  
Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing,  
The porter, some slight scandals strange and  
quaint,  
To furnish matter for their moral gibing;  
And that their books have but one style in  
common—

My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

## XX.

But this can't well be true, just now; for writers  
Are grown of the beau monde a part potential:  
I've seen them balance even the scale with  
fighters,  
Especially when young, for that's essential.  
Why do their sketches fail them as inditers  
Of what they deem themselves most conse-  
quential,

The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?

'T is that, in fact, there's little to describe.

## XXI.

"*Haud ignara loquor;*" these are *Nugæ*,  
"*quarum*  
*Pars parva fui,*" but still art and part.  
Now I could much more easily sketch a *harlem*,  
A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,  
Than these things; and besides, I wish to  
spare 'em,

For reasons which I choose to keep apart.  
"*Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgareit*"—  
Which means that vulgar people must not  
share it.

## XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—  
Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of free-  
masons;

Which bears the same relation to the real,  
As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's.  
The grand arcanum's not for men to see all;  
My music has some mystic diapasons;  
And there is much which could not be appre-  
ciated

In any manner by the uninitiated.

## XXIII.

Alas! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd  
The world (as, since that history, less polite  
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held)  
Has not yet given up the practice quite.  
Poor thing of usages! coerced, compell'd,  
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when  
right,

Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins  
Have shaving too entail'd upon their chins,—

## XXIV.

A daily plague, which in the aggregate  
May average on the whole with parturition  
But as to women, who can penetrate  
The real sufferings of their sex condition?  
Man's very sympathy with their estate  
Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.  
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,  
But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

## XXV.

All this were very well, and can't be better;  
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,  
So many troubles from her birth beset her,  
Such small distinction between friends and  
foes,

The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,  
That—but ask any woman if she'd choose  
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been  
Female or male? a schoolboy or a queen?

## XXVI.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,  
Which even those who obey would fain be  
thought

To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;  
But since beneath it upon earth we are  
brought,

By various joltings of life's hackney coach,  
I for one venerate a petticoat—  
A garment of a mystical sublimity,  
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity

## XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,  
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil  
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,  
And more attracts by all it doth conceal—  
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,  
A loving letter with a mystic seal,  
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle  
Before a petticoat and peeping 'ankle?

## XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,  
With a sirocco, for example, blowing,  
When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,  
And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,  
And the sky shows that very ancient gray,  
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—  
'T is pleasant, if *then* any thing is pleasant,  
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

## XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines  
In that fair clime which don't depend on  
climate,  
Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,  
Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,  
Because the sun, and stars, and aught that shines,  
Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,  
Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—  
Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

## XXX.

An in-door life is less poetical;  
And out of door hath showers, and mists,  
and sleet,  
With which I could not brew a pastoral.  
But be it as it may, a bard must meet  
All difficulties, whether great or small,  
To spoil his undertaking or complete,  
And work away like spirit upon matter,  
Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

## XXXI.

Juan—in this respect, at least, like saints—  
Was all things unto people of all sorts,  
And lived contentedly, without complaints,  
In camps, in ships, in cottages or courts—  
Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,  
And mingling modestly in toils or sports.  
He likewise could be most things to all women,  
Without the coxcomby of certain *she* men.

## XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange;  
'T is also subject to the double danger  
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange  
Some pleasant jesting at the awkward  
stranger.

But Juan had been early taught to range  
The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd avenger,  
So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,  
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

## XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause.  
He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post,  
and rail, [*pas,*]  
And never *craned*, and made but few "*faux*"  
And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.  
He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws  
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;  
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,  
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

## XXXIV.

But on the whole, to general admiration  
He acquitted both himself and horse: the  
squires  
Marvell'd at merit of another nation;  
The boors cried "Dang it! who'd have  
thought it?"—Sires,  
The Nestors of the sporting generation,  
Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires;  
The huntsman's self relented to a grin,  
And rated him almost a whipper-in.

## XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,  
But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes'  
brushes;  
Yet I must own,—although in this I yield  
To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—  
He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,  
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,  
And what not, though he rode beyond all price  
Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted *twice*?"

## XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon  
To early risers after a long chase,  
Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon  
December's drowsy day to his dull race,—  
A quality agreeable to woman,  
When her soft, liquid words run on apace,  
Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—  
He did not fall asleep just after dinner;

## XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,  
And shone in the best part of dialogue,  
By humouring always what they might assert,  
And listening to the topics most in vogue;  
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;  
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!  
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer:—  
In short, there never was a better hearer.

## XXXVIII.

And then he danced;—all foreigners excel  
The serious Angles in the eloquence  
Of pantomime;—he danced, I say, right well  
With emphasis, and also with good sense—  
A thing in footing indispensable;  
He danced without theatrical pretence,  
Not like a ballet-master in the van  
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

## XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due  
bound,  
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;  
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,  
And rather held in than put forth his vigour;  
And then he had an ear for music's sound,  
Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigour.  
Such classic *pas*—sans flaws—set off our hero  
He glanc'd like a personified Bolero;<sup>164</sup>

## XL.

Or like a flying Hour before Aurora  
In Guido's famous fresco<sup>165</sup>, which alone  
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a  
Remnant were there of the old world's sole  
throne,  
The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a  
Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,  
And ne'er to be described; for to the colour  
Of bards and prosers, words are void of colour.

## XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;  
A full-grown Cupid, very much admired;  
A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;  
At least he kept his vanity retired.  
Such was his tact, he could alike delight  
The chaste, and those who are not so much  
inspired. [*serie,*]

The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*traca-*  
Began to treat him with some small "*agacerie.*"

## XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,  
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated  
For several winters in the grand, *grand monde.*  
I'd rather not say what might be related  
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;  
Besides there might be falsehood in what's  
stated:  
Her late performance had been a dead set  
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

## XLIII.

This noble personage began to look  
A little black upon this new flirtation;  
But such small licences must lovers brook,  
Mere freedoms of the female corporation.



Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke !  
 'T will but precipitate a situation  
 Extremely disagreeable, but common  
 To calculators, when they count on woman.

## XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then  
 sneer'd ;  
 The Misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd ;  
 Some hoped things might not turn out as they  
 fear'd ; [be found ;  
 Some would not deem such women could  
 Some ne'er believed one half of what they  
 heard ; [profound :  
 Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd  
 And several pitied with sincere regret,  
 Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

## XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the duke,  
 Who, one might think, was something in  
 the affair :  
 True, he was absent, and 'twas rumour'd, took  
 But small concern about the when, or where,  
 Or what his consort did : if he could brook  
 Her gaieties, none had a right to stare :  
 Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt  
 Which never meets, and therefore can't fall  
 out.

## XLVI.

But, oh ! that I should ever pen so sad a line  
 Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,  
 My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,  
 Began to think the duchess' conduct free.  
 Regretting much that she had chosen so bad  
 a line,  
 And waxing chiller in her courtesy,  
 Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's  
**fragility,** [bility.  
 For which most friends reserve their sensi-

## XLVII.

There's nought in this bad world like sym-  
 pathy :  
 'T is so becoming to the soul and face,  
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh, [lace.  
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels  
 Without a friend, what were humanity,  
 To hunt our errors up with a good grace ?  
 Consoling us with—" Would you had thought  
 twice !  
 Ah ! if you had but follow'd my advice !"

## XLVIII.

O Job ! you had two friends : one's quite  
 enough,  
 Especially when we are ill at ease ; [rough,  
 They are but bad pilots when the weather's  
 Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.

Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,  
 As they will do like leaves at the first breeze :  
 When your affairs come round, one way or  
 t' other,  
 Go to the coffee-house, and take another.

## XLIX.

But this is not my maxim : had it been,  
 Some heart-aches had been spared me : yet  
 I care not—  
 I would not be a tortoise in his screen  
 Of stubborn shell, which waves and wea-  
 ther wear not.  
 'T is better on the whole to have felt and seen  
 That which humanity may bear, or bear not :  
 'T will teach discernment to the sensitive,  
 And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

## L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,  
 Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,  
 Is that portentous phrase, " I told you so,"  
 Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the  
 past, [do,  
 Who, 'stead of saying what you now should  
 Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,  
 And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos  
 moras,*"  
 With a long memorandum of old stories.

## LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity  
 Was not confined to feeling for her friend,  
 Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,  
 Unless her habits should begin to mend :  
 But Juan also shared in her austerity,  
 But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was  
 penn'd :  
 His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,  
 And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

## LII.

These forty days' advantage of her years  
 And hers were those which can face calcu-  
 lation,  
 Boldly referring to the list of peers [tio--  
 And noble births, nor dread the enu-*era*  
 Gave her a right to have maternal fears  
 For a young gentleman's fit education,  
 Though she was far from that leap year  
 whose leap,  
 In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

## LIII.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—  
 Say seven-and-twenty ; for I never knew  
 The strictest in chronology and virtue [new  
 Advance beyond, while they could pass for

O Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe,  
so dirty [hew.

With rust, should surely cease to hack and  
Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,  
If 'out to keep thy credit as a mower.

## LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,  
Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best.  
'T was rather her experience made her sage,  
For she had seen the world and stood its  
test,

As I have said in—I forget what page;  
My Muse despises reference, as you have  
guess'd [twenty,  
By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-  
And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

## LV.

At sixteen she came out; present'd, vaunted,  
She put all coronets into commotion;  
At seventeen, too, the world was still en-  
chanted

With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean:  
At eighteen, though below her feet still panted  
A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,  
She had consented to create again  
That Adam, called "The happiest of men."

## LVI.

Since then she had sparkled through three  
glowing winters,

Admired, adored; but also so correct,  
That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,  
Without the apparel of being circumspect:  
They could not even glean the slightest splinters  
From off the marble, which had no defect.  
She had also snatch'd a moment since her  
marriage,

To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

## LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,  
Those little glitterers of the London night;  
But none of these possess'd a sting to wound  
her—

She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.  
Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder;

But whatsoever she wish'd, she acted right;  
And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify  
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?

## LVIII.

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle  
Which with the landlord makes too long a  
stand,

Leaving all-claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,  
Especially with politics on hand;

I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle, [said;  
Who whirl the dust as simooms whirl the  
I hate it as I hate an argument,  
A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "content"

## LIX.

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,  
They are so much intertwined with the  
earth;

So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,  
I reckon not if an accorn gave it birth.

To trace all actions to their secret springs  
Would make indeed some melancholy mirth;  
But this is not at present my concern,  
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.

## LX.

With the kind view of saving an élat,  
Both to the duchess and diplomatist,  
The Lady Adeline, as soon 's she saw  
That Juan was unlikely to resist—  
(For foreigners don't know that a *fauv pas*  
In England ranks quite on a different list  
From those of other lands unblest with juries,  
Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is;—)

## LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take [impede  
Such measures as she thought might best  
The farther progress of this sad mistake.  
She thought with some simplicity indeed;  
But innocence is bold even at the stake,  
And simple in the world, and doth not need  
Nor use those *paísades* by dames erected,  
Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

## LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst:  
His Grace was an enduring, married man,  
And was not likely all at once to burst  
Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan  
Of Doctors' Commons: but she dreaded first  
The magic of her Grace's talisman,  
And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)  
With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

## LXIII.

Her Grace, too, pass'd for being an intrigant,  
And somewhat *mechante* in her amorous  
sphere; [haunt

One of those pretty, pre-ious plagues, which  
A lover with caprices soft and dear,  
That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can'

Find one, each day of the delightful year:  
Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow  
And—what is worst of all—won't let you go

## LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,  
 Or make a Werter of him in the end.  
 No wonder then a purer soul should dread  
 This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend ;  
 It were much better to be wed or dead,  
 Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.  
 'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,  
 If that a "*bonne fortune*" be really "*bonne*."

## LXV.

And first, in the overflowing of her heart,  
 Which really knew or thought it knew no  
 guile,  
 She call'd her husband now and then apart,  
 And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile  
 Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art  
 To wean Don Juan from the siren's wile ;  
 And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,  
 In such guise that she could make nothing  
 of it.

## LXVI.

Firstly, he said, " he never interfered  
 In anybody's business but the king's :"  
 Next, that " he never judged from what ap-  
 pear'd, [things ;"  
 Without strong reason, of those sort of  
 Thirdly, that " Juan had more brain than  
 beard,  
 And was not to be held in leading strings ;"  
 And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,  
 " That good but rarely came from good advice."

## LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth  
 Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse  
 To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth—  
 At least as far as *bienseance* allows :  
 That time would temper Juan's faults of youth ;  
 That young men rarely made monastic vows ;  
 That opposition only more attaches—  
 But here a messenger brought in despatches :

## LXVIII.

And being of the council call'd " the Privy,"  
 Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,  
 To furnish matter for some future Livy,  
 To tell how he reduced the nation's debt ;  
 And if their full contents I do not give ye,  
 It is because I do not know them yet ;  
 But I shall add them in a brief appendix,  
 To come between mine epic and its index.

## LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,  
 Another gentle common-place or two,  
 Such as are coin'd in conversation ; mint,  
 And pass, for want of better, though not new :

Then broke his packet, to see what was in 't,  
 And having casually glanced it through,  
 Retired : and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd her,  
 Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

## LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,  
 Proud of his birth, and proud of every thing ;  
 A goodly spirit for a state givan,  
 A figure fit to walk before a king ;  
 Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van  
 On birthdays, glorious with a star and string ;  
 The very model of a chamberlain—  
 And such I mean to make him when I reign.

## LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the  
 whole— [tell—  
 I don't know what, and therefore cannot  
 Which pretty women—the sweet souls !—call  
*soul*.

*Certes* it was not body ; he was well  
 Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,  
 A handsome man, that human miracle ;  
 And in each circumstance of love or war,  
 Had still preserved his perpendicular.

## LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I've  
 said—  
 That undefinable "*Je ne sais quoi*,"  
 Which, for what I know, may of yore have led  
 To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy  
 The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed ;  
 Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan  
 boy  
 Was much inferior to King Menelaüs :—  
 But thus it is some women will betray us.

## LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much per-  
 plexes,  
 Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved  
 By turns the difference of the several sexes ;  
 Neither can show quite *how* they would be  
 loved.  
 The sensual for a short time but connects us—  
 The sentimental boasts to be unmoved ;  
 But both together form a kind of centaur,  
 Upon whose back 't is better not to venture

## LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*  
 Is that for which the sex are always seeking  
 But how to fill up that same vacant part ?  
 There lies the rub—and this they are busi-  
 weak in.

Frail mariners afloat without a chart,  
They run before the wind through high seas  
breaking ; [every shock,  
And when they have made the shore through  
T is odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

There is a flower call'd "Love in Idleness,"  
For which see Shakspeare's ever blooming  
garden :—  
will not make his great description less,  
And beg his British godship's humble pardon,  
If in my extremity of rhyme's distress,  
I touch a single leaf where he is warden ;—  
But through the flower is different, with the  
French

Or Swiss Rousseau, cry "*Voila la Pervenche!*"

LXXVI

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean  
To say is, not that love is idleness,  
But that in love such idleness has been  
An accessory, as I have cause to guess.  
Hard labour's an indifferent go-between ;  
Your men of business are not apt to express  
Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the  
Argo,

Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

LXXVII.

"*Beatus ille procul!*" from "*negotiis,*"  
Saith Horace; the great little poet's wrong;  
His other maxim, "*Noscitur a sociis,*"  
Is much more to the purpose of his song;  
Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,  
Unless good company be kept too long;  
But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,  
Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation!

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,  
Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—  
The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,  
As far as I know, that the church receives;  
And since that time it need not cost much  
showing,

That many of theills o'er which man grieves,  
Lrd still more women, spring from not em-  
ploying joying.  
Some hours to make the remnant worth en-

LXXIX.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,  
A rack of pleasures, where we must invent  
A something wherewithal to annoy'd.

Bards may sing what they please about  
*Content* ;

*Contented*, when translated, means but cloy'd ;  
And hence arise the woes of sentiment.

Blue devils, and blue-stockings, and romances  
Reduced to practice, and perform'd like dances

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,  
Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen;  
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,  
Would some believe that such a tale had  
been ;

But such intent I never had, nor have it ;  
Some truths are better kept behind a screen,  
Especially when they would look like lies ;  
I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI

"An oyster may be cross'd in love,"—and  
why ?

Because he mopeth idly in his shell,  
And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,  
Much as a monk may do within his cell :  
And *a-propos* of monks, their piety  
With sloth hath found it difficult to dwell ;  
Those vegetables of the Catholic creed  
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,  
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,  
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,  
Thou moral Washington of Africa!  
But there's another little thing, I own,  
Which you should perpetrate some summer's  
day,

And set the other half of earth to rights ;  
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up  
the whites.

LXXXIII.

Shut up the bald-coot<sup>166</sup> bully Alexander!  
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal ;  
Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for  
gander,"

And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?  
Shut up each high heroic salamander,  
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but  
small) ;

Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,<sup>167</sup>  
Or else 't will cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out ;  
And you will be perhaps surprised to find  
All things pursue exactly the same route,  
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.  
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,  
Where there a jot of sense among mankind ;  
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!  
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 't was.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—

Her heart was vacant, though a splendid  
mansion ;

Her conduct had been perfectly correct,  
As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.

A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd  
Because 't is frailier, doubtless, than a steady  
one :

But when the latter works its own undoing,  
Its inner crash is like an earthquake's rain.

## LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that* love  
Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,  
The stone of Sisyphus, if once we move  
Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.  
She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,  
No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:  
Their union was a model to behold,  
Serene and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

## LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,  
Though much in temper; but they never  
clash'd:  
They moved like stars united in their spheres  
Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters wash'd,  
Where mingled and yet separate appears  
The river from the lake, all blueely dash'd  
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,  
Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.

## LXXXVIII.

Now when she once had ta'en an interest  
In any thing, however she might flatter  
Herself that her intentions were the best,  
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter:  
Impressions were much stronger than she  
guess'd,  
And gather'd as they run like growing water  
Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast  
Was not at first too readily impress'd.

## LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon  
Of double nature, and thus doubly named—  
Firmness yeleft in heroes, kings, and seamen,  
That is, when they succeed; but greatly  
blamed  
As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,  
Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is  
tamed:—  
And 't will perplex the casuist in morality  
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

## XC.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,  
It had been firmness; now 't is pertinacity;  
Must the event decide between the two?  
I leave it to your people of sagacity

To draw the line between the false and true.  
If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity  
My business is with Lady Adeline,  
Who in her way too was a heroine.

## XCI.

She knew not her own heart; then how  
should I?

I think not she was *then* in love with Juan  
If so, she would have had the strength to fly  
The wild sensation, unto her a new one:  
She merely felt a common sympathy  
(I will not say it was a false or true one)  
In him, because she thought he was in dan-  
ger,— [stranger,  
Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a

## XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and  
this  
Without the farce of friendship, or romance  
Platonism, which leads so oft amiss  
Ladies who have studied friendship but in  
France,  
Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.  
To thus much Adeline would not advance;  
But of such friendship as man's may to man be  
She was as capable as woman can be.

## XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex  
Will there, as also in the ties of blood,  
An innocent predominance annex,  
And tune the concord to a finer mood.  
If free from passion, which all friendship  
checks,  
And your true feelings fully understood,  
No friend like to a woman earth discovers,  
So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

## XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ  
Of change; and how should this be otherwise?  
That violent things more quickly find a term  
Is shown through nature's whole analogies  
And how should the most fierce of all be firm?  
Would you have endless lightnings in the  
skies?

Methinks Love's very title says enough:  
How should the *tender* passion ere be *tough*?

## XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet [many  
(I merely quote what I have heard from  
Had lovers not some reason to regret  
The passion which made Solomon a *zany*.

I've also seen some wives (not to forget

The marriage state, the best or worst of any)  
Who were the very paragons of wives,  
Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

## XCVI.

I've also seen some female friends ('tis odd,  
But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)  
That faithful were through thick and thin  
abroad,

At home, far more than ever yet was Love—  
Who did not quit me when Oppression trod  
Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;  
Who fought, and fight, in absence, too, my  
battles,  
Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

## XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline  
Grew friends in this or any other sense,  
Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:  
At present I am glad of a pretence  
To leave them hovering, as the epic is fine,  
And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*:  
The surest way for ladies and for books  
To bait their tender or their tender hooks.

## XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied  
Spanish  
To read Don Quixote in the original,  
A pleasure before which all others vanish;  
Whether their talk was of the kind call'd  
"small,"  
Or serious, are the topics I must banish  
To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall  
Say something to the purpose, and display  
Considerable talent in my way.

## XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear  
Anticipating aught about the matter.  
They'll only make mistakes about the fair  
And Juan too, especially the latter.  
And I shall take a much more serious air,  
Than I have yet done, in this epic satire.  
It is not clear that Adeline and Juan  
Will fall; but if they do, 't will be their ruin.

## C.

But great things spring from little:—Would  
you think,  
That in our youth, as dangerous a passion  
As e'er brought man and woman to the brink  
Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,  
As few would ever dream could form the link  
Of such a sentimental situation?  
You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions,  
milliards—  
It all sprung from a harmless game at billiards.

## CI.

'Tis strange,—but true; for truth is always  
strange;

Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,  
How much would novels gain by the ex-  
change! [hold!

How differently the world would men be-  
How oft would vice and virtue places change!  
The new world would be nothing to the old,  
If some Columbus of the moral seas  
Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

## CII.

What "antres vast and deserts idle" then  
Would be discover'd in the human soul!  
What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,  
With self-love in the centre as their pole!  
What Anthropophagi are nine of ten  
Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!  
Were things but only call'd by their right name,  
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE FIFTEENTH. 168.

## I.

AH!—What should follow slips from my re-  
flection;  
Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be  
As à-propos of hope or retrospection,  
As though the lurking thought had follow'd  
free.

All present life is but an interjection,  
An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of joy or misery,  
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or  
"Pooh!"  
Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

## II.

But, more or less, the whole's a syncopé  
Or a singultus—emblems of emotion,  
The grand antithesis to great ennuï,  
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the  
ocean,

That watery outline of eternity,  
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,  
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,  
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

## III.

But all are better than the sigh suppress'd,  
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,  
Making the countenance a masque of rest,  
And turning human nature to an art.

Few men dare show their thoughts of worse  
or best;

Dissimulation always sets apart  
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction  
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

## IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not  
Remember, without telling, passion's errors?  
The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,  
Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors:  
What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,  
He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors:  
The ruby glass that shakes within his hand  
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

## V.

And as for love—O love!—We will proceed.  
The Lady Adeline Amundeville,  
A pretty name as one would wish to read,  
Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.  
There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears:  
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

## VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,  
And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so;  
For few of the soft sex are very stable [so!  
In their resolves—alas! that I should say  
They differ as wine differs from its label, [so,  
When once decanted:—I presume to guess  
But will not swear: yet both upon occasion,  
Till old, may undergo adulteration.

## VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,  
The unmingled essence of the grape; and yet  
Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,  
Or glorious as a diamond richly set;  
A page where Time should hesitate to print age,  
And for which Nature might forego her  
debt—  
Sole creditor whose process doth involve in't  
The luck of finding every body solvent.

## VIII.

O Death! thou dunest of all duns! thou daily  
Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,  
Like a meek tradesman when, approaching  
palely,  
Some splendid debtor he would take by sap:  
But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he  
Advances with exasperated rap,  
And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,  
On ready money, or "a draft on Ransom."

## IX.

What'c'er thou takest, spare a while poor  
Beauty!

She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.  
What though she now and then may slip from  
duty,

The more's the reason why you ought to stay.  
Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for your  
booty,

You should be civil in a modest way:  
Suppress, then, some slight feminine diseases,  
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases

## X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous  
Where she was interested (as was said),  
Because she was not apt, like some of us,  
To like too readily, or too high bred  
To show it—(points we need not now discuss)—  
Would give up artlessly both heart and head  
Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,  
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

## XI.

Some part of Juan's history, which Rumour,  
That live gazette, had scatter'd to disfigure,  
She had heard; but women hear with more  
good humour

Such aberrations than we men of rigour:  
Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew  
more [vigour

Strict, and his mind assumed a manliet  
Because he had, like Alcibiades,  
The art of living in all climes with ease.

## XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,  
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;  
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive  
Of coxcomby or conquest: no abuse  
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective  
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,  
And seem to say, "Resist us if you can"—  
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

## XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to see  
about it;

As, if they told the truth, could well be shown  
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it  
In fact, his manner was his own alone;  
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it  
In listening merely to his voice's tone.  
The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

## XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off  
Suspicion: thought not timid, his regard

Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,  
 To shield himself than put you on your  
 guard:  
 Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,  
 But modesty's at times its own reward,  
 Like virtue; and the absence of pretension  
 Will go much farther than there's need to  
 mention.

## xv.

S-rene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;  
 Insinuating without insinuation;  
 Observant of the foibles of the crowd,  
 Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;  
 Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,  
 So as to make them feel he knew his station  
 And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,  
 He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.

## xvi

That is, with men: with women he was what  
 They please to make or take him for; and  
 their

Imagination's quite enough for that:  
 So that the outline's tolerably fair,  
 They fill the canvass up—and “*verbum sat.*”  
 If once their phantasies be brought to bear  
 Upon an object, whether sad or playful,  
 They can transfigure brighter than a Ra-  
 phael.<sup>169</sup>

## xvii.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,  
 Was apt to add a colouring from her own:  
 'Tis thus the good will amiably err,  
 And eke the wise, as has been often shown.  
 Experience is the chief philosopher,  
 But saddest when his science is well known:  
 And persecuted sages teach the schools  
 Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

## xviii.

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater  
 Bacon?

Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still,  
 Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,  
 And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?  
 Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,  
 How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill  
 Volumes with similar sad illustrations,  
 But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

## xix.

I perch upon a humbler promontory,  
 Amidst life's infinite variety: [glory,  
 With no great care for what is nicknamed  
 But speculating as I cast mine eye  
 On what may suit or may not suit my story,  
 And never straining hard to versify,  
 I rattle on exactly as I'd talk  
 With any body in a ride or walk

## xx

I don't know that there may be much ability  
 Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme;  
 But there's a conversational facility,  
 Which may round off an hour upon a time,  
 Of this I'm sure at least, there's no servility,  
 In mine irregularity of chime,  
 Which rings what's uppermost of new or hoary  
 Just as I feel the “*Improvisatore.*”

## xxi.

“*Omnia vult belle Matho dicere—dic ali-  
 quando  
 Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.*”  
 The first is rather more than mortal can do;  
 The second may be sadly done or gaily;  
 The third is still more difficult to stand to;  
 The fourth we hear, and see, and say too,  
 daily;  
 The whole together is what I could wish  
 To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

## xxii.

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,  
 And pride my feeble:—let us ramble on.  
 I meant to make this poem very short,  
 But now I can't tell where it may not run.  
 No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court  
 To critics, or to hail the *setting sun*  
 Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision  
 Were more;—but I was born for opposition.

## xxiii.

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side;  
 So that I verily believe if they  
 Who now are basking in their full-blown pride  
 Were shaken down, and “*dogs had had  
 their day,*”  
 Though at the first I might perchance deride  
 Their tumble, I should turn the other way,  
 And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,  
 Because I hate even democratic royalty.

## xxiv.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,  
 If I had never proved the soft condition;  
 I think I should have made monastic vows,  
 But for my own peculiar superstition:  
 'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd  
 my hrows, [Priscian,  
 Nor broken my own head, nor that of  
 Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,  
 If some one had not told me to forego it

## xxv.

But “*laissez aller*”—knights and dames I sing,  
 Such as the times may furnish. 'Tis a flight  
 Which seems at first to need no lofty wing  
 Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrite:



The difficulty lies in colouring  
 (Keeping the due proportions still in sight)  
 With nature manners which are artificial,  
 And rend'ring general that which is especial.

## XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old  
 Men made the manners; manners now  
 make men— [fold,  
 Pinn'd like a flock, and fleeced too in their  
 At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten.  
 Now this at all events must render cold  
 Your writers, who must either draw again  
 Days better drawn before, or else assume  
 The present, with their common place costume.

## XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best on't:—  
 March! [flutter;  
 March, my Muse! If you cannot fly, yet  
 And when you may not be sublime, be arch,  
 Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.  
 We surely may find something worth research:  
 Columbus found a new world in a cutter,  
 Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,  
 While yet America was in her non-age.

## XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense  
 Of Juan's merits and his situation,  
 Felt on the whole an interest intense,—  
 Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,  
 Or that he had an air of innocence,  
 Which is for innocence a sad temptation,—  
 As women hate half measures, on the whole,  
 She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

## XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,  
 Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,  
 For which small thanks are still the market  
 price,  
 Even where the article at highest rate is:  
 She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,  
 And morally decided, the best state is [ried,  
 For morals, marriage; and this question car-  
 She seriously advised him to get married.

## XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,  
 He had a predilection for that tie;  
 But that, at present, with immediate reference  
 To his own circumstances, there might lie  
 Some difficulties, as in his own preference,  
 Or that of her to whom he might apply;  
 That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,  
 if that they were not married all already.

## XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,  
 And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin  
 Arranging them like books on the same shelf,  
 There's nothing women love to dabble in  
 More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)  
 Than match-making in general: 'tis no sin  
 Certes, but a preventative, and therefore  
 That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefor—

## XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss  
 Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,  
 Or wed already, who object to this) [head  
 Was there chaste dame who had not in her  
 Some drama of the marriage unties,  
 Observed as strictly both at board and bed,  
 As those of Aristotle, though sometimes  
 They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

## XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,  
 Some heir to a large property, some friend  
 Of an old family, some gay Sir John,  
 Or grave Lord George, with whom per-  
 haps might end  
 A line, and leave posterity undone,  
 Unless a marriage was applied to mend  
 The prospect and their morals; and besides,  
 They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

## XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,  
 For this an heiress, and for that a beauty,  
 For one a songstress who hath no defect,  
 For t' other one who promises much duty;  
 For this a lady no one can reject, [booty;  
 Whose sole accomplishments were quite a  
 A second for her excellent connections;  
 A third, because there can be no objections.

## XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd mar-  
 riage [flourishes  
 In his harmonious settlement—(which  
 Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,  
 Because it breeds no more mouths than it  
 nourishes,  
 Without those sad expenses which disparage  
 What Nature naturally most encourages)—  
 Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans  
 wedlock?

Now here I've got the preacher at a dead lock  
 XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony  
 Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.  
 But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in  
 Germany  
 Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,

Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any  
Of ours, although they propagate more  
broadly.

My objection's to his title, not his ritual,  
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,  
Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—  
Professors of that genial art, and patrons  
Of all the modest part of propagation;  
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,  
That half its produce tends to emigration,  
That sad result of passions and potatoes—  
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;  
I wish she had; his book's the eleventh  
commandment, [less well:

Which says, "Thou shalt not marry," un-  
This he (as far as I can understand) meant.  
'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,  
Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand"  
meant;

But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,  
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed  
That Juan had enough of maintenance,  
Or *separate* maintenance, in case 't was  
doom'd—

As on the whole it is an even chance  
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groom'd*,  
May retrograde a little in the dance [fame,  
Of marriage—(which might form a painter's  
Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 'tis  
the same);—

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding  
In her own mind, and that's enough for  
woman: [Miss Reading,  
But then, with whom? There was the sage  
Miss Raw, Miss Flax, Miss Showman, and  
Miss Knowman,  
And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding,  
She deem'd his merits something more than  
common:

All these were unobjectionable matches,  
And might go on, if well wound up, like  
watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Millpond smooth as sum-  
mer's sea,  
That usual paragon, an only daughter,  
Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,  
Till skimm'd—and then there was some  
milk and water,

With a slight shade of blue too, it might be  
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?  
Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,  
And being consumptive live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoe-  
string,

A dashing demoiselle of good estate,  
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or blue string;  
But whether English dukes grew rare of late  
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true  
string,

By which such sirens can attract our great,  
She took up with some foreign younger  
brother,

A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t'other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,  
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was  
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,  
Of the best class, and better than her class,—  
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone

O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,  
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan; le<sup>st</sup> an only  
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;  
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!

Blood is not water; and who shall we find  
Feelings of youth like those which over-  
thrown lie

By death, when we are left alas! behind,  
To feel, in friendless palaces a home  
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine  
In figure, she had something of sublime  
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine  
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;  
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;  
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,  
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,  
And grieved for those who could return no more

XLVI.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,  
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,  
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear  
Perhaps because 't was fallen: her sires were  
proud

Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear  
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd  
To novel power; and as she was the last,  
She held their old faith and old feelings fast

## XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew  
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,  
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.  
 There was awe in the homage which she drew;  
 Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne  
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong  
 In its own strength—most strange in one so  
 young!

## XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue  
 Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,  
 Although her birth and wealth had given her  
 vogue,

Beyond the charmers we have already cited;  
 Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog  
 Against her being mention'd as well fitted  
 By many virtues, to be worth the trouble  
 Of single gentlemen who would be double.

## XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust  
 Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,  
 Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.  
 This he express'd half smiling and half  
 serious;

When Adeline replied with some disgust,  
 And with an air, to say the least, imperious,  
 She marvell'd "what he saw in such a baby  
 As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?"

## L.

Juan rejoin'd—"She was a Catholic,  
 And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;  
 Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,  
 And the Pope thunder excommunication,  
 If—" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique  
 Herself extremely on the inoculation  
 Of others with her own opinions, stated—  
 As usual—the same reason which she late did.

## LI.

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,  
 If good, is none the worse for repetition;  
 If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on,  
 And amplify: you lose much by concision,  
 Whereas insisting in or out of season  
 Convinces all men, even a politician;  
 Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.  
 So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route?

## LII.

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—  
 For prejudice it was—against a creature  
 As pure as sanctity itself from vice,  
 With all the added charm of form and fea-  
 ture,

For me appears a question far too nice,  
 Since Adeline was liberal by nature;  
 But nature's nature, and has more caprices  
 Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

## LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way  
 With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,  
 Which charm most people in their earlier day,  
 For there are few things by mankind less  
 brook'd,

And womankind too, if we so may say,  
 Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,  
 Like "Anthony's by Caesar," by the few  
 Who look upon them as they ought to do

## LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none;  
 Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.  
 It was not scorn—which could not light on one  
 Whose greatest fault was leaving few to find.  
 It was not jealousy, I think: but shun  
 Following the "ignes fatui" of mankind.  
 It was not—but 'tis easier far, alas!  
 To say what it was not than what it was.

## LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme  
 Of such discussion. She was there a guest;  
 A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream  
 Of rank and youth, though purer than the  
 rest,

Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam  
 Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling  
 crest. smiled—  
 Had she known this, she would have calmly  
 She had so much, or little, of the child.

## LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline  
 Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze  
 Much as she would have seen a glow-worm  
 shine,

Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.  
 Juan was something she could not divine,  
 Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;  
 Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor  
 Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

## LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame  
 Which sometimes plays the deuce with  
 womankind,

A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,  
 Half virtues and whole vices being combined,  
 Faults which attract because they are not tam;  
 Follies trick'd out so brightly that they  
 blind:—

These seals upon her wax made no impression,  
 Such was her coldness or her self-possession

## LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—  
 High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée ;  
 Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere :  
 The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,  
 More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,  
 Was Nature's all : Aurora could not be,  
 Nor would be thus :—the difference in them  
 Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

## LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,  
 Methinks we may proceed upon our narra-  
 tive, [warison ;"  
 And, as my friend Scott says, I sound my  
 Scott, the superlative of my comparative—  
 Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or  
 Saracen,  
 Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none  
 would share it, if  
 There had not been one Shakspeare and Voltaire,  
 Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

## LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed  
 To play upon the surface of humanity.  
 I write the world, nor care if the world read,  
 At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.  
 My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may  
 breed [it, I  
 More foes by this same scroll; when I began  
 Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I  
*know* it,  
 But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

## LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended  
 As congresses of late do) of the Lady  
 Adeline and Don Juan rather blended  
 Some acids with the sweets—for she was  
 heady ;  
 But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,  
 The silvery bell rang, not for "dinner ready,"  
 But for that hour, call'd *half-hour*, given to  
 dress,  
 Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

## LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table  
 With massy plate for armour, knives and  
 forks [able  
 For weapons ; but what Muse since Homer's  
 (His feasts are not the worst part of his works)  
 To draw up in array a single day-bill  
 Of modern dinners ? where more mystery  
 lurks,  
 In soups or sauces, or a sole ragout,  
 Than witches, b—ches, or physicians, brew.

## LXIII.

There was a goo-ly "*soupe à la bonne femme*,"  
 Though God knows whence it came from .  
 there was, too,  
 A turbot for relief of those who cram,  
 Relieved with "*dindon à la Parigoux* ;  
 There also was—the sinner that I am !  
 How shall I get this gourmand stanza  
 through?—  
 "*Soupe à la Beauveau*," whose relief was dory,  
 Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

## LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess  
 Or mass, for should I stretch into detail,  
 My Muse would run much more into excess,  
 Than when some squeamish people deem  
 her frail ;  
 But though a "*bonne vivante*," I must confess  
 Her stomach's not her peccant part ; this tale  
 However doth require some slight refection,  
 Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

## LXV.

Fowls "*à la Condé*," slices eke of salmon,  
 With "*sauces Gênévoises*," and haunch o'  
 venison ; [young Ammon—  
 Wines, too, which might again have slain  
 A man like whom I hope we sha'n't see  
 many soon ;  
 They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,  
 Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison ;  
 And then there was champagne with foaming  
 whirls,  
 As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

## LXVI.

Then there was God knows what "*à l'Alle  
 mande*," [con"—  
 "*A l'Espagnole*," "*timballe*," and "*salpi-*  
 With things I can't withstand or understand,  
 Though swallow'd with much zest upon the  
 whole ;  
 And "*entremets*" to piddle with at hand,  
 Gently to lull down the subsiding soul ;  
 While great Lucullus' *Robe triumphal* suf-  
 fles— [with truffles,  
 (*There's fame*)—young partridge fillets, deck'd

## LXVII.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow  
 To these? They are rags or dust. Where is  
 the arch  
 Which nodded to the nation's spoils beow ?  
 Where the triumphal chariots' haughty  
 march ?

Gone to where victories must like dinners go.

Farther I shall not follow the research :  
But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,  
When will your names lend lustre e'en to  
partridges?

## LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,  
Follow'd by "petits puits d'amour"—a dish  
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,  
So every one may dress it to his wish,  
According to the best of dictionaries,  
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish ;  
But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,  
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."

## LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation  
Of intellect expanded on two courses;  
And indigestion's grand multiplication  
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.  
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,  
That cookery could have call'd forth such  
resources,  
As form a science and a nomenclature  
From out the commonest demands of nature?

## LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled ;  
The diners of celebrity dined well ;  
The ladies with more moderation mingled  
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell ;  
Also the younger men too : for a springald  
Can't, like ripe age, in gormandize excel,  
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper  
(When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

## LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibier,  
The salmi, the consommé, the purée,  
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber  
Than could roast beef in our rough John  
Bull way :  
I must not introduce even a spare rib here,  
"Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid  
lay,  
But I have dined, and must forego, alas!  
The chaste description even of a "bécasse ;"

## LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines  
From nature for the service of the goût—  
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines  
Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French  
will do ;  
But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs  
Which prove plain English truer of the two.  
Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—  
But I may have, and you too, reader, dread it.

## LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,  
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?  
I must, although a favourite "plat" of mine  
In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, every where  
On them and bread 'twas oft my luck to dine  
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,  
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,  
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is

## LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,  
And vegetables, all in masquerade,  
The guests were placed according to their roll,  
But various as the various meats display'd;  
Don Juan sat next an "à l'Espagnole"—  
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said ;  
But so far like a lady, that 'twas drest  
Superbly, and contain'd a world of zest.

## LXXV.

By some odd chance too, he was placed between  
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—  
A situation difficult, I ween,  
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.  
Also the conference which we have seen  
Was not such as to encourage him to shine,  
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,  
With two transcendent eyes seem'd to look  
through him.

## LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears .  
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things  
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,  
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge  
springs.  
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,  
Which no one hears, so loudly though it rings,  
'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard  
Long dialogues—which pass'd without a word!

## LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference  
Which piques a preux chevalier—as it ought .  
Of all offences that's the worst offence,  
Which seems to hint you are not worth a  
thought.  
Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,  
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught ;  
Like a good ship entangled among ice,  
And after so much excellent advice.

## LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,  
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity  
Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,  
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.

The devil was in the girl! Could it be pride?  
 Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?  
 Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes  
 Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

## LXXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, "I said it;"  
 A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,  
 Because it sometimes, as I have seen or read it,  
 Both in the case of lover and of friend,  
 Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,  
 To bring what was a jest to a serious end:  
 For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,  
 And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

## LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,  
 Slight but select, and just enough to express,  
 To females of perspicuous comprehensions,  
 That he would rather make them more than  
 less.

Aurora at the last (so history mentions,  
 Though probably much less a fact than guess)  
 So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet  
 prison,  
 As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

## LXXXI.

From answering she began to question: this  
 With her was rare; and Adeline, who as yet  
 Thought her predictions went not much amiss;  
 Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—  
 So very difficult, they say, it is

To keep extremes from meeting, when once set  
 In motion; but she here too much refined—  
 Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

## LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,  
 A proud humility, if such there be,  
 Which show'd such deference to what females  
 say,

As if each charming word were a decree.  
 His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to gay,  
 And taught him when to be reserved or free:  
 He had the art of drawing people out,  
 Without their seeing what he was about.

## LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference  
 Confounded him in common with the crowd  
 Of flatterers, though she deem'd he had more  
 sense [loud—  
 Than whispering foplings, or than wittlings  
 Commenced (from such slight things will great  
 commence)

To feel that flattery which attracts the proud,  
 Rather by deference than compliment,  
 And wins even by a delicate dissent.

## LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks;—that point was  
 carried

*Nem. con.* amongst the women, which I grieve  
 To say leads off to *crim. con.* with the married—  
 A case which to the juries we may leave,  
 Since with digressions we too long have tarried,  
 Now though we know of old that looks deceive,  
 And always have done, somehow these good  
 looks

Make more impression than the best of books.

## LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,  
 Was very young, although so very sage,  
 Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,  
 Especially upon a printed page.  
 But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,  
 Has not the natural stays of strict old age;  
 And Socrates, that model of all duty,  
 Own'd to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty

## LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,  
 But innocently so, as Socrates;  
 And really, if the sage sublime and Attic  
 At seventy years had phantasies like these,  
 Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic  
 Has shown, I know not why they should  
 displease

In virgins—always in a modest way,  
 Observe; for that with me's a "sine qua." 170

## LXXXVII.

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke  
 (See Littleton), when'er I have express'd  
 Opinions two, which at first sight may look  
 Twin opposites, the second is the best.  
 Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,  
 Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest:  
 But if a writer should be quite consistent,  
 How could he possibly show things existent?

## LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I  
 Help contradicting them, and every body,  
 Even my veracious self?—But that's a lie:  
 I never did so, never will—how should I?  
 He who doubts all things nothing can deny:  
 Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams  
 are muddy,  
 And cut through such canals of contradiction,  
 That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

## LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,  
 Are false, but may be render'd also true,  
 By those who sow them in a land that's arable.  
 'Tis wonderful what fable will not do!

It is said it makes reality more bearable:  
 But what's reality? Who has its clue?  
 Philosophy? No: she too much rejects.  
 Religion? *Yes*; but which of all her sects?

## xc.

Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear;  
 Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.  
 God help us! Since we have need on our career  
 'To keep our holy beacons always bright,  
 'T is time that some new prophet should appear,  
 Or old indulge man with a second sight.  
 Opinions wear out in some thousand years,  
 Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

## xci.

But here again, why will I thus entangle  
 Myself with metaphysics? None can hate  
 So much as I do any kind of wrangle;  
 And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,  
 I always knock my head against some angle  
 About the present, past, or future state:  
 Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,  
 For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

## xcii.

But though I am a temperate theologian,  
 And also meek as a metaphysician,  
 Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan  
 As Eldon on a lunatic commission,—  
 In politics my duty is to show John  
 Bull something of the lower world's condition.  
 It makes my blood boil like the springs of  
 Hecla,<sup>171</sup> [law.  
 To see men let these scoundrel sovereigns break

## xciii.

But politics, and policy, and piety,  
 Are topics which I sometimes introduce,  
 Not only for the sake of their variety,  
 But as subservient to a moral use;  
 Because my business is to dress society,  
 And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.  
 And now, that we may furnish with some  
 matter all  
 Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural.

## xciv.

And now I will give up all argument;  
 And positively henceforth no temptation  
 Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent."—  
 Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.  
 Indeed, I never knew what people meant  
 By deeming that my Muse's conversation  
 Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless  
 As some who labour more and yet may charm  
 less.

## xcv.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?  
 No; but you have heard—I understand—  
 be dumb!  
 And don't regret the time you may have lost,  
 For you have got that pleasure still to come  
 And do not think I mean to sneer at most  
 Of these things, or by ridicule benumb  
 That source of the sublime and the mysterious:—  
 For certain reasons my belief is serious.

## xcvi.

Serious? You laugh;—you may: that will I not,  
 My smiles must be sincere or not at all.  
 I say I do believe a haunted spot  
 Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,  
 Because I'd rather it should be forgot,  
 "Shadows the soul of Richard" may appal.  
 In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very  
 Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.

## xcvii.

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes an owl,  
 And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,  
 And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl  
 Rattles around me her discordant hymn:  
 Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—  
 I wish to heaven they would not look so grim;  
 The dying embers dwindle in the grate—  
 I think too that I have sate up too late:

## xcviii.

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my  
 way [things  
 To rhyme at noon—when I have other  
 To think of, if I ever think—I say  
 I feel some chilly midnight shuddering,  
 And prudently postpone, until mid-day,  
 Treating a topic which, alas! but brings  
 Shadows;—but you must be in my condition  
 Before you learn to call this superstition.

## xcix.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
 'T wixt night and morn, upon the horizon  
 verge  
 How little do we know that which we are!  
 How less what we may be! The eternal  
 surge  
 On time and tide rolls on and bears afar  
 Our bubbles; as the old burst new emerge,  
 Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the  
 graves  
 Of empires heave but like some passing waves

## Don Juan.

## CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

## I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things, [truth.

To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the  
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—  
A mode adopted since by modern youth.

Bows have they, generally with two strings;  
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth;  
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,  
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

## II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—  
“For this effect defective comes by cause,”—  
Is what I have not leisure to inspect;  
But this I must say in my own applause,  
Of all the Muses that I recollect,

Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws  
In some things, mine's beyond all contradic-  
tion

The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

## III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats  
From any thing, this epic will contain  
A wilderness of the most rare conceits, [vain,  
Which you might elsewhere hope to find in  
‘Tis true there be some bitters with the sweets,  
Yet mix'd so slightly, that you can't com-  
plain,

But wonder they so few are, since my tale is  
“De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis.”

## IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most  
True is that which she is about to tell.  
I said it was a story of a ghost—

What then? I only know it so befell.

Have you explored the limits of the coast,  
Where all the dwellers of the earth must  
dwell? [as

'Tis time to strike such puny doubters dumb  
The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

## V.

Some people would impose now with authority,  
Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle;  
Men whose historical superiority  
Is always greatest at a miracle.

But Saint Augustine has the great priority,  
Who bids all men believe the impossible.  
Because 'tis so. Who nibble scribble, quib-  
ble, he  
Quiets at once with “*quia* impossibile.”

## VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all;  
Believe:—if 'tis improbable, you *must*,  
And if it is impossible, you *shall*:  
'Tis always best to take things upon trust.  
I do not speak profanely, to recall [just  
Those holier mysteries which the wise and  
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,  
As all truths must, the more they are disputed:

## VII.

I merely meant to say what Johnson said,  
That in the course of some six thousand  
years,  
All nations have believed that from the dead  
A visitant at intervals appears;  
And what is strangest upon this strange head,  
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears [still  
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger  
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

## VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,  
The supper too discuss'd, the dames admired,  
The banqueters had dropp'd off one by one—  
The song was silent, and the dance expired:  
The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone  
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,  
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the  
saloon

Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon

## IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day  
Is like the last glass of champagne, without  
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;  
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;  
Or like a soda bottle when its spray  
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;  
Or like a millow left by storms behind,  
Without the animation of the wind;

## X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest  
Or none; or like—like nothing that I  
know  
Except itself;—such is the human breast;  
A thing, of which similitudes can show  
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest  
Dyed purple, none at present can tell how  
If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.<sup>172</sup>  
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal!



## XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,  
Undressing is a woe; our robe de chambre  
May sit like that of Nessus, and recall  
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear  
than amber,

Titus exclaim'd, "I've lost a day!" Of all  
The nights and days most people can re-  
member,

(I have had of both, some not to be disclaim'd  
I wish they'd state how many they have gain'd).

## XVII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night, [I] sed:  
Felt restless, and perplex'd, and impro-  
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright  
Than Adeline (such is advice) advis'd.

If he had known exactly his own plight,  
He probably would have philosophis'd.  
A great resource to all and ne'er denied  
Till wanted; the more Juan only sigh'd.

## XIII.

He sigh'd;—the next resource is the full moon,  
Where all sighs are deposited; and now  
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone  
As clear as such a climate will allow;

And Juan's mind was in the proper tone  
To hail her with the apostrophe—"O thou!"  
Of anatory egotism the *Tuism*,  
Which further to explain would be a truism.

## XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,  
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,  
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her:  
Great thoughts we catch from thence (be-  
sides a cold

Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err);  
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;  
The ocean's tides and mortals' brains she sways,  
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

## XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed  
For contemplation rather than his pillow:  
The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,  
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,  
With all the mystery by midnight caused:  
Below this window waved (of course) a  
willow;

And he stood gazing out on the cascade  
That flash'd and after darken'd in the shade.

## XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*  
Of these is not exactly ascertain'd,—  
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch  
Of nicety, where a fact is to be gain'd.)

A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a  
niche,

Where many a Gothic ornament remain'd  
In chisell'd stone and painted glass, and all  
The time has left our fathers of their hall.

## XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he  
threw

His chamber door wide open—and went  
Into a gallery, of a sombre hue [worth,  
Long, furnish'd with old pictures of great  
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,  
As doubtless should be people of high birth  
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead  
Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

## XVIII.

The forms of the grim knight and pictured  
saint

Look living in the moon; and as you turn  
Backward and forward to the echoes faint

Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn  
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint  
Start from the frames which fence their  
aspects stern,

As if to ask how you can dare to keep  
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

## XIX.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave,  
The charms of other days, in starlight  
gleams,

Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave  
Along the canvass; their eyes glance like  
dreams

On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,  
But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.  
A picture is the past; even ere its frame  
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

## XX.

As Juan mused on mutability  
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—  
No sound except the echo of his sigh  
Or step ran sadly through that antique  
house;

When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,  
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,  
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarras  
Most people as it plays along the arras.

## XXI.

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, array'd  
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, ap-  
pear'd,

Now in the moonlight, and now pass'd in shade  
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;

His garments only a slight murmur made ;  
 He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,  
 But slowly ; and as he passed Juan by,  
 Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

## XXII.

Juan was petrified ; he had heard a hint  
 Of such a spirit in these halls of old, [in't  
 But thought, like most men, there was nothing  
 Beyond the rumour which such spots on  
 fold,

Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,  
 Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,  
 But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.  
 And did he see this ? or was it a vapour ?

## XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing  
 of air,

Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t' other place :  
 And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,

Yet could not speak or move ; but, on its base  
 As stands a statue, stood : he felt his hair

Twine like a knot of snakes around his face ;  
 He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not  
 granted,

To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

## XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,  
 The shadow pass'd away—but where ? the  
 hall

Was long, and thus far there was no great cause

To think his vanishing unnatural : [laws  
 Doors there were many, through which, by the

Of physics, bodies whether short or tall  
 Might come or go ; but Juan could not state  
 Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

## XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it  
 seem'd [eyes

An age—expectant, powerless, with his  
 Strain'd on the spot where first the figure  
 gleam'd ;

Then by degrees recall'd his energies,  
 And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,

But could not wake ; he was, he did surmise,  
 Waking already, and return'd at length  
 Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

## XXVI.

All there was as he left it : still his taper

Burnt, and not blue, as modest tapers use,  
 Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour ;

He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse  
 Their office : he took up an old newspaper ;

The paper was right easy to peruse ;

He read an article the king attacking,

And a long eulogy of " patent blacking."

## XXVII.

This savour'd of this world ; but his hand shook

He shut his door, and after having read  
 A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,  
 Undrest, and rather slowly went to bed.

There, couch'd all snugly on his pillow's nook,  
 With what he had seen his phantasy he fed ;  
 And though it was no opiate, slumber crept  
 Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

## XXVIII.

He wore bedtimes ; and, as may be supposed,  
 Ponder'd on his visitant or vision,

And whether ought not to be disclosed,  
 At risk of being quizz'd for superstition.

The more he thought, the more his mind was  
 posed :

In the mean time, his valet, whose precision  
 Was great, because his master brook'd no less,  
 Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

## XXIX.

He dress'd ; and like young people he was wont  
 To take some trouble with his toilet, but

This morning rather spent less time upon't ;  
 Aside his very mirror soon was put ;

His curls fell negligently o'er his front, [cut.

His clothes were not curb'd to their usual  
 His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied  
 Almost an hair's breath too much on one side.

## XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,  
 He sat him pensive o'er a dish of tea,

Which he perhaps had not discover'd soon,  
 Had it not happen'd scalding hot to be,

Which made him have recourse unto his spoon ;  
 So much distract he was, that all could see

That something was the matter—Adeline  
 The first—but *what* she could not well divine,

## XXXI.

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd as  
 pale [mutter'd

Herself ; then hastily look'd down, and  
 Something, but what's not stated in my tale.

Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill butter'd,  
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke play'd with her veil.

And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing utter'd  
 Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes  
 Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

## XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,  
 And every body wondering more or less,

Fair Adeline inquired, " If he were ill ?"  
 He started, and said, " Yes—no—rather—

yes."

The family physician had great skill,  
And being present, now began to express  
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell  
The cause, but Juan said, "He was quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes,—no."—These answers were  
mysterious,

And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both,  
However they might savour of delirious;  
Something like illness of a sudden growth  
Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means  
serious:

But for the rest, as he himself seem'd loth  
To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted,  
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his cho-  
colate,

Also the muffin whereof he complain'd,  
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,  
At which he marvell'd, since it had not  
rain'd;

Then ask'd her Grace what news were of the  
duke of late? [pain'd

Her Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather  
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges  
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turn'd to Juan, and address'd  
A few words of condolence on his state:  
"You look," quoth he, "as if you had had  
your rest

Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."  
"What friar?" said Juan; and he did his best  
To put the question with an air sedate,  
Or careless; but the effort was not valid  
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

"Oh; have you never heard of the Black  
Friar?<sup>173</sup>

The spirit of these walls?"—"In truth not I."  
"Why Fame—but Fame you know's some-  
times a liar—  
Tells an odd story, of which by and by:  
Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,  
Or that our sires had a more gifted eye  
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,  
The friar of 'ate has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

"The last time was——"—"I pray," said  
Adeline—

(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's  
brow,

And from its context thought she could divine  
Connections stronger than he chose to avow

With this same legend)—"if you but design  
To jest, you'll choose some other theme than  
now,  
Because the present tale has oft been told,  
And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.

"Jest!" quoth Milor; "why, Adeline, you  
know [moon—  
That we ourselves—'t was in the honey  
Saw——"—"Well, no matter, 't was so long  
ago;

But, come, I'll set your story to a tune."  
Graceful as Dian, when she draws her bow,  
She seized her harp, whose strings were  
kindled soon

As touch'd, and plaintively began to play  
The air of "T was a Friar of Orders Gray."

XXXIX.

"But add ~~the~~ words," cried Henry, "which  
you made;

For Adeline is half a poetess,"  
Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.  
Of course the others could not but express  
In courtesy their wish to see display'd

By one *three* talents, for there were no less—  
The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once  
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—  
The charming of these charmers, who seem  
bound,  
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—  
Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground  
At first, then kindling into animation,  
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,  
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit  
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,  
Who sitteth by Norman stone,  
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air  
And his mass of the days that are gone.  
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,  
Made Norman Church his prey,  
And expell'd the friars, one friar still  
Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he cam' in his night, with King  
Henry's right,  
To turn churen lands to 'ay,  
With sword in hand, and torch to light  
Their walls, if they said nay;

A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,  
 And he did not seem form'd of clay,  
 For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in  
 the church,  
 Though he is not seen by day.

## 3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,  
 It is not mine to say;  
 But still with the house of Amundeville  
 He abideth night and day.  
 By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,  
 He flits on the bridal eve;  
 And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death  
 He comes—but not to grieve.

## 4.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,  
 And when aught is to befall  
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine  
 He walks from hall to hall.  
 His form you may trace, but not his face,  
 'Tis shadow'd by his cowl: [tween,  
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds be-  
 And they seem of a parted soul.

## 5.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,  
 He still retains his sway,  
 For he is yet the church's heir  
 Whoever may be the lay.  
 Amundeville is lord by day,  
 But the monk is lord by night;  
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal,  
 To question that friar's right.

## 6.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,  
 And he'll say nought to you;  
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,  
 As o'er the grass the dew.  
 Then grammarcy! for the Black Friar;  
 Heaven sain him! fair or foul,  
 And whatso'er may be his prayer,  
 Let ours be for his soul.

## XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires  
 Died from the touch that kindled them to  
 sound; [pires  
 And the pause follow'd, which when song ex-  
 Pervades a moment those who listen round;  
 And then of course the circle much admires,  
 Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,  
 The tone, the feelings, and the execution,  
 To the performer's diffident confusion.

## XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,  
 As if she rated such accomplishment  
 As the mere pastime of an idle day,  
 Pursued an instant for her own content,  
 Would now and then as 't were *without* display  
 Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent  
 To such performances with haughty smile,  
 To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

## XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)  
 Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—  
 Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride  
 As did the Cynic on some like occasion;  
 Deeming the sage would be much mortified,  
 Or thrown into a philosophic passion,  
 For a spoil carpet—but the "Attic Bee"  
 Was much consoled by his own partee.

## XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade  
 (By doing easily, whene'er she chose,  
 What dilettanti do with vast parade)  
 Their sort of *half profession*; for it grows  
 To something like this when too oft display'd.  
 And that it is so, every body knows,  
 Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady  
 'T'other,  
 Show off—to please their company or mother.

## XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!  
 The admirations and the speculations;  
 The "Maunna Mia's!" and the "Amor Mio's!"  
 The "Tanti palpiti's" on such occasions:  
 The "Lasciami's," and quavering "Addio's!"  
 Amongst our own most musical of nations.  
 With "Tu mi chamas" from Portingale,  
 To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.

## XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home  
 Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray High-  
 lands,  
 That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam  
 O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,  
 The calestures of music which o'ercome  
 All mountaineers with dreams that they are  
 nigh lands,  
 No more to be beheld but in such visions—  
 Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

## XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of "*Blue*,"  
 Could write rhymes, and compose more than  
 she wrote,  
 Made epigrams occasionally too  
 Upon her friends, as every body ought.

But still from that sublimer azure hue,  
 So much the present dye, she was remote ;  
 Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,  
 And what was worse, was not ashamed to  
 show it.

## XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,  
 Which now-a-days is the thermometer  
 By whose degrees all characters are class'd—  
 Was more Shakspearian, if I do not err.  
 The worlds beyond this world's perplexing  
 waste

Had more of her existence, for in her  
 There was a depth of feeling to embrace  
 Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as  
 Space.

## XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace  
 The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose  
 mind,

If she had any, was upon her face,  
 And that was of a fascinating kind.  
 A little turn for mischief you might trace  
 Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find  
 Few females without some such gentle leaven,  
 For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

## L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,  
 Though once she was seen reading the " Bath  
 Guide," [pathetic,  
 And " Hayley's Triumphs," which she deem'd  
 Because she said *her temper* had been tried  
 So much, the bard had really been prophetic  
 Of what she had gone through with—since  
 a bride.

But of all verse, what most ensured her praise  
 Were sonnets to herself, or " bouts rimés."

## LL.

'T were difficult to say what was the object  
 Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay  
 To bear on what appear'd to her the subject  
 Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day  
 Perhaps she merely had the simple project  
 To laugh him out of his supposed dismay ;  
 Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,  
 Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

## LII.

But so far the immediate effect  
 Was to restore him to his self-proprietty,  
 A thing quite necessary to the elect,  
 Who wish to take the tone of their society;  
 In which you cannot be too circumspect,  
 Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,  
 But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,  
 On pain of much displeasing the gynoeracy.<sup>174</sup>

## LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally  
 His spirits, and without more explanation  
 To jest upon such themes in many a sally.  
 Her Grace too, also seized the same occasion,  
 With various similar remarks to tally,  
 But wish'd for a still more detail'd narratio  
 Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,  
 About the present family's deaths and wooings.

## LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been  
 said ; [stition  
 They pass'd as such things do, for super-  
 With some, while others, who had more in  
 dread [dition ;  
 The theme, half credited the strange tra-  
 And much was talk'd on all sides on that head :  
 But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision  
 Which some supposed (though he had not  
 avow'd it)  
 Had stirr'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

## LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,  
 The company prepared to separate ;  
 Some to their several pastimes, or to none,  
 Some wondering 't was so early, some so late.  
 There was a goodly match too, to be run  
 Between some greyhounds on my lord's  
 estate,  
 And a young race-horse of old pedigree,  
 Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

## LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought  
 A special Titian, warranted original,  
 So precious that it was not to be bought,  
 Though princes the possessor were besieging  
 all.

The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought  
 The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all  
 His subjects by his gracious acceptance)—  
 Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

## LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—  
 The friend of artists, if not arts,—the owner,  
 With motives the most classical and pure,  
 So that he would have been the very donor,  
 Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,  
 So much he deem'd his patronage an honour,  
 Had brought the capo d'opera<sup>175</sup>, not for sale,  
 But for his judgment—never known to fail.

## LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic  
 Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,

Brought to survey these grey walls, which  
 though so thick [defect;  
 Might have from time acquired some slight  
 Who after rummaging the Abbey through thick  
 And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect  
 New buildings of correctest conformation,  
 And throw down old, which he call'd *restora-*  
*tion.*

## LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an "old song,"  
 Set to some thousands ('t is the usual burden  
 Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—  
 The price would speedily repay its worth in  
 An edifice no less sublime than strong,  
 By which Lord Henry's good taste would  
 go forth in  
 Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,  
 For Gothic daring shown in English money.

## LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage  
 Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new pur-  
 chase;  
 Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,  
 And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's  
 torches,  
 Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,  
 "Untying" squires "to fight against the  
 churches;" [man,  
 There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and plough-  
 For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

## LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,  
 Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence;  
 There was a country girl in a close cap  
 And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see,  
 since—  
 Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—  
 But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):  
 That scarlet cloak, alas! unclosed with rigour,  
 Presents the problem of a double figure.

## LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,  
 One can't tell how it e'er got in or out;  
 Therefore the present piece of natural history  
 I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt;  
 And merely state, though not for the consistory,  
 Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout  
 The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,  
 Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

## LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces  
 Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game  
 And morals of the country from caprices  
 Of those who have not a licence for the same;

And of all things, excepting tines and teas  
 Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:  
 Preserving partridges and pretty ~~wildfowls~~  
 Are puzzles to the most precautions benches  
 LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,  
 Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red  
 By nature, as in higher dames less hale  
 'T is white, at least when they just rise from  
 bed.

Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frai,  
 Poor soul! for she was country born and  
 bred,

And knew no better in her immorality  
 Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality  
 LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet *espiègle* eye,  
 Had gather'd a large tear into its corner.  
 Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry.  
 For she was not a sentimental mourner  
 Parading all her sensibility,  
 Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,  
 But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,  
 To be call'd up for her examination.

## LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd nere and  
 there,  
 Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.  
 The lawyers in the study; and in air  
 The prize pig, ploughman, poachers; the  
 men sent

From town, viz. architect and dealer, were  
 Both busy (as a general in his tent  
 Writing despatches) in their several stations,  
 Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

## LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,  
 While Scout, the parish guardian of the frai,  
 Discuss'd (he hated beer yecept the "small")  
 A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.  
 She waited until Justice could recall  
 Its kind attentions to their proper pale,  
 To name a thing in nomenclature rather  
 Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

## LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation  
 For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and  
 horses.

There was much bustle too, and preparation  
 Below stairs on the score of second courses  
 Because, as suits their rank and situation.

Those who in counties have great land  
 resonces  
 Have "public days," when all men may carouse.  
 Though not exactly what's call'd "open  
 house."

## LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*,  
 (Thus we translate a *general invitation*)  
 All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,  
 May drop in without cards, and take their  
 station  
 At the full board, and sit alike delighted  
 With fashionable wines and conversation;  
 And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,  
 Talk o'er themselves the past and next elec-  
 tion.

## LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,  
 Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.  
 But county contests cost him rather dearer,  
 Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of  
 Giftgabbit [here;  
 Had English influence, in the self-same sphere  
 His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbitt,  
 Was member for the "other interest" (meaning  
 The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

## LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,  
 He was all things to all men, and dispensed  
 To some civility, to others bounty, [menced  
 And promises to all — which last com-  
 To gather to a somewhat large amount, he  
 Not calculating how much they condensed;  
 But what with keeping some, and breaking  
 others,  
 His word had the same value as another's.

## LXXII.

A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet  
 No less a friend to government—he held,  
 That he exactly the just medium hit [pell'd,  
 "Twixt place and patriotism—albeit com-  
 Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though  
 unfit,  
 He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,)  
 To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,  
 But that with them all law would be demo-  
 lish'd.

## LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes  
 this phrase?  
 Is't English? No—'t is only parliamentary)  
 That innovation's spirit now-a-days [century.  
 Had made more progress than for the last  
 He would not tread a factious path to praise,  
 Though for the public weal disposed to  
 venture high;  
 As for his place, he could but say this of it,  
 That the fatigue was greater than the profit

## LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private  
 life  
 Had ever been his sole and whole ambition;  
 But could he quit his king in times of strife,  
 Which threaten'd the whole country with  
 perdition? [knife  
 When demagogues would with a butcher's  
 Cut through and through (of' damnable  
 incision!) [strings  
 The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose  
 Have tied together commons, lords, and kings.

## LXXV.

Sooner "come place into the civil list  
 And champion him to the utmost"—he  
 would keep it,  
 fill duly disappointed or dismiss'd:  
 Profit he cared not for, let others reap it;  
 But should the day come when place ceased  
 to exist, [weep it:  
 The country would have far more cause to  
 For how could it go on? Explain who can!  
 He gloried in the name of Englishman.

## LXXVI.

He was as independent—ay, much more—  
 Than those who were not paid for inde-  
 pendence,  
 As common soldiers, or a common—shore,  
 Have in their several arts or parts ascen-  
 dance  
 O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,  
 Who do not give professional attendance.  
 Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager  
 To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

## LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,  
 And thought. I say no more—I've said  
 too much;  
 For all of us have either heard or read—  
 Off—or upon the hustings—some slight such  
 Hints from the independent heart or head  
 Of the official candidate. I'll touch  
 No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,  
 And grace is said; the grace I *should* have  
 sung—

## LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make  
 play.  
 'T was a great banquet, such as Albion old  
 Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray  
 Were something very glorious to behold.  
 But 't was a public feast and public day,—  
 Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes  
 cold,  
 Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,  
 And every body out of their own sphere.

## LXXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and  
 My lords and ladies proudly condescending ;  
 The very servants puzzling how to hand  
 Their plates—without it might be too much  
     bending [stand—  
 From their high places by the sideboard's  
 Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending.  
 For any deviation from the graces  
 Might cost both man and master too—their  
     places.

## LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and courses  
     keen, [deign'd to lurch ;  
 Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds  
 Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen  
 Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search  
 Of the poor partridge through his stubble  
     screen. [church  
 There were some massy members of the,  
 Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches'  
 And several who sung fewer psalms than  
     catches.

## LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and, alas  
     Some exiles from the town, who had been  
     driven  
 To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,  
 And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.  
 And lo! upon that day it came to pass,  
 I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,  
 The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,  
 The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

## LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,  
 A brilliant diner out, though but a curate ;  
 And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,  
 Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,  
 (O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!  
 Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes  
     obdurate?) [Lincoln  
 Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er  
 A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

## LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes ;  
 But both were thrown away amongst the  
     fens ;  
 For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.  
 No longer ready ears and short-hand pens  
 Imoibed the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax.  
 The poor priest was reduced to common  
     sense,  
 Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,  
 To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick  
     throng

## LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song "between  
 A beggar and a queen," or *was* (of late  
 The latter worse used of the two we've seen—  
 But we'll say nothing of affairs of state)  
 A difference "twixt a bishop and a dean,"  
 A difference between crockery ware and plate,  
 As between English beef and Spartan broth—  
 And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

## LXXXV.

But of all nature's discrepancies, none  
 Upon the whole is greater than the difference  
 Beheld between the country and the town,  
 Of which the latter merits every preference  
 From those who have few resources of their own  
 And only think, or act, or feel, with reference  
 To some small plan of interest or ambition—  
 Both which are limited to no condition.

## LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er  
 Long banquets and too many guests, although  
 A slight repast makes people love much more,  
 Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,  
 Even from our grammar upwards, friends of  
     yore  
 With vivifying Venus, who doth owe  
 To these the invention of champagne and  
     truffles: [ruffles.  
 Temperance delights her, but long fasting

## LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day ;  
 And Juan took his place, he knew not where.  
 Confused, in the confusion, and distraight,  
 And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair  
 Though knives and forks clank'd round as in  
     a fray,  
 He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,  
 Till some one, with a groan, express a wish  
 (Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

## LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the bans,  
 He started; and perceiving smiles around  
 Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than  
     once,  
 And hastily—as nothing can confound  
 A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—  
 Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,  
 And with such hurry, that ere he could curb it,  
 He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half  
     a turbot.

## LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd.  
 The supplicator being an amateur ;  
 But others, who were left with scarce a third,  
 Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.



They wonder'd how a young man so absurd  
 Lord Henry at his table should endure  
 And this, and his not knowing how much oats  
 Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

## XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,  
 That he the night before had seen a ghost,  
 A prologue which but slightly harmonised  
 With the substantial company engross'd  
 By matter, and so much materialised,  
 That one scarce knew at what to marvel most  
 Of two things—how (the question rather odd is)  
 Such bodies could have souls, or souls such  
 bodies.

## XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare,  
 From all the 'squires and squeresses around,  
 Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,  
 Especially as he had been renown'd  
 For some vivacity among the fair,  
 Even in the country circle's narrow bound—  
 'For little things upon my lord's estate  
 Were good small talk for others still less  
 great)—

## XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,  
 And something like a smile upon her cheek.  
 Now this he really rather took amiss:  
 In those who rarely smile, their smile be-  
 speaks  
 A strong external motive; and in this  
 Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique  
 Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles  
 Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

## XCIII.

'T was a mere quiet smile of contemplation,  
 Indicative of some surprise and pity;  
 And Juan grew carnation with vexation,  
 Which was not very wise, and still less witty,  
 Since he had gain'd at least her observation,  
 A most important outwork of the city—  
 As Juan should have known, had not his senses  
 By last night's ghost been driven from their  
 defences.

## XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,  
 Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the contrary;  
 Her aspect was as usual, still—not stern—  
 And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,  
 Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?  
 I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—  
 Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always  
 clear,  
 As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

## XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame  
 This day; and watching, witching, **ou-**  
 descending  
 To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,  
 And dignity with courtesy so blending,  
 As all must blend whose part it is to aim  
 (Especially as the sixth year is ending)  
 At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's.  
 Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

## XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,  
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance  
 On Adeline while playing her grand rôle,  
 Which she went through as though it were  
 a dance,  
 Betraying only now and then her soul  
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance  
 (Of weariness or scorn, began to feel  
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

## XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part  
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,  
 Which many people take for want of heart.  
 They err—'t is merely what is call'd mobility,  
 A thing of temperament and not of art,  
 Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;  
 And false—though true; for surely they're  
 sincerest,  
 Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

## XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,  
 Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages  
 never:  
 But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,  
 Little that's great, but much of what is clever;  
 Most orators, but very few financiers,  
 Though all Exchequer chancellors endeavour,  
 Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,  
 And grow quite figurative with their figures.

## XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they  
 Who, though they prove not two and two  
 to be  
 Five, as they might do in a modest way,  
 Have plainly made it out that four are three,  
 Judging by what they take, and what they  
 pay.  
 The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,  
 That most unliquidating liquid, leaves  
 The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

## C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,  
 The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at ease ;  
 Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,  
 Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize  
 The ridicules of people in all places—  
 That honey of your fashionable bees—  
 And store it up for mischievous enjoyment ;  
 And this at present was her kind employment.

## CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close ;  
 The evening also waned—and coffee came,  
 Each carriage was announced, and ladies  
 rose,  
 And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,  
 Retired : with most unfashionable bows  
 Their docile esquires also did the same,  
 Delighted with their dinner and their Lost,  
 But with the Lady Adeline the most.

## CII.

Some praised her beauty : others her great grace,  
 The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity  
 Was obvious in each feature of her face,  
 Whose traits were radiant with the rays of  
 verity,  
 Yes ; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place !  
 No one could envy her deserved prosperity.  
 And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity  
 Draperied her form with curious felicity !

## CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,  
 By an impartial indemnification  
 For all her past exertion and soft phrases,  
 In a most edifying conversation,  
 Which turn'd upon their late guests' miens and  
 faces,  
 And families, even to the last relation ;  
 Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and  
 dresses,  
 And truculent distortion of their tresses.

## CIV.

True, *she* said little—'t was the rest that broke  
 Forth into universal epigram ;  
 But then 't was to the purpose what *she* spoke :  
 Like Addison's " faint praise," so went to  
 damn,  
 Her own but served to set off every joke,  
 As music chimes in with a melodrame.  
 How sweet the task to shield an absent friend !  
 I ask but this of mine, to — not defend.

## CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen  
 Skirmish of wits o'er the departed ; one  
 Aurora, with her pure and placid mien ;  
 And Juan, too, in general behind none  
 In gay remark on what he had heard or seen  
 Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone :  
 In vain he heard the others rail or rally,  
 He would not join them in a single sally.

## CVI.

'T is true he saw Aurora look as though  
 She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook  
 Its motive for that charity we owe  
 But seldom pay the absent, nor would look  
 Farther ; it might or it might not be so.  
 But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,  
 Observing little in his reverie,  
 Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see

## CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,  
 In making him as silent as a ghost,  
 If in the circumstances which ensued  
 He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most.  
 And certainly Aurora had renew'd  
 In him some feelings he had lately lost,  
 Or harden'd ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,  
 Are so divine, that I must deem them real :—

## CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days ;  
 The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance  
 Of what is call'd the world, and the world's  
 ways ;  
 The moments when we gather from a glance  
 More joy than from all future pride or praise,  
 Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er en-  
 trance  
 The heart in an existence of its own,  
 Of which another's bosom is the zone.

## CX.

Who would not sigh *Αἰεὶ τὰν Κυδίσσαν*  
 That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart ?  
 Alas ! *her* star must fade like that of Dian .  
 Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart  
 Anacreon only had the soul to tie an  
 Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart  
 Of Eros : but though thou hast play'd us many  
 tricks,  
 Still we respect thee, " Alma Venus Genetrix ! "

## CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as *διπλῶς*  
 Heaving between this world and worlds be-  
 vond,

Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows  
Arrived, retired to his; but to despond  
Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows  
Waved o'er his couch; he meditated, fond  
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish  
sleep, [weep.  
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling

## CXI.

The night was as before: he was undrest,  
Saving his night-gown, which is an undress;  
Completely "sans culotte," and without vest;  
In short, he hardly could be clothed with less:  
But apprehensive of his spectral guest,  
He sat with feelings awkward to express  
(By those who have not had such visitations),  
Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

## CXII.

And not in vain he listen'd;—Hush! what's  
that?

I see—I see—Ah, no!—'t is not—vet 't is—  
Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! 'he cat!  
The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!  
So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,  
Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,  
Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,  
And dreading the chaste echocs of her shoe.

## CXIII.

Again—what is 't? The wind? No, no.—this  
time

It is the sable friar as before,  
With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,  
Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much  
more.

Again through shadows of the night sublime  
When deep sleep fell on men, and the world  
wore

The starry darkness round her like a girdle  
Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood  
curdle.

## CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,<sup>176</sup>  
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight  
clatter, [pass,

Like showers which on the midnight gusts will  
Sounding like very supernatural water,

Came over Juan's ear, which throbb'd, alas!  
For immaterialism's a serious matter;  
So that even those whose faith is the most great  
In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

## CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth too.  
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,  
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through  
As wide as if a long speech were to come

Nigh and more nigh the awful echocs drew,  
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:  
His eyes were open, and (as was before  
Stated) his mouth. What open'd next?—the  
door

## CXVI.

It open'd with a most infernal creak,  
Like that of hell. "Lasciate ogni speranza  
Voi che entrate!" The hinge seemed to speak.  
Dreadful as Dante's rhima, or this stanza;  
Or—but all words upon such themes are  
weak:

A single shade's sufficient to entrance a  
Hero—for what is substance to a spirit?  
Or how is 't *matter* trembles to come near it?

## CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as fly  
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—  
And then swung back; nor close—but stood  
awry,

Half letting in long shadows on the light,  
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd  
high,

For he had two, both tolerably bright,  
And in the door-way, darkening darkness,  
stood

The sable friar in his solemn hood.

## CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken  
The night before; but being sick of shaking,  
He first inclined to think he had been mis-  
taken;

And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;  
His own internal ghost began to awaken  
Within him, and to quell his corporal qua-  
king—

Hinting that soul and body on the whole  
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

## CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath  
fierce,

And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated;  
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce.

Follow'd, his veins no longer cold, but heated,  
Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and  
tierce,

At whatsoever risk of being defeated;  
The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired,  
untill

He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone  
still.

## CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers !

It touch'd no soul, no body, but the wall,  
On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers,  
Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall ;  
He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers

When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.  
How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity  
Should cause more fear than a whole host's  
identity.

## CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd : the blue eyes  
glared,

And rather variably for stony death ;  
Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,  
The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath :  
A straggling curl show'd he had been fair-hair'd ;  
A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,  
Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy  
shroud

The moon peep'd, just escaped from a grey  
cloud.

## CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust  
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder  
It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,  
Which beat as if there was a warm heart  
under.

He found, as people on most trials must,  
That he had made at first a silly blunder,  
And that in his confusion he had caught  
Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

## CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet  
soul

As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood ;  
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole  
Forth into something much like flesh and  
blood ;

Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,  
And they reveal'd—alas ! that e'er they  
should !

In full, voluptuous, but *not o'er*grown bulk,  
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke

# NOTES.

## Notes to The Giaour.

**NOTE 1, p. 1.**—The material upon which the tale of the Giaour is founded, is more or less attributable to the adventure of Lord Byron's own servant; an adventure which indirectly implicated the noble author himself.

**NOTE 2, p. 1.**—A tomb, alleged to be the resting-place of the great Themistocles. It is situated above the rocks on the promontory.

**NOTE 3, p. 1.**—The Persians have a current and popular notion, that the nightingale has a peculiar partiality for the rose.

**NOTE 4, p. 1.**—Amongst the Greek sailors, the song and dance by night, accompanied by the tinkle of the guitar, form a favourite pastime.

**NOTE 5, p. 2.**—There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and almost oppressive character, in this extraordinary passage; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect of the once busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry.—JEFFREY.

**NOTE 6, p. 2.**—At the period when this poem was written, Athens was in the hands of Kislar Aga, the eunuch-superintendent of the seraglio.

**NOTE 7, p. 3.**—The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat in the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted

for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem.—GEORGE ELLIS

**NOTE 8, p. 3.**—The word Giaour, (or infidel), is thus spelt by the Italians and by the Christians of the Levant. The English pronunciation is hardly so soft, and were better rendered by *Djour*.

**NOTE 9, p. 3.**—A musket. The discharge of fire-arms is the signal which summons the faithful Mussulman to his duties.

**NOTE 10, p. 3.**—A species of javelin with a blunted point, which is hurled with unerring aim, from on horseback.

**NOTE 11, p. 3.**—Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrup, surveys, with a look of agonising impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm, as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance of passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears.—GEORGE ELLIS.

**NOTE 12, p. 4.**—The wind peculiar to the deserts in tropical climates, and in the east, which is known to blight animals as well as vegetable productions.

**NOTE 13, p. 4.**—The fact of having eaten at a Mohammedan's table, especially the use of salt.

**NOTE 14, p. 4.**—The Mohammedans are proverbial for the exercise of charity and hospitality, which constitute two cardinal virtues in their creed. Their proudest boast is to be distinguished for munificence; and second to that, they pride themselves on their bravery and skill in the field.

**NOTE 15, p. 4.**—This is a dagger of more

than usual length, which is carried with the pistols in the metal belt peculiar to the costume of the Turks. The material of the belt distinguishes the rank of the wearer

NOTE 16, p. 4.—All those who wear green in their costume, particularly in the cap or *warban*, are claimants to the honour of being descended from Mahomet himself.

NOTE 17, p. 4.—This is a courteous address offered to disciples of Mahomet alone.

NOTE 18, p. 5.—A butterfly with blue wings indigenous to Cashmere, and especially remarkable for its beauty, and the brilliancy of its hues.

NOTE 19, p. 5.—An allusion to the hypothesis that the scorpion destroys itself when it turns its sting towards its head.

NOTE 20, p. 5.—The salute at dusk closes the *Rhamazan*.

NOTE 21, p. 5.—The moon.

NOTE 22, p. 6.—The ruby of the Sultan *Giamschid*, of fabulous celebrity.

NOTE 23, p. 6.—*Al-Sirat*. This is the bridge over which the disciples of Mahomet are taught to believe that they must pass to secure access to beatitude. According to their creed, this bridge passes over the abyss of eternal darkness, and the passage is rendered doubly hazardous by its inconceivable narrowness. The most attenuated thread of the silkworm is not so fine, and the keenest edge of a Damascus blade offers a fairer footing.

NOTE 24, p. 6.—The *houris*, it is known, are the damsels whose charms are to illustrate the eternal happiness of the faithful. The fable is in every way consistent with the tastes, inclinations, and prepossessions of Oriental climates and customs. The *houris*, whose large, dark, and glowing eyes have obtained for them this distinctive name, are supposed to last for ever in the freshness and beauty of youth.

NOTE 25, p. 6.—This is a mistake which has been commonly adopted by the Christians from want of a clear knowledge of the institutions, or the creed expounded in the Koran. A fair portion of eternal bliss is assigned to the gentler sex.

NOTE 26, p. 6.—This is a metaphor peculiar to the east.

NOTE 27, p. 6.—The Oriental bards are not singular in this idea; it is constantly met with in the more ancient lore of Greece.

NOTE 28, p. 6.—*Circassia*.

NOTE 29, p. 6.—This word is to be construed "In the name of God." The expres-

sion is of almost constant recurrence in the Koran, and is ever repeated in all devotional passages.

NOTE 30, p. 7.—This is said to be more common with the Moslems in their wrath, than it would be believed to be in more sober Europe.

NOTE 31, p. 7.—The word signifies forgiveness, or mercy.

NOTE 32, p. 7.—This notion is prevalent wherever Islamism predominates.

NOTE 33, p. 7.—The Shawls or Wrappers embroidered with flowers, and distinctively worn by those who are of high rank.

NOTE 34, p. 8.—An allusion to the passage in Holy Writ, referring to the mother of *Sisera*.

NOTE 35, p. 8.—This is the skull-cap which forms the centre of the turban, and which protrudes above the wrapping.

NOTE 36, p. 8.—The sepulchre of the Osmanlies is invariably adorned with the special insignia of their calling, order, and creed.

NOTE 37, p. 8.—This is the summons uttered by the *Muezzin* to congregate the faithful at the hour of devotion. The *Muezzin* or Officer, upon whom this duty devolves, stations himself for this purpose upon the upper balcony surrounding the *Minaret* of the Mosque in which he officiates.

NOTE 38, p. 8.—The passage has a parallel in one of the Turkish war songs.

NOTE 39, p. 8.—To elucidate the allusion in this passage, it were as well to refer the reader to Sale's Koran. The supposititious duties of the officers of Eternal Justice according to the Moslem notions cannot be well understood, without some insight into the peculiar tenor of their Religious Ceremonial, and into the eccentricities of their Creed.

NOTE 40, p. 8.—The Satan of the Mohammedans.

NOTE 41, p. 8.—*Tournefort D'Herbelot*, and others, should be consulted on the subject of many of the Oriental superstitions and prejudices. There are many anecdotes which will be found illustrative of this passage. In fact it is not so clear but that Lord Byron borrowed this suggestion from *Tournefort*, whom he has somewhere quoted as his authority. We have not been able to find any explanation of his own, however.

NOTE 42, p. 8.—An allusion to the received notion in the South-east of Europe, respecting the symptoms exhibited by those

who have been attacked by the Vampire, amongst the peasantry of those regions, the belief in the habits of that indescribable animal, and in the effects of its strange nurture.

NOTE 43, p. 10.—An allusion to the current fable concerning the Pelican.

NOTE 44, p. 11.—Lord Byron has afforded an interesting anecdote explanatory of the Oriental superstition of prophetic or second hearing. This tale is the more remarkable, that he was notoriously sceptical on these subjects. He relates an incident which occurred to him in the Morea, in 1811, and in which the prescient alarm of an Albanian who accompanied him, is strongly illustrated.

NOTE 45, p. 13.—The Romainic word signifying "a Shroud" or "a Winding Sheet."

NOTE 46, p. 14.—The story of the Giaour is not, as we have already explained in the advertisement, without foundation in fact; for Lord Byron had founded the incidents of his poem upon a local tale, which was cur-

rent in Turkey, and the substance of which was thoroughly within the recollection of many living persons. He was moreover assisted by the matter furnished in the songs or laments to which it had given birth. Thus far the history and fate of the heroine had been furnished, and those of the hero were gathered from the adventures of a Venetian currently and traditionally known and believed. Nor can it be doubted but that the substance was in all important points true, even had a few of the details been embellished before they were handled by the poet. It can also be added in favour of the Giaour as a poem and a story, that its greatest charm consists in the reality and life-like accuracy of its incidents and descriptions. Lord Byron was always remarkably happy in adapting the salient points of a story, and equally so in the vividness, truth, aptitude, and colour, if it may be so called, of his descriptions.

## Notes to *The Bride of Abydos.*

NOTE 1, p. 15.—This poem was first published at the close of the year 1813, after but a very short lapse of time employed in its composition. Lord Byron was proverbially rapid in his writing, and this remark is especially applicable to the pieces he wrote about this period. There appears to have been a dreary sense of a want of something to busy him, and prevent his mind from brooding over its sorrows, which gave birth to some of his most brilliant poems. On the other hand, it was in writing these works from time to time that he filled the void which seemed to hang about him. They were thus the effect and the solace of his desolate satiety. Once in the vein for writing, he appears to have rattled on, and completed whatever work or portion he had undertaken, whilst the humour lasted.

NOTE 2, p. 15.—The title of this poem appears to have afforded some material for cavil. The "Bride" is, in fact, a somewhat questionable denomination for the heroine. But the criticism is, nevertheless, as unjust as the quibble is paitry; for, after all, the *quæstus* resolves itself merely into one of words

or interpretations. The meaning remains the same.

NOTE 3, p. 15.—The Romainic word signifying Rose, is "Gül."

NOTE 4, p. 16.—The Romeos and Juliets of romance are no such uncommon personages—Mejnoun and Leila, we are told, are those who represent Shakespere's hero and heroine, in the Levant. Sadi is the bard and sage, or moralist, of Persia.

NOTE 5, p. 16.—In Turkey, the three periods of the day, the rising, zenith, and the setting of the sun, are announced by the rolling of a drum bearing that designation.

NOTE 6, p. 16.—There is no love lost between the schismatical tribes of Arabia and the Mussulmans of Turkey. The enmity which exists between these branches of the followers of Mahomet is, in fact, more bitter than that which severs the Moslems from any other religious sect.

NOTE 7, p. 17.—An allusion to one of the principal feudal vassals of Turkey.

NOTE 8, p. 17.—The fatal warrant by which a subject of the Porte is condemned to death, by the prevailing instrument of

strangulation, is not always obeyed without resistance; instances are not wanting in which the messenger who conveyed the order, or notice of condemnation, has been submitted to the punishment by the culprit. In other cases, however, the mandate is religiously obeyed.

NOTE 9, p. 17.—In Turkey the only method of calling attendants, is by clapping the hands or stamping with the foot.

NOTE 10, p. 17.—The prevalence of smoking has almost rendered it unnecessary to translate the word "Chibouque." The Turks, Arabs, Persians, and the people of the Levant, generally adopt this shape of pipe only. It consists of a small bowl, generally of red clay; but in some cases, of ivory, metal, or other material adorned with jewels, and a long cherry tube, tipped with a round and attenuating piece of amber, which forms the mouthpiece. There is frequently a ring of gold, sometimes set with jewels round the joint, between the amber and the stem.

NOTE 11, p. 17.—The denomination by which the stipendiary troops in the Turkish service are distinguished.

NOTE 12, p. 17. This term is applied to those to whom conduct of dangerous services is entrusted. They are generally engaged in the first charge, and are almost invariably placed at the head of bodies of cavalry.

NOTE 13, p. 17.—The Turks in sword-practice protect themselves with a thick and tough covering, which is generally proof against any single blow.

NOTE 14, p. 17.—This is an ejaculation which is very prevalent amongst the Turks, when they are excited either by sport or action. At other times their taciturnity is as proverbial as their indolence, if indeed it be not a part of it.

NOTE 15, p. 18.—A scent in high favour in the Levant, and very generally used in Europe. Ottar of roses was, however, far more in use formerly than it is now.

NOTE 16, p. 18.—The Mohammedans are particularly fond of decorating their walls and ceilings with dazzling views of Constantinople, in which the Chinese taste and judgment of art are most apparent.

NOTE 17, p. 18.—"Azrael," amongst the Mohammedans is an impersonation of death.

NOTE 18, p. 18.—An allusion to the traditionary antiquities of the Sultans.

NOTE 19, p. 19.—The "musselim" is an

officer of the government, whose station is second to that of a Pacha.

NOTE 20, p. 19.—The Turkish name for Negropont. The inhabitants of this province are despised like those of Athens.

NOTE 21, p. 19.—"Tchocadar," an usher

NOTE 22, p. 20.—An allusion to the well known story of antiquity.

NOTE 23, p. 20.—Amber, like all resinous substances, may be quickened by friction: it is well known to be strongly charged with electricity by this operation, and emits a slight aroma. When burnt, the scent is very powerful and by no means disagreeable.

NOTE 24, p. 20.—Amulets are deeply revered by the Mohammedans, who have the greatest confidence in their efficacy. It is by no means uncommon to see a small piece of some venerated relic worn about the person, encased in gold and jewels. Extracts from their sacred writ are generally engraved on the case. The most ignorant peasantry in Roman Catholic countries are not now so much attached to this venerative prejudice as many of the wealthiest and best educated Mussulmen.

NOTE 25, p. 20.—An appendage which may be held to represent the Rosary of the Roman Catholics amongst the Mohammedans.

NOTE 26, p. 21.—The designation of a seaman amongst the Turks; by which also the person so called is distinguished from the Greek or other subject in the service. The description here given by Lord Byron, is accurate enough. There are, however, a few little additions which are attributable to the particular costume of some individual who personally served as the model.

NOTE 27, p. 22.—The majority of the swords or scimitars used by Mohammedans bear some verse of the Koran as an inscription. The patterns vary considerably, and Lord Byron had in his possession more than one specimen of this oriental article of manufacture. The steel is remarkable for being very highly tempered, and the edge of an oriental weapon is always far more keen than that of any in use amongst us.

NOTE 28, p. 22.—The traditions of the Jews are far from being unknown amongst the Mohammedans. It is well known that Mahomet himself was careful in impugning the revelation of the Hebrew writ; and the same traditions therefore appear in Mussulman Sacred History as in that of the Jews, with this difference only, that they are clothed in other



language, and that the names are adapted to their own fancy or version. Zuleika is the name attributed to Potiphar's wife. The same incident as that related of her in the Old Testament has been reproduced with all the lustre of oriental imagery.

NOTE 29, p. 22.—An allusion to one of the insurgent vassals who defied the utmost power of the government.

NOTE 30, p. 22.—This is the distinguishing pennon of a Pacha, whose rank and command are marked by this standard.

NOTE 31, p. 22.—An allusion to one of those crimes or romantic enterprises so common in the East.—The victim in this instance was a Pacha of the name of Giaffir, of whom, as of the coincidence, Lord Byron has given a detailed account. He had occasion, at a later period, to know more of the hero and perpetrator, who was no less a personage than Ali the Pacha of Albania.

NOTE 32, p. 23.—When a Turk speaks of *the* Island or *the* Sea, he must be understood to indicate the Archipelago, for beyond that, few amongst his nation have any idea of insular conformation.

NOTE 33, p. 23.—This passage alludes to one of the most remarkable leaders of the Greek revolts. Lord Byron, from the interest he took in the regeneration and independence of Greece, and from his active participation in the struggle, had become intimately acquainted with all the details of its history and had had occasion to meet with the principal personages who figured in the melancholy annals of the Morea before the battle of Navarino.

NOTE 34, p. 23.—Amongst the Turks, all those who are subject to the capitation tax, are distinguished by the denomination of "Rayahs."

NOTE 35, p. 24.—An allusion to the peculiar habits and prepossessions of Mohammedans.

NOTE 36, p. 24.—Lord Byron has unnecessarily apologized for the tenor of this passage. It is perfectly true, not only of the indigenous population or wandering tribes of the East, but also of Europeans, who are by accident or design, cast into a similar career, that the

wild and uncontrolled freedom of the broad expanse of desert inspires them with a species of elevated spirit of independence. There is a pleasure in the impressions which crowd upon the mind in such a situation, which none can properly understand but those who have thoroughly entered into this peculiar mode of life.

NOTE 37, p. 24.—One of the terms signifying the place of eternal bliss.

NOTE 38, p. 26.—The following passage will be the most explanatory of the allusion and we therefore take the liberty to extract it as it stands. "While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream to and fro with the trembling of the water, which gave to its arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident has been strikingly depicted."—GALT

NOTE 39, p. 26.—The burial-place of Mohammedan women is left without any distinctive mark: that of the men is adorned with a sculptured turban above the inscription (if there be any). The inscription generally consists of some of the most admired verses of the Koran.

NOTE 40, p. 26.—The funeral chant uttered by the women. The term "*silent slaves*" is applied to the male portion of such melancholy ceremonies, because it is one of the points of delicacy amongst the Mohammedans not to betray any emotion before strangers.

NOTE 41, p. 26.—This passage will be better understood by referring to a note on the subject attached to the "*Pleasures of Memory*."—It is an adaptation of a passage in oriental poetry.

NOTE 42, p. 27.—This notion is peculiarly prevalent in the East, but it should be added, that it is by no means confined to those regions. We are not in our own country without many remarkable instances of similar delusions. There are some anecdotes illustrative of this question to be found in the Correspondence of Horace Walpole, whose taste appears to have inclined him to seek out such, and similar fantasies.

## Notes to the Corsair.

**NOTE 1, p. 28.**—This poem is another example of the facility and fertility of Lord Byron's genius. The beauty of his writing would almost appear to have been enhanced by rapidity; a phenomenon which is somewhat explained by the evidence borne by his poems themselves, that he wrote from impulse and not from reflection. He "wreaked his thoughts upon expression," he did not wait to chisel a thought by studying its diction. Hence all the vigour, freshness, energy, power, and acrimony of his productions. "The Corsair" was begun and completed in the course of thirteen days, and at a period almost contemporary with the completion of the "Bride of Abydos."

**NOTE 2, p. 23.**—It may not be superfluous to remind the reader of "The Corsair," that the islands selected as the scene of this little drama are all of them but a short distance from one another and from the main land. There is therefore no inaccuracy or anachronism in the quick succession of incidents as they are related;—far from it:—to those who are well acquainted with the locality and the impetuous temperament of the people, they will appear but the more probable and truthful.

**NOTE 3, p. 30.**—The author has been at some pains to excuse himself from having strained the privileges of poetry or fiction in drawing the character of Conrad in this poem. And there can be no harm in adding the citations adduced by him from history in support of the portraiture produced by his imagination. It would seem from the following quotations, that characters, no less strange to the everyday life ideas of a London reader, have actually figured in reality.

"Eccelin prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son regard feroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes parts cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes parts. \* \* \* \* \*  
"Eccein étoit d'une petite taille: mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe—et par son

seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis"—*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, "Gisericus staturâ mediocris, et equo casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ, contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus," &c. &c.—*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

**NOTE 4, p. 34.**—The phosphoric sparkling of the sea about the prow, sides, and wake of a boat or vessel, or at each dip of the oars or break of the water, is perhaps far better known and more frequently observed in the Mediterranean and in more central latitudes than on our own coasts. It is, moreover, far more intense in brilliancy, owing to the dark and profound blue of the sky and water, upon which this flashing breaks like an aurora. But we have also not unfrequently observed the same sparkling about Portsmouth and round the Isle of Wight, even very late in the season, and when a cold westerly breeze has been blowing hard; nor in one instance do we recollect to have seen it excelled in the South.

**NOTE 5, p. 35.**—Coffee.

**NOTE 6, p. 35.**—A Turkish pipe, (see note ante).

**NOTE 7, p. 35.**—Dancing girls. One of the chief entertainments of a wealthy Mohammedan after his banquet, and during the lazy enjoyment of his pipe and coffee, is the performance of girls maintained for the especial purpose of dancing in his presence. They are generally selected from his harem.

**NOTE 8, p. 35.**—There is an instance of a similar incident in history. It is recorded as follows by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi., p. 180) "Anxious to explore with his own eye the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero."

**NOTE 9, p. 36.**—The Dervises are a class who resemble the monks of Roman Catholicism.

NOTE 10, p. 37.—Satan.

NOTE 11, p. 37.—A similar exhibition of wrath has more than once been historically recorded.

NOTE 12, p. 37.—A woman's name. Almost all female names, in particular amongst the people of the east, are words signifying birds, flowers, scents, or other ornaments or luxuries which abound in their hyperbolic poetry. *Gulnare*, means the blossom of the pomegranate.

NOTE 13, p. 40.—Lord Byron appears to have alluded to the case of Sir Thomas More and to that of Anna Boleyn. There are many other historical instances of similar ouffoonery.

NOTE 14, p. 41.—It is well known that the disciples of Socrates were very urgent

with their great master not to swallow the poison until after sunset. The philosopher, nevertheless, obeyed the mandate of his condemnation, and took the potion before the sun went down.

NOTE 15, p. 41.—The further we go to the southward, the less the twilight, and the more equal the distribution of time between night and day; so that the winter's day is longer than that in our latitude, and the summer's day is shorter. It is so in Greece (as a matter of course) where the scene is laid.

NOTE 16, p. 41.—The summer-houses of the Turks are called *Kiosks*.

NOTE 17, p. 43.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 18, p. 48.—It is the prevalent fashion in the East, to adorn the bodies of the dead with flowers.

### Note to Lara.

NOTE 1, p. 50.—There appears to have been no specific period or locality assigned to the incidents related in the poem of Lara. Lord Byron at different times gave different accounts of his own arrangements of the

scene, and contented himself with attributing entirely to fiction, to avoid the inconsistency of some of the personages with the country and customs.

### Notes to the Siege of Corinth.

NOTE 1, p. 64.—It should be observed that since Tripolitza became the seat of the Pacha of the Province, Napoli di Romania ceased to be the chief town in the Morea. Lord Byron had at various times overrun the whole of the Grecian provinces, and was well acquainted with all the roads and by-roads, as well as with the towns of the Morea, of Attica, Albania, &c. &c.

NOTE 2, p. 64.—An allusion to *Dervioli*, one of the *Arnaouts*, who had accompanied the author. He appears to have retired to the mountains, and to have raised the standard of revolt against the vice-royal government.

NOTE 3, p. 65.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 4, p. 65.—The *Turcomans* resemble the *Bedouin Arabs* in their method of living. They are an erratic people—who wander from place to place, pitching their tents at convenience, and removing them at pleasure.

NOTE 5, p. 65.—An allusion to *Ali Comourgi*, who had driven the Venetians from the Morea, and who was afterwards killed at *Peterwardein*.

NOTE 6, p. 69.—A description which has unfortunately but too much of reality. It is not at all uncommon for dead bodies to be observed floating on the Bosphorus. The following quotation from *Hobhouse's Travels* will serve to attest the truth of the picture:—"The sensations produced by the state of the weather, and leaving a comfortable cabin, were in unison with the impressions which we felt, when passing under the palace of the sultans, and gazing at the gloomy cypresses which rise above the walls, we saw two dogs gnawing a dead body."—*HOBHOUSE*.

NOTE 7, p. 69.—The *Mohammedans* entertain a superstitious belief with respect to the tuft of hair worn by them, to the effect that it will serve as a handle to the prophet

wherewithal to hoist them into the region of the Houris.

NOTE 8, p. 70.—An allusion to the author's visits to Annesley when a boy.

NOTE 9, p. 72.—This passage refers to the occasion of an action by sea, which was fought at the mouth of the Dardanelles by the Turks against the Venetians.

NOTE 10, p. 75.—The jackal is known

in Europe. In all parts of Asia Minor, however, that animal abounds. They make an especial retreat of old ruins, and Lord Byron has adapted the creature to another soil, without much violation to its habits. The jackal is known to follow bodies of men as the sea-birds follow a ship, to secure whatever refuse may be cast out.

### Notes to *Parasina*.

NOTE 1, p. 76.—The subject matter of this Poem was somewhat too voluptuous for the precise but maudlin modesty of Lord Byron's Critics. The ostentatious prudery of the nation almost set aside *Parasina*, and though far from an inferior work even for such an author, it has not been so generally known or noticed, as many of the others. Lord Byron's Critics were in general envious, malignant opponents, and they were very fond of twisting all his productions into immoral constructions: but the fact is, that the drift of the most condemned is quite the contrary. It were just as fair to condemn "Joseph Andrews," as

immoral in its tendency, as "Don Juan," or any poem of Lord Byron's. The satire of vice can never be interpreted into its exaltation. Whether or not, "*Parasina*" is open to more equivocal translation is another question. But we are perfectly assured that the author never intended to celebrate and eulogise a crime.

NOTE 2, p. 79.—The word "haught" is very commonly used for "haughty," and more especially in the earlier writers of our language. It may be found in Spencer, Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, &c. &c.

### Notes to the Prisoner of Chillon.

NOTE 1, p. 82.—The Castle of Chillon which juts out into the lake of Geneva, on the north shore, and at the eastern end, is celebrated as having been the prison of François de Bonnavard, the hero of Genevan independence. It is known that until the year 1535, Geneva was a dependency of the Duke of Savoy: and as by its situation, and for other reasons, it was a place of no mean importance, it was very jealously retained by the Princes of that House. On the other hand the Genevese entertained an hereditary hatred for the Savoyards, and have continued since their emancipation to detest their former masters. The Genevese had made several efforts to liberate themselves from the yoke of the Duke of Savoy, and Bonnavard, who flourished just at the period that the struggle was assuming a decided aspect, warmly participated in the contest. He was not a

Genevan, but became possessed of a wealthy benefice at that place in 1510. He was born in 1496, and had been educated in the capital of Piedmont itself. All his associations were more likely to have bound him to the interests of the Savoyards. But a lofty spirit of independence, the purest integrity and sense of justice, and an affectionate regard for the people with whom he had become incorporated, and whose character at that period was congenial to the enlightened and progressive intelligence of such a man, had completely enlisted him in the cause of the Genevese. In 1519 he became a prisoner on the occasion of the occupation of Geneva by the Duke of Savoy. He was closely confined for two years at Grolee, to which dungeon he had been despatched by the Duke. He afterwards contrived to effect his escape, but in 1530 was once more betrayed into the hands of his ene-

mies, and was sent a close prisoner to the vaults of the Castle of Chillon, whence he was finally liberated in 1536, when the people of Berne occupied the Canton of Vaud. Bonnivard, whose name is still held in high veneration by the Genevese, was not left unrewarded by the grateful towns-people. Upon his final return, when Geneva had already adopted the motto of "*Post tenebras Lux*," the country of his adoption had become protestant and free. He was provided with a handsome residence and pension, and became a member of the Republican Government.

NOTE 2, p. 82.—An allusion to the effect which grief is reported to have had upon many eminent personages in history.

NOTE 3, p. 83.—The Castle of Chillon (see note *ante*.) is situated in one of the more picturesque retreats of that most picturesque and beautiful part of the lake of Geneva. It consists of blank loop-holed and very heavy white walls, abutting at the corners in round towers of the same character, with circular pointed roofs. In itself, it is by no means a handsome specimen of architecture, but the structure appears to be admirably adapted to the nature of the spot. The glistening white towers show with exquisite effect in the midst of the deep blue and tranquil water of the Lake, and before the dark background, formed by the wooded declivities of the mountains. On the land side, the entrance to the Castle opens into the road from Lausanne to Villeneuve. It is not far either from Vevey or the latter place; and apart from its own celebrity as having been the dungeon in which the great Bonnivard was so long confined, another charm has since been attached to its immediate vicinity by the rhapsodies of Jean Jacques Rousseau—Clarens is very near at hand amongst the vintaged hills. "It is said that Charles the Fifth, Duke of Savoy, stormed and took it in 1536; that he there found great hidden treasures, and many wretched beings pining away their lives in these frightful dungeons, amongst whom was Bonnivard. On the pillar to which this unfortunate man is said to have been chained, I observed, cut out of the stone, the name of one whose beautiful poem has done much to brighten the interest of this dreary spot, and will, perhaps, do more towards rescuing, from oblivion the names of 'Chillon' and 'Bonnivard,' than all the cruel sufferings which

that injured man endured within its damp and gloomy walls."—TENNANT.

NOTE 4, p. 85.—An allusion to a very small island which is situated near Villeneuve.

NOTE 5, p. 86.—"It has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact; at least, in the Low Countries, where solitude for life is substituted for capital punishments, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye, upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition: with matted hair, wild looks, and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time we are assured they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal for even the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings: yet, as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Notes to *Manfred*.

**NOTE 1, p. 87.**—Lord Byron, who treated *Manfred* somewhat coldly, gives a half-humorous sketch of it in one of his letters to Mr. Murray. The extract has been published, and might serve as a species of reference on the subject, but there is little information in it which may not be gathered from the work itself.

The following are two extracts from the criticisms of contemporary writers on this strange but very beautiful production:—

“In *Manfred* we recognise at once the gloom and potency of that soul which burned and blasted and fed upon itself, in Harold, and Conrad, and Lara—and which comes again in this piece, more in sorrow than in anger—more proud, perhaps, and more awful than ever—but with the fiercer traits of its misanthropy subdued, as it were, and quenched in the gloom of a deeper despondency. This piece is properly entitled a dramatic poem—for it is merely poetical, and is not at all a drama or play in the modern acceptation of the term. It has no action, no plot, and no characters; *Manfred* merely muses and suffers from the beginning to the end. His distresses are the same at the opening of the scene and at its closing, and the temper in which they are borne is the same. A hunter and a priest, and some domestics, are indeed introduced, but they have no connection with the passions or sufferings on which the interest depends; and *Manfred* is substantially alone throughout the whole piece. He holds no communion but with the memory of the Being he had loved; and the immortal Spirits whom he evokes to reproach with his misery, and their inability to relieve it. These unearthly persons approach nearer to the character of persons of the drama—but still they are but personal accompaniments to the performance; and *Manfred* is, in reality, the only actor and sufferer on the scene. To delineate his character indeed—to render conceivable his feelings—is plainly the whole scope and design of the poem; and the conception and execution are, in this respect, equally admirable. It is a grand and terrific vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that he may be capable of more than human sufferings, and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride.”—**JEREMY.**

“In this very extraordinary poem, Lord Byron has pursued the same course as in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and put out his strength upon the same objects. The action is laid among the mountains of the Alps—the characters are all, more or less, formed and swayed by the operations of the magnificent scenery around them, and every page of the poem teems with imagery and passion, though, at the same time, the mind of the poet is often overborne, as it were, by the strength and novelty of its own conceptions. But there is a still more novel exhibition of Lord Byron's powers in this remarkable drama. He has here burst into the world of spirits; and, in the wild delight with which the elements of nature seem to have inspired him, he has endeavoured to embody and call up before him their ministering agents, and to employ these wild personifications, as he formerly employed the feelings and passions of man.”—**PROFESSOR WILSON**

**NOTE 2, p. 89.**—The period at which these lines were written may explain the tenor of Lord Byron's thought in writing them, and the allusion which they contain. It was just about the time that the final endeavour to reconcile the dispositions of his family had proved abortive, that the author abandoned himself to the peculiarly beautiful view of despondency, which is distinguishable in the colouring of all his finest productions.

**NOTE 3, p. 91.**—See note *ante*. See also Clarendon's History of the Rebellion for an account of Charles the First's appearance at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, when the negotiation was commenced after his confinement in Carisbrooke Castle. Again, the memoir of “Marie Antoinette,” &c. &c.

**NOTE 4, p. 91.**—A sight not uncommon in Switzerland.

**NOTE 5, p. 91.**—The mountains which Lord Byron ascended or visited in person. The allusion here, is specially directed to the Wengen, the Jungfrau, the Dent D'Argent, the Great and Little Giant, and the Wetterhorn. In this part of the mountains at particular seasons, the fall of Avalanches is of constant occurrence.

**NOTE 6, p. 91.**—A sight peculiar to very mountainous regions, but not to Switzerland alone. The same effects, with the additional splendour lent by a tropical sun, are observable

the Andes. But there is a peculiar appearance in the mist, as it rolls along the deep gulleys and ravines, and precipitate valleys of the Alps. Standing far above the cloud which mantles the plain below, and yourself under the brightest and most spotless summer sky, you look down, not upon a varied expanse of landscape in panoramic view, but upon an impenetrable ocean of vapour. The sensation produced by this appearance is strange enough; you seem detached from the world, and parted alone upon your bright, but solitary elevation.

NOTE 7, p. 93.—This is perfectly true of the appearance of an Alpine water-fall, on a bright sunny day. The Stanbach has a constant rainbow at its base. The fine spray fluttering about is tinted with all the glowing hues of the prism, and when you are actually in the midst of it, you still see it all around you.

NOTE 8, p. 93.—An allusion to the most striking objects about the Jungfrau.

NOTE 9, p. 94.—Lord Byron here refers to Jambŭus the philosopher, and adopts the anecdote told of him by Eunapius.

NOTE 10, p. 95.—For the circumstances here alluded to, we must refer the reader to the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Cimon*, (LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*, vol. iii. p. 179.) in which the story of Pausanias and Cleonice is detailed.—“It is related, that when Pausanias was at Byzantium, he cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice of a noble family there, and insisted on having her for a mistress. The parents, intimidated by his power, were under the hard necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman begged that the light might be taken out of his apartments, that she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence. When she entered he was asleep, and she unfortunately stumbled upon the candlestick and threw it down. The noise waked him suddenly, and he, in his confusion, thinking it was an enemy coming to assassinate him, unsheathed a dagger that lay by him, and plunged it into the virgin's heart. After this he could never rest. Her image appeared to him every night, and with a menacing tone repeated this heroic verse,—

‘Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare!’

The allies, highly incensed at this infamous action, joined Cimon to besiege him in Byzantium. But he found means to escape thence; and as he was still haunted by the spectre, he

is said to have applied to a temple at Heraclea, where the manes of the dead were consulted. There he invoked the spirit of Cleonice, and entreated her pardon. She appeared, and told him ‘he would soon be delivered from all his troubles, after his return to Sparta:’ in which, it seems, his death was enigmatically foretold. These particulars we have from many historians.”

NOTE 11, p. 95.—An allusion to some incident which occurred to Lord Byron on his approach to the Grindewald.

NOTE 12, p. 98.—Over this fine drama, a moral feeling hangs like a sombre thunder cloud. No other guilt but that so darkly shadowed out could have furnished so dreadful an illustration of the hideous aberrations of human nature, however noble and majestic, when left a prey to its desires, its passions, and its imagination. The beauty, at one time so innocently adored, is at last soiled, profaned, and violated. Affection, love, guilt, horror, remorse, and death, come in terrible succession, yet all darkly linked together. We think of Astarte as young, beautiful, innocent—guilty—lost—murdered—buried—judged—pardoned; but still, in her permitted visit to earth, speaking in a voice of sorrow, and with a countenance yet pale with mortal trouble. We had but a glimpse of her in her beauty and innocence; but, at last, she rises up before us in all the mortal silence of a ghost, with fixed, glazed, and passionless eyes, revealing death, judgment, and eternity. The moral breathes and burns in every word,—in sadness, misery, insanity, desolation, and death. The work is “instinct with spirit,”—and in the agony and distraction, and all its dimly imagined causes, we behold, though broken up, confused, and shattered, the elements of a purer existence.—WILSON.

NOTE 13, p. 99.—An allusion to the suicide of Otho after his discomfiture at Brixellum. (See *Plutarch's Lives*.) Also the *Elegy of Martial* on this event.

NOTE 14, p. 100.—An expression and sentiment which abounds in the lighter or in the more serious writings of Lord Byron. That he was haunted by a dreary sense of desolation, is evident from some, even of the earliest fragments which he has left to the world. His kind of intellect was not easily satisfied with ordinary society; there was nothing congenial in the every-day converse of the world, so that he was driven to brood within himself, and as he could find no real

associate beyond the pale of his own imagination, it is not to be wondered at, if he gave evidence of a desolate species of being.

NOTE 15, p. 100.—Lord Byron has fairly acknowledged, that, although he began by being sceptical on the subject of the immortality of the soul, he was cured of that scepticism. There is therefore an inconsistency between some expressions in his earlier writings and this, but the inconsistency is one which is occasioned by an avowed change of opinion.

NOTE 16, p. 100.—There are three only, even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of those nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goethe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious Faustus. Schiller, with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty, and heroic bosom of Wallenstein. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world, and all that it inherits, for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times, there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confiding faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we, his readers, always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated, even by his melancholy, not to be

confirmed in our own belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. There is neither philosophy nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away; the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination *may once have disturbed our own*;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness which to him is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine.—WILSON.

NOTE 17, p. 100.—An allusion to the matter of the second and fourth verses of the sixth chapter of Genesis.—“And it came to pass that the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair.”—“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.”

NOTE 18, p. 101.—“But what can I say of the Coliseum? It must be *seen*; to describe it I should have thought impossible, if I had not read ‘Manfred.’ To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one ‘must see it by the pale moonlight.’ The stillness of night, the whispering, echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone could describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself.”—MATTHEW’S *Diary of an Invalid*.

## Notes to Cain.

NOTE 1, p. 104.—That the Old Testament contains repeated passages which directly allude to a future being, is incontestable, and it is as certain also that the drift of the whole history of Abraham and his descendants bears a similar interpretation. So constant, in fact, and so often reiterated, are the positive indications of futurity, that it were quite supererogatory to cite any here.

NOTE 2, p. 105.—“Prayer,” said Lord

Byron, at Cephalonia, “does not consist in the act of kneeling, nor in repeating certain words in a solemn manner. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of heaven; and when I feel the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me.”—KENNEDY’S *Conversations* p. 135.



**NOTE 3, p. 105.**—This passage affords a key to the temper and frame of mind of Cain throughout the piece. He disdains the limited existence allotted to him; he has a rooted horror of death, attended with a vehement curiosity as to his nature; and he nourishes a sullen anger against his parents, to whose misconduct he ascribes his degraded state. Added to this, he has an insatiable thirst for knowledge beyond the bounds prescribed to mortality; and this part of the poem bears a strong resemblance to Manfred, whose counterpart, indeed, in the main points of character, Cain seems to be.—**CAMPBELL.**

**NOTE 4, p. 106.**—Cain's description of the approach of Lucifer would have shone in the "Paradise Lost." There is something spiritually fine in this conception of the terror of presentiment of coming evil.—**JEFFREY.**

**NOTE 5, p. 107.**—"In this long dialogue, the tempter tells Cain (who is thus far supposed to be ignorant of the fact) that the soul is immortal, and that "souls who dare use their immortality" are condemned by God to be wretched everlastingly. This sentiment, which is the pervading *moral* (if we may call it so) of the play, is developed in the lines which follow."—**HEBER.** The criticism is neither true nor just, and Lord Byron repudiates the inuendo with great reason. It were absurd to represent Cain and Satan like two archangels of light.

**NOTE 6, p. 107.**—The tree of life was doubtless a material tree, producing material fruit, proper as such for the nourishment of the body; but was it not also set apart to be partaken of as a symbol or sacrament of that celestial principle which nourishes the soul to immortality?—**BISHOP HORNE.**

**NOTE 7, p. 108.**—It may appear a very prosaic, but it is certainly a very obvious criticism on these passages, that the young family of mankind had, long ere this, been quite familiar with the *death of animals*—some of whom Abel was in the habit of offering up as sacrifices; so that it is not quite conceivable that they should be so much at a loss to conjecture what *death* was.—**JEFFREY.**

**NOTE 8, p. 115.**—It is not very easy to perceive what natural or rational object the Devil proposes to himself in carrying his disciple through the abyss of space, to show him that repository of which we remember hearing something in our infant days, "where the old moons are hung up to dry." To

prove that there is a life beyond the grave, was surely no part of his business when he was engaged in fostering the indignation of one who repined at the necessity of dying. And, though it would seem, that entire Hades is, in Lord Byron's picture, a place of suffering, yet, when Lucifer himself had premised that these sufferings were the lot of those spirits who had sided with him against Jehovah, is it likely that a more accurate knowledge of them would increase Cain's eagerness for the alliance, or that he would not rather have inquired whether a better fortune did not await the adherents of the triumphant side? At all events, the spectacle of many ruined worlds was more likely to awe a mortal into submission, than to rouse him to hopeless resistance; and, even if it made him a hater of God, had no natural tendency to render him furious against a brother who was to be his fellow-sufferer.—**HEBER.**

**NOTE 9, p. 115.**—"Death, the last and most dreadful of all evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others—

'To die, is landing on some silent shore,

Where billows never beat, nor tempests  
roar:

Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis  
o'er.

But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is, by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable as a species of immortal men. We have no reason, therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life: but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still improving states (for which we have the strongest reasons), it will then appear a new favour from the divine munificence; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road. The instability of human life, or of the changes of its successive periods, of which we

so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion; and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual successions of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and, like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life, the gilding of the sunshine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the eyes of infants at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal. The heat and vigour of the succeeding summer of youth ripen for us new pleasures,—the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chase: the serene autumn of complete manhood feasts us with the golden harvest of our worldly pursuits; nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us.”—JENYNS.—“*These*,” says Dr. Johnson, “*are sentiments which, though not new, may be read with pleasure and profit, in the thousandth repetition.*”

NOTE 10, p. 116.—A speculation of Lord Byron's, which is not without much of reason, although it might be sneered at by the over accurate men of science on the one hand, as by the straight-laced minions of orthodoxy on the other. There is at least this comfort in admitting the origin of mankind as it is recorded in Genesis, that it saves one the trouble of an endless and profitless research. And, after all, the matter is not of the remotest consequence to mankind. One hypothesis is just as good as another. The only difference is, that some are more consoling and satisfactory than others. The whole matter, after all, resolves itself into the idea which has always prevailed, and which alone is accommodated to the intelligence of man, that the world (our world,) in its present construction, had a beginning; and that the

simplest way of accounting for its origin, (apart from any imperative dogma or revelation,) is to attribute it at once to the master hand of a Creator.

NOTE 11, p. 116.—Hades is a place, in Lord Byron's description, very different from all that we had anticipated. He supposes that the world which we now inhabit had been preceded by many successive worlds, which had each, in turn, been created and ruined; and the inhabitants of which he describes, on grounds sufficiently probable for poetry, as proportioned, in bodily and intellectual strength, to those gigantic specimens of animal existence whose remains still perplex the naturalist. But he not only places the pre-Adamite giants in Hades, but the ghosts of the Mammoth and Megatherian, their contemporaries, and, above all, the phantoms of the worlds themselves which these beings inhabited, with their mountains, oceans, and forests, all gloomy and sad together, and (we suppose he means) in a state of eternal suffering. We really think that this belongs to that species of sublime, which is considerably less than a single step removed from the ridiculous.—HEBER.

NOTE 12, p. 120.—“It would be to no purpose to suppose two such opposite principles. For, admit that a being infinitely mischievous were infinitely cunning, and infinitely powerful, yet it could do no evil, because the opposite principle, of infinite goodness, being also infinitely wise and powerful, they would tie up one another's hands: so that upon this supposition, the notion of a deity would signify just nothing; and, by virtue of the eternal opposition and equality of these principles, they would keep one another at perpetual bay; and, being an equal match for one another, instead of being two deities, they would be two idols, able to do neither good nor evil.”—TILLOTSON.

NOTE 13, p. 120.—“Whatever we enjoy is purely a free gift from our Creator; but that we enjoy no more, can never, sure, be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves; that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all.”—JENYNS.

NOTE 14, p. 127.—The names of the rivers which enclosed the region of man's first purity and happiness.

## Notes to Hours of Idleness.

**NOTE 1, p. 130.**—The Earl of Carlisle is here indicated.

**NOTE 2, p. 530.**—See BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, vol. viii., p. 91. London: 1835.

**NOTE 3, p. 530.**—This was at least one of the first productions of the greatest of modern poets, and with the natural love which every author bears towards his literary offspring, Lord Byron was very jealous of lacerating it afterwards. He was only fourteen years old when this piece was written, and much as his first productions were abused, it might pass muster in collections of greater pretensions than was the first volume which was issued from the press under his name.

**NOTE 4, p. 130.**—This fragment refers to the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants on the Newstead Estate, with whom the author contracted a very early and warm friendship.

**NOTE 5, p. 131.**—This piece is addressed to Lord Delawarr.

**NOTE 6, p. 131.**—See note *ante*.

**NOTE 7, p. 131.**—Lord Byron had a peculiar antipathy to elaborate inscriptions and pompous sepulchres, from his earliest years. He always indicated his wish that whoever performed the last duties for himself would be as brief and simple as possible in marking his final resting place. He left directions of the same kind in a will.

**NOTE 8, p. 131.**—The antiquity of Newstead Abbey is undoubted. It dates back to the latter end of the twelfth century, and passed from its monastic possessions into the hands of Lord Byron's ancestors at the period when all establishments of the kind were wrested from ecclesiastical corporations.

**NOTE 9, p. 131.**—The part taken in the Holy Wars by the ancestors of Lord Byron is more than problematical—if indeed it be more than a piece of family tradition: they, at least, attained no historical celebrity, and the name does not appear very prominently until much later in the records of this country itself. Mr. Moore has endeavoured to account for it, by explaining some piece of decoration in Newstead Abbey. But it must be borne in mind either that this symbol is of modern construction, or that it had no connection whatever with the family of the author,

who did not become possessors of the Abbey until the reign of Henry VIII., if not later.

**NOTE 10, p. 131.**—"In the park of Horseley, there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Barun's successors."—THOROTON.

**NOTE 11, p. 132.**—Some of the ancestors of Lord Byron are recorded to have served at the siege of Calais, *temp.* Edward III. as well as at Cressy.

**NOTE 12, p. 132.**—The field of Marston Moor, so fatal to the royalists in the civil wars.

**NOTE 13, p. 132.**—See CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*.

**NOTE 14, p. 132.**—See the same: in which Sir Nicholas Byron is frequently mentioned with honour amongst the most zealous partisans of Charles I.

**NOTE 15, p. 132.**—This piece as well as some others which are inserted here, appears to have been written during Lord Byron's pupilage at Harrow; but whether as a portion of his class-work or not, is not apparent.

**NOTE 16, p. 133.**—An allusion to the seeming inequality in the fate of individuals.

**NOTE 17, p. 134.**—Lord Byron somewhere relates that some of his earliest effusions in the shape of school exercises, were not by any means flatteringly received by Dr Drury, then head master at Harrow. The reason it would seem was, that most of these were written against the inclination and as tasks, and it must be admitted, that it was not until the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" that he had signalised his pre-eminent talents. No one dreamt of his becoming an illustrious Poet during his school career.

**NOTE 18, p. 137.**—Lord Byron took great delight in the translations of the minor works of Camoëns published by Lord Strangford about this period.

**NOTE 19, p. 137.**—"The latter years of Camoëns present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the

proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoens sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1579.—STRANGFORD.

NOTE 20, p. 137.—Dr. Drury resigned his place of head-master at Harrow, in the month of March, 1805. He was succeeded by Dr. Butler.

NOTE 21, p. 137.—Lord Byron ever preserved a very great regard for Dr. Drury, and has frequently expressed himself to that effect at later periods.

NOTE 22, p. 137.—The Author has himself stated, what he must have felt, that he was by no means a general favourite amongst his school-fellows—not but that he contracted friendships at Harrow, which did not cease with his school-days.

NOTE 23, p. 137.—The Duke of Dorset, who was killed whilst hunting in Ireland. He was thrown from his horse and did not long survive the accident.

NOTE 24, p. 137.—An allusion to the fagging system at public schools.

NOTE 25, p. 138.—It does not appear that the remark is levelled at any person in particular.

NOTE 26, p. 131.—“Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, was born in 1527. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of ‘Gorboduc,’ which was played before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. His tragedy, and his contribution of the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the ‘Mirror for Magistrates,’ comprise the poetical history of Sackville. The rest of it was poetical. In 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset by James I. He died suddenly at the council table, in consequence of a drop-sy on the brain.”—CAMPELL.

NOTE 27, p. 138.—Charles Sackville, Earl

of Dorset, who flourished *temp.* Charles I. and William III. and who was as remarkable for his valour, as for his talent, taste, and patronage of literature. See the casual poems of Dryden, Prior, Pope, Congreve, and others of that period.

NOTE 28, p. 139.—Suggested by the receipt of intelligence reporting the death of the young Duke of Dorset, who had been one of Lord Byron's most constant and attached associates.

NOTE 29, p. 139.—It is well and generally known that the peculiar temper and tenor of Lord Byron's after life was attributable to his early disappointment at Annesley. According to Mr. Moore, Miss Chaworth was worthy of the esteem and admiration of her hopeless suitor. It was about the year 1804, that the passion which proved so fatal to his happiness was conceived or confirmed. It does not appear that Miss Chaworth ever entertained any reciprocal attachment for the poet; and but a year after he had avowed his passion, she was married to Mr. Musters.

NOTE 30, p. 139.—An allusion to the “Devil on two Sticks,”—the “Diable Boiteux,” one of the clever satires of Le Sage.

NOTE 31, p. 139.—Referring to the candidates who appeared to contest the election for the University of Cambridge after the death of Pitt. Lord Henry Petty, and Lord Palmerston were the persons.

NOTE 32, p. 139.—Edward Harvey, third Lord Hawke.

NOTE 33, p. 139.—Alluding to the criticism on Greek metres, by Scalé.

NOTE 34, p. 139.—A very fair satire on the spurious Latin of schoolmen.

NOTE 35, p. 139.—The discovery of the fact illustrated by the forty-seventh Proposition of the first book of Euclid, which has been attributed to Pythagoras.

NOTE 36, p. 140.—Alluding to the chapel gown worn by the boys on saints'-days.

NOTE 37, p. 140.—Lord Byron's character was as fervid and impetuous in his boyhood as it ever was—a thing which is well illustrated by the warmth and brevity of his school associations. He generally spoke of them afterwards to this effect.

NOTE 38, p. 140.—Referring to his pugilistic success at Harrow.

NOTE 39, p. 140.—To this day, one of the tombs in the church-yard at Harrow is pointed out, as having been Lord Byron's favourite retreat. Here, with the beautiful view to the

south-westward, and with Windsor in the distance before him, would he sit for hours, indulging his meditative inclinations.

NOTE 40, p. 140.—He was remarkably fond of selecting pieces of passionate vehemence for declamation on the Speech Days.

NOTE 41, p. 140.—The person indicated, is Mossop, who was contemporary on the stage with Garrick.

NOTE 42, p. 140.—Dr. Drury appears to have had more idea of Lord Byron's declamatory powers than of his literary abilities. Lord Byron himself mentions the fact with something approaching to a gentle sarcasm on Dr. Drury's lack of judgment.

NOTE 43, p. 141.—There is a proverb in Spanish, of which this is an accurate paraphrase or rather translation.

NOTE 44, p. 141.—Lord Byron refers to one of those casual and equivocal attachments, of which there were many in his youth. It has not transpired who the heroine was, but enough has been gathered to determine that her station and circumstances subjected her to some scandal in her intercourse with a young peer.

NOTE 45, p. 142.—These lines which relate to a circumstance which seems to have exercised a considerable effect upon Lord Byron, were directed to Miss Houston.

NOTE 46, p. 142.—For the use of this expression, see *Gray's Ode* :

“Hurtle through the darken'd air.”

NOTE 47, p. 143.—The legal denomination of a person under age—a minor.

NOTE 48, p. 143.—Alluding to the state of his mind at the time of his matriculation at the University of Cambridge. Lord Byron had a predilection for Oxford, and was not best pleased at being sent to the other University, and moreover, he would according to his own account have preferred remaining at Harrow, to either. In addition to these little vexations, his temper was at the time very much ruffled by the circumstances attending his passionate attachment for Miss Chaworth, who was married in the same year (1805.) It is not to be wondered at, that a person of such keen and deep sensibility as Lord Byron should have been soured by this combination of contingencies, more especially when it is remembered that he was left absolutely without a home to attract him, or, which was endeared to him, and without any one apparently to evince the slightest solicitude re-

specting his career or his well-being. He describes himself in his *Diary* as having been at this period “about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop.”

NOTE 49, p. 145.—The *pibroch* is not the instrument, as here indicated, but the air which is such a favourite amongst the bag pipe players of Scotland.

NOTE 50, p. 149.—An allusion to a fête amongst the Highlanders.

NOTE 51, p. 150.—Creusa, who perished in the conflagration of Troy.

NOTE 52, p. 153.—The fable of Medea and Jason is far too well known to need animadversion here. This is a translation of one of the Choruses in the celebrated play of Euripides; and although it be correct as a paraphrase, it is rather that than a translation.

NOTE 53, p. 153.—Refer to the passage in the original.

NOTE 54, p. 153.—The intention of this piece is not to censure the person, but the office.

NOTE 55, p. 153.—Alluding to Demosthenes.

NOTE 55\*, p. 153.—An allusion to the denomination of the dignitaries, who act as supervisors of the Chapels at the University.

NOTE 56, p. 154.—Given to the Author by Eddlestone, a chorister at Cambridge, to whom Lord Byron was particularly partial.

NOTE 57, p. 155.—An allusion to his participation in several private Theatrical performances, which he has recorded as so many boyish triumphs.

NOTE 58, p. 156.—The fragment to which Lord Byron replied through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle*, had been published in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

NOTE 59, p. 156.—Harrow.

NOTE 60, p. 157.—Miss E. Pigot.

NOTE 61, p. 158.—One of the most lofty and strikingly beautiful of the mountains of Scotland. Lord Byron's residence in the neighbourhood during his childhood had furnished him with some pleasing and wild recollections on the subject.

NOTE 62, p. 158.—The Scotch are not so fond of perverting the pronunciation of their words as the English; the word in Scotch is pronounced as it is spelt.

NOTE 63, p. 158.—It is well known that Lord Byron was descended, through his mother's family, from the branch of the house of Gordon, which by marriage had become con-

nected with the royal race of Stuart. The Gordons were, many of them, amongst the most zealous adherents of that ill-fated family after its final expulsion from Great Britain, and were involved in the luckless campaign of 1745.

NOTE 64, p. 158.—It is merely by conjecture, or by poetical analogy, that Lord Byron attributes to some of his forefathers a grave on Culloden Muir.

NOTE 65, p. 158.—A part of the highlands of Scotland.

NOTE 66, p. 158.—An allusion to the fabulous friendship of antiquity.

NOTE 67, p. 159.—Alluding to Mr. Becher, who signalled himself by several projects for the improvement of the condition of the working classes.

NOTE 69, p. 159.—This is the second piece on the same subject.

NOTE 70, p. 159.—An allusion to the foundation of the priory of Newstead by Henry II., which was one of his acts of amends for the assassination of Thomas à Becket, according to the tradition. It is, at all events, ascertained that this institution took its rise very shortly after the above related event.

NOTE 71, p. 160.—The Badge of the Crusaders.

NOTE 72, p. 160.—The Scotch term for twilight.

NOTE 73, p. 160.—The religious establishment of Newstead Abbey was consecrated to the Holy Virgin.

NOTE 74, p. 160.—(See note *ante*).

NOTE 75, p. 160.—An allusion to a siege, of which Newstead became the scene, during the civil wars.

NOTE 76, p. 160.—See CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*, and other contemporary royalist accounts, for the services rendered by the members of the family of Byron to the royal cause.

NOTE 77, p. 160.—An allusion to the fate of Lord Falkland, who was killed at one of the battles of Newbury and who was at that time accompanying the regiment raised and commanded by one of the Byrons.

NOTE 78, p. 161.—It is recorded amongst the old wives' tales of that period that a portentous storm accompanied the passing breath of the Great Protector. Such was the superstition of either party that the fact (which is probable enough in itself) was converted into an omen of vast consequence to the fate of the realm and the people. It was conve-

niently interpreted by the one party, and fearfully understood by the other.

NOTE 79, p. 162.—Charles II.

NOTE 80, p. 162.—An allusion to the discovery of a brass eagle in the water which adorns the grounds at Newstead, which was reported to have belonged to the ecclesiastical occupants of the domain in olden time.

NOTE 81, p. 163.—Dr. Drury, (see note *ante*).

NOTE 82, p. 163.—This passage refers to the method adopted by Lord Byron to preserve the school-room at Harrow during the "barring out," which occurred in his pupilage at that college.

NOTE 83, p. 163.—We need not search the records of the school, or seek for information from other sources than from Lord Byron's own writings (from his Diary, Correspondence, &c.) to gather an idea of his course of life whilst at Harrow. He must certainly have been as troublesome and mischievous a pupil as ever wearied a master.

NOTE 84, p. 164.—Lord Byron was deeply and acutely sensitive. The recurrence of some old association to his mind: the sudden and unexpected meeting with some former companion, ever occasioned uncontrollable emotion within him. We have very many remarkable anecdotes illustrative of this trait of tenderness in his character. He has himself ingeniously recorded several instances of the kind in his private memoranda; and those of his acquaintances who have afforded their tribute to the literature of the age have enriched his own accounts with many interesting details. It is evident enough from a multitude of incidents and circumstances of this kind that if he appeared selfish or acted selfishly, the failing had been induced by his most unpropitious introduction into the world and by the variety of embittering casualties which accompanied it: to all of which, most likely, the world owes the most beautiful of poetry.

NOTE 85, p. 164.—It has been reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description: afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling, which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weak-

ness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara :

"Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTE 86, p. 164.—The Honourable John Wingfield, an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and brother to Lord Powerscourt.

NOTE 87, p. 164.—Mr. Cecil Tattersall.

NOTE 88, p. 164.—Alluding to an incident which had well-nigh cost Lord Byron his life.

NOTE 89, p. 164.—The Nobleman referred to, is the second Earl of Clare, who was a schoolfellow of Lord Byron's, at Harrow.

NOTE 90, p. 164.—The fifth Earl of Delaware, who was also an old associate of the author's.

NOTE 91, p. 165.—Mr. Edward Long.

NOTE 92, p. 165.—The speeches at Harrow.

NOTE 93, p. 165.—Alluding to some complimentary expressions elicited from Dr. Drury by Lord Byron's first recital.

NOTE 94, p. 166.—There is a French proverb to the following effect:—

"L'amitié c'est l'amour sans ailes."

NOTE 95, p. 166.—The work of James Montgomery.

NOTE 96, p. 166.—A general allusion to the indistinct notion which is commonly possessed, concerning the heroes of history, whose names are in everybody's mouth. It is the prevailing habit of many persons to be perpetually citing examples of illustrious historical personages, without the least idea of their origin, &c. &c.

NOTE 97, p. 167.—Lord Byron was particularly alive to the smallness of his means, compared to the rank which he held; and being conscious of his own superiority, he was very tender of being slighted by the vulgar pomp and ostentation of wealth, and consequently preferred to keep aloof from the society which he felt would submit him to indignities which were unworthy of him. He thus saved society the humiliation of having discarded so great a man.

The same sentiment is expressed in a far more recent anonymous poem:—

"Some men 'tis true, however great their soul,  
Were born, and have been suckled in  
contempt;

But, as the mighty floods of fortune roll,

May they not make one prosperous attempt?

Those floods are far beyond the wide control  
Of which some little magnates have e'er  
dreamt;

And if the scorn'd ones should once chance  
to float,

How will the scorners' spleen then scald  
their throat."

NOTE 98, p. 167.—An adaptation of Virgil's beautiful episode, of which Nisus and Euryalus are the heroes.

NOTE 99, p. 169.—Harrow.

NOTE 100, p. 170.—Lord Clare.

NOTE 101, p. 170.—An allusion to an accidental coldness, which seems to have arisen between Lord Byron and the Earl of Clare.

NOTE 102, p. 171.—Mr. Long, who was a companion of Lord Byron's at Harrow, and also a fellow student with him at Cambridge.

NOTE 103, p. 172.—Miss Chaworth, or as she then had become, Mrs. Musters.

NOTE 104, p. 172.—A term synonymous with Saxon, and applied by the highlanders to the people of the lowlands, or of England.

NOTE 105, p. 173.—The passage of the Psalm lv. 6, "And I said, Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest," is readily suggested to the reader.

NOTE 106, p. 173.—Morven, a mountain in the county of Aberdeen, in Scotland. It is of very considerable elevation. The expression here applied to it is of frequent use in the poems of Ossian.

NOTE 107, p. 173.—A phenomena which has already been spoken of in the notes to "Manfred," (which see). In Scotland, as in the Alps, especially on the loftier mountains, it very often happens that a thunder-storm will be observable below, whilst all is as clear as can be above. The whirl of the clouds, as if driven by an impetuous current of wind, may be observed beneath one in this manner when the atmosphere is perfectly undisturbed where one is stationed.

NOTE 108, p. 173.—Miss Duff—since Mrs. Cockburn.

NOTE 109, p. 174.—Colbleen; the name of a mountain in Scotland.

NOTE 110, p. 175.—Alluding to the criticism which appeared upon an Edition of the "British Avacreon."

NOTE 111, p. 175.—Alluding to a threat

oned hostile meeting between a certain author and his critic.

NOTE 112, p. 176.—Allegra, the illegiti-

mate daughter of Lord Byron, was buried in the church at Harrow, according to his special request.

## Notes to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

NOTE 1, p. 177.—Hobhouse is here referred to.

NOTE 2, p. 178.—See the passage in Juvenal, Sat. i.

“Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne  
reponam,  
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?”

NOTE 3, p. 178.—The epithet is peculiarly illustrative of Fitzgerald's caste of literary productions; but it was really more than that worthy deserved, to be even thus severely noticed.

NOTE 4, p. 178.—A further allusion to the nature of Fitzgerald's celebrity.

NOTE 5, p. 178.—See the concluding chapter of Don Quixote.

NOTE 6, p. 178.—See Juvenal, Sat. i. for the parallel passage—

“Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
——— occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.”

NOTE 7, p. 179.—See the same—

“Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere  
campo  
Per quem magnos equos Auruncæ flexit  
alumnus:  
Si vavat, et placidi rationem admittitis,  
sedam.”—

NOTE 8, p. 179.—It was whilst Lord Byron was engaged in the composition of this incomparable satire that he turned his attention especially to the works of Pope, the most polished writer of the English Augustan age; and hence our author's subsequent admiration for this, his tacit master.

NOTE 9, p. 179.—An allusion to one Stott, of Morning Post celebrity. His literary designation, however, was generally known as that of Hafiz

NOTE 10, p. 179.—“When Lord Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime

was having written a poem for a thousand pounds: which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copyright for that sum.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTE 11, p. 179.—It is well known that Lord Byron had a delicate and scrupulous objection to realise money by his works. Notwithstanding the original scantiness of his fortune, which had, moreover, been very materially lessened by the want of providence, which was by no means extraordinary in a person of his inclinations and habits, and by the wanton extravagance which attended one portion of his career, and which was more especially attributable to Lady Byron, he long sternly refused the handsome remittances of Mr. Murray; and it was not without great difficulty that he was induced to accept the sum of one thousand guineas awarded as the price of the “Siege of Corinth.” Circumstances afterwards compelled him to accept various sums from his publisher which, great as they may appear, have left an ample margin to Mr. Murray; and although the gross amount paid by the latter was no less than £23,500, there can be no doubt but that he had very liberally rewarded his own share in the production of these works.

NOTE 12, p. 180.—The poem, entitled “Thalaba,” by Southey, is certainly of an exceptionable character. Lord Byron, who can never be said to have been too severe toward his contemporary, considering the gratuitous and unmeasured manner in which Southey assailed him, has withered this production.

NOTE 13, p. 180.—There is a slight incongruity here, (see Southey's preface)

NOTE 14, p. 180.—An allusion to a ballad of Southey's, bearing the facetious title of “The Old Woman of Berkley,” which is remarkable for some of that author's quaint but meagre conceptions.

NOTE 15, p. 180.—An allusion to Gifford's



parody on "SOUTHEY'S *Dactyls*," which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, especially referring to the expression "God help thee."—

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling book ;

Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—

Dactyls, call'st thou 'em?—"God help thee," silly one."

NOTE 16, p. 180.—An allusion to the tenor of the preface to the works of that writer.

NOTE 17, p. 180.—An allusion to some poems by Coleridge.

NOTE 18, p. 180.—This line originally stood thus :—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."

NOTE 19, p. 180.—Mr. Matthew Lewis, who was a member of the House of Commons at the time.

NOTE 20, p. 180.—This contains an allusion to a passage in a piece, which appeared in "the Statesman," and which is attributed to Jekyll. It was addressed to Mr. Lewis.

NOTE 21, p. 181.—See Lord STRANGFORD'S *Translation of CAMOËNS* at page 127, and note ; also the criticism on this work, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* at the time of its publication.

NOTE 22, p. 181.—An allusion to the quantities of spurious poems, which have been thrust by his translators and commentators upon the shoulders of Camoëns, and of which he was purely guiltless.

NOTE 23, p. 181.—"The Triumph of Temper," and "the Triumph of Music," are amongst the poetical productions of Hayley.

NOTE 24, p. 181.—An allusion to Grahame, the author of a wretched production entitled "Sabbath Walks," "Biblical Pictures," and of other similar stuff. Lord Byron had dignified him by the censure. His poems are far beneath it, and would probably have never been dreamt of but for the satire. At all events this precious writer richly deserved the lash.

NOTE 25, p. 181.—Alluding in particular to two productions of Mr. Bowles, the "Sonnet to Oxford," and the "Stanzas on hearing the bells of Ostend. The last is truly a poetical subject.

NOTE 26, p. 181.—An allusion to a precious amatory episode.

NOTE 27, p. 181.—Lord Byron latterly severely regretted the publication of English

Bards and Scotch Reviewers, in which he was conscious that he had abandoned himself to the utmost acrimony awakened by his censors, but it does not appear that he ever regretted the figure which Bowles was made to cut in that satire.

NOTE 28, p. 181.—See POPE'S *Dunciad*. Curll was a Bookseller. The sobriquet of Lord Fanny will be in like manner explained.

NOTE 29, p. 182.—An allusion to the employment of Mallet by Lord Bolingbroke, in the exemplary service of aspersing against the memory of Pope.

NOTE 30, p. 182.—Dennis and Ralph, who figure in the "Dunciad" of Pope :—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,

Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!"

NOTE 31, p. 182.—An error, see the "Antiquities of Greece" or "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary," under the head of Helicon.

NOTE 32, p. 182.—An allusion to Messieurs Cottle, of whom Lord Byron says, that they were "once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell." They signalized themselves by the production, of two Epic poems, as they were pleased to call them.

NOTE 33, p. 182.—An allusion to the author, of a species of didactic, respecting "Richmond Hill," "Westminster Abbey," and other poems, and who crowned all by one of the most self-sufficient autobiographies that ever stamped a man for conceit.

NOTE 34, p. 182.—An allusion to the manner in which the poems of Montgomery were received in England and in Scotland, in each of which he was very differently handled. Lord Byron does not treat him very harshly.

NOTE 35, p. 182.—Mr. Crowe's Criticism on the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was so just, as far as literary acumen was concerned, that it induced Lord Byron to alter many words in the original text, particularly referred to by the Critic.

NOTE 36, p. 182.—The elevation which overlooks the Capital of Scotland.

NOTE 37, p. 182.—Sydney Smith only retained the conduct of the *Edinburgh Review* for a few numbers. It was subsequently edited by Jeffrey, who has since been Lord Advocate of Scotland, and a Lord of the Session.

NOTE 38, p. 182.—An allusion to the notable meeting between Jeffrey and Moore, and

to the tattle which became current respecting it in the papers concerning the interference of the authorities, and the harmless manner in which the arms were found to have been loaded.

NOTE 39, p. 183.—A bantering sally, involving the question of national rivalry.

NOTE 40, p. 183.—The sarcasm is too local to be of much interest now. Yet it is certainly well pointed at the *virtuoso* and antiquarian affectation of that nobleman, and was well understood by himself and by those who were acquainted with his pretensions and pursuits.

NOTE 41, p. 183.—A writer who was occupied especially with the study and translation of the literature of Iceland and Norway.

NOTE 42, p. 183.—Sydney Smith.

NOTE 43, p. 183.—An allusion to one of Hallam's criticisms.

NOTE 44, p. 183.—A tutor at Eton.

NOTE 45, p. 183.—An allusion to critical and dramatical works by that author.

NOTE 46, p. 183.—Referring to the consequences of some of Brougham's articles in the Edinburgh Review.

NOTE 47, p. 183.—Refer to the cover of that periodical.

NOTE 48, p. 183.—Lord Henry Petty, one of the great wits of his day, since better known as Marquis of Lansdowne.

NOTE 49, p. 183.—Alluding to some translations by Lord Holland.

NOTE 50, p. 183.—A remark touching her critical supremacy.

NOTE 51, p. 183.—See the play of Tekeli.

NOTE 52, p. 183.—Adapting that author's prevailing phrases.

NOTE 53, p. 184.—Kenny, whose dramatical productions had secured him so high a reputation, and who it will be remembered died very suddenly on the eve of a benefit which had been very liberally got up in his behalf in the course of the present summer (1849).

NOTE 54, p. 184.—Alluding to some tricks played by that gentleman during his management of Drury Lane.

NOTE 55, p. 184.—The exceeding hilarity and joyous wit of Colman rendered him very eminent as a boon companion.

NOTE 56, p. 184.—Cumberland, whose works were so popular in their day.

NOTE 57, p. 184.—Alluding to the success of a pantomime, by Dibdin.

NOTE 58, p. 184.—The occupation of that person about Drury Lane Theatre.

NOTE 59, p. 184.—An allusion to Skelington's dramatical works.

NOTE 60, p. 184.—Both well known upon the boards.

NOTE 61, p. 184.—The place and not the person.

NOTE 62, p. 184.—The relations of Petronius with the Emperor Nero are well known.

NOTE 63, p. 185.—Mr. Andrews, a powder manufacturer and small writer in his way.

NOTE 64, p. 185.—An allusion to a pamphlet by the Earl of Carlisle on the condition of the English drama.

NOTE 65, p. 185.—A parody ridiculing a poem entitled "Elijah's Mantle."

NOTE 66, p. 185.—An allusion to some trifling works.

NOTE 67, p. 186.—Assumed names currently known at the time as attached to the fragmentary poetry of the papers.

NOTE 68, p. 186.—The same to whom Lord Byron has addressed a small piece. (See Occasional Pieces). Joseph Blackett was a shoemaker.

NOTE 69, p. 186.—Indicating the same.

NOTE 70, p. 186.—A sarcasm on the ostentatious patronage of Mr. Lofft.

NOTE 71, p. 186.—Alluding to a piece by Bloomfield.

NOTE 72, p. 186.—Refer to the "Recollections of a Weaver."

NOTE 73, p. 186.—Thomas Campbell and Samuel Rogers, whose reputation was long since established by the "Pleasures of Hope" of the one, and the "Pleasures of Memory" of the other.

NOTE 74, p. 186.—Gifford, well known as the author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*.

NOTE 75, p. 186.—The author of some translations and original works. The name of Sotheby is so little heard of now, that the satirical censure of Lord Byron seems to have been confirmed by public opinion.

NOTE 76, p. 186.—Macneil's poems had an astonishing run in their turn.

NOTE 77, p. 186.—An allusion to an announcement of Gifford's.

NOTE 78, p. 186.—The melancholy death and the merits of Kirke White are well known.

NOTE 79, p. 187.—Shee, who from his little productions of that period, has since attained great eminence.

NOTE 80, p. 187.—Mr. Wright, whose poem entitled "Horæ Ionicæ" is certainly distinguished by great merit.

NOTE 81, p. 187.—Bland and Merivale.

NOTE 82, p. 187.—Lamb and Lloyd.

NOTE 83, p. 188.—Alluding to "the Shipwreck of St. Paul," by Hoare.

NOTE 84, p. 188.—Alluding to "Exodus," by Hoyle.

NOTE 85, p. 188.—See the preface to "Exodus," (note 84.) The Book of Play by another Hoyle is of more established reputation.

NOTE 86, p. 188.—A sarcastic adaptation of the passage in GIBBON'S "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," vol. ii. p. 83. "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."

NOTE 87, p. 188.—A writer whose first production, a translation, was worthy of the admiration which it met.

NOTE 88, p. 188.—Thus written.

NOTE 89, p. 188.—A poem entitled the "Aboriginal Britons."

NOTE 90, p. 188.—Alluding to a canstie remark respecting the Duke of Portland

NOTE 91, p. 188.—Georgia.

NOTE 92, p. 188.—Sir John Carr was notorious for his love of gossip.

NOTE 93, p. 188.—A sarcasm on the eager news of Lord Elgin, to attribute all his pilfered marbles to the hand of Phidias.

NOTE 94, p. 188.—"Classic" was the term used in the original text; it was not until several editions had been printed, that the word "rapid" was substituted.

NOTE 95, p. 188.—An allusion to Gell's researches on the site of ancient Troy, and to his work on the subject.

NOTE 96, p. 189.—In after years, Lord Byron felt and expressed considerable regret that this poem should ever have seen the day.

## Notes to Hebrew Melodies.

NOTE 1, p. 190.—The author was never over-proud of these productions.

NOTE 2, p. 190.—The measure of Jewish Minstrelsy was always arbitrary.

NOTE 3, p. 190.—Lines suggested by the dress of a lady, who was present at an entertainment in which Lord Byron took part.

NOTE 4, p. 191.—Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death, by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and

a haughty spirit: unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement.—MILMAN.

## Notes to Ode to Napoleon.

NOTE 1, p. 197.—

'Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,  
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains.  
AND IS THIS ALL!'

I know not that this was ever done in the old world; at least, with regard to Hannibal: but, in the statistical account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of a person discovered, a few years since, in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as "the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible."

Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL! Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration.—GIFFORD.

NOTE 2, p. 197.—See Cassiodorus respecting the great battle fought by Attila on the Catalaunian plain.

NOTE 3, p. 197.—Sylla.

NOTE 4, p. 198.—Count Neipperg, who afterwards married Maria Louisa.

NOTE 5, p. 198.—The well-known anecdote of Dionysius the younger.

NOTE 6, p. 198.—Allusion to the Iron Cage, in which Bajazet II, was paraded about by Timour the Tartar.

NOTE 7, p. 198.—Prometheus, (see *Lemprière's Class. Dict.*)

NOTE 8, p. 198.—A story of this kind is told of Napoleon: the lines were perhaps suggested by those of Shakspeare:

—"The very fiend's arch mock,—  
"To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."

## Notes to The Curse of Minerva.

NOTE 1, p. 199.—This satire was too severely personal for even Lord Byron to suffer its full dissemination at the period when it was written. The apologists of Lord Elgin, however, sadly fail in making out their case when they urge in his defence that the collection of Athenian marbles "has been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country."

Note 2, p. 199.—See note *ante*; and an account of the death of Socrates.

Note 3, p. 199.—See note *ante* (to the "Ghaour.")

Note 4, p. 199.—See note *ante* (to the word "kiosk.")

Note 5, p. 200.—On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,  
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had,

spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city.—HOVHOUSE.

Note 6, p. 200.—Alluding to Athens generally.

Note 7, p. 200.—Alluding to the notices of that nobleman which have been questionably carved in the Parthenon, &c.

Note 8, p. 200.—A citation. The term is merely adopted.

Note 9, p. 201.—The grant of £35,000, for the purchase of Lord Elgin's collection.

Note 10, p. 201.—Alluding to a remark of West's on the subject.

Note 11, p. 201.—A term aptly applied to the residence of Lord Elgin.

Note 12, p. 201.—That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature.—H. W. WILLIAMS.

Note 13, p. 201.—An allusion to Copenhagen.

Note 14, p. 201.—See the lines of Pope:

"Blest paper credit! last and best supply,  
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!"

Note 15, p. 201.—An allusion to the trade in bullion and coin, so actively carried on from the south-eastern ports during the war.

## Notes to The Dream.

NOTE 1, p. 203.—This most melancholy but beautiful poem in which the most cankering sorrow of Lord Byron is imbosomed was first entitled "The Destiny."

Note 2, p. 204.—An attachment which Lord Byron concealed.

Note 3, 204.—A very true and painful representation of the actual celebration of his own marriage. It agrees, in many circumstances, with Lord Byron's prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda.

Note 4, p. 205.—Mithridates of Pontus.

Notes to *The Lament of Tasso.*

NOTE 1, p. 206.—This poem was suggested by a very brief visit to the place of confinement of the greatest of Italian poets, at Ferrara.

NOTE 2, p. 206.—In the Hospital of St. Anna, at Ferrara, they show a cell, over the door of which is the following inscription:—

'Rispettate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ditenuto dimorò anni vii. mesi ii., scrisse verse e prose, e fù rimesso in libertà ad istanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno vi. Luglio, 1586.'—The dungeon is below the ground floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through its grated window from a small yard, which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. The bedstead, so they tell, has been carried off piecemeal, and the door half cut away, by the devotion of those whom "the verse and prose," of the prisoner have brought to Ferrara. The poet was confined in this room from the middle of March, 1579, to December, 1580, when he was removed to a contiguous apartment much larger, in which, to use his own expressions, he could "philosophise and walk about."—HOBHOUSE.

NOTE 3, p. 207.—For nearly the first year of his confinement Tasso endured all the horrors of a solitary cell, and was under the care of a gaoler, whose chief virtue, although he was a poet and a man of letters, was a cruel obedience to the commands of his prince. His name was Agostino Mosti. Tasso says of him, in a letter to his sister, "ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanità."—HOBHOUSE.

NOTE 4, p. 207.—This fearful picture is finely contrasted with that which Tasso draws

of himself in youth, when nature and meditation were forming his wild, romantic, and impassioned genius. Indeed, the great excellence of the "Lament" consists in the ebbing and flowing of the noble prisoner's soul;—his feelings often come suddenly from afar off,—sometimes gentle airs are breathing, and then all at once arise the storms and tempest,—the gloom, though black as night while it endures, gives way to frequent bursts of radiance,—and when the wild strain is closed, our pity and commiseration are blended with a sustaining and elevating sense of the grandeur and majesty of his character.—WILSON.

NOTE 5, p. 207.—Not long after his imprisonment, Tasso appealed to the mercy of Alfonso, in a canzone of great beauty, couched in terms so respectful and pathetic as must have moved, it might be thought, the severest bosom to relent. The heart of Alfonso was, however, impregnable to the appeal; and Tasso, in another ode to the princesses, whose pity he invoked in the name of their own mother, who had herself known, if not the like horrors, the like solitude of imprisonment, and bitterness of soul, made a similar appeal.—*Life of Tasso*, vol. ii. p. 408.

NOTE 6, p. 207.—The historical allusion itself is open to question.

NOTE 7, p. 207.—Tasso's profound and unconquerable love for Leonora, sustaining itself without hope throughout years of darkness and solitude, breathes a moral dignity over all his sentiments, and we feel the strength and power of his noble spirit in the un-upbraiding devotedness of his passion.—WILSON.

Notes to the *Vision of Judgment.*

NOTE 1, p. 209.—A very severe satire on the poem under the same title, by Southey.

NOTE 2, p. 209.—Alluding to the refusal of an injunction to protect the copyright of "Wat Tyler."

NOTE 3, p. 209.—See Parliamentary Debates, March 14th. 1817 Southey's Reply.

NOTE 4, p. 209.—The well-known inscription by Southey, in which he celebrates the aspirations of Martin the regicide, who was imprisoned for thirty years in Chepstow Castle.

NOTE 5, p. 209.—An imitation of the lines published in the "*Anti-Jacobin.*"

Note 6, p. 210.—Mr. Walter Savage Landor, well known in the literary world for his classical and critical acumen, was amongst the earlier acquaintances of Southey.

Note 7, p. 211.—The period of the death of George III. was marked by the general revolts in the southern part of Europe.

Note 8, p. 212.—An allusion to the fate of Louis XVI.

Note 9, p. 213.—Suggested by the description of the remarkable *Aurora Borealis*, witnessed by Captain Parry in his voyage, (1819-20.)

Note 10, p. 213.—For a notice of Johanna Southcote, see the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv. p. 496.

Note 11, p. 214.—“No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson: he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, ‘Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.’”—BOSWELL, vol. v. p. 305, ed. 1835.

Note 12, p. 215.—Alluding to the obstinate opposition offered to all conciliatory measures towards the Roman Catholics, by George III.

Note 13, p. 216.—The Lord Chamberlain's Badge.

Note 14, p. 216.—Alluding to an expression used by Horace Walpole.

Note 15, p. 217.—Mr. Wilkes made himself sufficiently notorious in his own time.

Note 16, p. 218.—The supposititious authors of the letters of Junius.

Note 17, p. 218.—Alluding to a work professedly elucidating the great mystery of the reign of Louis XIV. “the man with the Iron Mask;” and to another work on the same

subject by Lord Dover. It should be remarked that these elucidations do not seem to have done much towards setting the question at rest. It is as much a matter of doubt now as ever.

Note 18, p. 218.—That the work entitled “The identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character established” proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not, and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken.—MACKINTOSH.

Note 19, p. 219.—The motto of Junius.

Note 20, p. 212.—The retreat of Southey in the North of England.

Note 21, p. 219.—See the lines of Horace: —“Mediocribus esse poetis Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.”

Note 22, p. 219.—The well known habit of George III. of reiterating his words, which has been admirably caricatured by Peter Pindar.

Note 23, p. 219.—Pye was the Laureate whom Southey succeeded.

Note 24, p. 220.—Refer to the life of Kirke White, attached to his poems.

Note 25, p. 220.—Alluding to a shrewd remark on the absurdities of the Ptolomean system.

Note 26, p. 220.—See the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 225.

Note 27, p. 221.—It is known that a dead body floats at its decomposition.

## Notes to Domestic Pieces.

NOTE 1 p. 222.—See Moore's account of these pieces.

Note 2, p. 223.—Suggested by actual incidents.

Note 3, p. 224.—Written just before his last departure from England, his sister having been attending upon him.

Note 4, p. 224.—There is a life in

which bespeaks the uneasy state of Lord Byron whilst at the Diodati (Cologny).

Note 5, p. 225.—An allusion to the remarkable casualties which always befel Admiral Byron.

Note 6, p. 226.—The water which adorns grounds at Newstead.

7, p. 226.—See note *ante*.

## Notes to Occasional Pieces.

NOTE 6, p. 232.—Alluding to a boyish inscription at Harrow.

Note 8, p. 234.—The skull of which this drinking cup was made had been dug up in the grounds at Newstead.

Note 9, p. 235.—Suggested by the first sight of the child of Mrs. Musters.

Note 10, p. 235.—The monument exists to this day. The inscription runs thus—

“Near this spot

Are deposited the Remains of one

Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,

Strength without Insolence,

Courage without Ferocity,

And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

This Praise, which would be unmeaning

Flattery

If inscribed over human ashes,

Is but a just tribute to the memory of

BOATSWAIN, a Dog.

Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,

And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.”

Note 12, p. 239.—In Albania.

Note 13, p. 241.—The Greek scholar will readily construe this phrase. The Roman in many instances differs but little from classical Greek.

Note 14, p. 241.—Tender messages are invariably transferred by symbols in the East, for the women are jealously precluded from the knowledge of caligraphy.

Note 15, p. 241.—Constantinople.

Note 17, p. 242.—This is a very accurate translation of the fine song of Riga, one of the heroes of Grecian independence.

Note 18, p. 242.—See note *ante*.

Note 19, p. 242.—Refer to an account of the Career of Riga. He was a native of Thessaly.

Note 20, p. 242.—Adopted from a popular song amongst the Greek women.

Note 21, p. 242.—National songs and popular works of amusement throw no small light

on the manners of a people: they are materials which most travellers have within their reach, but which they almost always disdain to collect.—GEORGE ELLIS.

Note 23, p. 248.—An allusion to an anecdote concerning the Princess Charlotte.

Note 24, p. 249.—The lines in the monument of Thompson.

Note 25, p. 249.—For the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

Note 26, p. 249.—An allusion to the aspect of the fire, from Westminster Bridge.

Note 29, p. 250.—“The sequel of a temporary *liason*, formed by Lord Byron during his gay but brief career in London, occasioned the composition of this Impromptu. On the cessation of the connection, the fair one, actuated by jealousy, called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His lordship was from home; but finding ‘*Vathek*’ on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words ‘Remember me!’ Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas”—MEDWIN.

Note 30, p. 253.—He was killed in America in 1814.

Note 31, p. 258.—Presented to Power and published with music.

Note 32, p. 259.—See Rev. vii., 6, 10, 11

Note 33, p. 259.—An allusion to the reported desecration of the body of Murat after its interment.

Note 34, p. 260.—The scene which accompanied the last sentence (for such it was) in Napoleon.

Note 35, p. 260.—Instances of extraordinary heroism related of the contending armies in the Netherlands.

Note 36, p. 261.—The French national colours.

Note 37, p. 264.—Geneva, Ferney Copet Lausanne.

Notes to *Childe Harold*.

NOTE 1, p. 277.—Beattie.

Note 2, p. 277.—Lady Charlotte Harley.

Note 3, p. 278.—“*Peri*,” a supernatural and perfect being.

Note 4, p. 278.—The gazelle is remarkable for the beauty of its eye, and the comparison is held as highly complimentary in the Land of Hyperbole—the East.

Note 5, p. 278.—Castrì is a small village which is situated about the locality of the ancient Delphi.

Note 6, p. 279.—An allusion to the inclination which Byron has more than once recorded of visiting India.

Note 7, p. 280.—His name was Rushton—he was the son of a tenant on the Author's estate.

Note 8, p. 280.—He was sent back to England owing to his fretting.

Note 9, p. 280.—Fletcher remained in the constant service of Lord Byron until his death at Missolonghi.

Note 10, p. 280.—Lisbon itself is not only far from an agreeable place, but it is always exceedingly loathsome and dirty; but Cintra the suburban retreat of the court, is perhaps, one of the most delicious spots in Europe.

Note 11, p. 280.—The convent of "Nassa Senora de Pena."

Note 12, p. 281.—An allusion to the un-punished assassinations which were daily perpetrated at Lisbon, and of which many Englishmen were the unprotected victims.

Note 13, p. 281.—On this subject, see NAPIER'S *History of the Peninsular War*. Lord Byron's account is certainly not so accurate as it should have been: (thus seriously advanced.)

Note 14, p. 282.—Her insanity was a matter of later date.

Note 15, p. 283.—There is an eloquent account which will illustrate this passage in GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*. But the escape of Count Julian's daughter is otherwise pretty generally known.

Note 16, p. 284.—A Moorish instrument with two strings.

Note 17, p. 284.—An allusion to the burthen of the Spanish popular songs.

Note 18, p. 284.—The national cockade; it was red.

Note 19, p. 285.—An allusion to the appearance of the mountain passes, which at that time everywhere furnished evidence of war. The batteries and their conical piles of shot were met with on all hands.

Note 20, p. 285.—The story of the heroine of Saragossa is well known.

Note 21, p. 285.—These lines were not properly a portion of the context.

Note 22, p. 286.—See last note.

Note 23, p. 287.—See last notes.

Note 24, p. 287.—The denizens of London will generally understand the allusion to "being sworn in at Highgate."

Note 25, p. 287.—A method of vaulting which forms part of the gymnastic exercises.

Note 26, p. 288.—The picture is admirable, and all who have witnessed the scene will acknowledge that it is to the life.

Note 27, p. 289.—An allusion to Solano, as governor of Cadiz.

Note 28, p. 289.—The memorable reply transmitted to the French Commander by the defender of Saragossa.

Note 29, p. 290.—See note *ante*.

Note 30, p. 290.—A portion of the citadel was blown up by a magazine, which took fire.

Note 31, p. 291.—A classical allusion. Refer to the "Antiquities of Greece."

Note 32, p. 291.—The ruins of the temple of Jupiter.

Note 33, p. 291.—Wrecked in the Grecian Archipelago.

Note 34, p. 293.—"The identity of the habitation assigned by poets to the nymph Calypso, has occasioned much discussion and variety of opinion. Some place it at Malta, and some at Goza."—HOARE'S *Classical Tour*.

Note 35, p. 294.—Lord Byron does himself an injustice by the supposition.

Note 36, p. 294.—See last note.

Note 37, p. 294.—Ithaca of the ancients.

Note 38, p. 294.—The modern name is Santa Maura—the ancient Leucadia, illustrated by the supposed suicide of Sappho.

Note 39, p. 295.—The Battle of Lepanto was one of the great actions which signalled the spreading power of the Turks. Cervantes served on the side of the Christian allies, and was crippled for life in this sanguinary contest.

Note 40, p. 295.—An allusion to the retinue of Anthony before Actium.

Note 41, p. 295.—Nicopolis is not very near Actium.

Note 42, p. 295.—The locality is not ascertained.

Note 43, p. 295.—The well known Ali Pacha.

Note 44, p. 295.—The heroic defence of Suli, against assailants six times as numerous, is here referred to.

Note 45, p. 295.—Zitza, not very far from



**Yanina.** There is a convent at this place, which is a mere village, and the site is remarkably beautiful.

Note 46, p. 296.—Monks.

Note 47, p. 296.—There are evidences of volcanic action in the Chimariot Range.

Note 48, p. 296.—Kalamas is the modern name of the more classic Acheron.

Note 49, p. 296.—The mantle peculiar to the Albanian.

Note 50, p. 296.—The ancient Tomarus.

Note 51, p. 296.—The Laos is no contemptible stream when at its height, but its waters are periodical.

Note 52, p. 297.—“On our arrival at Tepaleen, we were lodged in the palace. During the night, we were disturbed by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the ‘Muezzin,’ or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret or the mosk attached to the palace.”—HOBHOUSE

Note 53, p. 297.—“We were a little unfortunate in the time we chose for travelling, for it was during the Ramazan, or Turkish Lent, which fell this year in October, and was hailed at the rising of the new moon, and on the evening of the eighth, by every demonstration of joy: but although, during this month, the strictest abstinence is observed in the daytime, yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences.”—HOBHOUSE

Note 54, p. 297.—Ali Pacha’s assassination gave the appearance of prophecy to the poetical rhapsody of the author.

Note 55, p. 297.—The spoilers of wrecks, whose inhumanities were not uncommon in the extreme west of England.

Note 56, p. 298.—An allusion to the lax observance of the Mohammedan restrictions.

Note 57, p. 298.—A soldier—this is a general expression in the Romaic dialect.

Note 58, p. 298.—The description of a scene which actually took place, and which has been very graphically portrayed by Hobhouse.

Note 59, p. 298.—The Romaic term for drummer.

Note 60, p. 299.—Taken from the French by assault.

Note 61, p. 299.—The epithet applied to the Russians.

Note 62, p. 299.—Infidel.

Note 63, p. 299.—The symbols of the Pacha.

Note 64, p. 299.—See note *ante*.

Note 65, p. 299.—Swordsmen, or sword-bearer.

Note 66, p. 299.—There are yet traces of the ancient buildings on the site of Phyle, which overlooks Athens.

Note 67, p. 299.—The Latin conquest and occupation.

Note 68, p. 299.—The two Holy cities have been occupied by a sect which is becoming numerous, called the Wahabees.

Note 69, p. 300.—Although the snow but rarely lays in the plains, even in the depth of winter, it is always to be distinguished throughout the year on the summits of the most elevated mountains.

Note 70, p. 300.—Mount Mendili, (the ancient Pentelicus), which still retains the indelible mark of having supplied the material for the most beautiful structures of Athens.

Note 71, p. 304.—A word especially used for technical description in Falconry; it is therefore not only applied with great beauty, but with as correct an accuracy.

Note 72, p. 304.—Alcæus’s beautiful ode to Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Note 73, p. 304.—An allusion to the great ball at Brussels.

Note 74, p. 304.—The Duke of Brunswick, whose father had fallen at Jena.

Note 75, p. 305.—Sir Evan Cameron.

Note 76, p. 305.—The general term is applied to the forest of Soignies, which at this time occupied the whole country between Brussels and Waterloo.

Note 77, p. 305.—The spot which, even to this day, may be indicated by some of the omniseit guides, who, according to their own accounts, must have been acquainted with every officer, and many private soldiers, who fought on that day, and with all their doings.

Note 78, p. 306.—An allusion to the fabulous fruit on the shores of the Lake Asphaltes.

Note 79, p. 307.—Alluding to the old ballads.

Note 80, p. 308.—Modern tourists are so very numerous, that Drachenfels is now as well known as the Tower of London, and you might gather a full description of it at “Jee’s.”

Note 81, p. 309.—Marceau’s monument

Note 82, p. 309.—Ehrenbreitstein, (see note 80).

Note 83, p. 309.—These memorials no longer exist in their pristine integrity, thanks to the humiliation of the French soldiery.

Note 84, p. 310.—The ancient Aventicum, (Capital of Roman Helvetia), now Avenches.

Note 85, p. 310.—Aulus Cæcina, and Julia Alpinula.

Note 86, p. 310.—An allusion to the dazzling brilliancy of the white heads of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentièrè, even from Geneva, and to the magnificent effect of the re-

fection which is constantly to be seen in the calm lake.

Note 87, p. 310.—Alluding to the remarkably deep and beautiful colour of the water.

Note 88, p. 311.—Rousseau's passion for the Comtesse D' Houdilot.

Note 89, p. 313.—The magnificence of a thunderstorm over the Lake of Geneva, can only be conceived by those who have seen it, or who can appreciate the vigorous description of Lord Byron.

Note 90, p. 314.—Voltaire and Gibbon.

Note 91, p. 315.—Alluding to a syllogism of La Rochefoucault.

## Notes to Don Juan.

Note 1, p. 316.—There can have been very little reason in the supposition of this dedication. It as certainly deserves insertion as any stanzas in the poems.

Note 2, p. 317.—The colours (blue and buff) adopted by the Whigs, and, in conformity, by the Edinburgh Review.

Note 3, p. 317.—The Emperor Julian.

Note 4, p. 318.—Don Juan is a very prevailing hero of Plays and Romances, and always in the character of a reckless libertine.

Note 5, p. 318.—The same General Vernon, whose capture of Porto-Bello, "*with six ships only*," was commemorated by a medal to this effect.

Note 6, p. 318.—The *hero (!)* of the convention of Closter Seven.

Note 7, p. 318.—Wolfe, who conquered, and fell at Quebec.

Note 8, p. 318.—Lord Hawke, the most successful admiral of his time.

Note 9, p. 318.—The Duke of Brunswick, celebrated for his military successes; Minden amongst others.

Note 10, p. 318.—The son of the Duke of Rutland, who achieved some military reputation.

Note 11, p. 318.—A general and author, who was not without distinction in both capacities.

Note 12, p. 318.—Son of Lord Albemarle. He held high naval command, but was not very successful.

Note 13, p. 318.—Lord Howe, of glorious

memory amongst British seamen, for having achieved the most empty victory that ever was laughed at by a vanquished enemy.

Note 14, p. 318.—Barnave, well known for his zeal in the Revolution of 1789.

Note 15, p. 318.—Brissot de Varville, who was similarly distinguished.

Note 16, p. 318.—Condorcet, an able writer, and also amongst the partisans of the new era.

Note 17, p. 318.—Mirabeau, the most impetuous and eloquent inciter of the Revolution.

Note 18, p. 318.—Petion, also actively engaged in that fearful outbreak.

Note 19, p. 318.—Jean Baptiste, (Anarcharis Clootz.) see former notes.

Note 20, p. 318.—Danton, see former notes.

Note 21, p. 318.—One of those who were signalized in the greatest atrocities of the Revolution.

Note 22, p. 318.—The survivor of all the worthies here mentioned.

Note 23, p. 318.—Joubert whose military career has established him as no inferior soldier or commander.

Note 24, p. 318.—Hoche, who commanded the fruitless expedition destined for the Coast of Ireland, and afterwards the army of the Sambre and Meuse.

Note 25, p. 318.—Marceau, whose first distinguishing service was in La Vendée; see note *ante*.

Note 26, p. 318.—Lanues, who figured in

the military annals of France before and under Napoleon.

Note 27, p. 318.—Desaix, already distinguished at Malta and in Egypt, was killed at Marengo; a monument has been erected to him at the Hospice St. Berlard.

Note 28, p. 318.—Signalized by many services in the French ranks, but afterwards engaged with the allies.

Note 29, p. 318.—Alluding to the prevailing beauty, symmetry, and elegant attire of the women of Seville.

Note 30, p. 319.—An allusion to Professor Feinagle, (a German.)

Note 31, p. 319.—Alluding to the death of Lady Romilly and the suicide of Sir Samuel.

Note 32, p. 326.—Ovid's Art of Love, b. ii.

Note 33, p. 326.—See *Gertrude of Wyoming*, part iii. stanza 1.

Note 34, p. 326.—Almsgavà (Boscan,) who was the introducer of Italian versification in Spain.

Note 35, p. 326.—Garcilassa de la Vega, signalized by his military services, as well as by his literary productions.

Note 36, p. 331.—“*Cortego*,” synonymous with “*Cavaliere Servante*.”

Note 37, p. 331.—A piece of irony. Donna Julia is here made to suggest the contrary to her assertion.

Note 38, p. 336.—Suggested by one of the author's own seals.

Note 39, p. 338.—The legend of Bacon's Brazen Head.

Note 40, p. 338.—This portion was completed in little more than a month.

Note 41, p. 339.—The particular veils then used.

Note 42, p. 340.—See Dr. Granville's and Dr. Kitchener's Recipes.

Note 43, p. 352.—An allusion to “the Narrative of the Honourable John Byron, (Commodore in a late expedition round the world,) &c. &c.

Note 44, p. 352.—Dr. Franklin's Essay on the Economy of Early Rising.

Note 45, p. 352.—The plan of going to bed early, and rising betimes, has been called the golden rule for the attainment of health and long life. It is sanctioned by various proverbial expressions; and when old people have been examined, regarding the causes of their long life, they uniformly agreed in one particular,—that they went to bed early, and rose early.—SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

Note 46, p. 352.—The name of the Red Sea attributed by Bruce to the vast shoals of coral which existed along the bottom.

Note 47, p. 360.—There was an interval in the progress of “DON JUAN,” owing to the abuse which had been heaped upon the portions which first appeared.

Note 48, p. 360.—Translated from a *dictum* of Montaigne, the French philosopher.

Note 49, p. 360.—There is a similar allusion in Shakspeare.

Note 50, p. 360.—The term applied by Dante to his wife in the “*Divina Comedia*”—“*la fiera moglie*.”

Note 51, p. 360.—An allusion to the flight of Milton's first wife.

Note 52, p. 361.—The luckless marriages of great poets appear to prevail. Take the examples of Dante, Milton and Dryden; many others might be appended to the melancholy list.

Note 53, p. 362.—“This dance is still performed by young men armed cap-à-pie, who execute, to the sound of instruments, all the proper movements of attack and defence.”—DR. E. CLARKE.

Note 54, p. 362.—“Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances.”—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Note 55, p. 366.—The badge of Royalty amongst the women.

Note 56, p. 366.—Lord Byron somewhere cites instances in corroboration of his description.

Note 57, p. 367.—Alluding to a preparation with which the eyelids of the women are dyed.

Note 58, p. 368.—Homer.

Note 59, p. 368.—Anacreon.

Note 60, p. 372.—Alluding to the ancient fable concerning Achilles.

Note 61, p. 33.—Refer to the account given by Herodotus.

Note 62, p. 383.—See TOURNEFORT's description of the Slave Market, &c.

Note 62\*. p. 383.—Correctly related, see THOENTON's *Turkey* vol. ii. p. 289

Note 63, p. 383.—The comparison is greatly in favour of the Bosphorus.

Note 64, p. 383.—A favourite resort on the Asiatic side of the strait.

Note 65, p. 385.—In Bulgaria on the Danube.

Note 66, p. 386.—See De Pouqueville's account, although in general no great reliance is to be placed upon him.

Note 67, p. 386.—A "zecchino" (Turkish money) is a gold coin—a "para," copper.

Note 68, p. 386.—Alluding to an incident which came immediately under Lord Byron's observation.

Note 69, p. 387.—The boats at Constantinople.

Note 70, p. 387.—Alluding to the traditional fate of St. Bartholomew.

Note 71, p. 388.—An allusion to the prevalence of dram-drinking amongst the Turks.

Note 72, p. 388.—Described from actual observation.

Note 73, p. 392.—Adapting a piece of technical and oratorical phraseology.

Note 74, p. 392.—See note *ante*.

Note 75, p. 393.—The idea that pure de scent is traceable in the hands.

Note 76, p. 398.—The state prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers who are dilatory in taking their departure, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob.—HOPE.

Note 77, p. 398.—Allusion to the dictum of the daughter of Achmet III.

Note 78, p. 399.—Odessa is a very interesting place; and being the seat of government, and the only quarantine allowed except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very recent creation, already wealthy and flourishing. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duke of Richelieu, to whose administration, not to any natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity.—BISHOP HEBBER.

Note 79, p. 399.—Alluding to the suicide of Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh).

Note 80, p. 399.—There is a bitter truth in this passage.

Note 81, p. 399.—A tribute of deserved esteem was paid to Canning in his exception from the category.

Note 82, p. 400.—Bishop Warburton's well-known definition of orthodoxy.

Note 83, p. 400.—See Julius Cæsar (Shakspere) act. iv. sc. iii.

Note 84, p. 400.—A fanatical sectarian, admired in Germany.

Note 85, p. 401.—Saracen's Head at Ware.

Note 86, p. 401.—"The blessed Francis, being strongly solicited one day by the emotions of the flesh, pulled off his clothes and scourged himself soundly; being after this inflamed with a wonderful fervour of mind he plunged his naked body into a great heap of snow. The devil, being overcome, retired immediately, and the holy man returned victorious into his cell."—See BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*.

Note 87, p. 402.—A satire on the fulsomeness of the partisans of Queen Charlotte.

Note 88, p. 402.—Alluding to a passage of Suetonius respecting Caligula.

Note 89, p. 403.—The women of the Harem.

Note 90, p. 403.—Cantimir, known by his "History of the Ottoman Empire."

Note 91, p. 403.—"Memoirs of the Turkish Empire."

Note 92, p. 403.—"It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia, that nature has placed, at least to our eyes the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance: the men are formed for action, the women for love."—GIBBON.

Note 93, p. 403.—The grand Signior.

Note 94, p. 404.—The name of one of the girls at the house which Lord Byron occupied at Athens.

Note 95, p. 404.—See Morier's description of a Georgian model beauty.

Note 96, p. 405.—A mixed metal.

Note 97, p. 407.—Quizzing, the language of one of Queen Charlotte's counsel.

Note 98, p. 412.—Casemate is a work made under the rampart, like a cellar or cave, with loopholes to place guns in it, and is bomb-proof.—*Milit. Dict.*

Note 99, p. 412.—When the breastwork of a battery is only of such height that the guns may fire over it without being obliged to make embrasures, the guns are said to fire in barbet.—*Ibid.*

Note 100, p. 414.—See note *ante*. The word means "maniac."

Note 101, p. 416.—On historical record.

Note 102, p. 420.—The Moslem battle-cry.

Note 103, p. 421.—An allusion to the misnomers which appear in the Gazettes.

Note 104, p. 422.—Unexaggerated.

Note 105, p. 422.—The well-known proverb indigenous to Portugal, that

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

Note 106, p. 423.—Alluding to the alleged discovery of the use of powder.

Note 107, p. 424.—*Talus*, the slope or inclination of a wall, whereby, reclining at the top so as to fall within its base, the thickness is gradually lessened according to the height.—*Milit. Dict.*

Note 108, p. 424.—It has been a favourite assertion with almost all the French, and some English writers, that the English were on the point of being defeated, when the Prussian force came up. The contrary is the truth. Baron Muffling has given the most explicit testimony, "that the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy, even if the Prussians had never come up." The laurels of Waterloo must be divided—the British won the battle, the Prussians achieved and rendered available the victory.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Note 109, p. 427.—A "cavalier" is an elevation of earth, situated ordinarily in the gorge of a bastion, bordered with a parapet, and cut into more or fewer embrasures, according to its capacity.—*Milit. Dict.*

Note 110, p. 429.—One of the orders of knighthood in Russia.

Note 111, p. 430.—See Voltaire's account.

Note 112, p. 436.—"A kind of madness, in which men have the qualities of wild beasts."—TODD.

Note 113, p. 437.—Alluding to the manner of his death.

Note 114, p. 438.—A crystal, so called from the spot where it is found in the North of Scotland.

Note 115, p. 438.—The especial favourite of the Empress Catherine.

Note 116, p. 438.—Written previously to his suicide.

Note 117, p. 439.—Alluding to the characteristic brevity of Suwarrow.

Note 118, p. 441.—The number of serfs constitutes the value of an estate.

Note 119, p. 442.—An allusion to the fall of Newton's apple tree.

Note 120, p. 443.—The word is used in this sense on Scott's authority.

Note 121, p. 443.—A question as to orthography.

Note 122, p. 444.—Alluding to his early recollections of Scotland.

Note 123, p. 444.—See the *History of Rome*. Tiberius Gracchus, as Tribune.

Note 124, p. 445.—The term is correctly applied to land.

Note 125, p. 447.—Alluding to the favourite of the Empress Anne.

Note 126, p. 448.—The words of Napoleon.

Note 127, p. 448.—Kant, the originator of a school of philosophy.

Note 128, p. 448.—The Legend of St. Ursula.

Note 129, p. 449.—Referring to the monument of the Prince.

Note 130, p. 449.—Becket's assassination in the Chapel of St. Benedict, in Canterbury Cathedral.

Note 131, p. 450.—The Indies. America.

Note 132, p. 450.—See the hypothesis of the Bishop of Cloyne, in "The Principles of Human Knowledge."

Note 133, p. 452.—A thief of the lower order, who, when he is breeched by a course of successful depredation, dresses in the extreme of vulgar gentility, and affects a knowingsness in his air and conversation, which renders him in reality an object of ridicule.—VAUX.

Note 134, p. 452.—Any well-dressed person is emphatically called a swell, or a *real* swell.—P. EGAN.

Note 135, p. 452.—A fellow who affects any particular habit, as swearing, dressing in a particular manner, taking snuff, &c., merely to be noticed, is said to do it out of *flash*.—*Ibid.*

Note 136, p. 452.—The resort of thieves.

Note 137, p. 452.—The playhouse.

Note 138, p. 452.—To humbug a fool.

Note 139, p. 452.—Highway robbery on horseback.

Note 140, p. 452.—Sport, amusement.

Note 141, p. 452.—A loose woman who attends a thief.

Note 142, p. 452.—Gentlemanly.

Note 143, p. 452.—To admire, to be fond of.

Note 144, p. 453.—A kind of medicated malt liquor, in which wormwood and aromatics are infused.—TODD.

Note 145, p. 453.—The general use of gas in the streets of London dates from 1812.

Note 146, p. 453.—The common term for gaming-houses.

Note 147, p. 455.—"Respecting." The word "anent" is Scotch.

Note 148, p. 455.—A term applied to young ladies who dress up to become marriageable.

Note 149, p. 457.—Ghost or goblin.

Note 150, p. 458.—The tale told of George II. concerning the will of his father.

Note 151, p. 459.—The Congress of Verona

Note 152, p. 459.—The three cantos, XII. XIII. and XIV. appeared at one time.

Note 154, p. 461.—See any phrenological productions.

Note 155, p. 467.—The second Lord Grey.

Note 156, p. 467.—Alluding to the memorable close of Lord Chatham's life and political career.

Note 157, p. 468.—See "Faust" of Goëthe.

Note 158, p. 472.—A transposition.

Note 159, p. 473.—The armorial bearings of the religious establishment of Newstead are yet preserved in one of the windows.

Note 160, p. 474.—Salvator Rosa, the celebrated painter.

Note 161, p. 475.—In Assyria.

Note 162, p. 476.—*Siria*; there is a star called *Sirius*.

Note 163, p. 476.—Curran and Erskine.

Note 164, p. 482.—A favourite national dance in Spain.

Note 165, p. 482.—Guido's most celebrated work, in the palaces of Rome, is his fresco of

the Aurora, in the Palazzo Rospigliosi.—**BRYANT.**

Note 166, p. 486.—A small carrion bird—and an allusion to the Emperor Alexander.

Note 167, p. 486.—The Royal Palace at Brighton.

Note 168, p. 488.—The two Cantos, XV. and XVI., appeared at one time.

Note 169, p. 490.—The celebrated picture, by Raphael, represents the "Transfiguration."

Note 170, p. 496.—The negative omitted.

Note 171, p. 497.—The boiling spring in Iceland, so generally known.

Note 172, p. 498.—Alluding to the controversy on the subject of the celebrated Tyrian purple.

Note 173, p. 501.—Lord Byron once imagined he saw the ghost of a monk at Newstead.

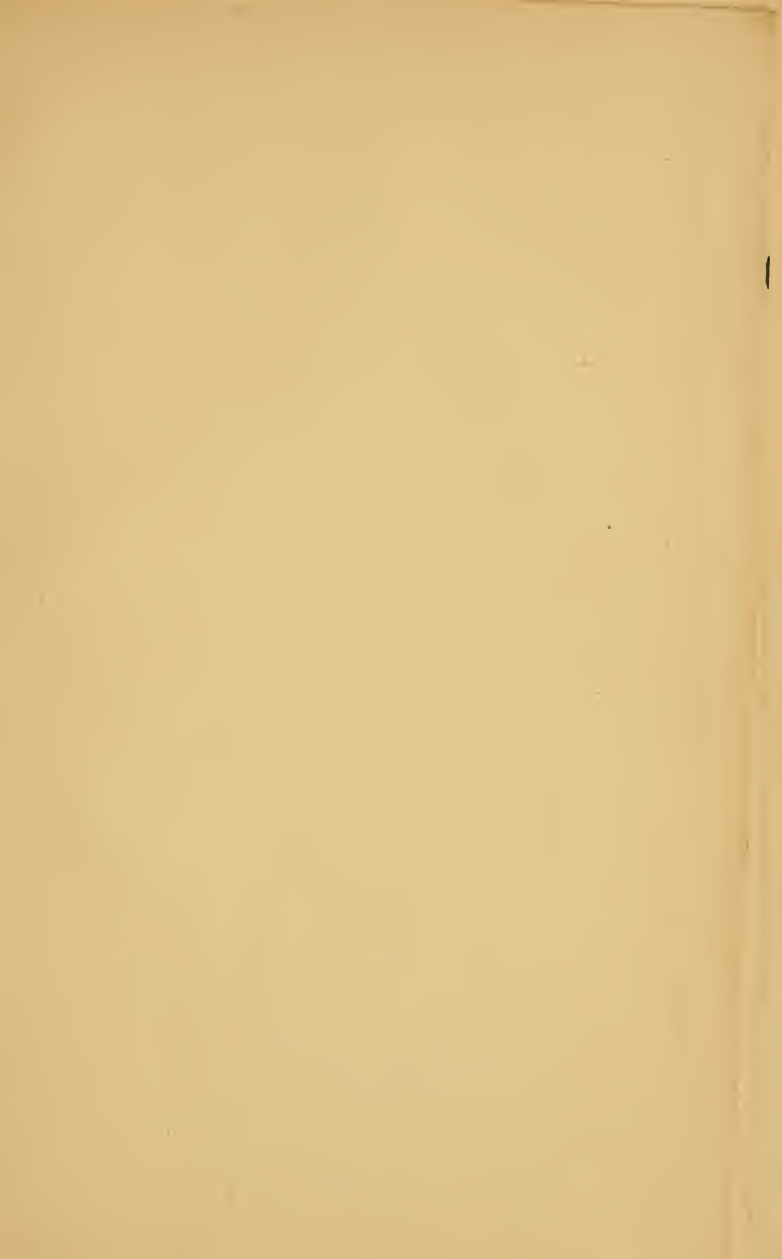
Note 175, p. 503.—A master-piece.

Note 176, p. 509.—An allusion to Schrœpfer's apparition to Prince Charles of Saxony.













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