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INDIAN HOURS :

OR,

Passion and Poetry of the Tropics.

COMPRISING

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA,

AND

THE MUSIC-SHELL.

BY

R. N. DUNBAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE," "THE CARAGUIN," ETC.

*"Cætera, quæ vacuas tenuissent carmina mentes,
Omnia jam vulgata.*

*— Juvat ire jugis, quæ nulla priorum
Castalian molli divertitur orbita clivo."—*

VIRGIL.

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TO
SIR HENRY WILLIAM MARTIN, BART.

OF LOCKINGE, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS,

AND OF GREEN CASTLE, IN THE ISLAND OF ANTIGUA.

MY DEAR SIR,

The few weeks I was honoured by your friendship during your short stay in Antigua, though so limited as regards my feelings and wishes, were yet sufficient to afford me frequent opportunities of appreciating your taste for polite literature. and to teach me to value your critical approbation. You have been flattering enough, on more than one occasion, to express a favourable opinion of my humble productions,—“*Meas esse aliquid putare nugas,*”—and to you, therefore, I beg to inscribe these poems; in the gratifying assurance, that their association with your name, will procure them many additional readers, both in this country and in England.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

ROBERT NUGENT DUNBAR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two productions, which compose this volume, had originally been intended for publication *separately*, but circumstances having delayed the printing of the one, until the other was likewise ready for the press, they are now published together. The offspring, too, of the same climes, and somewhat analogous so far as regards locality and imagery, there seemed no unfitness in their being united under one title-page.

That the Author's enthusiasm for the romance and poetry of the Tropics should still keep alive in this unpoetical age, he has to thank the cultivated minds of those metropolitan critics, who gave so flattering a reception to *The Cruise* and *The Caraguin*. The applause of the classical and highly-educated few, may indeed be called the vital principle of poetical ardour, and render it indestructible even under the most un-

congenial aspects. For, the aspirant to the laurel is sustained by the reflection, that, in enlightened circles, at least, there still survives some portion of sentiment; and is led to hope, that, as this feeling and example gain ground, more extended fame, like liberty to Virgil's shepherd, though it come late, may come at last.

Fortunately, too, in social intercourse, the Poet occasionally finds some kindred spirits, who, conversant with the higher walks of literature, can appreciate his attempts to cultivate a noble art: and who animaté his hopes, and shed light round his path, like Israel's Pillar in the wilderness.

“ L'émulation, l'enthousiasme, tous ces moteurs de l'âme et du génie, ont singulièrement besoin d'être encouragés,”—truly observes a French writer; and such encouragement, the Author is, therefore, proud to acknowledge he has received, even in this matter-of-fact age, from the purest sources of literary honour.

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THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

A South-American Tale.

"Hæc placet—quoniam vulgaris fabula non est."

OVID.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scene of the following poem lies, during the first two Cantos, in Santa Fé de Bogotà, the capital of the Viceroyalty of New Granada; and, during the last, in Barcelona, the capital of a province of the same name, in the Captain-Generalship of Caraccas.

I shall, perhaps, make the subject clearer to the apprehension of my readers, by premising, that the South-American patriots were assisted, during their war with Old Spain, by British Auxiliaries;—to whom, indeed, they were principally indebted, though after many vicissitudes for the ultimate achievement of their independence.

ANTILLES,
December 1836.

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

CANTO FIRST.

“———be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.”

Shakespeare.

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

CANTO I.

I.

Who has not heard of golden Bogotá,
Glory's abode,—young Freedom's leading star,
Emerging from th' eclipse of tyrant sway,
To shed abroad Regeneration's day :
And o'er majestic lands, and lordly streams,
Diffusing Liberty's inspiring beams,
To light her Patriot sons* to deeds sublime,—
Deeds worthy of their race, their soil, their clime?

II.

Who knows not of voluptuous Bogotá,
Love's Cynosure, attracting from afar 10
The South's warm youth, who languish to behold
Her graceful daughters of Circassian mould ;

* "Hijos del Pays," *Sons of the Land*, as their fine language emphatically calls them.

Where War delights to smooth his rugged brow,
 And hang his helmet on the lemon-bough?—
 Here Joy and Gallantry with rapture own
 A new Madrid, beneath a brighter zone ;
 Here voices, clear and languishing as flutes,
 Respond to serenades of lovers' lutes ;
 And the guitar,—a ceaseless nightingale,—
 Tells to the moon and stars her tender tale. 20
 Pleasure no more to Naples will resort,
 To Bogotá she has transferr'd her court ;
 The New World's blandishments the Old's surpass,
 And Santa Fé is now what Corinth was.¹

III.

Glad city!—where subjection is unknown,
 Save of the brave to sovereign Beauty's throne!—
 And where did the fair Queen e'er lovelier shine
 Than here,—tho' treading on Earth's central line ?
 Each opening square her fawn-like form reveals,
 And every street her foot's light pressure feels. 30
 Her black, close-fitting basquiña displays
 Her faultless shape to the beholder's gaze,
 Taught by the weights, that in its border swing,
 To her elastic symmetry to cling.
 Each airy movement of her fluttering fan
 Is fraught with sudden slavery to man :
 And flashing from the dark mantilla's gloom,
 Like day from night, breaks Europe's brilliant bloom.
 For here, throughout the year, spontaneous blows,
 Along the way-side hedge, the damask rose ; 40

Nor does its counterpart forsake its sleek
 Luxurious home on woman's dimpled cheek :
 So bland the clime !—with such indulgent care
 Heaven tempers, to its fairest work, the air !²
 Not love-crown'd Britain now, nor Greece, of old,
 More heart-enslaving daughters could behold :
 Their lineage gives them Spain's dark eyes and hair ;
 The clime—the Saxon skin, divinely fair.
 Here might the Moslem waste the happy hours,
 And see prefigured his immortal bowers ; 50
 Here realize, ere summon'd to the skies,
 His heaven-obtained reversion of black eyes.
 For 'twas a Coptic maiden's orbs of jet
 First hinted to deep-musing Mahomet,—
 Puzzled some new Elysium to devise,—
 To place it in angelic woman's eyes.

IV.

In Bogotá, through plaza,* bower, and hall,
 Revels the genius of the carnival ;
 The modern Comus,—who enjoins his friends
 For coming Lent's long fasts to make amends, 60
 And flooding all with universal mirth,
 Makes for light hearts a paradise on earth.
 In the grand square throng gamester, pantaloon,
 Clown, bonaroba, mountebank, buffoon :
 Bull-feasts the populace, by day, delight,
 And masquerade, and opera, by night.

* Square.

Whatever can delight the eye and ear,
 Wealth and munificence have gather'd here.
 Gilt sconces from th' enamell'd roof descend,
 Whose branching arms transparent lamps suspend
 Of Mexico's pure alabaster,⁴ whence
 Clear, perfumed oils luxurious light dispense ; 130
 A mellow lustre than the taper's flare—
 The chandelier's bright glow, without its glare.
 Gold candlesticks, and salvers of pure gold,
 Whose crystal chalices confections hold,
 And the delicious dulces* of the land,
 On tables, cast of massive silver, stand.
 The wainscot, richly wrought in fruits and flowers,
 Cheats the pleased eye with counterfeited bowers.
 High over-head the gilded cornice flames ;
 And round the lofty walls, in silver frames, 140
 Tall mirrors, with their gay reflecting sheen,
 In countless vistas multiply the scene.

VI.

Though Youth and Beauty's galaxy illumine,
 Like clust'ring fire-flies, that resplendent room,
 Pre-eminent in lustre over all,
 Shines Rosalita through the festival;
 As in a brilliant lily-clad parterre
 The bella-donna reigns supremely fair.
 Such her mien—so luxuriant, so young—
 As Titian might have drawn, or Tasso sung. 150

* Sweetmeats.

Could Paris rise again from death's cold bier,
 He would adjudge the golden apple here.
 Muzo's rare emeralds,^s—than which the globe
 Yields none more precious,—star her sumptuous robe.
 Strung in rich clusters, Panamá's pure pearls
 Strive vainly to restrain her raven curls :
 The glossy rebels mock the costly check,
 And sport and wanton on her brow and neck ;
 Like dark clouds floating, in a night of June,
 Around the radiant forehead of the moon. 160
 Like courtiers, when some King succeeds to reign,
 All seek her smile, and look's regard, to gain :
 But few, I ween, suppress the rising sigh,
 Who meet the glance of that heart-burning eye,
 Whence, to the soul, love's rays unkindled dart,
 As the sun's through the lens of optic art.
 Yet few can from that fascination fly,
 When every ebon ringlet twines a tie
 Around the fluttering breast, enthrall'd, beset,
 Like helpless captive in the fowler's net. 170
 As, lightly gay, from guest to guest she flies,
 The air around seems sweeten'd by her sighs.
 Each gallant longs to tell his tender tale,
 But, when he's near her, thoughts and language fail.
 Intense emotion's dumb ;—great happiness,
 Or grief, can neither, what they feel, express.
 So Love deserts the lover in his need,
 And now denies him words his suit to plead :
 So mystic, so o'erpowering the controul
 Of heavenly beauty o'er the vanquish'd soul.— 180

Thrice happy he, her condescension greets
 In slightest accents from that mouth of sweets !
 From which the rich Castilian softly flows,
 As melts the Persian atar from the rose.

From her bright features, without effort, darts
 A sudden sunshine into dazzled hearts :
 And yet 'tis not the gaiety, which breaks,
 In laughter, from the Northern beauty's cheeks,
 But a more tranquil, spiritual grace,
 As if her soul were seated in her face ; 190
 An emanation of impassion'd thought,
 Alone in Spanish charmers to be sought.—
 And little deem the world's unthinking crowd
 What resolution high, and purpose proud,
 That meltingness of aspect can conceal,
 Or, when the hour of trial comes, reveal.

VII.

What stranger, stepping from the gallant throng,
 Now glides with her the circling waltz along ?
 Few words he utter'd,—but those whisper'd few
 Argued companionship not wholly new ; 200
 And those who mark'd their self-possess'd, calm air,
 No novel friends would deem that graceful pair.
 His cheeks, where Northern roses freshly strew
 Their blushes,—his clear eye's expressive blue,—
 And chesnut curls,—his fatherland proclaim
 Where winter's chains the stormy billows tame.
 Yet well his ready hand had learnt to wake
 The sweet guitar, or castanet to shake :

For dull were he, who got not soon by heart
The lessons soft Señoras can impart. 210

VIII.

But oh, for warmth of numbers,—when the Queen
Of dance, Bolero, swims upon the scene !
The Arab damsel, in voluptuous prime,
Still breathes the Asian luxury of her clime.
Though the cold polish of a prudish age
Would banish her, in Europe, to the stage,
Mid the warm children of a brighter day
Th' enchantress still maintains her siren sway ;
All-captivating, as when first she trod,
In tinkling anklets, Andalusia's sod. 220

To-night young Rosalita's form she wears ;—
To lead her forth that stranger-guest prepares.
Cast in twin moulds, their planets, at life's morn,
Decreed them only for each other born :
She may alone claim excellence so rare,
He alone merits the transcendant fair.
Horn, and lute, all their languishment impart,
To aid the miracle of grace and art.
The castanets resound ;—the pair advance,
And, smiling, interchange the speaking glance ; 230
Retreat, pursue, advance again, then fly,
And in responsive fascinations vie.
Her raptured lover now the maid half-meets,
And now with coy precipitance retreats ;
Playful as Galatea, when she threw
The apple at Damætas, and then flew,

But, ere she fled, look'd back to catch his view.⁶
 They call up all the blandishments of smiles,
 And practise every gesture's witching wiles.
 As when a well-tuned lute, now sad, now gay, 240
 Through every maze of melody will play,
 So, in that artful and harmonious race,
 They run through every mood and mode of grace.
 So eloquent her looks,—without the aid
 Of words, her thoughts are to the throng convey'd;
 A soft voluptuous feeling,—yet refin'd
 By her instinctive purity of mind.
 Heavy, and bright, with many a blazing gem,
 Spreads, as she twirls, her skirt's dilated hem,
 (As when the pyrotechnic wheel displays
 Its glittering circle of revolving rays),
 Disclosing feet and ankles, whose tournure
 The eyes of holy hermits might allure.
 Lovelier she look'd, than e'er, with loosen'd zone,
 In the voluptuous Tarantalla shone
 Divine Récamier, or beauteous Hamilton.⁷

IX.

Delighted plaudits circle round the room;—
 One gazer only wears a brow of gloom.
 In a dim gallery, whose window'd wall,
 Through tall pilasters, looks upon the hall, 260
 Velasquez paces sullenly apart,
 Wrath and revenge convulsing all his heart.
 With deep-drawn breath inhaled, his lit cigar
 In densest fumes proclaims his mental war.

The wealthy Condé * Rosalita loves ;—
 Fonseca his impassion'd suit approves.
 Black jealousy now stirs his boiling soul ;
 Incensed, his eyes upon his rival roll ;
 As when, fierce-brooding in his gloomy lair,
 Upon some noble stag the panther's glare. 270
 When jealousy inflames a Spanish breast,
 Who shall say where the fiery flood will rest ?
 That passion-weed of every clime 's the growth,
 But shoots up strongest in the ardent South ;
 Love burns intensest in these torrid plains,
 And his dark yoke-mate giant height attains.
 As, in their fervid woods, the poison-vine
 Around the spice tree's generous stem will twine,
 So the mind's warm exuberance, that breeds
 The richest plants, throws up the rankest weeds : 280
 And fiercest jealousy waits hottest love,
 As the fell tiger haunts the Indian grove.

X.

That dance has ceased,—which Sackville came in haste
 To snatch ;—but time he may not longer waste.
 Abrupt he quits :—but, ere the scene he fled,
 Something in Rosalita's ear he said,
 Of royal troops advancing,—of retreat
 Of patriot arms,—till, reinforced, they meet
 The foe again on battle's purple plain,
 And the last death-stroke deal on tyrant Spain.

* Count.

And now beneath a lofty convent's wall,
 Which intercepts the moonshine, and lets fall
 Its sombre shadow over half the street,
 He hastes, his legion's banded ranks to greet.—
 —From a dark arch'd recess, what figure stalks,
 And with long stealthy strides behind him walks?
 His huge sombrero* slouches o'er his eyes,
 His capa's † folds his muffled face disguise;
 Quick from his sleeve's perfidious ambushade
 Leaps the long Spanish knife's ‡ terrific blade: 300
 " Británico! base alien as thou art,
 " Intruder,—infidel,—have at thy heart!"
 Wrath its own instrument oft ill can guide;
 The erring weapon grazes Sackville's side:
 " Murderer!—Velasquez!—ha!—not yet this life,
 Thou thirstest for, shall glut thy dastard knife.
 In self-defence all violence is just;
 By heaven! thyself this night shall bite the dust:
 That death thy savage treachery meant for me,—
 If justice nerve this arm,—I'll deal to thee." 310
 With the fierce energy hate gives to rage,
 The combatants in mortal strife engage:
 With panting effort, one within his breast
 Would gripe the blade, his rival thence would wrest.
 Desperate the blow, the wrench, the fall, the bound,
 And footsteps dash'd and driven on the ground.
 Dubious and long the death-strife,—till, at last,
 Heaven aids the right;—the dreadful moment's past:

* Hat.

† Capa—Cloak.

‡ Macheté.

By his own murderous steel th' assassin dies ;
 Deep in Velasquez's heart his poniard lies : 320
 By Sackville left a lifeless corse,—his blood
 Flows down the street to dye Augustine's flood.*

XI.

Oh Spain ! how fallen from that high estate,
 When once on chivalry's bright throne you sate !
 The mirror of all knighthood,—in whose glance
 Wide Christendom was proud to break a lance !
 How signal, how complete has been thy fall !
 Thy banner has been torn from honour's hall ;
 Thy sons, once glorious in the listed field,
 Now, in dark nooks, the foul stiletto wield ; 330
 And all thy chivalry in death is laid,—
 But a dark visor, and a deadly blade.

XII.

The ball's gay guests are gone ;—the spacious hall
 Now echoes but the busy menial's call.
 The garlands are all faded—music flown,
 And tapers to their sockets wasted down ;
 A scene which causes a strange, undefined,
 And saddening impression on the mind,
 Like dream of joys departed, or the end
 Of moving narrative, or death of friend. 340
 In a small antechamber's solitude,
 Where none upon their converse may intrude,

* One of the small streams running through Bagotá.

Fonseca, pondering much some grief at heart,
 With a grave ghostly Father talks apart ;
 The family Confessor,—whose sage ear
 The cares of all good Catholics must hear.

XIII.

Carranza had received of Nature's grace
 The noble form, and prepossessing face.
 His creed, which priests of perfect frame demands,
 Found him in all things fashion'd to her hands. 350
 On his high brow the intellectual ray,
 As in an open heaven, seem'd to play.
 Erect, but graceful,—dignified—not proud,—
 He challenged the mute reverence of the crowd.
 His calm reserve might have appear'd like pride,
 But for the Christian meekness by its side.
 So high his fame for sanctity had grown,
 Thrice-blest the sinner who but touch'd his gown !
 And mendicants, as he would pass the street,
 Fell on their knees, in worship, at his feet. 360
 And mothers held their children up, to gaze
 Upon the holy man, in speechless praise.
 Although thus staid and reverend his mien,
 Carranza had but thirty summers seen ;
 Life's zenith,—when the intellect's fine flame
 Shares the meridian vigour of the frame ;
 When the smooth cheek still wears, untouch'd by Time,
 'The purple lustre of its boyhood's prime ;
 And youth's elastic spirit is not flown,
 And Wisdom her incipient seeds has sown.— 370

Ere he broke silence, his imposing air
 Drew souls, and added prevalence to prayer.
 But when he preach'd, such holy fervour fired
 His mien and utterance,—they seem'd inspired :
 Such as once Athens saw in Paul display'd,
 And Raffael in immortal lines portray'd.
 —Yet there were those, accustom'd, in the face,
 The secret workings of the soul to trace,
 Who might have deem'd that mouth's luxurious line
 Of dispositions sensual gave sign ; 380
 But so reproachless all he did and taught,—
 'Twere sacrilege to harbour such a thought.

XIV.

“ Good Father, well I know thy pious zeal,
 And deep concernment, for my house's weal.
 And thou, too, know'st with what paternal love,
 To rear my child in sanctity I strove ;
 In hate of all whom heresy attaints,
 And in the fear of God, and all his Saints.
 Judge then of my surprise and grief, to find
 A sudden change come o'er my daughter's mind ; 390
 And that she lends not a reluctant ear
 To one of these vile Lutheran English here,—
 Come to abet our madcaps, who would fain
 Sever our country from maternal Spain ;
 And obstinately squander wealth and blood
 For a contingent and uncertain good.
 Behold the fruits of this domestic war,—
 Ranks, sects, confounded in the general jar,

And that this horde of mercenaries comes
 To break in on the hearths of peaceful homes! 400
 Thou know'st, too, that, beyond recall, I stand
 Pledged on Velasquez to bestow her hand.
 Untainted by the mania of the age—
 Slow in this war of treason to engage—
 Like me, to ancient forms he still can cling,
 Firm to his Faith, and loyal to his King.⁸
 Blest Saints!—to have this scion of my blood,
 Just putting promise forth, nipt in the bud!
 This heiress of my wealth, and promis'd stay
 Of my declining years, beguiled away!— 410
 When, but just now, I question'd her, she made
 Evasive, brief reply to all I said;
 Cast down her eyes, which told a tale too true,
 And, feigning weariness, to rest withdrew.
 I, her fond father, loth my child to pain,
 From further counsel, or reproach, refrain:
 Director of her conscience,—thine the part
 To root this lurking mischief from her heart."

XV.

"Defend us, Santa Barbara! from these dogs
 Of English,—baneful as their own raw fogs, 420
 And sea-coal fires;—the Vandals that would raze
 Whate'er is sanctified of ancient days!
 And foul befall this daring infidel,
 Who'd taint so fair a heaven with breath of hell;
 And, like a second Tempter, would deceive
 And blast another, and more lovely Eve!

Paternal love makes not more dear to thee
 Thy daughter, than does pastoral love to me.
 God be praised! Holy Church's canon spares
 Us from the ordeal of domestic cares. 430
 Our lives, in tranquil celibacy blest,
 These pangs escape, which wring the parent's breast.
 The world a blank,—no tie we know, but pure
 Affection for the souls within our cure.
 Beshrew my slow observance, and dull sight!
 Which ne'er detected this insidious blight,
 That has, in an unguarded, luckless hour,
 Crept o'er my fairest, and most cherish'd flower.
 But since the evil into light has grown,
 My zeal for past remissness shall atone. 440
 I'll call up every energy and art,
 To hunt the enemy from out her heart:
 And, like true sentinel of Christ, keep guard
 O'er my confided spiritual ward."——
 ——With this consoling unction to their heart,
 The sire and beadsman severally depart.

XVI.

'Tis morn,—and from the distant Andes rise
 The curling mists, to mingle with the skies.
 For up their Eastern slope, the lord of day
 Begins to urge his bright impetuous way. 450
 Already, though invisible to sight,
 High up the heavens he throws an amber light;
 Soon from the *Cordillera's** topmost bound,
 To look, in cloudless majesty around:

* *Cordillera*—a long range of mountains.

Emblem of Freedom's glorious light, which rose,
 First from the east, on New Granada's woes.⁹
 Now wings the mighty Zumbador* his flight
 Home to his giant mountain's lonely height ;
 Vast as the fabled bird, whose shadow veils
 Contending squadrons, in Arabian tales : 460
 And the loud Campanero, in the dell,
 Flutters his wings, and tolls his matin bell.¹⁰

XVII.

In Bogotá, each house a palace stands ;
 And far round each the garden's bound expands.
 Fonseca's, rich in both Pomonas shone,
 And Floras of the mild and burning zone ;
 And marble walks, where climbing plant and flower
 High over head extend their fragrant bower ;
 And terraces, with porcelain vases gay,
 Where blooms the pride of Ind, or far Khathai ; 470
 And long-drawn mazy ways, at every turn,
 Gleaming with fountain, obelisk, and urn,
 Whence gates, half hid by trees, and overgrown
 By mantling creepers, lead into the town.

In an alcove, within the almond grove, †
 Conscious to former secrets of their love,
 Sad Rosalita sighs in Sackville's ears
 Affection's fond adieux and trembling fears.
 " Fly, dearest Sackville !—fly ! or you're undone ;
 Thy blood, they say, Velasquez's shall atone :— 480

* Condor.

† Almendral.

A price is on thy head:—Morillo's* horse,
 Like hounds, the city scour, to track thy course.
 All are incensed; but chief Carranza fires,
 With holy rage, their murderous desires.
 Wroth as the prophet, who down Sinai trod,
 And brake the hallow'd tables writ by God.
 Angry reproaches, too, they heap on me,
 And loudly tax me with my love for thee.
 They call thee hireling—heretic,—and worse,
 Invoke on thee the murderer's deadly curse. 490
 But fear not, that the phantoms raised by wrath
 Can fright my spirit from its chosen path:
 Aspersions, forced upon Affection's ear,
 But make the object they traduce more dear.
 When persecution threatens breasts that love,
 Martyrs it makes of those it would reprove.
 I know not, ask not, care not what thou art;—
 I only know thee sovereign of this heart."

XVIII.

"Blest be that generous, single-hearted faith!
 Which makes me, through all fortunes, thine till
 death. 500
 The star of Spain in the ascendant shines,
 And ours, for a brief interval, declines:
 This open and defenceless town we leave,
 On vantage ground, the battle to retrieve.

* Don Pablo Morillo, General-in-Chief of the Royalist army.

The fickle Goddess, with the giddy wheel,
 The ills she now inflicts, shall quickly heal.
 That banner, on the tall Cathedral's towers,
 Shall soon resign its lofty place to ours.
 From their cantonments my last columns filed,
 Long ere the earliest ray of morning smiled. 510
 Trusting my charger's speed, I linger last,
 One sigh to mingle, one fond look to cast;
 My soul's unalterable truth to tell,
 And bid one hasty, passionate, farewell."

She heaves one long-drawn, melancholy sigh,—
 One rising tear-drop gathers in her eye;
 And, as she bows her head on Sackville's breast,
 Trickling, it stands a pearl upon his vest.
 ————"Farewell, my only Sackville!—it may be
 Long ere war's chances set my country free, 520
 And give thee back, (oh grant it, Saints above!)
 Escaped death's ranks, to Rosalita's love.
 But never, while you've breath, the hour forget,
 When in Francisco's* aisle, our eyes first met;
 And that soft flame could mutually inspire,
 This heart shall keep for thee, like vestal fire!"

* *San Francisco*—one of the churches of Bogotá.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

1.

And Santa Fé is now what Corinth was.

Line 24.

Santa Fé is the Spanish, as Bogotá is the Indian, name of the city;—which last has been adopted by the Republic of Colombia, which was permanently established soon after the date of this tale, and of which it is the present capital. Bogotá was the name of the Indian chief, from whom the territory was originally conquered by the Spaniards, under Gonzalo Eximenes de Quesada. The city is, however, frequently designated by both names together, and called Santa Fé de Bogotá.

With respect to the luxury of ancient Corinth, “Non euivis homini contingit adire Corinthum,” was a Roman proverb.

2.

*So bland the clime!—with such indulgent care,
Heaven tempers, to its fairest work, the air.*

Lines 43 and 44.

The elevated table lands of South America enjoy a delightful and unvariable temperature; and it has, therefore, been

remarked by Humboldt, that a man with a thermometer in his hand may choose his own climate in South America. The city of Bogotá, although in 4° 6^m N. Lat. (nearly approaching the equator), yet being situated in a spacious plain, 8694 feet above the level of the sea, enjoys a climate always moderate and agreeable, and, at times, even rather cold. This circumstance, together with the advantage of pure water, gives the inhabitants clear fresh complexions; and Bogotá is the most celebrated place on the whole Spanish Main for beautiful women.

3.

And flambeaux of sweet candle-wood burn bright.—Line 27.

The candle-wood, so called from its answering the purpose of a taper, or torch, abounds in tropical America, both continent and islands, and grows to a considerable size. Being impregnated with an aromatic resin, it exhales, in burning, a very agreeable odour. In North America, the pine is applied to the same purpose; and hence Châteaubriand, in his pretty tale "*Atala*," represents the old hermit as lighting a piny torch, which he holds over the couch of the dying *Atala*.

4.

Mexico's pure alabaster.—Line 29.

There is found in Mexico an alabaster so hard and transparent, that it answers all the purposes of glass, and is frequently used in preference to it, in churches and other buildings,—a single slab forming a window.

5.

Muzo's rare emeralds.—Line 153.

South America produces some of the finest emeralds in the world; particularly those found in Peru, and near *Muzo*, a small town in the province of Santa Fé de Bogotá.

6.

*Playful as Galatea, when she threw
The apple at Damætas, and then flew ;
But, ere she fled, look'd back to catch his view.*

Lines 235, 236, and 237.

“ DAMÆTAS.

“ *Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella ;
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit antè videri.*”—*Virg.*

7.

Divine Récamier, or beautiful Hamilton.—Line 256.

Madame Récamier, the beautiful friend of the Countess de Genlis, and our English Lady Hamilton, were alike celebrated for their admirable execution of the Neapolitan dance, the Tarantalla.

8.

*Like me, to ancient forms he still can cling,
Firm to his Faith, and loyal to his King.*

Lines 405 and 406.

During the struggle of the Hispano-Americans for independence, there was always a considerable party, particularly among the older and wealthier classes of inhabitants, who continued ardently attached to the ancient order of things ; and who could see in revolution nothing but anarchy, latitudinarian principles, and spoliation of property.

9.

*Emblem of Freedom's glorious light, which rose
First from the East, on New Granada's woes.*

Lines 455 and 456.

The extensive territory which constitutes the present Republic of Colombia, was separated, when under the Spanish dominion, into two grand divisions, denominated *The Viceroyalty of New Granada*, and *The Captain-Generalship of*

Caraccas :—the former being called also “Tierra Firme del Occidente,” and the latter “Tierra Firme del Oriente.”

10.

*And the loud Campanero in the dell,
Flutters his wings, and tolls his matin bell.*

Lines 461 and 462.

Campanero (literally “bell-ringer” in Spanish), a South American bird, so called from its note resembling a church bell. Of a bird so remarkable, I shall perhaps be excused for giving a detailed description, by an enthusiastic traveller, and scientific preserver of birds :—“The celebrated Campanero of the Spaniards, called Dara by the Indians, and Bell-bird by the English, is about the size of the jay. His plumage is white as snow. On his forehead rises a spiral tube, nearly three inches long. It is jet black, dotted all over with small white feathers. It has a communication with the palate, and when filled with air, looks like a spire; when empty it becomes pendulous. His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see the campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest causes such astonishment, as the toll of the campanero.—With many of the feathered race, he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute,—then another toll, and then a pause again,—and then a toll, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. Actæon would stop in mid chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute, to listen to him,—so sweet, so novel, and romantic, is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero.”
—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

CANTO SECOND.

“ These pious parrots peck the fairest fruit.”—*Dryden.*

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

CANTO II.

I.

'Tis noon ;—how dazzling, in this golden zone,
The sun flames forth from his meridian throne !
And now his glorious eye, with pride, looks down
On his beloved and noble-featured town,
Which, towering from its elevated plain,
Nearer his seat seems striving to attain,
Yet finds that breezy elevation bring
The grateful coolness of perennial Spring.¹
Palace, and cupola, and dome, and spire,
Gayly reflect the day-beam's glittering fire : 10
Through the wide streets their streamlets brighter run,
And fountains toss their spangles in the sun.—
Fall on the ear, from church and convent, swells
The chiming of innumerable bells,
Loud-summoning to oft-recurring prayer
Gay Caballeros, and Señoras fair ;

These,—every gesture prodigal of grace,—
 Glance fascination from the half-veil'd face ;
 Those—with gilt bits small fiery jennets hold,
 Proud of their scarlet housings, laced with gold. 20

II.

Those fanes, I ween, could tell full many a tale
 Of gallantry beneath devotion's veil ;
 Dumb interviews of telegraphic eyes,
 Stolen appointments, and clandestine sighs.
 Religion's rites their purpose half defeat,
 When either sex's youth thus freely meet.
 Love is so like the cherubim, who shine,
 On hovering wings, around each holy shrine,
 He often mingles with their heavenly choir,
 And, unsuspected, darts contagious fire. 30
 The golden Saint, that decks the Dama's breast,
 Is oft of only half her heart possest :
 And the deep sable hue of her attire²
 Oft covers other than devotion's fire.

III. 13185

And now the tall cathedral's belfry calls
 Its votaries to its high and massive walls,
 Where architecture's muse, o'er every part,
 In mixt design, has lavish'd all her art :
 A rich field, where the solid and the light
 In captivating harmony unite ; 40
 And both combine to form the gorgeous style—
 The lofty tower, tall arch, and cloister'd aisle—
 Which best befits Religion's solemn pile.

Nor does th' interior less elaborate shine
 In carved device, gilt roof, and costly shrine ;
 And tessellated floors, whereon the day,
 With added splendour, sheds its mellow ray,
 Enrich'd with every bright prismatic hue,
 As the tall pictured windows it streams through,
 Which blush with gaudier colours than illumine 50
 Flora's gay realm, or Iris' painted plume.
 Nor has fair Grecian Art withheld her hand,
 But lent the graces of her classic land.
 Corinthian shafts, majestic to behold,
 O'er which the light acanthus glows in gold.
 And well the golden South, with rich display
 Of gifts, has sought Heaven's bounty to repay.
 And Painting, with her pencil's poetry
 Has hung the walls, in many a gorgeous dye;
 And beaming from their niches looks divine, 60
 The imaged Saints in costly marble shine.

IV.

The pomp of worship thrills the vaulted nave ;³
 Hosannas swell, lamps glow, and banners wave.
 The organ peals its soft seraphic notes,
 And frankincense in curling eddies floats.
 The ministering priesthood stand around,
 Their sumptuous vestments sweep the marble ground.
 Some in their hands tall waxen tapers bear,
 Some swing their golden censers in the air.
 High o'er the rest Carranza's form is seen, 70
 Conspicuous by his port, and lofty mien.

Like some inspired Apostle, o'er the crowd
 He looks, as of his God's commission proud :
 Or like some Prophet, sent divinely forth
 To cry—Woe to th' inhabiter of earth !
 A youthful Moses, charged with Heaven's high will—
 Or loved disciple, whom Heaven's visions fill.
 Harmonious voices chanted texts prolong,
 In speech, whose melody is almost song:
 And now Carranza, throned aloft in air, 80
 Pours from his hallow'd lips the solemn prayer.
 Soon as that voice's rich sonorous sound,
 Filling the mighty temple's spacious round,
 Swells on the ears of the adoring crowd,
 Each knee is bent, and every head is bow'd ;
 As the high multitud'nous ocean-waves
 Sink, when the south breathes, to their crystal caves.
 He ceases :—From the loud resounding choir
 The choral hymn's entrancing peals aspire ;
 And the rapt soul, dissolved in ecstasies, 90
 Seems to take wings, and soar into the skies ;
 Such power is to exalted music given,
 Of blessing with anticipated heaven.

V.

And now has ceased that anthem's rich accord
 Of mellow instrument and tuneful word.
 Faint on the ear its lessening echoes roll,
 Retreating heavenward—bearing half the soul.
 The crowd is gone :—Carranza stands alone
 With Rosalita by the altar stone.

The splendid structure, prodigally bright, 100
 Dazzles with gilded furniture the sight.
 That sanctuary high, that shrine of shrines,
 Rich in all costly decoration shines.
 Saints, massive cups, and chalices which hold
 Christ sacrificed,⁴ all beam in burnish'd gold.
 In golden candlesticks, the bright array
 Of odorous burners dims the light of day ;
 Each candelabrum massive as the one
 Which erst within the Tabernacle shone.
 Like lofty alocs, by th' enchanter's wand 110
 Transmuted into drossless gold, they stand ;
 Spreading, like them, their slender branches round,
 And lifting their tall heads, with topaz crown'd.
 There, too, in costly velvet broider'd, shone
 The Virgin-Mother, and her God-born Son ;
 By studious hands of many a holy maid,
 With sparkling gems, and precious pearls, inlaid.
 From their pure looks beam innocence and grace,
 Which as an atmosphere pervade the place.
 Like some blest emanation from above, 120
 Their smiles diffuse around the Godhead's love ;
 And shed such meekness, such religion there,
 He must grow holy, who but breathed the air.

VI.

The Dama sign'd the cross upon her breast ;
 And thus the priest his penitent address :—
 “ My daughter, fairest scion of the tree,
 Whose care the Heavenly Sire commits to me !

Beloved, and loveliest lamb of all my fold,
 Whom most thy pastor's eyes with pride behold !
 Ill should I a good shepherd's tendance keep 130
 (Who layeth down existence for his sheep),
 Did I not warn thee how you heedless stray
 Where ravening wolves would seize thee for their prey.
 Polluting this once pure and favour'd land,
 Foul heretics, from some far godless strand,
 Have come on us, like Egypt's fiery shower,
 And ramble, seeking whom they may devour.
 As Saracens the Holy Land profan'd,
 So by these misbelievers are we stain'd.
 They call them English;—Saints! was not the curse 140
 Of civil strife sufficient?—but this worse
 Calamity must edge rebellion's sword,
 And make this war of treason thrice abhorr'd?
 Santa Maria guard thee from the thrall
 Of one of these vile sons of Belial !”

VII.

“ Father, with duteous reverence still I hear
 Him, whom my faith enjoins me to revere.
 Thy words have but prevented what my breast,
 O'erburthen'd, would, spontaneous, have confest.
 In vain cold reason would exert controul 150
 O'er the instinctive impulse of the soul.
 In vain free-will's coercion would arrest
 The tide of feelings Nature gave the breast.
 The heart's deep truths are oft by words belied :—
 I have not the hypocrisy to hide.

And if it be a crime to place regard
 Where clashing faiths have Love's approach debarr'd,
 Then must I trust Heaven's mercy to forgive
 This my life's only sin;—for, while I live,
 I fain must own how exquisitely dear 160
 Young Sackville's vows to Rosalita's ear.
 Our fates, though sever'd, like twin streamlets, run
 True to one point, till wedlock make them one.
 Then, after-life shall be one endless prayer,
 This my sole aberration to repair."

VIII.

" Misguided maid!—oh, soul decoy'd and driven,
 By wily Satan, from the path of Heaven!
 Is not the infidel's opprobrious name
 Enough from this offence thy heart to shame,
 But thou must take, in face of saints above, 170
 An alien, and a murderer, to thy love,
 And, mocking both thy father and thy God,
 Espouse the hand red with Velasquez' blood?
 With heresy and murder thus to wed,
 Would draw Heaven's speedy vengeance on thy head.
 Know, too, a brighter destiny is thine!
 To me alone reveal'd by grace Divine.
 Thou to no sinful layman shalt be tied,
 Heaven's will ordains thou be a Churchman's bride;
 By mystery permits a priest to be 180
 Thy earthly lover, and that lover—Me."
 —His trembling voice, flush'd cheek, and kindling eye,
 And heart that beats quick, fierce, and audibly,

Speak passion's force, and reason's lost command,
As he essays to grasp her shuddering hand.

IX.

“ Nam'st thou such sin,—nor fear'st the wrath Divine
Should manifest itself by awful sign ;
Those niched Saints their marble silence break,
And in denouncing accents dreadful speak ;
Or pictured Martyrs from the walls look down 190
In speechless ire, and from their panels frown ?
Oh pitch of guilt, beyond what words can tell !
Heaven's servants turn'd the ministers of hell !
Then are no bounds to human infamy,
And Carthagen's tragedy^s no lie.”

X.

“ All mortals are not ripe for bliss above ;—
Nor to all priests does Heaven permit the love,
Bright and immaculate, which angels feel ;—
'Tis the sole, rare, reward of boundless zeal :
On the illustrious few alone conferr'd, 200
The tried apostles of the Holy Word.—
—— In patriarch ages, when the World was new,—
Ere yet, on wings of daring pride, man flew
To scale Heaven's crystal battlements, and Guilt
In Shinar's plain his Titan Tower had built,—
Angels themselves, inflamed with earthly love,
Deign'd to forsake their golden thrones above,
Saw that man's daughters were divinely fair,
And, cleaving with ambrosial plumes the air,

In flowery mount, or spicy valley, prest 210
 The beautiful terrestrials to their breast ;—
 Folded them fondly in their purple wings,
 And proved that heaven which Love to mortals brings.
 Such intercourse was not esteem'd a stain
 On those pure lovers of angelic strain.
 And shall poor grovelling man the sex despise
 Which proved acceptable to angels' eyes ?
 Nay, shall Heaven's pastors shun the joys of love,
 Who've special dispensation from above ?
 Love made the World ; and love's the golden chain 220
 Which hangs from heaven, and poises earth and main.
 Love is Creation's law ; and nothing moves
 On earth, lives, breathes, or vegetates,—but loves,
 Th' Apostles of the Faith, and the great Lights
 Of the young Church, partook connubial rites.
 The law of celibate, by human hands,
 Was grafted on the Gospel's mild commands.
 No code Divine imposed that harsh decree,
 But zealous caution of the Holy See ;
 To obviate household cares, which wedlock brings, 230
 And place its priests above the bribes of kings,
 Bound by self-interest to no temporal throne,
 And blindly vow'd to its behests alone.
 Tradition only,—not the written word,—
 From age to age the forgery has transferr'd.
 'Twas, too, an artifice, to cause the crowd
 Deem us with purer sanctity endow'd ;
 A canon, fram'd the vulgar to amuse :
 But which the Church can privily excuse,

As, oft, she divers penalties and pains, 240
 And fasts, to mortify the flesh, ordains ;
 Yet, when to her wise pleasure it seems fit,
 Those interdicts, and censures can remit.
 The power, that frames the ord'nance, has full
 Authority to alter, or annul."

XI.

As they, who cross the Andes' topmost crest,
 With sudden stupor feel their sense opprest,
 And scarce can draw their thick reluctant breath,
 And hardly 'scape the clutch of grappling Death !⁶
 So, for a minute's space, she stands o'ercome, 250
 By that wild language,—petrified and dumb.
 Slowly regaining consciousness, she kneels
 Before Madonna's face, and thus appeals :—
 " Mother of God ! canst thou still sweetly smile,
 When such atrocious thoughts thy shrines defile,
 Nor dost by present miracle confound
 Those who would desecrate thy holy ground ?
 And thou, Eternal Lamp !* that, ever bright,
 Lives, as an emblem of the Gospel's light,
 Dost thou not feel thy flame grow wan and weak, 260
 As priestly lips thus impiously speak ?
 Saints ! but those accents of demoniac crime
 Freeze me, as tho' I trod some Polar clime.
 Who thought, thou holy profligate, to see
 A second Borgia⁷ unmask'd in thee ?

* Kept always burning in Catholic churches.

Apostate from the faith to which you've sworn !
 False teacher ! whom thy own mad lusts subborn :
 Falser than him, who, with forged Papal brief,
 Cozen'd, deluded Portugal's belief !⁸
 Base sophister !—for this was knowledge given ?” 270

XII.

“ Yea, more ! — I charge thee hear the voice of
 Heaven !

When last, on Corpus Christi's holy feast,
 We solemnized the blessed Eucharist ;*
 What time the elevated Host,† in thought,
 The Saviour's presence to his temple brought,
 While clouds of incense veil'd Him from the rest,
 To me, in very deed, He stood confest.
 Like him the unbelieving Saint of old,‡
 I doubt if I, in truth, the Lamb behold,
 Or if my brain, flush'd with the solemn rite, 280
 Gave a distemper'd vision to my sight ;
 When, as reproachful of my faith thus tried,
 He godlike smiled, and pointed to his side.
 ‘ My son,’ He said, ‘ long time, with gratitude,
 Thy labours in my vineyard I have view'd.
 Such zealous efforts for thy Lord, demand
 Some signal dispensation at his hand—
 Some temporal reward, before-hand given
 On earth, as earnest of thy future Heaven—

* The Lord's Supper.

† In the Roman Church, the Redeemer sacramentized.

‡ Thomas.

Go, and, absolved, a secret bride espouse ! 290
 But bind to one, and one alone, thy vows.
 Power, too, I grant thee to absolve from shame
 The partner of thy heav'n-permitted flame.'—
 — Whom then, ah whom, angelic as thou art,
 But thee, could I elect to hold my heart ?
 E'en from thyself, my love I've yet conceal'd.
 Last night's events demand it be reveal'd.
 'Twas when I shrived thee in the Convent's school,
 While subject yet to academic rule,
 First o'er my heart the growing passion stole, 300
 Which now, all-dominant, defies control.
 Then, 'twas not *Thou* should'st have confest to me
 The secrets of the soul,—but *I* to thee.
 What mortal bosom could elude Love's snare,
 In contact with a penitent so fair,—
 Pouring with honied accents in mine ear
 The childish sins, 'twas paradise to hear ;
 And, while for fancied faults self-blame you took,
 Belying all with your angelic look ?—
 Fairer than Rachel, when her flock she drove 310
 To Haran's well, and kindled Jacob's love,
 Or Tamar, paragon of womankind,
 For whom the love-sick son of David pined !
 Not beauteous Esther, when——”

What hollow sound

Mutters, like distant thunder, from the ground ?
 Stirr'd by no wind, the pendent lustres swing ;
 Pull'd by no hand, the bells disorder'd ring ;
 The window's rattling frame its crystal breaks,—
 The giant temple to its centre shakes !

“ Oh, mercy ! mercy ! ”—that soul-thrilling shriek 320
 Is all the flying maiden’s fears can speak :
 Those words, still echoing through the aisles, attest
 How terror-smit the vanish’d utterer’s breast.
 Not so Carranza :—stern and unsubdued,
 Mid lab’ring Nature’s agony he stood :
 “ Ay, let old Earth to her foundations quake!
 This soul more vehement convulsions shake.
 Shall I then tamely, and a prey to fears,
 At once resign the cherish’d dream of years?
 Just when my hopes their fruits should realize, 330
 Shall they be ravish’d from my eager eyes ?
 For this have I, through many a painful hour,
 Attain’d the pinnacle of priestly power ;
 That a vile alien, and a simple girl,
 Should think to check my passion in its whirl ?
 Of what avail is Saintship’s goodly fame,
 But to play more securely pleasure’s game ?
 This rule, in all religions, since the Flood,—
 Chaldean, Pagan, Christian,—has held good.⁹
 It is in Church affairs, as those of State, 340
 He must dissemble who would fain be great :
 The farce of sanctity, whenever play’d,
 Has proved a profitable masquerade :
 Lo ! Mahomet the sacred pigeon hears ;—
 Fools ! she’s but picking peas from out his ears.
 Well said’st thou, Leo, *This same Christian creed*
*Proves a convenient fable in our need.*¹⁰
 Who would its outward penances endure,
 Did they not covert luxuries procure ?

Shall Popes and Cardinals wile amorous hours, 350
 And we be exiled from Love's blissful bowers ?
 Nay, shall America but me behold,
 Of all her Priests, by help-mate unconsol'd ?—¹¹
 — We'll see what lesson Holy Church can frame,
 This disobedient damsel to reclaim.
 The Inquisition sleeps ;—by its own hands
 Our hierarchy's cause now falls, or stands.
 We have ourselves to criminate, who yield
 To our own contumacious flocks the field.
 As War invests some town that tempts his eyes, 360
 Into surrender I'll fatigue my prize :
 And her heart's stern obduracy I'll tame,
 Till it yield, unresisting, to my flame."

XIII.

Two suns have down the western Andes¹² roll'd ;
 The third a mournful pageant must behold.
 Slow-pacing through the streets, mid chanted prayer,
 A long procession moves with solemn air.
 Although 'tis the meridian hour of day,
 The blazing torches shed their flaring ray,
 Borne by bare-footed Carmelites, all drest 370
 In sable scapulary, hood, and vest.
 As burn the flambeaux of the faith, the praise
 Of full-voiced hymn the cowl'd Fathers raise.
 Mid the dark throng, a female form shines bright,
 Array'd in bridal robes of dazzling white.
 But strangely, with her garment's festal sheen,
 Contrast her faltering step, and downcast mien.

No bashful glow upon her face appears :
 Her cheek is wan, her eyes are dim with tears.
 Whom goes she to espouse ?—El Carmen's cell, 380
 And rigid rule, the dismal tale shall tell.
 Soon must she, in that convent's cloisters pale,
 Change the mantilla for a sadder veil ;
 Those silks, that diamond-mounted comb, lay down,
 And the black hood assume, and woollen gown.
 Dead to the world, there must she, in life's bloom,
 Incloister'd, find an antedated tomb ;
 That stern, ascetic order's code must know,
 And its austere observance undergo ;
 And weep o'er the refectory's black bread, 390
 Placed on the board beside Death's ghastly head.—
 Ah, Rosalita ! could thy Sackville see
 This deed of guilt, revenge, hypocrisy,
 Of baffled lust, of Churchman's impious ire,
 And blind coercion of a bigot sire,—
 Collecting his brave English, few and worn,
 But desperate as the hope, yecept forlorn,
 Despite of all Morillo's armed array,
 Through the battalia would he burst his way,
 Drag thee to-day, in spite of sword and fire, 400
 Or, rushing on their bayonets, expire ! —
 Sad victim !—had she to her father sought
 The monstrous truth to tell, he would have thought
 She forged the impious falsehood, to malign
 The man of God—Carranza the divine ;
 Or that from love's excess, and passion-crost,
 Her mind was wandering, and her reason lost.

So hopeless, so abortive were the task,
From that heav'n-mocking Priest to tear his mask.

XIV.

Slow wear the days within those cloisters dim, 410
Mid penance, fast, beads told, and chanted hymn.
The tenants of those living catacombs
Lead a long death, as cheerless as the tombs.
No solace mitigates pain's dreary round,
But the dull walk within the garden's bound.
There might you see the flower, which, when it blows,
The semblance of the Saviour's passion shows ;
A natural crucifix,—where imaged shine
The cross, the thorny crown, and man divine.
There, too, were grav'd on summer-house, and seat, 420
Texts suited to Religion's stern retreat ;
Such as a sinful world's delusions show,
And wean our thoughts from vanities below.—
—— Revolving all her bitterness of fate,
In a lone arbour Rosalita sate.
Over the garden-wall's tall gloomy screen
A tiny scroll is thrown by hands unseen :
With pellet loaded, the small crumpled sheet
Falls, with well-aim'd precision, at her feet :
With wonder the phenomenon she views, 430
Opes it,—and these brief words her eyes peruse.
*An Indian, with two saddled steeds, will wait,
To-night, without the convent's garden-gate.
A bribed slave of the Abbess will procure
All keys, which may thy secret flight ensure.*

Assume the rustic habit she'll provide ;
Then trust thy safety to thy Indian guide.
 There needs no name the writer to disclose ;
 At once the welcome characters she knows : 440
 Presses them fondly to her joyful lips,
 And in her fluttering breast the billet slips.

XV.

Time lags on leaden wings, till sweetest night
 Bring the delightful, promis'd hour of flight.
 Benign, she comes at length ; and slumber falls
 Over the spacious convent's massive walls ;
 Save where apart pale sisters wake to weep,
 And in their secret cells lone vigils keep.
 And now the lovely novice softly treads,
 With trembling steps, where old Chapita leads,—
 Chapita, convert of the Muzos tribe,
 But not quite Christianized against a bribe. 450
 Through hollow-sounding corridors they glide,
 And cloisters mournful as the maids they hide.
 As sighs the night-wind through the arches high,
 They think they hear a step in every sigh.
 They tread the garden's rustling walks, and see
 And hear pursuers in each waving tree.
 Till now the keys in the last barrier grate—
 And Rosalita stands without the gate.
 There sits the Indian, with two noble steeds, 460
 Of that pure stock which Andalusia breeds ;
 A goodly legacy th' Arabian left,
 When of usurp'd Granada he was reft.

Beneath his broad straw hat no feature shows ;
 A coarse roquilla* down his shoulders flows ;
 Long trowsers, barken sandals on his feet,
 And spurs, a span in length, his garb complete.

XVI.

She mounts ;—in fearful, breathless haste they ride :
 Not one word utters that wild Indian guide ;
 Nor, till they clear the city, silence breaks ; 470
 Oh, blest surprise !—'tis Sackville's self that speaks !
 " Soon as some Indian scouts thy fate made known,
 I penetrated, in disguise, the town ;
 Resolved to free thee from monastic thrall,
 Or in the glorious enterprise to fall.
 Some brave guerillas hover on our track,
 To guard our flight from chance patrol's attack.
 Calm thy fears ;—coming, I escaped the foe ;
 Their vigilance may now, too, prove as slow."
 O'er rough ravines, where angry torrents fret, 480
 And broken ground, with thorny bushes set,
 O'er wold and mountain, at his topmost speed,
 For love and life, they spur the reeking steed.
 Though your swoln eyeballs burn, and sweat in showers
 Stream down your panting flanks,—through night's long
 hours
 Still must ye urge, brave steeds, your desperate way ;
 Your riders draw no rein till break of day.

* Mantle,—made of a large square of cloth, with a hole in the centre to admit the head.

Through sleeping hamlets, and past towns, descried,
 Far off, by scatter'd lights, they hotly ride ;
 And catch no sounds, amid the breathless dark, 490
 Save their steeds' tread, and distant watch-dogs' bark ;
 Or rushing of the zumbador's loud wings,
 As he wheels o'er their heads in dusky rings ;
 Startled that human visiters intrude
 On his loved starlight hours of solitude.¹³—
 Oh, 'tis a glorious sight for those whose breasts
 No danger, no disquietude molests,
 To gaze upon that splendid southern sky,
 Studded with all its starry marquetry,
 With constellations brighter than emboss 500
 Pale northern zones,—the centaur, phœnix, cross,—
 And on its hue intense, untouch'd by mists,
 Purpler than violets or amethysts !—
 Day dawns ere they have measured half their flight ;
 And in a wild sierra's* woody height,
 An Indian hut gives safety and repose,
 Till night again her veiling curtains close.
 Soon as she draws her sable pall around,
 Again upon their rushing flight they bound.
 With queen-like fortitude the lady bears 510
 The arduous toil, which fast her strength impairs :
 And often to inquiring love replies
 With words of heart her feeble voice belies :
 And though nigh ready from her seat to fall,
 With blitheness answers Sackville's cheering call.

* *Sierra*,—a long ridge of mountains.

But strong affection, and the spirit's pride,
Much longer may not brave that dreadful ride ;
For, leaning o'er the saddle-bow, her form
Faints, like the wild-silk¹⁴ bending in the storm ;
When, with the morning star's emerging lamp, 520
They gain, at length, the long-wish'd patriot camp.

END OF CANTO SECOND

NOTES TO CANTO II.

1.

*Yet finds that breezy elevation bring
The grateful coolness of perennial Spring.*—Lines 7 & 8.

See Notes to Canto I. Note 2.

2.

“ And the deep sable hue of her attire.”—Line 33.

The South American ladies always go to church in black; but dress at theatres, balls, and evening parties, in the Parisian style.

3.

The pomp of worship fills the vaulted nave.—Line 62.

In no part of Europe—not even in Rome itself—is the splendour of divine worship carried to a greater height, than in the great cities on the Spanish Main. Bogotá, containing a population of 30,000 inhabitants, and being, under the Spanish crown, the metropolis of a Viceroyalty comprising twenty-two rich provinces, and an Archbishop's see, has always been celebrated for the magnificence of its religious ceremonies.

4.

—————*chalices which hold
Christ sacrificed.*—Lines 104 & 105.

This may appear too strong an expression to Protestants, who consider that the sacrament is no more than a spiritual communion—a simple memorial; but we must recollect that Roman Catholics hold the doctrine of transubstantiation,—which is, that the bread and wine are converted into the actual body and blood of Christ by the consecration of the priest, and that they literally eat his body, and drink his blood.

5.

Carthagenæ's tragedy.—Line 195.

In Carthagenæ, in South America, a friar seduced, one account says seven, another thirteen, nuns, in a convent to which he was confessor. This "hermit with a harem" seems to have been emulated by a preacher of the Methodist persuasion, in Philadelphia, whom a recent traveller in the United States describes as having left in the city no less than seven unfortunate victims.

6.

*As they, who cross the Andes' topmost crest,
With sudden stupor feel their sense opprest,
And scarce can draw their thick, reluctant breath,
And hardly 'scape the clutch of grappling Death.*

—Lines 246, &c.

Those dangerous passes over the summits of the Andes, called *Paramos*, which have furnished me with the simile in the text, are thus described in Hamilton's *Travels in Columbia*, vol. ii:—"The passing of these paramos, or summits of the Andes, is a serious undertaking, particularly at unfa-

vourable seasons of the year; many travellers lose their senses from it.

“ No one should venture to sit down during the passage; if they do, they are almost sure to become emparamados, when they die in a few minutes, sometimes in the act of eating and drinking,—a sort of stupor coming suddenly over them, from which they seldom recover.”

7.

A second Borgia.—Line 265.

Cæsar Borgia, cardinal of Valenza, is conspicuous in ecclesiastical history, as a monster of cruelty, rapine, injustice, and lust.

8.

*Falser than him, who, with forged Papal brief,
Cozen'd deluded Portugal's belief!*—Lines 268 & 269.

Juan Perez de Saavedra, called “ The False Nuncio of Portugal,” was born at Cordova. Having forged a brief from the pope, he feigned himself to be a cardinal, and was received for some time in Portugal as cardinal legate. His imposture being detected, he was arrested by the King of Spain in the Portuguese territory, and was condemned to the galleys, where he passed nineteen years.—See *Llorente's History of the Inquisition*.

9.

*This rule, in all religions, since the Flood,—
Chaldæan, Pagan, Christian,—has held good.*

—Lines 338 & 339.

I should swell this note to an unreasonable length, were I to enumerate the manifold instances of fraud practised on

mankind by priests in all ages of the world. I shall therefore content myself with citing only a few examples.

Of Chaldæan, or Babylonian, priestcraft or debauchery, we find the following instances in the Bible, and in Herodotus:—

“ Now the Babylonians had an idol called Bel, and there were spent upon him every day twelve great measures of fine flour, and forty sheep, and six vessels of wine.

“ (Now the priests of Bel were threescore and ten, beside their wives and children), and the king went with Daniel into the temple of Bel.

“ And they little regarded it; for under the table they had made a privy entrance, whereby they entered in continually, and consumed those things,” &c.—*Bel and the Dragon*.

“ The Babylonians have one custom in the highest degree abominable. Every woman who is native of the country is obliged, once in her life, to attend at the temple of Venus. The greater part, crowned with garlands, seat themselves in the vestibule. The seats have all of them a rope or string annexed to them, by which each stranger may determine his choice. A woman having once taken this situation, is not allowed to return home till some stranger throws her a piece of money, and leads her to a distance from the temple. The money given is applied to sacred uses. The woman afterwards makes some conciliatory oblation to the goddess, and returns to her house. It is to be remarked that the inhabitants of Cyprus have a similar observance.

“ In the last tower (of the temple of Jupiter Belus) is a large chapel, in which is placed a couch magnificently adorned, and near it a table of solid gold; but there is no statue in the place. No man is suffered to sleep here; but the apartment is occupied by a female, whom the Chaldæan priests affirm that their deity selects from the whole nation as the object of his pleasures.

“They themselves have a tradition, which cannot easily obtain credit, that their deity enters this temple, and reposes by night on this couch. A similar assertion is also made by the Egyptians of Thebes; for, in the interior part of the temple of the Theban Jupiter, a woman in like manner sleeps.”—*Clio*.

In Egypt, the frauds and profligacy of the priests of Isis, and the juggleries of those of Memnon, were equally notorious. The former, for a bribe, betrayed a Roman lady, of high rank, to a man named Mundus, by pretending that the god Anubis was enamoured of her, and desired an interview. By means of the mysteries which they affected, and the superstition they promoted, the Egyptian priests were possessed, too, of great political power; managed the springs of government as they pleased, and held the people in subjection.

The deceptions practised by the priests and priestesses of the ancient Oracles, are well-known to every classical reader. They turned their pretended divine inspiration to admirable account, never delivering their responses, until they had been propitiated by rich presents and costly offerings; and then their answers, to those whom they permitted to consult them, were so ambiguously worded, that the prediction could be afterwards interpreted as applicable to whatever event occurred. “The priestess of the temple of Pataraë in Lycia,” says Herodotus, “is placed in the same predicament as the female in the temple of Jupiter Belus, in Babylon, and the one in that of the Theban Jupiter. Whenever a divine communication is expected, the priestess is obliged to pass the preceding night in the temple.”

For the impostures of the successors of St. Peter,—Christ’s vicars upon earth,—see the next note. “They gathered,” remarks Gibbon, “the ripe fruits of the superstition of the times.”

10.

*Well said'st thou, Leo. This same Christian creed
Proves a convenient fable in our need.*

—Lines 346 & 347.

Pope Leo X, who publicly sold indulgences to support his prodigality, called Christianity *a very profitable fable for him and his predecessors*.

Roscoe, the biographer and panegyrist of Leo, has endeavoured to throw doubt on this imputation. It matters not, however, by what ecclesiastic the expression was first uttered, if it was a current sentiment among the Romish prelates; and a philosophical writer, in adverting to the scandalous lives of the Roman pontiffs, thus remarks upon the anecdote:—"Quantas divitias nobis peperit hæc Christi fabula! *What wealth does this fiction of Christ obtain for us!*—A sentiment generally ascribed to the free-thinking genius of Leo X, but which, whether ever uttered by him or not, was in frequent use long before his era."*

11.

*Nay, shall America but me behold,
Of all her priests, by help-mate unconsold?*

—Lines 352 & 353.

Most of the priests, in Spanish America, keep mistresses. Their general profligacy, indeed, is such, as fully to justify the character I have given to their fictitious representative.

12.

The Western Andes.—Line 364.

The city of Bogotá is situated in an extensive plain, between the *main chain*, or Cordillera of the Andes, to the *west*,

* See Dr. Good's "Book of Nature," vol. ii.

and a subordinate range, or Cordillera, to the east, running parallel to the main chain.

13.

*Or rushing of the Zumbador's loud wings,
As he wheels o'er their heads in dusky rings :
Startled that human visitors intrude
On his loved star-light hours of solitude.*

Lines 492, &c.

El Zumbador, the Hummer—a name given by the Spaniards to the Condor, from its flight being heard, rather than seen; as it seldom quits its habitation in the desert tops of the Andes, but at night; when its flight produces a frightful humming noise.

14.

Wild-silk.—Line 519.

Seda silvestre,—the wild silk of the country, which suspends itself from the branches of the trees, in the savannahs.

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

CANTO THIRD.

“Thou see'st the world, Metellus, how it goes :
Our enemies have beat us to the pit ;
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us.”—*Shakspeare.*

THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

CANTO III.

I.

WAR, savage war, with swift and giant bound,
Shifts, through this wide-spread land, his crimson ground.
His chances, like a fluctuating tide,
Now buoy the patriot, now the royal, side.
Triumphant now on Barcelona's plain
Floats, for a space, the gilded flag of Spain.
As bidding its doom'd enemies despair,
Flush'd with a short success, it flouts the air.
Fortune permits it, like the taper's fire,
To give one brilliant flare, ere it expire. 10
Its blood-red bars too true a type impart
Of royal Ferdinand's ferocious heart ;
The petticoat-embroiderer,—combined
Of tiger cruelty, and idiot mind.

II.

Of Barcelona's spacious province, all
 Cowers to the Spaniard, save the capital.¹
 There the small patriot, dishearten'd host,
 Defy the insolent besiegers' boast.

Aldama* now beneath its walls unites
 The veteran legions of a hundred fights; 20
 And sitting down before the town in form,
 Hurls from a hundred mouths the iron storm.
 By sea, by land, the city he invests:—
 High on the land-side flash the battery's crests;
 Below, close-moor'd along the river's shore,
 The blazing bomb repeats the deafening roar:
 And fast and furiously, mid domes and spires,
 The shells, like comets, throw their bursting fires.
 "Wretched insurgents! soon shall this last hold
 To my victorious arms its gates unfold. 30
 Rebellion then shall learn what sequel springs
 From foul revolt against anointed kings."
 Thrice hath the foe the haughty summons given;—
 Thrice with contempt the bearer back is driven.
 From smoke-wreath'd walls, the ceaseless cannonade
 Hurls havoc on battalion and brigade;
 And brazen-mouth'd artillery's bristling tiers
 Thunder defiance in th' assailants' ears.
 But vainly, brave defenders, may ye hope
 With that assaulting multitude to cope. 40

* Colonel Juan de Aldama, commander of the first division of the eastern army.

In vain, with valour's reckless enterprise,
 Ye burn the leag'ers' ships before their eyes.
 In vain, amid a tempest of hot balls,
 Ye, sallying, scale the Moro's lofty walls,
 From its commanding heights the foe expel,
 And its volcano-like explosions quell.²
 What human prowess may perform, ye dare,
 To roll back on the foe the whelming war ;
 But rivers may not stem the ocean's flow,
 Nor the brave few the many overthrow.

50

III.

In vain the banded ranks of Freedom pour,
 Fast and unerringly, the leaden shower ;
 Like emmets, columns crowd upon the wall,
 To fill the broken files of those that fall.
 In vain, with murderous energy, their swords
 From the defences sweep the scaling hordes,
 Fast-following cohorts still ascend the breach,
 Like wave succeeding wave upon the beach.
 The very slaught'ring of their countless foes
 Exhaustion brings, which soon the strife must close : 60
 Carnage is weary with his heavy toil,
 And o'erstrain'd Nature must perforce recoil.
 Borne back,—now rallying,—now again o'ersway'd,
 The wavering phalanx fainter drives the blade ;
 And feebler the terrific bay'net wilds,
 Till, in th' unequal strife, it breaks—it yields :—
 The rampart's won ;—the leaguerers swarm down,
 With savage yell, to the devoted town :

And fired to frenzy by the siege's length,
 Their fury from resistance has gain'd strength. 70
 Woe to the wretched stragglers in the streets !
 Whom in that dreadful hour the soldier meets :
 When every evil passion of the soul,
 Wrought to a pitch no dictates can controul,
 Runs riot in his combat-madden'd breast,
 Which owns no longer Mercy for a guest.
 That fever of the blood,—that night of mind,—
 When Rape and Murder stalk forth unconfin'd ;
 When nor divine, nor human laws restrain,
 And Reason's dead, and Pity pleads in vain ! 80

IV.

There is a massive isolated pile,
 Where yet Despair may brave assault awhile ;
 A lazaretto once,—but now a post
 Defence has arm'd against the leag'ring host ;
 A martial hold, where that small gallant band,
 Entrench'd, maintain their last and desperate stand.—
 —In a lone chamber of that pile, whose walls
 Ring with the chieftain's shout, and bugle's calls,
 A white-robed priest prefers the nuptial prayer,
 With hurried accent, o'er a kneeling pair. 90
 The rite's perform'd ;—and Sackville thus : “ O haste !
 Father,—nor here life's precious moments waste :
 For not thy godly garb, and hoary head,
 Will save thy being number'd with the dead,
 If, when this frail, devoted fortress falls,
 They find thee in its rebel-shielding walls.

Thy cloister seek—(if, indeed, shrines afford,
 In this fierce war, a shelter from the sword)—
 There hope the safety these doom'd walls deny ;
 Thy prayers be with us !—Fly, good Father, fly ! 100

V.

“ And thou, my young, but now eternal bride,
 Alas, what woes our nuptial hour betide !
 No promis'd succours from my absent Chief
 Come to our dwindled armament's relief.
 Parting, he said, ‘ This city be thy care ;
 ‘ Soon to thy aid with levies I repair.
 ‘ And muniments of war, the siege to raise ;
 ‘ Do thou maintain thy hold but three brief days.’
 Well, with a vigilance that never slept,
 And spirit unsubdued, my charge I kept ; 110
 And ankle-deep in their compatriots' blood,
 Firm 'gainst a host, my gallant handful stood ;
 Till numbers over hardihood prevail'd,
 And crush'd my heroes, whose souls never quail'd,
 But, battling every inch, resign'd to force
 Each foot of ground, or strew'd it with their corse ;
 And to their colours obstinately true,
 Like baited lions, sullenly withdrew.—
 The third week's past ;—and, wasted by war's hand,
 By famine and disease, my slender band 120
 Must meet, ere long, th' inevitable blow,
 And glut the rage of the insatiate foe.
 These barricaded walls alone remain,
 Of all the town, to my diminish'd train ;

And these, fast-crumbling to the volley'd ball,
 In the unequal conflict soon must fall.
 They bid capitulation ;—but what's faith
 In foes so false, but a cold-blooded death ?
 Not e'en *thy* gentle sex the Spaniard spares, 130
 Nor helpless infancy, nor hoary hairs.
 Where'er his fierce career has been uncheck'd,
 His vengeance, deaf to mercy, has been wreak'd ;
 All, whom his arms or frauds have overcome,
 In one red hecatomb have met their doom.
 Horror knows not Aldama's heart to wring,—
 Fit creature of Morillo, and his King !—
 Better to fall upon our swords, than die,
 By butchers' hands, a death of infamy ;
 First their taunts brooking, and insulting ire ;
 Then doom'd by lingering torments to expire.— 140
 But hark !—again more near the cannon roars ;—
 Our guns, turn'd on us, thunder at our doors.
 Soon must they burst before the fierce assault,
 And those grim wolves upon their victims vault.
 Then the vain cry for quarter shall arise,
 And shouts, and groans, and curses fright the skies ;
 And chains shall fetter, and the wheel shall tear,
 All whom the sword and conflagration spare.
 —But what are all the ills, which, in war's name,
 Brute rage can wreak upon this suffering frame, 150
 To seeing the inhuman monsters tear
 But one dear ringlet of that precious hair ?
 Or worse—(while I but view with fancy's eyes
 The sickening scene, my soul within me dies)—

Breathe horrid love into thy shuddering ears,
 And drink with lustful lips thy streaming tears ?
 I swear no lips but mine shall taste thy breath !
 But none that gage can guaranty, save Death.
 Yes ! Rosalita,—that same solemn tie
 Which made thee mine, bids thee prepare to die. 160
 These walls, still echoing orisons of love,
 Affection's last sad tragedy must prove.
 Stern destiny !—the hand, that just has wed
 Thine with that holy ring, thy blood must shed.
 Thy bridegroom dooms thy death, and this same floor,
 Where we just knelt in prayer, must drink thy gore.
 —Then be the Roman's* dreadful office mine !
 And Heaven approve the righteous, stern design !
 Together we have loved through weal and woe,
 Together to Death's resting-place we'll go. 170
 'Tis noble vengeance, tyrants to deprive
 Of the fiend's joy, of mangling foes alive.
 The same dread moment Sackville's days shall end,
 And see thee spotless to the grave descend.
 Then, cherish'd Passion of my soul, prepare !—
 Behold th' uplifted steel !—thy bosom bare !
 The Bourbon's hands,—not mind,—the blow dispense,
 That thirster for the blood of Innocence.”³

VI.

With looks of speechless love, and unblanch'd cheek,
 She hears her lord the dreadful sentence speak. 180

* Virginius.—“Hoc te uno, quo possum,’ ait, ‘modo,
 filia, in libertatem vindico.’ Pectus deinde puellæ transfigit.”
Liv.

Young mothers list not, with more joyful ears,
 Their babes' first words, than she those accents hears.
 Warmly as when long-parted lovers meet,
 She springs with a caress his lips to greet ;
 Clasps to her heart the hand, where gleams the steel,
 And on it prints the burning kiss's seal.

“ Lord of my soul, whatever you decree
 Is law, is oracle, is bliss to me.

Blest the alternative—the action blest—
 Which from barbarian hands my fate shall wrest, 190
 Save me from blast of insult's poisonous breath,
 From violence, and horrors worse than death.
 Behold my bosom bared to meet the sword !—
 But, oh ! as I pronounce the awful word,
 A strange cold shiver creeps upon my heart,
 Like an instinctive dread from life to part.
 Like timid bather on a river's steep,
 I gaze on the abyss,—and fear to leap.

Yet, strike !—This soul, which thee its sovereign chose,
 No dastard mean in its devotion knows, 200
 Vow'd to thy service,—though Heaven's-self should fall,
 And earth dissolve,—I'd not that vow recall,
 This heart, and every pulse it gives to swell,
 Are thine :—and would they 'gainst their lord rebel ?
 For ever thine,—alike in grief or joy,—
 'Tis thine to cherish them, or to destroy.

Thine through all time,—whatever you ordain
 Seems sweetest ; and to happiness turns pain :
 For can a purer bliss to lovers fall,
 Than proving that they dare, *for love*, brave all ? 210

My deep devoted loyalty of love
 Deems thy behests next those of Heaven above.
 All-absolute, you reign, without controul,
 Over affections, fortune, life, and soul.
 No saint elect e'er waited Death's decree
 With meeke joy, than I my doom from thee.
 The ebon portal of th' eternal land
 Its terrors loses, open'd by *thy* hand :
 And the grave's path shall seem as light as day,
 Since you ordain the route, and point the way. 220
 — 'Then, strike !—behold this bosom bared, to meet
 The steel, whose vengeance thou canst render sweet.
 Oh, God ! 'tis done.—Ay, bury, bury deep
 That goodly giver of eternal sleep !
 Tho' the weak flesh with natural instinct swerve,
 Nought can subdue the mind's unshrinking nerve.
 My spirit pants to issue from the wound,
 And mix with thine beyond Earth's temporal bound ;
 There to partake immortal blandishment,
 In one indissoluble essence blent. 230
 Ah, drink my sighs !—they *have been* only thine ;
 Receive them, then, as thus they fast decline.
 O, let my warm blood trickle on thy breast !
 Then,—tho' it ebb its last,—it will feel blest
 There, where in life 'twas wrapt, in death to rest.
 Fold me, ah, fold me closely to thy heart !
 To die I shrink not,—but from thee to part.
 Suck from my trembling lips my latest breath !
 To lose existence thus, will not seem death,
 But a transfusion sweet, in that embrace, 240
 Of spirit to a dearer dwelling-place.

'To be thus sepulchred within thy breast
 My spirit, in expiring, will feel blest.
 It will but seem love's trance repeated o'er,
 With bliss e'en keener than we've known before ;
 When the soul, sighing with intense delight,
 Swells to the lips, as tho' 'twould take its flight.
 — Death o'er my eyes his filmy vapours drives :
 But oh,—while aught of vision yet survives,—
 On thee still let them fascinated pore, 250
 And gaze their fill, till love can gaze no more !
 Sackville, farewell !—the transient scene is past,
 My eyes swim—senses fail—receive my last—
 I die——”

“ But not alone.—My bleeding dove,
 I come to seal in death our bond of love.
 And ne'er did bridegroom to his nuptial bed
 More rapturous haste, than I to wed the dead ;
 Nor Paynim, beckoning Houris to embrace,
 Than I to perish on that clay-cold face. 260
 For where could love find a more cherish'd bier
 Than the cold form of all in life held dear ?
 Or where to more divine oblivion creep,
 Than in those arms, which lull'd its living sleep ?—
 Thou wast my world ; and now that world's no more,
 Already I half tread th' eternal shore.
 Life of my being ! when I share thy doom,
 I do but seek myself within the tomb :
 Indissolubly one, 'tis not in fate
 Our intermutual souls to separate.— 270
 Hark to that thundering crash !—the charge, the shout,
 The bursting doors, the tumult of the rout !

And hist ! I hear the rush of coming feet ;—
 The pistol's echoes shall our hunters greet.
 Bloodhounds, approach !—Ah now, my trusty friend,—
 Long known, oft tried,—prove faithful to the end !
 Thy master's latest bidding do ;—and close
 His life as quick, as oft you've quench'd his foes !"—

The pistol rings :—through blasted brain and head,
 True to its errand, flies the rending lead : 280
 High leaps the victim with convulsive bound,
 Then drops, a stiffening corse, upon the ground.

VII.

On that red flood, the Bridegroom and his Bride
 Sleep the eternal slumber, side by side :
 Like two fair sea-flowers, mid the tempest's roar,
 By raging ocean stranded on the shore.
 Their life-blood stagnates round ;—libation clear,
 Undash'd by one remorseful, timorous tear !
 Oblation pure to Liberty and Love ! 290
 Admired of men, approved of Saints above !
 As they had lived but in each other's breath,
 So are they undivided now in death.
 Their livid corsers welter on the ground,
 Their purer part in Heaven a home has found.
 This world shall see them no proud victor's slave,
 Safe in that better world beyond the grave.
 Enter, Aldama !—grind thy teeth in wrath !
 With oaths and imprecations mark thy path,—
 Robb'd of the sweetest portion of the prize, 300
 The gloating on thy captives' agonies !

The hateful *Ingles** and his paramour
From thy ingenious tortures rest secure.
Thou'rt foil'd in thy inhuman heart's desire
On that mark'd pair to sate they vengeful ire.
Those Lovers, in affliction's furnace tried,
Shall never swell thy triumph's barbarous pride,
Their spirits soar beyond the reach of racks,
The jailor's shackles, and the headman's axc.
So nobly two fond hearts their truth can prove ; 310
Such heroism dwells in boundless love.

* Englishman.

END OF CANTO III.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

1.

*Of Barcelona's spacious province, all
Covers to the Spaniard, save the capital.*

Lines 15 & 16.

Nueva Barcelona, the chief town of the Province of the same name (which formed, while under Spanish rule, part of the Captain-Generalship of Caraccas), is situated in a plain, on the left bank of the river Neveri, half a league from the sea.

2.

*In vain, amid a tempest of hot balls,
Ye, sallying, scale the Moro's lofty walls,
From its commanding heights the foe expel,
And its volcano-like explosions quell.*

Lines 43, &c.

The Moro is a hill near Barcelona, upon which the Spaniards had erected a battery, which commanded the town, and was very destructive to the republican garrison. It was guarded, too, by eighteen Spanish armed vessels, which rendered the approach to it very perilous.

3.

*The Bourbon's hands,—not mine,—the blow dispense,
That thirster for the blood of Innocence.*

Lines 177 & 178.

The family of Bourbon mounted the throne of Spain in 1701, by Philip V, grandson to Louis XIV of France.

During the protracted *guerre à l'outrance* between Ferdinand VII and his revolted South American colonies, the most heartless atrocities were perpetrated by the different Spanish commanders. All the humanities, and laws of war, observed by civilized nations, were disregarded. Prisoners were not exchanged, but put to death; the dead were not buried; and not only male prisoners were hanged and shot, but *women and children* also. The Spaniards, on one occasion, burnt a hospital, full of sick; and on another, tied an English officer, whom they had taken prisoner, to the tails of their horses, and, setting off at full gallop, tore him to pieces alive. General Morillo, the too faithful representative of the cruel and tyrannical Ferdinand, during his stay in Bogotá, arrested and shot some hundreds of the most respectable householders; and whilst in the island of Margarita, destroyed all the houses, trees, farms, and crops, wherever he passed, and murdered every one that came in his way,—man, woman, and child. I will conclude this catalogue of horrors, with two instances of royalist barbarity, related by General Ducoudray Holstein, in his 'Memoirs of Bolivar,' vol. i. p. 129:—

* "The Spanish General Monteverde had with him two favourites, both distinguished by their cruel and sanguinary conduct. He tolerated their most daring atrocities. Both were Colonels—Joseph Antonnanza and Juan Suasola. Suasola entered the city of Aragua, where the inhabitants came out some distance, in solemnity, to meet and honour a man

who was known to be one of the favourites of their new Commander-in-Chief. He arrived at the public square, where refreshments were prepared for him and his troops. After having spent merrily more than an hour, he gave a secret order to his troops to seize men, women, and children, and cut off their ears, and bring them to him. This savage order was executed, notwithstanding all the cries, supplications, and resistance of the inhabitants. He ordered some trunks to be filled with these sanguinary trophies, which he sent to his companion and friend, Colonel Antonnanza, then Governor at Cumana, with a pathetic letter, requesting him to 'accept this present, as a proof of his zeal in the cause of his beloved king, Ferdinand VII.' This conduct was highly praised by his friend, and a part of the trophies were sent by him to Caraccas. Some of them he wore in his hat, by way of cockade; and, painful to relate, his vile example was followed by various inhabitants of Cumana. But I must add, many did it through fear; it being the practice of the Spanish troops to threaten all who did not follow their example.

"Colonel Antonnanza, as well as Suasola, committed the most barbarous acts throughout the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona, in which they commanded. The former having heard that the inhabitants of Araura had been distinguished in the last war by their patriotism and their zeal for independence, resolved to punish them in an exemplary manner. In violation of the solemn promise of amnesty, he marched with a numerous body of troops upon the city of Araura. Many of the inhabitants, well aware of his cruelty, fled hastily, but the greater number remained, being assured by his emissaries that he was coming with pacific intentions, and that he would faithfully observe the amnesty. After this, a great many persons, particularly women and children, came

to welcome him, offering whatever their wretched circumstances could afford. He took the refreshments, and suddenly gave orders to murder every man, woman, and child. Of this horrid massacre many circumstances are known, which my pen refuses to describe."

END OF THE NOTES.

POSDATA.

THE preceding poem was suggested by a passage in Colonel Hippisley's *Narrative of the Expedition to the Rivers Orinoco and Apure, in South America*. London: 1819. At p. 466, the Colonel relates:—"At the taking of Barcelona, Captain Chamberlain was with him (Bolivar) in the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, with a regiment. When the General-in-Chief fled from the place, he directed his friend to continue in the command, with an assurance that if he held out for three days, he would order a strong reinforcement up to his relief. Chamberlain with difficulty retained it for the period. No reinforcement arrived; and knowing the cruelties which the royalists would inflict on him, he retired to his quarters, and the firing of a pistol was to be the signal for opening the barriers. The pistol was fired, and a second; the barrier was opened,—the enemy rushed in, and, running to his residence, found that the same shots, the sound of which gave the token for opening the gates, had also given the signal of death to the ill-fated Chamberlain and the girl of his heart, whom, to save from miseries of the worst extreme—from violation, and from public exposure—he had first shot, before he placed the second pistol to his own head. Deprived of the satisfaction of putting a period to the existence of the Englishman and his wife (for a priest had previously united them), the royalist commander glutted his disappointment and revenge by severing the bodies into quarters, and publicly exposing them on the walls of the fort."

To this affecting incident I have added such episodes and embellishments as peculiarities of national manners and character warranted.

I substituted the name of Sackville for that of Chamberlain, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, and the pistol has, in one instance, been exchanged for the more classic dagger.

With respect to the story, it would have been as easy to have invented a *main* incident of my own, as it was to super-add *minor ones*; but I had two reasons for choosing an historical fact for my groundwork. In the first place, I should avoid being accused of having overstepped the bounds of probability, in exhibiting some striking fiction; and, secondly, I bore in mind an axiom of our greatest poetical genius since Milton:—"Though the fancy may be great, and the words flowing, yet the soul is but half satisfied where there is not truth in the foundation."* Those, therefore, who are incredulous as to the romantic effects of love, might have taxed the imagination with extravagance, which had conceived such a catastrophe as has been here introduced on the authority of an authentic narrative.

* Dryden's *Defence of an Essay*, &c.

THE MUSIC-SHELL.

“ — sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' “ Islands of the blest.”

Lord Byron.

“ Carmina non prius
Audita, musarum Sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.”—*Horace.*

PREFACE.

THE Shell, in poetical language, is the symbol and instrument of Harmony;* and the marine production, which lends its name to the following collection of fugitive pieces, is thus described in an old French work on the Antilles:—

“ Il y a un coquillage fort considérable, que Monsieur du Montel croit que l'on peut trouver en quelqueune des Antilles, bien qu'il n'en ait veu qu'à Coraço. Il est d'un figure un peu différente des porcelaines, c'est à dire un peu plus ramassé. On le nomme *Musical*, par ce qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noirâtres pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on diroit qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme raporte, qu'il en a veu qui avoient cinq lignes, une clé et

* “ Oh! sov'reign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemu-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell.”—*Gray*.

des notes, qui formoient un accord parfait. Quelcun y avoit ajouté la lettre, que la nature avoit oubliée, et la faisoit chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air étoit fort agréable.

“ Les beaux esprits pourroient faire la dessus mille belles considerations. Ils diroient, entr' autres choses, que si selon l'opinion de Pythagore, les cieux ont leur harmonie, dont les dous accords ne peuvent être entendus à cause du bruit que l'on fait sur la terre; que si les airs retentissent de la mélodie d'une infinité d'oïseaus, qui y tiennent leur partie, et que si les hommes ont inventé une musique à leur mode, qui charme les cœurs par les oreilles; aussi la mer, qui n'est pas toujours agitée, a dans son empire des musiciens, qui chantent, d'une fasson qui leur est particulière, les louanges du souverain. Les poëtes adjouteroient, que ces tablatures naturelles sont celles que les syrenes avoient en mains dans leurs plus melodieux concerts; et qu'étant aperçues de quelque œil qui vint troubler leur passetemes, elles les laissèrent tomber dans les eaux, qui depuis les ont toujours soigneusement conservées.”—*Histoire Naturelle des Iles Antilles de l'Amérique*. A Rotterdam, 1665. Chap. xix. Art. 2.

Harp, and *Lyre*, have become such trite terms, that I therefore gladly availed myself of a new figure of speech, and form of title, thus presented

to me,—and one which seemed not inapplicable to poems composed (for the most part) on the magic shores where this appendage of the concerts of the Sirens is found.

Those shores I have elsewhere attempted to describe, though in language, which, I regret to confess, falls immeasurably short of their superlative beauty. How powerful an influence such charming scenes exert on the poetical temperament, will be readily understood; and, indeed, I defy the wanderer among them (be his resolutions never so anti-poetical) to abstain from thoughts

“ that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.”

Madame de Staël remarks that “in southern climes gloomy thoughts are exhaled by the brightness of heaven;” and this also appears to have been the opinion of the ancients, who accounted Apollo, or the Sun, the god of poetry. If, therefore, a brilliant firmament be as favourable to genius, as a dull Bœotian one is unpropitious, then must tropical America stand pre-eminent among the regions of the earth, as rich in fountains of genuine inspiration. Such, indeed, is the purity of the atmosphere in the Antilles, and its consequent tendency to diminish distances, that remote islands, which, in more northern climates, would be altogether invisible, are here distinctly discern-

ible to the naked eye ; and at night, from the same cause, the heavenly vault, studded with the magnificent constellations of the southern hemisphere, presents such a spectacle as we look for in vain in European skies, and such as can never be forgotten by him who has once beheld it. The least imaginative mind finds itself insensibly warmed and elevated by this pervading serenity and beauty : and although the climate of the torrid zone may, in some instances, predispose to listlessness and inactivity, and impair the mental energies,—yet it cannot be denied that it presents, in its majestic features, and in the gorgeous hues of earth, sea, and sky, the most powerful stimulants to ardent feeling and expression. We are struck with the magnitude, variety, and vigour of everything around us, and by a redundancy of life correspondent to the intense sun. Nor is the torrid zone wanting in those softer attributes, which waken emotions of tenderness, and fit the Muse of love and sensibility. Nothing can be more mild and heavenly than morning in equinoctial regions, and “ the coming on of grateful evening mild,”

“ *cum frigidus aëra Vesper
Temperat, et saltus reficit jam roscida Luna,
Litora que halyconen resonant, et acanthida dumi;*”—

and placed as these two portions of day are, on either side of the fiery Noon, they seem, to a lively

fancy, like two gentle daughters, smiling away the rage of some eastern tyrant. Often, on the seashore, while enjoying their tranquil influence, have I exclaimed, in the words of a talented modern authoress,—“ Never, while I remember anything, can I forget the first and last hour of light on the Atlantic.”

The peculiar vegetation, too, of the tropics, is intimately associated with all our early ideas of poetry, and oriental luxury. The towering palms, with their feathery tops and naked trunks, the broad-leaved bananas, the perennial citrons, the fig and pomegranate, all carry our feelings and recollections back to the East,—that original source, whence Europe derived its earliest poetry. We almost fancy that we have gone down with the Royal Poet “into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.” With what delight does Corinne hail the appearance of a palm-tree in a garden in Rome! “This image,” she observes, “of a meridian more burning than that of Italy, awakens a host of agreeable sensations.” Had the fair enthusiast visited the tropics, what splendid images would they not have suggested to her!

Nor are

“ Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and branching palm,”

the only animating spectacle in the Antilles. How grateful the view of water is in hot climates may be easily conceived; and Göethe, in a delightful fiction, has painted the passion felt for it in warm countries. Here the sea is an ever-present, and ever-gratifying, object; and you cannot, particularly in the smaller islands, ride many miles, without continually coming in sight of it,—running into romantic creeks, and washing bold promontories, and woody peninsulas.

The very appearance, too, of the negroes and Indians, has a picturesque oriental air about it, reminding one of the blacks, the Moors, and Nubian attendants of the East; and, to the poetical reader, it recalls those swarthy Asiatic troops among the host of Pompey, whom Lucan describes as drawing a beverage from the sugar-cane;

“ Quique bibunt tenerà dulces ab arundine succos :”

while their sleek sun-dyed daughters are “black, but comely, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.”

In enumerating all these sources of inspiration, and incentives to a poetical cast of thought, which distinguish the Antilles, I do not mean to insinuate that they have breathed into *my* spirit any portion of that *divinus afflatus*, which they are so calculated to infuse into the true sons of genius. *My* fancy, I am afraid, they have found a steril un-

productive waste. But as such seeds merely require to fall on congenial soil, to arrive at a vigorous maturity, let my failure (if such it shall be pronounced) only encourage others to attempt to gather the golden *Hesperian fruit*;—as those of the forlorn hope, who fall in the assault, pave the way for the succeeding victors.

I will merely, in conclusion, add, that very recent events have stamped an increased interest on everything belonging to tropical America. Those splendid countries, the South American Republics, have started into independent existence; and Britain has signed the death-warrant of slavery in her portion of the American Islands. France meditates pursuing the same energetic policy throughout her possessions in the Antilles; and the two foremost nations of the earth having pronounced the *fiat*, the time is, perhaps, not far distant, when the wide-extended regions of occidental India shall not contain a slave. To the *natives*, more particularly, these glorious events cannot but prove a powerful mental stimulus; and political freedom will inevitably promote the development of indigenous talent:—for Fancy has always been deemed the daughter of Liberty. If the Old World be richer in historical recollections, the New is more pregnant with visions of the future: and I know

not if the pleasures of anticipation be not even more lively and exciting than those of retrospection. The past is the East's,—the future is the West's:—

“ Nos—primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.”

Antilles, April, 1836.

THE MUSIC-SHELL.

THE FLY-BIRD.

Τεττιγος επι τυγε φεϋτερον αδειω.—THEOCRITUS.

“*Thy song is sweeter than the grasshopper’s.*”

[The fly-bird, humming-bird, or colibri (for by each of these names it is known), is found, in great variety, in all parts of tropical America, both continent and islands. Of the splendour and diminitiveness of these fairy birds, I have already spoken, in a note to a former publication. Their vivid, changing hues, and the metallic lustre of their plumage, would indeed defy the brush of the most forcible colourist; and they form one of the most striking peculiarities of the new world. Waterton, in his *Wanderings in South America*, makes the following very just observation:—“While the traveller in the old world is astonished at the elephant, the tiger, the lion, and rhinoceros, he who wanders through the torrid regions of the new, is lost in admiration at the cotingas, the toucans, the *humming-birds*, and aras.”]

GAY rifler of each gorgeous flower,
Sweet Fly-bird, seek my Indian bower!
No ruthless Northern churl am I,
Who come to bid the lovely die:

A wandering bard, I haunt your glades,
Enamoured of their spicy shades ;
And fain would woo your breast of fire
To burn on my delighted lyre.

Sylph of sunshine ! honied sprite !
Darting round perfume and light ;
Humming thy rondo to the bud,
While sucking its ethereal blood ;
Flower-dweller ! where, supremely blest,
By day you feast, by night you rest,
Exalting all your heavenly hues
By living on the rainbow's dews.
What words, what spells, can I employ,
To lure thee from thy race of joy,
And win awhile thy jewelled plume
My latticed casement to illumine ?
The lute, that would thy splendours sing,
Soon mourns its impotence of string :
What if I said thy tints outshine
The costly glories of the mine,
Or blush of flowers, or fish's mail,
Or bird-of-Juno's starry tail,
Or web of virgin bullion spun,
Or beams, or tresses of the sun ?
I should but prove all language weak
To picture dyes, themselves that speak ;
For mortals have not names for hues
The Genii o'er their works diffuse.

But see ! the sweet reed, for thy use,
In bright cups sheds its nectar'd juice ;
And flowers, fresh cull'd, and dew-besprent,
Ambrosial beverage present ;
And bees, with whom you love to roam,
Spread virgin honey in the comb.
Then come ! delight-inspiring bird,
Waking the graceful thought and word ;
Awhile with me, balm-breather, stay !
And teach me how to frame the lay,
Whose tones may fall on Beauty's ear
As softly, delicately clear,
As thine own murmur'd music swells
Within the flow'ret's velvet cells.

The Indian with thy plummy pride
Bedeck'd his idol or his bride ;
But my idolatry shall be
To make a deity of thee,
And worship thee with rite divine,
If here thou 'lt fix thy fairy shrine,
And, quitting the unshelter'd grove,
Shed radiance through my bower'd alcove,
And charm my sight, and prompt my lay,
And shine and sing the hours away.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

[The Sugar-cane is a plant scarce less extraordinary than the Date-tree of the East, in the many and valuable purposes to which it is applied in these islands. No part is lost; and, in all forms, it is highly nutritious, both to peasantry and livestock: to the former, sucked raw, as a fruit,—to the latter, in the provender its leaves and tops afford. This prolific parent of the great staple commodity of the West Indies, is a fine exuberant plant, which clothes the fields with the richest verdure; and there is not in Nature a more beautiful sight than a cane-piece in arrow. The arrows are straight, slender reeds, of about a yard in length, which shoot up from the summits of the canes, having their tops adorned by a conical feathery tuft of the most charming lilac.

There is, I believe, no cultivation in the world which yields so lucrative a return, as, under favourable circumstances, that of the sugar-cane. So bountiful a gift of Providence seems not only calculated to call forth the activity and enterprise of the agriculturist and merchant, but to awaken also feelings of a higher and more refined enthusiasm.]

FAIR reed, though chief to trade's cold votaries dear,
In me thou shalt inspire a warmer dream;
For not more graceful bends the golden ear,
Which Autumn paints, by Avon's sacred stream.

Were mine the British Druid's Doric charm,*
 Thy wealth should wave through many a glowing
 rhyme ;
 And new Lavinias new Palemons warm
 With love as fervent as the sultry clime.

Thy tall plumes, whispering to the sun-bright air,
 With fabled beings people all the scene ;
 I see Hesperian wood-nymphs crown their hair,
 While antic satyrs peep from "alleys green."

The bleeding balm-tree, and the dropping myrrh,
 Have warn'd with rapture many a minstrel breast ;
 And shall no lay aspire, when gods confer
 Ambrosia on the children of the West ?

Hadst thou but sprung in fair Campania's vale,
 Maro had wed thee with immortal palm :
 "Aerial Honey" might have joy'd to hail
 A sister Georgie, breathing kindred balm.

Pan would have dropp'd his own melodious reed,
 To pile thy nectar'd crystals on his board !
 And hush'd his song, that thou might'st sweeter plead
 His passion with the Dryad he adored.

* Thomson.

"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

Collins's Ode on the Death of Thompson.

Embalmer of the orchard's purple stores !
 You spread her pulpy wealth through every clime !
 Each ruddy child of June thy aid implores,
 To guard from taint the freshness of its prime.

Not blest Narbonne, in flower-enamell'd cells,
 Hives richer gifts than thy luxuriance brings ;
 Nor brighter spoils the honey-bird reveals,*
 To grace the banquets of barbaric kings.

Mellifluous reed ! in every amber pore
 Swells the pure essence, ripe with torrid heat :
 Earth's horn † no nobler harvest has in store
 Than plains deep-surgings with thy groves of sweet.

Beloved of nature ! when the infant's lip
 Lisps, in first accents, the maternal name,
 Its soft petition is of thee to sip :
 Thou canst alone its cherub praises claim. ‡

* In Southern Africa, the *Indicator*, or *Honey-guide*,—a small bird of the cuckoo genus,—points out and discovers to the natives, by a chirping, whistling noise, the nests of wild bees. It leads the way directly to the spot, chirping and flying from bush to bush ; and, when close to the nest of honey, it remains still and silent. The honey-hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave a small portion for their conductor, but not enough to satisfy his hunger,—and he is thereby tempted to make farther discoveries, in the hope of obtaining a larger share of his favourite food.

† “ *Area fruges*

————— *pleno defudit copia cornu.*”—*Hor.*

‡ “ Nature, says Dr. Rush, seems to have implanted a love for this aliment in all children.”—*Bryan Edwards*,

Though lusty youth with flashing rapture glows,
 As the red life-stream of the grape he drains,
 Primeval innocence no banquet knows,
 Like that which mellows in thy saffron veins.

And oft when manhood life's long toil allays
 With costly goblets, quaff'd in fever'd haste,
 He sighs, in secret, for those artless days,
 When thy pure offerings sooth'd his simple taste.

[If the sugar-cane can suggest such a variety of pleasing images to him who loves to "muse on Nature with a poet's eye," what a train of classical associations and agreeable sensations would be awakened in the sojourner among these fruitful islands, were the grape-vine cultivated largely here!—a tree whose culture and produce furnished the Greek poets with so many beautiful allusions and metaphors.* Those of warm imaginations might picture Bacchus enjoying a *second* Indian triumph, drawn by tigers, and crowned with its leaves! It thrives luxuriantly here, wherever planted; and many houses have in their gardens extensive grape-arbours, where the proprietor and his guests sometimes maroon (*i. e.* dine in the open air) with the purple bunches glowing above them, and, sitting under the clusters, enjoy all that can be conceived delightful of shade, fruit, and festivity.

There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that if the vine were extensively cultivated here, wine might soon become a staple

* See, particularly, the description of the Vintage, as sculptured on the shield of Achilles, in the 18th Iliad,—and Anacreon's Ode, called "The Vintage."

article of the commerce of the West Indian archipelago. By judicious pruning, four crops might be obtained in these islands annually; and it is worthy of the consideration of the tropical agriculturist, that the experiment of manufacturing wine *was successfully tried* in St. Domingo before the Revolution.]

THE FRENCH PICCAROON'S SONG.

[“ It is impossible that posterity should be able to judge accurately of the character of the war waged in the West Indies, without a knowledge of the details. The temptation afforded by our extensive commerce, stimulated our opponents to great exertions, and particularly in Guadaloupe, where numerous fine vessels, admirably equipped and excellently manned, were fitted out.”—*Southey's History of the West Indies.*]

THE sun rides high, the Trade-wind wafts us briskly from
 the shore,
 And gaily in its freshening breath dances the Tricolor;
 A cloudless Heaven our canopy, our path a purple sea,
 O! who upon the billow's crest ride joyously as we?

Alike to us what foes we meet beneath the boundless sky;
 All equals fall an easy prey,—all stronger-arm'd we fly;
 And vainly in pursuit of us their hissing chain-shot ring,
 Their idle rage is mirth to the invincible of wing.

Let haughty England boast herself sea-mistress of the
globe,

Our saucy craft shall rifle many a jewel from her robe;
The British lion all unscathed shall not the waters walk,
Our tiny bark shall harrass him, as Colibri the hawk.

In the transparent atmosphere of equinoctial skies,
No skulking sail can long elude the rover's eager eyes;
The clime incites to daring deeds,—so bright both sun
and wave,

The rapturous glow the scene imparts would make
a craven brave.

The Arab of the wilderness, who wars upon his steed,
Careers not on the caravan with more impetuous speed;
Nor when he seeks his tent again, elate with booty won,
Is welcom'd home by more impassion'd daughters of the
Sun.

Your red-and-white of Northern dames is spiritless and
tame ;

Beneath the richer olive glow the heart and soul of flame ;
The soft affections ripen in the sun that paints the skin,
As mellow-tinted fruit is ever raciest within.

Here, where of old the Buccaneer imbibed the fiery glow
Of fervid suns, and pour'd it out in fury on the foe ;
Here, in these spirit-stirring seas, the fields of his renown,
We'll pluck from battle's iron mouth a like unfading
crown.

At night, while bright above the isles the Centaur and
the Ship*

Keep vigil, through the kindling brine how silently we
slip!

The torrid zone's white stars aloft,—the water's fires
below,†

Against the slumbering enemy how gallantly we go!

The tropic-bird,‡ at amber dawn, as forth to fish he flies,
Meets us in triumph bearing home the richly-freighted
prize;

* Constellations of the southern hemisphere.

† In sailing at night in these latitudes, it affords an inexhaustible source of gratification, to lean over the side of the vessel, and watch those brilliant coruscations, commonly called phosphoric light, which flash incessantly round her. The water, as she moves through it, seems all on fire, and sparkles along her course with that luminous beauty, which has so often been noticed by voyagers in warm latitudes, but has seldom been adequately described.

‡ The tropic-bird (so named from being rarely met with in any but tropical seas), is called by some naturalists *Phaëton ethereus*. There is something airy and elegant in this very term. There are several species, all beautiful. One variety has very long wings, and a long tail, of two strait narrow feathers, which, as De Rochefort has observed, “le fait discerner entre tous les autres oiseaux qui fréquentent la mer;” and as its plumage is almost entirely white, it looks, when soaring aloft, like a silver cross, conspicuous against the deep blue of the sky. Du Tertre says that, in his time, the Indians wore

In vain the chaser's cannon blaze and thunder far astern,
Secure in port, we laugh to see our foes their powder
burn.

Your Eastern maids have cypress waists, and dark eyes
like the stag,
But Guadaloupe has nymphs as bright, to furl a sailor's
flag ;
The East has not more glowing forms, nor brows more
richly tress'd,
Nor eyes more languishing, than greet the Rover of the
West.*

the feathers of the tail as ornaments in their hair and nostrils; and in the South-Sea Islands these long graceful plumes are at present much esteemed by the natives, who wear them in their caps, and other parts of their dress.

Might not the toilet of European beauties find these delicate feathers an acquisition for adorning the head-dress, like the *bouquet de plumes* of the egret?

* The coloured women of these islands are, many of them, very handsome, and particularly those of the French and Spanish colonies, where they dress in a more showy and attractive style than in the British islands. From not having been subjected to early restraint and artificial ligatures, they have generally fine figures; and from the habit of carrying every thing (even to the smallest and lightest article, such as an empty bottle) on their heads, their carriage is erect and graceful. They are all passionately fond of finery, of large gaudy trinkets, and of flaunting apparel. On Sundays, holi-

days, and gala-occasions (among which, by the bye, funerals are included as well as weddings) they make a profuse exhibition of gaudy colours and *bravery* (as the old writers have it): their heads are tastefully adorned with turbans of silk or lace, and not an ankle but shines in glossy silk, and not a foot that deigns to tread in any thing but black or white satin. Many of them are kept as mistresses by the whites; while a considerable number, and particularly of late years, are married to shopkeepers, tradesmen, and merchants of their own colour.

For my own part, I must confess, though several years resident in these parts of the world, I have never been able to overcome the prejudice (I suppose some will call it) of giving the preference to my own countrywomen, and of esteeming a white complexion above all others. I am not yet more disposed than Juba was, in the play, to embrace altogether the opinion of old Syphax,—

“The glowing dames of Zama’s royal court
 Have faces flushed with more exalted charms;
 The sun that rolls his chariot o’er their heads
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
 Were you with these, my prince, you’d soon forget
 The pale, unfripened beauties of the north.”

But although not admitting this comparison to its full extent, I am far from denying the undoubted charms of the coloured beauties, and their great claims to admiration. Though giving the palm to the fair skins of Europe, I am by no means one of those who would, on that account, deny the just meed of praise to the peculiar style of beauty of different countries. How far a man may be misled in this respect, by national prejudices and prepossessions, is admirably exemplified in the

instance of that renowned traveller Iien Chi Altangi, who was resolved to think no women beautiful but those of China; for, being in London, he thus writes to his friend Fum Hoam, in Pekin, concerning the English fair:—"To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horribly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them: they no way resemble the beauties of China." What an admirable satire does Goldsmith here pass on narrow minds, who think nothing excellent beyond the limits of their own land!—and the useful lesson ought always to be present to the mind of every traveller.

Let no man therefore condemn or approve according to some imaginary standard fixed in England, and feel dissatisfied with every thing abroad that does not bear the most minute resemblance to what he has left at home. The quadrooms of the Antilles are, in truth, very striking, with their profusion of glossy jet ringlets,* gazelle-like eyes, and unconstrained air; and the traveller, of warm temperament, will do well to guard his heart against these glowing Nouronihars and Huleemas of Western India; for, as Ovid says, a brown complexion has powerful attractions for some tastes,—

"Placuit Cephæia Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ."

* "Her long coal-black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like bunches of dates, clustering on the palm-tree."—*Amriolkais*.

THE SCORNFUL CREOLE* BEAUTY.

[The ladies of the Antilles are distinguished for the delicacy of their appearance. They seem to an European, at first sight, rather pale; but the eye soon becomes so accustomed to this subdued complexion, and so won over by its gentle fascination, as to think it not less captivating than the more ruddy and robust style of English charms. The Creole girls have generally slight figures, and are frequently remarkable for small feet, which may perhaps be accounted for from the little walking exercise they use. Their skin is strikingly white, and the *ensemble* of a beautiful West Indian calls to mind the fabled work of Pygmalion,—a statue of ivory, just endued with life. However our English prepossessions may incline to rosy cheeks, there is no doubt that harmony of feature is, after all, the only true and infallible test of beauty; and that a brilliant complexion often serves to gloss over and pass off very indifferent features. We are told by travellers that the ladies of modern Venice, whose powers of pleasing are proverbial, not only use little or no rouge, but increase by art the native paleness of their skins: not at all relying, like their old painters, upon *colouring*, to produce effect. The purity of expression of a fair Creole is perhaps not so dazzling as the bloom of the English beauty, but it possibly is more interesting; and that languor which the English are apt to condemn, has, to many tastes, something in it exceedingly

* The *Creoles* are the whites of pure European blood born in the American Indies.

attractive. The grace, the soft inspiration, of a Raphael, though unaided by splendid tints, captivates the lover of art, as much as the gorgeous colouring of the Venetian or Flemish schools; and no one will contend that the Medicean Venus would be improved by rosy cheeks. If beauty, too, derives much of its pre-eminence and influence from the train of tender associations we connect with it, and is much heightened by the qualities of the mind it seems to indicate, then must the gentleness and delicacy of West Indian females successfully establish their claims to be enrolled among the beautiful of the earth.

I trust, however, this comparison between the *red* and the *white rose* will be productive of no other contention than a laudable emulation to surpass in every mental accomplishment, which can alone turn the scale in favour of the charmers of either land.]

TO —————

ALONE, amid these glowing Isles,
 You wear the stern North's icy vest;
 And where eternal summer smiles,
 There's winter only in thy breast.
 Safe on disdain's cold frozen heights,—
 The bard's ecstatic reach above,—
 You laugh to scorn his raptured flights,
 And vow you never wish to love.
 If life's a flower, 'tis love alone
 The hues of Eden can impart;
 Life's brilliant in its rugged stone
 Lies lock'd, till waken'd by his art.

'Tis like the shell, that on the shore
 The Herald-God with harp-strings crown'd ;*
 'Twas calmly beautiful before,
 But he bestow'd the bliss of sound :
 It still would, on the desert strand,
 Have listen'd Ocean's dreary roll,
 Had not the bright immortal hand
 Ennobled it with music's soul.

Young Melida's delicious isle, †
 Her sparry grotts, her spicy bowers,
 Could win from her no heart-born smile,
 While Love came not to bless the flowers.
 The sparkling sea—the radiant sky—
 Her painted birds—her budding grove—
 All sicken'd on her cheerless eye,
 'Till hallow'd by the heaven of love.

Love o'er the cheek the spell can shower,
 Which heart and song alike inspires :
 What gives thy glance its fairy power
 But his, the young magician's, fires ?
 He lends that eloquence of face,
 Which more than all its sheen beguiles ;
 The dimple 's but a joyless space,
 Till lit by him with sunny smiles.

* Fable relates, that the first lyre was made by Mercury from a tortoise's shell, which he found on the sea-beach ; or, as some say, on the banks of the Nile.

† See Gessner's *First Navigator*.

The curling vines, that braid the hill,
 May emulate thy waving hair ;
 But, when they fan me, do I thrill
 As if a seraph stirr'd the air ?
 Eve's brilliant star may shed a light
 As beauteous as thy smiling eye,
 The sea-bleach'd coral's spotless white
 May with thy hand's pure lustre vie ;
 But oh ! when shines sweet evening's beam,
 I tremble not beneath her look :
 Nor, when I touch the coral, seem
 As if my inmost spirit shook.

Fair rebel to a haughty king,
 Whose doves can take the eagle's wing,
 O ne'er those scornful maids forget,
 Renown'd in Northern story yet,*
 Who spurn'd their lovers' warm address,
 And met the bleak rock's cold caress :
 Smote by the wrath of Love to stone,
 In icy shroud, they shuddering own

* Behind the pleasant old imperial town of Oberwesel rises the burgh of Schönberg ; and the romantic rocky points of the icy Seven Virgins (who, according to sweet tales, were metamorphosed into stone, because they remained deaf to their wooers), are to be seen, in dry weather, emerging from the bosom of the Rhine. Those stones are said to have reference to the seven beautiful daughters of Louis I. von Arnstein who also possessed Oberwesel, &c.—*Rhenish Stories and Traditions*, by N. Vogt, vol. iii.

'Twas fit that hearts, by sighs unmoved,
 Should wed the flint they dearly loved.
 All lonely, in the caves of Rhine,
 On frozen beds, they shivering pine ;
 And oft as shrinks the sullen stream,
 Above the wave they sadly gleam,—
 That nymphs, who spurn Love's shrines of fire,
 Be warn'd of his avenging ire.

LOVE ELEGY.

I SAW—and oh what heart could long be cold !
 Who against heaven's own arms the breast can steal ?
 I saw—my bosom proved its tender mould,
 “ Chance gave the wound, which Time can never
 heal.”

Ye plaintive gales, that learnt of me to sigh,
 Waft my complainings to her blest retreat ;
 Thrice happy gales ! that on her bosom die,
 Oh ! cast my cup of sorrows at her feet.

Tell her, ye breezes, in your softest strain,
 How, unassuaged, with hopeless love I burn ;
 Teach your lone grotts, and azure halls, my pain ;
Their whispers she may list, though *mine* she spurn.

Ah ! witness thou, pale Regent of the night,
How oft, unheeded, sleepless, and alone,
'Neath thy congenial sadness I delight
To lay my griefs before thy silver throne !

Oh ! treasure, Cynthia, in thy dewy urn
The crystal drops of anguish as they flow ;
Bid thy calm beams in melting silence mourn,
And shine the pensive pleaders of my woe !

Perhaps her scorn, though late, may yet relent,
And true to generous sympathy may prove ;
Her conscious cheek may blush her heart's consent,
And that warm tinge proclaim the morn of love.

THE WEST-INDIAN LOVER'S EVENING.

MINE Island-love, come ! let us roam where the wave
Glides, in murmurs, the sand's silver sandals to lave ;
Where the cocoa-grove spreads its pavilion of shade,
And the breeze gathers life, as the sun's ardours fade.

Th' acacia's gold plumes, in the rich setting ray,
To the breath of the east dance in tremulous play :
As the ringlets of beauty wave gracefully bright,
When her lover's sighs die mid her tresses of light.

The palm's lofty feathers shall fan the pure sky,
 The white sail o'er ocean glance, spirit-like, by ;
 While sun, cloud, and mountain, their glories unfold,
 And the sea wears its mantle of purple and gold.

Mid the cliffs, on his quarry the ospray shall stoop,
 And the billow's dash tell where the pelicans swoop ;*
 And the herdsman shall sing from the cedar-crown'd
 height,
 Till the fire-fly's lamp ushers the chariot of night.

The scene's tranquil beauty—the air's gentle balm—
 Shall breathe o'er each feeling their halcyon calm ;
 And nature take harmony's tenderest flowers
 From her own lovely bosom, and shed them on ours.

I'll tell how the love-dissolved warrior, of old,
 Imparadised, linger'd in gardens of gold ;
 Yet found not such bliss, in those " Isles of the Blest," †
 As I, with my love, in these bowers of the West :

* Pelicans abound on all the coasts of the Antilles. It is interesting to observe these large birds perched motionless in rows on the craggy islets and straggling rocks jutting into the sea, and a fine sight to see them on the wing, when fishing in the bays and harbours. When so employed, they sail round in wide, irregular eddies, darting, at intervals, suddenly down, in a perpendicular line, with amazing velocity ; and one is more forcibly reminded of the surrounding stillness, by hearing distinctly the loud plunges they thus make into the water after their prey.

† For the loves of Rinaldo and Armida, in the Fortunate Islands, see Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, Book xvi.

While Venus, clear shining, inspires every beam,
 Her twilight star pours, with endearment's young dream;
 And, sweetly responsive, thy fond eye, the while,
 Sheds the "heaven on earth" of its languishing smile.

Then home,—when the moon-queen bedrops every spray
 Of the citron, and palm, with her crystalline ray;
 And the night-flowers perfume the soft breath of the
 dew,
 As they sigh with delight to be look'd on by you.

[Bishop Heber, in very delightful verse, has described an Evening in Bengal; but Western yields not to Oriental India in the enchantments of the twilight hour. Here are an equal number of night-flowering plants, and they shed, in like manner, a richer perfume than is known in northern climates. The jessamine of Arabia exhales its fragrance by the side of the great American torch; and, awakened by their odours, the joyous fire-fly "lights his lamp of love." We have not, it is true, the mighty Ganges, with the moon sleeping on its surface; but, in lieu of it, there is the broad bosom of the unruffled ocean, into whose tranquil mirror the unclouded moon looks down, calm and entranced (if I may so express myself); justifying Shakspeare's beautiful comparison, of a lover reading, as it were, the eyes of his mistress, to the moon gazing upon the water.]

THE SWEETS OF CAPTIVITY.

To ———

OH ! heed not, fair creature, those prophets who tell
 That man against woman's soft sway can rebel ;
 Nor let thine own fondness for all that is free
 Prevent thee from rivetting spells around me.

What freedom can equal those ravishing hours
 We're captives in beauty's elysian bowers,
 When a host of enchantments resistance disarms,
 And we're ruled by the might of all-conquering charms !

What wreaths can compare with the bonds that are
 twined,
 By a fair snowy hand, round the tractable mind,
 When a musical tongue our existence beguiles,
 And our pittance each day is a banquet of smiles !

When our fetters are tresses as rich as adorn
 The amber-hair'd goddess of Indian morn,*

* The brilliant and *riant* aspect of Morning in the tropics, has often made me think of the *Aurora* of Guido, one of the finest compositions of that celebrated master, where he has embodied all the graces and splendours with which the fancy of poets has invested the "daughter of the dawn." I mention the circumstance as an evidence of the truth and vigour of the painter's conception, that his picture should be brought to mind by Nature, when she is most resplendent and imposing.

And a tissue of blushes our liberty ties,
Bright-gemm'd by two sweet irresistible eyes.

Let such be my fate, and I'll never repine ;
Captivity, hail !—I'm exultingly thine ;—
I'll dwell unambitious for ever with thee,
Nor sigh for the tasteless delights of the free.

ON A HANDSOME SHELL, GIVEN TO A
LADY.

[I have noticed, on a former occasion, the singular brilliancy of the shells found on the coasts of the Antilles. Such marine *bijoux* have been objects of admiration in all ages and in all countries, civilized and savage. The ancient nymphaeum, the modern cabinet, and the toilet of the South-sea princess, have alike assigned a place to these elegant ornaments ; and among the delicate presents which Ovid represents Pygmalion as bringing his mistress, they are first enumerated :—

“ Grata puellis
Munera fert illi conchas,” &c.]

Go, lovely Shell, to gentler care than mine !
I've robb'd some sea-maid of her treasured joy—
'Twill soothe her grief to know that I consign
To touch as soft as her's the brilliant toy.

Worthy the pomp of Sora's halls to share,*
 Or flash from Odin's throne on warrior's glance !†
 Had bright Bosmina borne a pledge so rare,
 The hero might have stay'd his thirsty lance.‡

When, down the Cydnus, Cleopatra sought
 The breezy freshness of the watery scene,
 In such rich cups, fair cupids might have brought
 Assyrian unguents to the peerless queen.||

Who, beauteous shell, those blushing colours gave?
 What mermaid's rosy fingers o'er you roved?
 Did rainbow pierce thee through the lucid wave?
 Or sea-nymph paint thee for some youth she loved?

Perhaps, when sad Calypso's bitter lot
 A solace sought in painting's placid charm,
 You were the palette of th' enchanted grot,
 And drank those mingled hues, divinely warm.

* "Ten shells, studded with gems, shall shine in Sora's towers.—

† "He reaches the sounding shell to those who shone in war.—

‡ "She came to the host of Erragon,—in her right hand was seen a sparkling shell, the mark of peace!"—*Ossian*.

|| ——"Funde capacibus
 Unguenta de conchis."—*Hor.*

Some western Zemi,* in th' Italian main,
 Roaming the site of vanish'd fairy power,
 Found thee, sole relic of enchantment's reign,
 And brought thee thence, to deck her sparry bower.

Or did some sea-god, who would draw from shells
 The melting tone that o'er his mistress dies,
 Breathe all the soul of feeling through thy cells,
 And tint thee with his passion's burning sighs ?

Still from thy hollow folds low murmurs come,
 That seem to moan o'er scenes for ever fled ;
 You seem to sigh for your pellucid home,
 Your Nereid's coral bower, and pearly bed :

Your undulating couch of liquid blue
 Could lull you sweeter than the down I spread ;
 Nor glow your tints, as when o'er every hue
 The humid kiss of ocean lustre shed.

* The natives of the island of Hispaniola, or Haiti, in addition to *Jocahuna*, the supreme Creator, invoked also and worshipped certain inferior divinities, called *Zemis*. These subordinate deities seem to have borne a close affinity to the naiads, dryads, and sylvans, of the ancients, and to the fays and sylphs of a more modern mythology ; some being supposed to preside over the seas and forests, some over the fountains and rivers. They may be considered, too, as having been the counterparts, in the West, of the *Ginn* (Genii) of Arabian, and the *Peris* of Persian, fable,—a race supposed to be formed of more subtle matter than man.

Torn from your purple haunts and crystal caves,
 All arts, all cares, of mine are nothing worth;—
 I stole thee from a Siren of the waves,
 I'll give thee to a fairer here on earth.

ON A FLOWER OF THE NIGHT-BLOWING
 CEREUS CLOSING WHEN HELD TO
 A LADY'S CHEEK.

[The grandeur and beauty of the vegetable forms in the torrid zone has been recorded by all travellers in intertropical regions; and Thomson, glowing over their narratives, has happily remarked,

“ Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant Spring.”

Among innumerable examples which might be given in evidence of the truth of this panegyric, none is more worthy to be cited than the magnificent night-flowering *Cereus* of the Antilles. One evening, at a maroon (which is a West Indian *fête champêtre*), the author gathered one of its blossoms, and brought it into the arbour where the party were assembled. On a lady, to whom he offered it (a blooming young beauty, fresh from England), holding the flower to her face, it gradually and completely closed. He availed himself of the circumstance for a poetical compliment; and though *vers de société* are seldom calculated for a more extensive publication than to be handed in manuscript round the party which called

them forth, he ventures to give them a place here, in the hope that the novelty of the subject may stand in lieu of more intrinsic merits.]

THE night-flower droop'd its graceful head,
 And sunk upon that bloomy bed ;
 The petals of that milk-white bell
 Now swoon within their leafy cell ;
 And scarce a trace is lingering there
 Of full-blown pride, just now so fair ;
 It seem'd like efflorescent snow,
 Whose pure flakes, ere they fell below,
 Grew bud-like in their gelid shroud,
 Stamp'd by the genius of the cloud.

That silvery flower, so fair, so meek,
 Why wanes it on that gentle cheek ?
 Is it because its tint so bright
 Yields to that hand of virgin white ;—
 Yields to that brow, whose spotless hue
 Can souls, alike, and flowers, subdue ?
 No !—'tis because this nymph of night
 Instinctive shuns approaching light :
 The lustre of Amelia's blush
 Seem'd youthful Morning's rosy flush ;
 And her bright smile's celestial play
 Shone like the dawn's first orient ray.
 The conscious bloom confest the power
 Of Beauty, in that erring hour ;
 And own'd, beguiled by witching grace,
 Aurora's in Amelia's face.

THE CEDAR SHADE.*

A DREAM.

“Nec spes animi credula mutui.”—*Horace*.

As late my listless length I laid
 Beneath a verdant Cedar's shade,
 Its blossoms fell around in showers,
 To mitigate the ardent hours.
 I mark'd their blended white and pink,
 All softness, in each other sink,
 As when young Beauty's veins of blue
 Half hide in snow their bashful hue;
 Or, through a silvery flow of lace,
 Her eyes betray a violet grace.—
 Lull'd by the scene, and many a thought
 The touching hour of languor brought,
 In sleep's sweet dream I seem'd to rove
 Through the celestial courts of Love.

I met him, as with graceful care
 He trimm'd, for sport, his gay parterre ;

* White Cedar is the vernacular name of the *bignonia leucoxydon*, a tree which often covers the West Indian groves with a rich carpet of delicate trumpet-shaped flowers, that regale the Rambler with a most grateful odour.

“Here oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool.”

He now would wed, with rosy hands,
 Blossom to bloom, in smiling bands,
 Now drain their cups, to slake his heat,
 Or bathe his darts with dewy sweet ;
 Then give the garden's breathing pearls
 To glitter on his auburn curls.

As on me fell his startled look
 His sunny locks he backward shook,
 His jet brows o'er his azure eyes
 Were raised in eloquent surprise,
 And oft as he essay'd to speak,
 The laugh flew dimpling o'er his cheek.

Undaunted by the present god,
 I knelt upon the hallow'd sod,
 And flush'd with all the wild romance
 Which tinsels slumber's airy trance,
 As soaring fancy lent the word,
 Presumptuous thus my prayer preferr'd :—

“ Master of soul-dissolving arts !
 Young sovereign of devoted hearts !
 Grant me the maid, whose lips of rose
 Fair Margarita's pearls disclose ;
 With eyes whose melting lustre seems
 Attemper'd from the solar beams :
 Oh let her form, and buoyant feet,
 Be like those shapes of air, that fleet
 O'er slumbering bards :—and be her smiles
 As radiant as these laughing isles,

When, like young Hebe, all their charms
 They bring to bless the sun's warm arms.
 Her bosom like the spotless vest
 White winter weaves for Snowdon's crest,
 But ardent as the noons that cheer
 The fervid South's unchanging year :
 With cheeks like Indian sunset glowing,
 And locks in myrrhine mazes flowing,*
 And voice as sweet as Eurus† sighs,
 When kissing his Plumeria's eyes.—‡

* "*Myrrheum* nodo cohibere crinem."—*Hor.* lib. iii. ode xiv. Which may either mean scented with myrrh, or of a myrrh colour; as the *color myrrheus* of the Romans answered to our auburn. "Colorem myrrheum in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt, qui medius est inter flavum et nigrum."

† The east wind,—the prevailing breeze in the Antilles, where there are seldom any zephyrs, properly so called.

‡ Of the plumeria (*frangipanier* of the French islands) there are two varieties in the Antilles,—one bearing red, and the other white blossoms. The former is called also the red jessamine-tree; and the latter, when in bloom, and studded all over with its star-shaped flowers, calls to mind Milton's bold metaphor, "spangled with eyes," and his description of the peacock's train, adorned with "starry eyes."

So likewise an eastern poet calls daisies "eyes of silver, with pupils like molten gold."

It has been ingeniously conjectured by some mythologists, that the imaginative Greeks, in feigning Argus, of the hundred eyes, to have been slain by Hermes, allegorized the flowers of the meadows destroyed by the sickle of the god of husbandry.

But *more than all*, blest power, decree
 She ne'er may sigh to rove from me :
 This charm impart—the last, the best—
 Or grant no idol to my breast !”

When thus the god, with voice divine,
 As murmuring from his Paphian shrine,
 Yet awful, as with pride elate,
 He pour'd the oracle of fate.

“ Mortal ! you ask the charms of heaven !—
 Such radiance scarce to gods is given :—
 But easier may I grant the maid
 Thy lavish fancy has array'd
 In godlike attributes of grace,
 Of sylphid form, and angel face,
 Than grant a heart that ne'er shall range,
 The fickle votary of change.
 For Nature wills that passion's fire
 Be fann'd by ever-new desire ;
 And Time beholds all human hearts
 Enamour'd of inconstant arts,—
 As tulips charm the florist's eyes
 By every fresh caprice of dies,
 Or fitful changes of the wire
 Wake transport in the raptur'd lyre.

“ Then, mortal, dash thy cherish'd dream !—
 The god, who wings love's mystic beam
 Through earthly hearts, and heavenly souls,
 Thus Nature's awful answer rolls.”

ON A STUFFED HUMMING-BIRD.

How could unfeeling man, with ruthless art,
Harm thee, my bright one, in thy joyous hour !
Snatch'd from the idols of thy little heart,
Thy mate the sunbeam, and thy couch the flower.

Thus exquisite in death, those burnish'd dyes
Proclaim how gorgeous once you skimm'd the air,
Like some rich bloom, new-fallen from the skies,
Or wandering ring of Hyperion's* hair.

No more shall revel your luxurious bill
In cups with which your broider'd pinion vies ;
No more for you the luscious rose shall fill
Her chalice at the fountain of the skies !

No more a gleaming radiance will you cast
From orange-bud, or jasmine's cluster'd stem ;
No more, when flush'd with the divine repast,
You'll glance through ether like a winged gem !

* It is time this name of the Sun should be restored to its proper accentuation. That Shakspeare should have been ignorant of the quantity of this Græco-Latin word, is not extraordinary. That Gray should have adopted the error, and given it the sanction of his authority, is more surprising.

The King of Fairies, when he went to war,
Might plume his helmet from thy pictured vest;
Nursed by a goddess in some blissful star,
Why did you roam a truant from her breast?

Each night, they say, her pearly weepings fell,
And, doting o'er thee in thy bloomy grove,
She fill'd with star-dew every velvet bell,
To feast, at morn, the fondling of her love.

Perhaps, when, sighing frankincense, you dipp'd
For nectar'd draughts in many a leafy bowl,
You took the hue of every flower you sipp'd,
And drew their colours as you drank their soul.

Or did thy pinions catch those magic rays
Of gold and azure from the clouds of eve?
Did molten jewels shed the living blaze?
Or cherub hands the spangled tissue weave?

Was it the proud glance of the Prince of Day
Kindled thy pigmy pageantry of frame?
Still mid the flush his glories seem to play,
His eyes of sapphire, and their beams of flame.

Your honied lives bespeak your heavenly birth,—
Your food the balm that filters from above;
Perhaps, when Seraphs woo'd the maids of Earth,
You came the messengers of Angels' love.

Kind Heaven, indulgent to surpassing grace,
 Denied your bosoms music's witching power,
 Lest envious tribes might mar your peerless race,
 And fill with mourning every lemon bower.

And though stern man has quench'd thy fragrant breath,
 He half redeems the wantonness of crime ;
 He wrests thy splendours from the worm of death,
 To triumph o'er the menaces of Time.

Here, then, defy the reptile and the storm :—
 Oh that I had old Egypt's spicy lore !
 I might have lavished on thy tiny form
 Sublimar art, but could not prize thee more.

TO A LADY WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR
 WHY HE HAD CEASED TO WRITE.

AND ask you where's my minstrel pride,
 That erst could prompt the theme ?
 Why song's light skiff, I whilom plied,
 Now slumbers on the stream ?

If Sol his magic brush denies,
 No glory is the shower's ;
 And Summer's breath no odour sighs,
 Till mingling with the flowers.

'Tis Woman's dawning smile can wake
The Poet from his sleep ;
Who'd climb, unless for her dear sake,
Apollo's dizzy steep ?

Or, where Song's sacred fountains rise,
Inspiring draughts renew,
Unless he hoped fair lips and eyes
Would bless the ravish'd dew ?

As Beauty loves that mirror most
She borrows from the Bard,
Her smile is his divinest boast,
His richest, best reward.

If, haply, when my lay should bloom,
Thy sigh of praise it stole,
Oh, how my Muse her wings would plume,
To gain the glittering goal !

The Minstrel's voice grows faint, and low,
If love no fruits decree ;—
Fair charmer, how my fame would grow,
If nursed awhile by thee !

ON RECONCILIATION.

“ — prisca redit Venus.”—*Horace.*

THANKS to the powers of interceding Song !
 Love once again has given thy breast to feel ;
 I knew he would not from his temple long
 Exile two hearts so prodigal of zeal.

No !—when you told me all my hopes were crost,
 That smile, thy dawning fondness scarce restrain'd,
 Soft-whisper'd, that though “ *Paradise* ” was “ *Lost,* ”
 The blissful seat might also be “ *Regained.* ’

THE ORIGIN OF ROUGE.

A MYTHOLOGICAL LEGEND.

“ *Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes.* ”—*POPE.*

'Twas morn in Heaven ;—o'er amaranthine bowers
 Broke Light's and Music's magic-mingled powers ;—
 'Twas then love's Empress, faint from lost repose,
 With lily paleness from her pillow rose ;—
 Her silken pillow, where the rosy Hours
 Have shed all Araby in musky showers,
 Where Zephyrs, fanning with their purple plumes,
 Exhale their blissful lives in rich perfumes,

And Graces throng with dewy flowers and pearls,
To wreath the gold luxuriance of her curls :
She rose, and with a kiss—itsself a heaven,
Which saints might long to share—and be forgiven,—
She roused the love-god, lull'd in dreamy joy,
And thus bespoke the soul-subduing boy ;
Blest at the sound, her choir of loves rejoice,
And hush their harps, to drink a sweeter voice.

“ My beauteous child, my ever-lovely boy,
Heaven's darling idol, and thy mother's joy,
Jove's heralds through Heaven's palaces proclaim
A feast to-night, in his immortal name ;
And wonder would grow warm, were I alone,
When Mirth on tiptoe looses Pleasure's zone,
Pensive, and reckless of the festive hour,
To court lone Sadness in her secret bower.
But, see, what lilies blanch thy mother's cheeks !
That mournful glance the sad conviction speaks ;—
Yes, scorn would glory in the bitter day,
Should Cypria's roses seem to woo decay ;
Envy would triumph with malignant joy,
And Juno blame the partial Phrygian boy.”

Thus Beauty's Queen bewail'd her clouded ray,
And thus the charmer chased her cares away.

“ Oh, mother ! sad would prove the festival,
Should lovely Venus shun the social hall ;
With nerveless finger Joy would strike the lyre,
And Mirth on every saddening note expire ;

Pleasure would languish in her mazy round,
And pinion'd Laughter flutter on the ground.
But, dearest mother, on my art rely,
Myself the bright enchantment will supply,
Will deck thy wondering cheeks with buds fresh-blown,
With roses proud to emulate thine own,
Till Nature proves again her bloomy reign,
And plays in blushes on her ivory plain."

This said, the godling spread the ready wing,
And eager flew the promised joy to bring ;
First to Aurora's orient gates he sped,
And stole a ray from her celestial head ;
Then, with swift flight he sought the South-sea shore,*
And bade the murex yield its costly store.
A beam he snatch'd of that electric flame
Which thrills through Passion's rapture-kindled frame,
And, to the cheeks by mute expression lent,
Darts the warm wish, or speaks the fond consent.
From every rose a radiant dye he drew,
And robb'd each gay pomegranate of a hue.
Deep in a grove the sprite of soft alarms
Found Modesty, reveal'd in robeless charms ;
Th' unconscious maiden stood prepared to lave
Her glowing beauties in th' adjacent wave ;
But soon as Love's young archer she perceived,
Her throbbing breast with wild confusion heaved ;

* A shell-fish is found on the coast of the Pacific Ocean which yields a dye equal in lustre to the Tyrian purple.

Abash'd, she started with instinctive grace,
 And her whole soul came mantling to her face ;
 Whilst he, o'erjoy'd, with hasty rapture took
 A tint of that inestimable look.
 Resplendent Iris bade him brush a bloom
 Ethereal from her many-colour'd plume ;
 He rifled every ruby of the Sun,*
 And from each evening cloud a glory won.

Proud and triumphant in his spoils so bright,
 Homeward he glanced elate his glistening flight,
 With trophied pinions to his mother prest,
 And laid the blushing plunder in her breast ;
 Th' exulting goddess kiss'd her faithful boy,
 And hovering cupids clapp'd their wings for joy.

In her soft lap the purple chaos lies,
 And waits the quickening lustre of her eyes ;
 Th' obedient atoms blend at her command,
 And glow superior from her angel hand ;
 A thousand sweets ineffable she used,
 A thousand star-born blandishments infused ;

* *Ruby of the Sun*,—the scarlet Hibiscus ; called also *Sûryamani*, or *Gem of the Sun*. This splendid flower, originally a native of the East Indies, abounds in the Antilles, where it maintains an equal title to the proud distinction of being the jewel of the solar god. From having been first naturalized in the islands belonging to the French, it is sometimes called the Martinico Rose.

Then with a brush, too fine for mortal sight,
 A plume from some pure denizen of light,
 (Or such as, cull'd from wings of diamond sheen,
 Begemm'd the ears of Montezuma's Queen),*
 The fairest daughter of th' ethereal space
 Shed the celestial tincture o'er her face ;
 Pleased she beheld her wonted roses smile ;
 The laughing mirror own'd the sportive guile ;
 Love saw his Queen, as erst, enchant the throng ;
 The heavenly host the raptur'd gaze prolong ;
 Each god, enamour'd, sigh'd his swelling heart,
 And rivall'd Nature own'd the might of Art.

A TROPICAL EVENING.

To ———

OH ! dost thou remember that eloquent look,
 Whose truth from my bosom doubt's agony took,
 That soft look you gave me, the first time you knew,
 That the sighs of my lyre were all utter'd for you ?

'Twas evening,—and who on an hour so serene
 Could muse, unsubdued by the love-waking scene ?
 We gazed, and we gazed, till with pity we felt
 For passionless bosoms, that know not to melt.

* In the reign of Montezuma, the Mexican ladies wore the feathers of humming-birds as ornaments for the ear.

The soft-cooing turtle-dove's tremulous tone*
 Around our fond spirits then pour'd all her own ;
 While the sun sought the west in her bridal-like bowers,
 And, hast'ning to rapture, seem'd smiling on ours.

What tints woo'd our stay ! as the modest clouds blush'd
 To view him departing with joyousness flush'd ;
 Like us, to the world's cares he bade brief adieu,
 And wrote it in gold on heaven's tablet of blue.

From pearly wings Love lavish'd dew on the bower,
 Where pulses so fervently worshipp'd his power ;
 Bright Hesper rejoiced at the incense we sigh'd,
 And twilight's faint harps to our whispers replied.

How you blush'd—when from passion-flowers, † arching
 the way,
 A blossom I pluck'd from its delicate spray,

* The woods of the Antilles abound with these birds, so celebrated in amatory and pastoral poetry; and one of the islands would seem to have taken its name from the circumstance, *Tortola* being the Spanish word for turtle-dove.

† The various species of passion-flower (*passiflora*) grow wild in the Antilles, and are admired for the beauty and fragrance of their blossoms. They are luxuriant climbers, and wherever they find support, spread over-head their broad shady arbours. One species—called the water-lemon vine, or honey-suckle—is much cultivated in gardens, and trained to run over galleries of trellis-work surrounding dwelling-houses. Its fruit, the water-lemon, is one of the most grateful and refreshing among the numerous products of these “orchards of the sun.”

When I liken'd thy breath to the flower's—both divine—
 And sigh'd forth soft sentence in favour of thine !
 And how did I thrill,—when you sportively spread
 Wreaths, rich from thy magical touch, round my head !
 Oh keep your cold laurels !—Apollo, and Fame ;—
 And grant me for ever Love's chaplets of flame !

ON HAVING DETAINED AN ALBUM.

To _____

FORGIVE me, if I've loved each song
 Which sweetly, truly, speaks thy praise ;
 Forgive me, if I've kept too long
 From thee such fond devoted lays :

When distant from thy light of look,
 Think how I joy'd, my absent maid,
 To glance into that blooming book,
 And see thee bright in song portray'd !—

Each gallant minstrel's courtly lay
 Some charm in vivid numbers weaves,
 Till all thyself, in fair array,
 Seems smiling from the pictured leaves.

CANZONET.

THE LIP THAT IS PAINTED BY HEALTH.

How rich is the crimson pomegranate's attire,
 The ruby how brilliant in wealth !
 But where is the magic,—half-honey, half-fire,—
 Of the lip that is painted by health ?

The coral may vaunt of its ocean-nursed charm,
 Or Iris her exquisite stealth ;
 But they yield with a blush the invincible palm
 To the lip that is painted by health.

The artist may kindle his pencil of beams,
 Or Summer her bright vermeil wealth ;
 But Earth has no bliss, like a sigh or a kiss,
 From the lip that is painted by health.

THE YOUNG WIDOWER ON THE DEATH
 OF HIS WIFE IN CHILD-BED.

AN ELEGY.

“ O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
 My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell !”

Beattie.

CAN I forget that sad, that piercing knell,
 (E'en now it shakes my bosom's last recess),
 Which call'd to its own heaven the lovely spell
 That gave the sweets of life their power to bless ?

Say, envied tomb, whose marble arms contain,—
Whose icy grasp all youth, all beauty holds,—
Where is that siren charm, that fairy chain,
Which bound the willing heart in witching folds?

Where are those eyes, that did my soul beguile,
So gayly brilliant, so benignly mild?
Where those bright ringlets,—where that heavenly smile,
Sportively sweet, and innocently wild?

No rosy cherub left, where love might seek
Her soften'd semblance in his dimpling grace,—
With lisping accents words of balm to speak,
And smile with all his mother in his face!

Oh! that thy latest sigh, with love still warm,
Check'd in its flight by the command Divine,
And gifted with the miracle of form,
Had rested, gem-like, on those lips of thine!

Delightful jewel! how should I despise,
In thee all-blest, Ambition's dazzling rays!
Thy sweeter influence should possess mine eyes,
And rob the glittering bauble of its blaze.

Thou, purest relic, treasured next my heart,
Each wish, each wayward passion, should'st controul;
Touch the soft chords of memory, and impart
A bliss more dear than glory to my soul.

Oh, my sad heart ! when will your aching strings,—
 Wrung past expansion by the hand of grief,—
Burst, and dissolving life at all its springs,
 Lay me in Death's calm mansions of relief ?

Beauteous and true, as she who sleeps beneath
 The shaddock-grove of far Maurice's Isle ;*
O'er thee tall lemons shall as sweetly breathe,
 And marshall'd palms extend their solemn file.

Mine be the task, dear shade, 'neath evening's gloom,
 With flowrets fair as thou to deck thy bier ;
Tell all my anguish to thy silent tomb,
 Heave the deep sob, and shed the burning tear.

There, bending, all my bleeding soul I'll own,
 There supplicate the awful Throne above
'To numb this form to monumental stone,
 Th' enduring record of my deathless love.

* Virginia.—The Isle of France is called also the Mauri-
tius, in honour of Prince Maurice, the Stadtholder ;—the
Dutch having been the first settlers there.

THE COMET.*

“ Non illum navita tutò
Non impunè vident populi.”

FERCE Seraph, with the far red-streaming crest !
(For than Archangel delegate not less
Thou seemest)—transient, mysterious guest !
From what far depths, and regions none may guess,
Swifter than thousand lightnings, dost thou press
Thy wondrous flight athwart the starry sphere ?
Thou, to whom Iris, Jove’s ambassadress,
Was as the creeping tortoise to the deer,—
Whither dost tend ? Where curb, at length, thy dread
career ?

Dost thou th’ immortal Sire’s behests fulfil,
And wheel triumphant through each heavenly sign,
Plenipotent to do His sovereign will ?
Dost thou, bright herald of the word divine,
His mandates sound through all the starry line,
And every constellation’s round complete,
To tell their Maker how his systems shine ?
Then,—wrought thy embassy,—return to greet
The Throne itself of Life, th’ Eternal’s awful feet ?

* I saw Halley’s comet to great advantage in the torrid zone, in October and November, 1835.

And Europe's seers have view'd thee ;—but, oh ! not
 In such a heaven as this !—*They* did not stand
 Upon the great Equator's ridge ;—*their* lot
 Gave not a mountain of this glorious land
 To be their bright observing-tower ;—*they* scann'd
 Thy train through cloud, and mist ; nor saw it shine
 Through tropic skies, magnificently grand,
 As, rushing on thy ministry divine,
 Thy fiery pageant crosses Earth's dividing line.

Our fathers have declared to us the woe
 You've brought in olden time ; the sufferings
 You've shed upon the nations ; how thy bow
 With blasting wrath its venom'd arrows flings,
 Denouncing plague to man, and war to kings.
 If, glorious messenger, Death ride before
 Thy path, and Pestilence sit 'neath thy wings,
 Hear a bow'd World thy chastening hand implore,
 And gently on this Earth thy wrathful vials pour !

One of thy flaming host, so scrolls record,
 The minister of an offended God,
 (What time just Noah walked with the Lord),
 Deep-buried this terrestrial abode
 In one wide waste of universal flood.*
 And prophets old, whom heavenly dreams inspire,
 Say one yet fiercer comes, who into blood
 Shall turn the sun ; and with consuming ire
 Enwrap this blazing Earth in one devouring fire.

* Whiston's Theory of the Deluge.

Yet not the less, supernal visitant,
 Pause I, thy train-bright splendour to admire ;
 And view thee, with mix'd awe and pleasure, slant
 Adown the heavens on thy wings of fire.
 If this sublunar ball must needs expire,
 (Man's transitory heritage beneath),
 What grander instrument could light the pyre ?
 How could Earth more superbly yield her breath ?
 How cancel Nature's debt by a sublimer death ?

THE TEAR AND THE SMILE.

THE TEAR.

BRIGHT SMILE ! how lovely o'er the female face
 You play in dimples of health's rosy flush,
 And light her lip with your illuming grace,
 Like gleams of diamonds round the ruby's blush !

THE SMILE.

Soft Tear ! no charm like thee young Beauty knows ;
 By pensive eyes to cheeks of lustre given,
 You seem like pearl-drops sprinkled on the rose
 By dewy Evening, from the blue of Heaven.

THE TEAR.

Glad Smile ! to thee a thousand altars blaze,
 A thousand votaries fervid homage give ;
 Song, dance and masque, all bless thy fostering rays,-
 They cease to win thee, and they cease to live.

THE SMILE.

True !—the light heart may flutter in the smile,
 But noble souls to joys sublimer rise ;
 No rosy glance their rapture can beguile,
 Like the dear dew of melancholy eyes.
 Say, can the Lark's blithe trill the thought elate
 Like plaintive Philomel's impassion'd note ?
 Or can the Dove's gay graces charm her mate
 Like the sobs murmuring from her melting throat ?

THE TEAR.

Sweet Smile ! thy spells can mould the yielding breast,
 Thy summer-look dissolves the bosom's snow ;
 Thoughts, wills, and wishes, by thy beam carest,
 Like joyful flowers, in genial sunshine glow.

THE SMILE.

Man's ice of heart before the Smile may fade,
 But Tears alone its Alpine flint defy ;
 As suns may glad the beauties of the glade,
 While showers alone call forth their fragrant sigh.

When Wit's bright legions storm the sense in vain,
 And kindling tongues their torrent idly roll,
 Thy tender talisman the pass can gain,
 Thou heavenliest fairy of the realm of soul !

THE TEAR.

Enchanting Smile ! when love's voluptuous queen
 On lofty Ida claim'd the golden meed ;
 Though Heaven and Nature gave the peerless mien,
 Thy witching wiles taught Beauty how to plead.

THE SMILE.

Blest Tear ! when Adam cursed the Tempter's art,
 And Eve's bland words but madden'd his despair,
 Her soul's sad drops to his relenting heart
 Could trickle, though perdition's blast was there.*
 Alike, the sacred harp, the Pagan lay,
 With rapt devotion hymn thy sainted shrine :
 Each muse, each passion, fond oblations pay ;
 Triumphant Tear ! the vanquish'd world is thine !

* " He added not, and from her turn'd ; but Eve
 Not so repuls'd, with tears, that ceas'd not flowing.
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :

* * * * *

" She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration ; soon his heart relented
 Tow'rds her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid ;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon."

Paradise Lost. Book 10.

MADRIGAL.

WE'LL seek, at noon, the palmy shade,
Nor envy England's beechen glade :
For, purple as heaven's vault above,
The violet sea invites to love ;
And soft airs, answering, as they fly,
With blandishments the jasmine's sigh.

What though no northern zephyr brings
Delight upon his whispering wings?
Young Eurus leads a joyful train
Of ocean-breezes o'er the main,
And sheds, benignant, as he roves,
Luxurious freshness through the groves.—
In vain the sun his furnace heats,
When lemon-walks give cool retreats :
And vain the sword of fire he wields,
Where cedars raise their emerald shields.

What though no myrtle arbour smiles
To lure Love from his Grecian Isles ?
The orange-orchard he shall own
Delicious as his myrtle throne ;
And every once-loved haunt he flies,
To view, in thine, his Psyche's eyes.

What land, my Fair, so richly teems,
As thine, with spirit-stirring themes,

To prompt the sympathetic tear,
Or charm, with wild romance, the ear?
I'll tell thee how the Spaniard hurl'd
War's ravage o'er this virgin world:
And how the Indian mother hung
With transport on th' invader's tongue,
Yet vainly for her babes implored
Compassion from his thirsty sword;
And how the murd'rous torrent swept,
And how the sheathless blade ne'er slept,
And Massacre her altars fed
With hecatombs of human dead.

Then, when I mark thy cheek grow pale.
In horror of the fearful tale,
I'll call to life the fainting rose,
As thy heart's genial current glows,
To see the Island princess deck
With feathery chains the stranger's neck,
And deem the godlike guests are given
By bounteous miracle of heaven.
And plight th' untutor'd vow of love,
Deep in the aromatic grove.

Nor shall the western Bulbul* fail
To pour his music on the gale:

* Lest my own unsupported testimony should be thought insufficient to establish the existence, in the Antilles, of a counterpart to the celebrated songster of the old world, I sub-

And, whilst, with me, the shades rejoice
 To hear, by turns, *thy* whisper'd voice,
 Shall vainly task his honied throat
 To emulate that sweeter note.

Then seek, with me, our Indian grove!—
 We'll envy not the North's cold love;
 Nor reck of Europe's beechen glades,
 Reclining in these palmy shades.*

join the corroborating evidence of two writers on the West Indies:—

“ In the morning we were delighted by the song of the tropical nightingale, and rose quite refreshed, and in good spirits.”—*Miss Porter's "Seaward's Narrative."* Vol. I. p. 180.

“ Many persons have remarked the extraordinary tones of this bird, but I could not learn any name for it. It is the love-lorn nightingale of a silent tropic noon.”—*Coleridge's "Six Months in the West Indies."*

* A grove of palm-trees,—the princes of the vegetable creation (as Linnæus has designated the order),—is indeed a striking and beautiful object. Nor can any thing be better calculated to admit the air, and exclude the meridian sun; each tree forming—with its tall, slender, branchless stem, and spreading top—a natural parasol. There is generally, also, an underwood of flowering shrubs, which agreeably regale the senses with their hues and fragrance, and attract numerous gorgeous butterflies, which seem to have imbibed all the bright tints of their parent sun, and float gaily “amid the liquid noon.”

. If, too, as is generally the case in the Antilles, you com-

EPISTLE.

TO LADY —————

On a distinguished Officer quitting his government in the
Leeward Islands, to assume that of Demerara and
Essequibo, in South America.

[These extensive and fertile provinces were suffering, at the
time, from the recent scourge of insurrection and servile war,
and required a judicious and vigorous administration to restore
them to order and prosperity.]

LADY, ere yet thy steps of grace retire
From realms of Hesper, and his best-loved Isle,
Ere yet regenerated lands admire
Those flowers of soul, which make all seasons smile,

Take from the votive harp, yourself attuned,
The last sad offering of its bitter mood ;
Though melted senates weep their Island's wound,
Spurn not the grief that droops in solitude.

Though round both heart and harp, life's growing care
Has, dead'ning, numb'd the once elastic string,
From them th' oppressor I'll a moment tear,
While they revisit Feeling's sainted spring.

mand from the sun-proof retreat a view of distant mountains,
presenting a picturesque breadth of light and shadow, in their
deep ravines and extensive sunny slopes,—as captivating an
assemblage of rural scenery is combined, as can be found in
any part of the world.

Ill this adieu with lauding Lore's will vie ;
In youth's first morn I conn'd not Wisdom's laws ;
One sparkle from the mine of Beauty's eye
Was dearer far than Learning's grave applause :

Yet not in sagest Friendship's tutor'd mind
Gush founts more pure, than now o'erflow in song ;
The brake's wild tendril round the bower may wind
More close than all the forest's stately throng.

While wealth and power the vase, or statue, mould,—
Proud amulets to ward oblivion's arm,—
Or bid the breathing canvass to unfold
The lineaments embalm'd by painting's charm,

Shall Bards presume — ? But oh ! can thought portray
What minstrels feel, when chords in tears they dip ?
Too blest, if, haply, their devoted lay
Shall live one moment on a lady's lip.

And to a soul, where Pity's vestal lights
For ever glow, as in a chosen shrine,
The bursting breast ne'er pays unwelcome rites ;—
Such my rent heart,—and such that soul of thine !

Me, nor these glorious skies, nor golden bowers,
Nor woods that in primordial splendour grow,
Nor voice of Eurus bland, nor breath of flowers,
Can rouse from my subduing dream of woe.

These hands shall wake the warbling wire no more ;
 On yon tall cocoas shall my harp be hung,
 There, with the moaning night-winds, to deplore
 The death of smiles from which its music sprung.

Yet go ! where suffering regions call for aid ;—
 Nor will they long wade darkling through the gloom,
 When thy fair lustre lights the Mora* shade,
 Where he, the polish'd warrior, spreads his plume.

The ardent skies, that watch his brilliant race,
 Lend his farewell their own soft twilight hues ;
 He parts in chasten'd sorrow's manly grace,
 And public love sheds grief's attendant dews.

And when on distant shores he treads at length,
 Be thine the pride, to witness realms forlorn
 Start, from dark slumbers, to the light of strength,
 And wakening kingdoms hail th' auspicious morn.

But say, when foremost in the paths of Fame,
 Wilt thou ne'er think upon thine Isle afar ?
 And when stern Cynics vow that Truth's a name,
 Tell that thou know'st where changeless bosoms are ?

* " Heedless, and bankrupt in all curiosity, must he be, who can journey on without stopping to take a view of the towering Mora, the favourite resort of the toucan. Many a time has this singular bird felt the shot faintly strike him, from the gun of the fowler beneath, and owed his life to the distance betwixt them."—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

And oh ! when gazing o'er each lordly tide,
Where, fraught with tributes of the teeming year,
Proud painted chiefs, and feather'd princes glide,*—
Steal from the pomp one thought, and wing it here !

* The Indians of British Guiana receive presents from the Government annually, to the amount of from 10,000 to 15,000 guilders, in various articles of merchandize, consisting of gun-powder, shot, fowling-pieces, beads, &c. : in return for which they bring constantly for sale whatever commodities their rich country produces. They are, besides, very useful in taking up any runaway negroes that may secrete themselves in the woods, and in assisting to suppress any insurrection of the Blacks.

The aborigines, indeed, remain much in the same state in which they were more than a century ago ; at which period they are thus described by an accurate observer :—“ We live with the natives of the place in perfect amity, without daring to command them, but on the contrary, caress them with all the brotherly and friendly affection in the world ; trading with them for their fish, venison, buffaloes' skins, and little rarities. Then we trade for feathers, which they order into all shapes,—make themselves little short habits of them, and glorious wreaths for their heads, necks, arms, and legs, whose tints are inconceivable. I had a set of these presented to me, and I gave them to the King's Theatre, and it was the dress of the Indian Queen, infinitely admired by persons of quality. Our beads they weave into aprons about a quarter of an ell long, and of the same breadth, working them very prettily in flowers of several colours of beads,—which apron they wear just before them, as Adam and Eve did the fig-leaves. They thread these beads also on long cotton threads, and make girdles to tie

When showering honours at thy feet are flung,
 When gratitude crests the trophied bust,
 Think where you'll live on fond tradition's tongue,
 When graven triumphs shall be laid in dust.

Lady, farewell!—Ye blindly-cherish'd dreams
 Of blissful days prolong'd, for ever melt!
 Scarce, for the fulness of your favouring beams,
 I'd prove again the pang your flight has dealt.

Adieu!—The tall ship spreads the rustling wing,—
 Heaven calls thee hence, a prostrate land to bless;
 May Heaven, too, heal the griefs her mandates bring!
 Tongues cannot speak them, till we feel them less.

Farewell!—My words scarce sob through choking sighs;
 Bliss ever round thee and thy hero shine!
 May thy pure graces long delight *his* eyes,
 His martial star long shine, to gladden *thine*!

their aprons to, which come twenty times or more about the waist, and then cross like a shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their necks, arms, and legs. This adornment, with their long black hair, and face painted in little specks or flowers here and there, makes them a wonderful figure to behold. Their great war-captains have generally their knives naked stuck in their girdles of cotton, a bow at their backs, and a quiver of arrows on their thighs; and feathers on their heads of divers colours.”

THE YOUNG VENETIAN

TO THE BUST OF HELEN.*

“The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d’Albrizzi, whom I know) is without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.”

Lord Byron.

“Miratur, et haurit

Pectore simulati corporis ignes.”—*Ovid.*

HEAVENLY work of mortal fingers,
 Marble queen of breathing charms,
 Where the kindled eyesight lingers,
 Till into life thy brow it warms.

Sister of gods,—here Art has lavish’d
 Those spells, which, on the wall of Troy,
 Old Priam’s reverend synod ravish’d,
 And turn’d their aged wrath to joy.†

* To rescue me from the imputation, of extravagance of fancy, in conceiving that passion could be felt for an inanimate bust, we have an ancient and a modern instance (both credible enough for poetry) of human beings falling in love with statues. The story of Pygmalion, so beautifully told by Ovid, is too well known to require repetition; and the anecdote of the French girl, who became enamoured of the Apollo Belvidere, is ingeniously introduced by Milman in his Prize Poem on that *chef-d’œuvre*.

† “These, when the Spartan Queen approach’d the tower,
 In secret own’d resistless beauty’s power:

Type of thine own native bowers,
 Where Summer loves to rest her wing,
 Where every breeze is born of flowers,
 And every turf is blossoming ;

Hearts worship thee with fervent duty ;
 Emblem of each Grecian grove ;
 Where all that greets the eye is beauty,
 All that rules the heart is love.

Theme of these unworthy numbers,
 Lovely torturer of my breast,
 Breaker of my midnight slumbers,
 Scarer of my noonday rest !

All this thou art—alas ! unknowing ;
 Would that Heaven's vital ray were thine !
 Would in that breast life's pulse were glowing !
 It then perhaps might throb to mine.

They cried, No wonder such celestial charms
 For nine long years have set the world in arms ;
 What winning graces ! what majestic mien !
 She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen !

* * * *

The good old Priam welcom'd her ; and cried, ☉
 Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side," &c.

—*Pope's Homer.*

I give a translation in preference to the original, as all my readers may not be Greek scholars.

Too soon fast-fading age rewardeth
The painter's brush,—though beauty-tipt ;
Stern Time his pencil nought regardeth,
Though in ethereal colours dipt :

But Sculpture mocks the devastation
That despoils her sister-art ;
And charm-defacing Desolation
Mourns his unprevailing dart.

Oh for the fancy, that could fashion
Forms thus rare from stubborn stone !
So like sweet Nature's true expression,
She might believe the race her own.

See her warm lips, with youth all glowing,
Breathe rapture, in love's blandest note ;
See o'er her brow her tresses flowing ;
Heavens ! those tendrils seem to float !

See her wishing bosom courting
More than female tongue may own ;
See in her veins her young blood sporting !—
Vain dreamer, hush !—Thou look'st on stone.

Sad truth !—So witch'd my erring senses,—
So buried in voluptuous dream,—
Though reason oft a ray dispenses,
I shun, while I revere, the beam,

How'er, since thou my flame canst never.
 By rapture quench,—by frowns remove ;—
 Adieu ! fair form, adieu for ever !
 For to see thee—is to love.

INTRODUCTORY LINES,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S "COMMON-PLACE BOOK," OR
 "BOOK FOR THOUGHTS."

As morn's faint gleam must still precede
 The radiance of the perfect day,
 And noon would ne'er his pageant lead,
 Till usher'd by that feeble ray,

Thus I, pure pages, venturous dare
 To sully first your virgin tint,
 That soon your trackless snow may wear
 Of trace less rude the polish'd print.

Young Beauty would a garland twine
 From flowers, of Thought's prolific sun ;
 But who, when Beauty asks the line,
 Can cherish any thought but one ?

I tried to think of skies and stars,
 And they but spoke of lucent eyes ;
 I tried to think of waves and wars,
 And they but told of restless sighs.

Then, lady, bid the lords of mind,
Those happier bards, their lays impart :—
Yet scorn not strains thus unrefined,
For feeling is the foe of art :

As cheeks can ill-control the blush,
When fond dreams thrill each conscious vein,
So, words, that from the bosom gush,
Are hard to link in measured chain.

Though poor the gift, with wealth of zeal
My offering 's on the altar laid ;—
I only lift the temple's veil,
Where ampler rites shall soon be paid.

Perchance this languid spark of mine
May kindle lays that brighter burn ;
From this lone germ may spring a vine
More meet to deck Thought's florid urn.

Enough for me, with homely lyre
That I've proclaim'd the smiling dawn ;
The lark has ceased,—and day's full choir
Shall soon enrich the fairy lawn.

I only ask,—when souls flow free,
When Song's proud roses spread their sheer
You'll sometimes deign one thought on me,
The snow-drop of the brilliant scene.

SONNET.

TO CAMOENS :*

On a Lady having lent the Author his Poems, and recommended them to his perusal.

FLOWER of the golden Tagus,—though thy grace
 Bloom'd all-despised on banks which drank thy light;—
 Though ne'er his classic sons, with Doric rite,
 Strove emulous in the ennobling race
 To wreath thy locks with ivy, †—and the face
 Of Power but darted withering looks of blight;—
 Triumphant minstrel, yet that hand of might,
 Which could despoil the foeman's brow, or place
 On Beauty's the bright crown of matchless song,
 Lives warm in ladies' hearts,—song's dearest shrines.
 May she—thy life's sole star—may woman long
 Thus love thy harp, and treasure all thy sighs!
 For oh! Fame's jewel ne'er so precious shines
 As when 'tis beam'd upon by radiant eyes.

* For the particulars of the history of the *Virgile Portugais* (as Voltaire denominates Camoens), remarkable alike for his genius and misfortunes, his gallantry in the court, and valour in the field,—see his life by Lord Strangford.

† “Pastores, hederá crescentem ornate poetam.”—*Virg.*

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A POET AND HIS MISTRESS.

“ Amantium iræ amoris integratio est.”

MISTRESS.

MAY every flowery garland fade
 Thy pocsy e'er twined !
 Oh ! may no second thoughtless maid
 Such rosy fetters find !

May not one lingering breath reveal
 What fragrance round them flew !
 May not one tint surviving tell
 How lovely was their hue !

POET.

Ah ! why this little spleen, sweet girl ?
 Why curse my simple art ?
 When youth and beauty play the churl,
 How ill they act the part !

My anxious bosom's fond alarms,
 With love's wild tumults wrung,
 In sadder truth might mourn those charms
 Which first inspired my tongue.

MISTRESS.

And canst thou, false one, think to feign
 I help'd to weave my toils,
 Or join'd one link of that fair chain
 Which binds me in its coils ?

Why lead me, tho' I pleas'd thine eyes,
 Mid Flattery's fatal throng ?
 Or, if desire *must* breathe its sighs,
 Why breath'd you them in song ?

POET.

When Psyche first warm'd Love, their fire
 In music o'er them stole ;
 Lips pour but lifeless words,—the lyre
 Imparts to them their soul.

Before the lute by Heaven was sent,
 No voice was in the tear ;
 No balm there flow'd for bosoms rent,
 No sweets for lady's ear.

MISTRESS.

Ah ! say not sweets ;—o'er me thy lyre
 A strange delirium flings ;
 If thus you knew it darted fire,
 Why waked'st thou its strings ?

Those summer clouds of floating sound
 Oppressive odour shed ;
 You knew when in such concert bound
 What havoc they would spread.

FOET.

How could my chords dull slumber greet,
 'Neath Beauty's brilliant noon?
 How could they jar, with looks so sweet
 To harmonize their tune?

How could my bosom fail to bloom,
 When sunn'd by heavenly eyes?
 How could my lips but breathe perfume,
 When scented by thy sighs?

MISTRESS.

Ah! sing no more—no more I'll chide;
 For, often as I hear
 That voice in pleading fondness tried,
 I kiss the chains I wear.

Oft as I would renounce my yoke,
 I leave myself less free;
 The *chiding* words I speak, provoke
 Such *melting* ones from thee.

No more—for Love exults the while—
 Thy numbers I'll accuse;
 And sure if thraldom wears a smile,
 'Tis when a Poet woos.

[Some critical friends, who saw the above dialogue in manuscript, thought it an imitation of the celebrated scene between Horace and Lydia. I cannot, I confess, trace any resemblance

between the two productions,—mutual jealousy being the groundwork of the one, and a reciprocal sense of enslavement to a despotic passion, the mainspring of the other. To bear me out in my opinion, I have executed as close a translation as possible of the ode of the Roman poet, and have subjoined it, some pages farther on, for those readers who may not be acquainted with the language of the original.

But even if I have been fortunate enough to resemble, in some slight points, that inimitable lyric master, we have the authority of one of the greatest of critics for holding, that *emulation* ought not always to be regarded as *imitation*. The words of Longinus are these:—"We ought not to regard a good imitation as a theft, but as a beautiful idea of him who undertakes to imitate, by forming himself on the invention and work of another man; for he enters into the lists like a new wrestler, to dispute the prize with the former champion. This sort of emulation, says Hesiod, is honourable,—'Αγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἐστὶ Βρότοισιν,—when we combat for victory with a hero, and are not without glory even in our overthrow. Those great men, whom we propose to ourselves as patterns of our imitation, serve us as a torch, which is lifted up before us, to enlighten our passage, and often elevate our thoughts as high as the conception we have of our author's genius."]

TO —

WITH CAMPBELL'S "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

"L'espérance,

* * * *

— même en nous trompant, donne de vrais plaisirs,"

La Henriade, Chant 7ème.

"How shall I calm," cried Love, "this bursting heart?"

'Twas Hope alone could dry the mourner's tears:—
 His wing oft falters, till her magic art
 Nerves it to soar above assailing fears.

When Passion lures him o'er Neglect's cold wastes,
 Her soft note soothes the pilgrim's joyless march:
 Fate oft seems wheeling—till the seraph hastes
 To hang on high her cheering rainbow arch.

Take then, fair maid, this garland twined to Hope—
 Hope, next to thee, my bosom's dearest guest:
 Take it, nor scorn its balm-fraught leaves to ope;
 What soothes the sad, may win the wayward, breast.

Here trace what bliss Hope's visions can reveal
 To souls that seek sweet Feeling's myrtle grove:
 Oh! that thou may'st such pure elysium feel—
 And know such calm enchantment—learn to love!

TO ———

ON HER PLAYING AND SINGING.

SWEET melodist, oh wake again,
Wake that soft delicious measure ;
Exalt once more that rapturous strain,
Which rivets with absorbing pleasure ;
For nought thy lip's sweet dream will start,—
No living thing that boasts a heart.

See Love, against her harp reclining,
Fan the minstrel with his wings ;
And, at each note, new freaks designing,
Barb his arrows as she sings :
Drink mischief in each sound, and beat
The measure with his fairy feet !

It seems as though some wandering star
Had quitted his celestial sphere,
Descending in his viewless car,
To trance awhile our ravish'd ear,
And teach vain mortals how to prize
The harp of heavenly melodies.

With sounds like these methinks the wood,
And all the echoing thickets ring,
On such sound hangs the listening flood,
When the full elfin chorus sing,

When tripping featly o'er the green,
They lull to rest the Fairy Queen.*

O dark-eyed sylph of sweetness, say,
When on fair Thames's bank of flowers
With pensive steps you loved to stray,
And linger in his summer bowers,
Did e'er the downy god of sleep
O'er thy consenting eyelids creep ?

Then did Apollo, from his throne,
With transport view they spring of charms,
Gaze on thee slumbering and alone,
And raise thee in his hallowing arms,—
Waft thee unconscious to the skies,—
Drink thine, and give thee Music's, sighs ?

WRITTEN IN AN 'ALBUM.

AND dost thou, lady, deign to take
A lay, too, from a lyre like mine ?
My simple Muse will blush to break
Her silence, where such rivals shine.

* "TITANIA.—" Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest."

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

I late had breathed a long farewell
To sounding chords, and flowing strain ;
But ah ! resolves will oft rebel,
If fair hands loose our curbing rein.

Nor come I now, in pride to throw
A poet's gauntlet on the page
Where Genius bends th' unerring bow,
And matchless skill the strife would wage :

My artless notes ne'er hope the meed
Of woman's soft approving sigh ;
But stand not frail flowers most in need
Of sunshine from a lady's eye ?

Oh yes !—with song each fainter string,
When looks smile bright, will thrill anew ;—
In rayless shade a fruit may spring,
But beams alone give taste and hue.

Yet, cease, my harp !— no longer stream
Thy tuneless breath on perfumed air !—
Thou know'st not if this Flora deem
Thee worthy of her choice parterre.

SONG.

VANISHED HOURS.

How many dear evenings, my Indian maid,
 Ere Fate interposed, in love's vale have we stray'd,
 Nor envied those song-hallow'd pairs, who, of old,
 To Arcady's echoes their wild passion told !

Time's sands seem'd exhaustless, his looks were all
 blithe,
 His curls flow'd luxuriant, he brandish'd no scythe ;
 Sweet Hope was our minstrel, and prompted our
 dreams,
 As we wander'd alone by the clear-gushing streams.

All blossoms enamell'd their bright-budding side,
 The rich clime could lavish, in prodigal pride ;
 And oft as we lauded their odorous glow,
 They blush'd deeper charms in the mirror below.

Though now not a vestige of all may remain,
 Save in Memory's faint and traditional strain,
 Yet, tell me, can anything charm like those hours,
 When first we found Love in his valley of flowers ?

Yes ! though not a gleam of the magical ray,
 Which then lit our path, now illumine our way,
 Some seeds of remembrance it nurtured, while there,
 Which Time cannot wither, or Fortune impair.

ON RETURNING A VINAIGRETTE.

OH Lady! not in vain the toy
 Has dwelt in thy enchanting hands;
 Sweet lessons of imparting joy
 Have been to it their soft commands.

And oft as, faint with torrid air,
 To throbbing brows I gave the balm,
 I dreamt the fairy hand was there,
 That lent the spell,—and all grew calm.

I thought, in Fancy's sweet romance,
 If baubles thus can soothe our pain,
 Oh! what must be the bliss, the trance,
 When Beauty lulls the fever'd vein!

 ON AN EYE-GLASS.

PRESENTED TO ———.

FAIR crystal trinket, shining as thou art,
 Thou canst not added brilliancy impart
 To * * 's eyes; but, if propitious Heaven
 To things inanimate hath influence given,
 When thy pellucid circle shall absorb
 The smiling beam of each voluptuous orb,
 Often tow'rds me direct that thrilling ray,
 And thus the gift the giver shall repay.

TO AN ADMIRED SINGER,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A PRESENT OF WRITING-PAPER.

THANKS, Lady, for the virgin leaves
You send with condescending care !
But he alone with grace receives,
Who can return a gift as fair.

I would have filled each spotless sheet
With music as inspired and warm
As, that with which, so heavenly sweet,
The ear of listening love you charm.

And I'd have sent them back to thee ;
Too blest if but one single note
Had won thy favour, and been free
One moment on thy lip to float.

But not, alas ! to me belong
The gifts of godlike Music's art ;
Heaven lends not me the spells of song
It gave to thine adored Mozart.

These simple words are all the fruit
I offer on thy dulcet shrine ;
But wed them with Cecilia's lute,*
And these rude words shall grow divine.

* Descended to you.

Give them impassion'd music's charm,
 Warbled from thine own melting tongue,
 And they shall touch the ear as warm
 As though the Bard of Erin sung.

So dew-drops droop in darkling row,
 Unhonour'd, on their lowly thorn,
 Till witching sunrise bids them glow
 Like diamonds on the harp of Morn.

TO DONNA ———.

“ Par pitié, détournez de moi ces yeux si doux qui me donnent la mort.”—*Nouvelle Héloïse*.

FAREWELL, dark Eyes!—stern Time forbids
 That I should longer waste the hours
 With raven lash, and snowy lids,
 And soft orbs of angelic powers.

For, silken fringe, and pencill'd brow,
 In vain in fond excuse I've given ;
 Time heeds not angels here below,
 He furls the wing alone in Heaven.

And oh ! the world, with all its cares,
The sordid world's dull tasks compel
A heart, whose pulses all were theirs,
To bid those gentle eyes farewell.

Yet half I can forgive the care
Of life, that leaves me not to pine,
Mid burning wish, and chill despair,
O'er charms that never must be mine.

For what avails the ceaseless thought,
The dream by night, the sigh by day,—
If o'er the brows, whose lustre taught
These pangs, my lips must never stray ?

As flowers, that bask on some sweet tide,
Insensibly to ocean stream,
Thus would my thriftless moments glide
To waste, in this seducing dream.

Wisdom commands me to forget,
And waning Health upbraids in sighs ;
And Happiness, with many a threat,
Warns me to shun you, beauteous Eyes !

And though, should chance your presence give,
My breast with wonted throbs would swell,
Not long those passion-buds will live,
When I breathe forth the cold farewell.

And Memory, too, may oft recall
 Your melting look's o'erpowering spell,
 But her raised wand shall charmless fall,
 As I pronounce the stern farewell.

For 'gainst the tyrant world's demands
 No more must tender thoughts rebel;
 Fate rudely rends my myrtle bands;
 Dark, lovely Eyes, farewell! farewell!

LABEL FOR A PATCH-BOX, SOLD AT A
 FANCY SALE:—

“NEC LUSISSE PUDET.”

“In the middle-boxes, at the theatre, were several ladies,
 who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces.”

Addison.

YE *Youths*, who wish to win the Fair,
 My stores will help you to beguile;
 You know not what a witching air
 A patch gives to a tender smile.

YE *Fair*, who would of conquests vaunt,
 Come buy my aid at any price;
 And should you an example want,
 I'll give a good one in a trice.

On fair Belinda's toilet lay,
 Mid gems and flowers, her patches, too ;*
 When drest, she shone more bright than day ;—
 Then, try a patch, and so may you.

'Tis like a note of admiration,
 We use in writing, or in print ;
 The dark speck calls our adoration
 To the forehead's snowy tint.

You've heard of sylphs adorning belles,
 And thus our little sable sprite
 The fierce mosquito's wound conceals,
 And sets off the surrounding white.

Reclining on the brow's expanse,
 Like down of raven on the dove,
 He brightens every fair one's glance,
 And rivets every youth's with love.

* " 'This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

(FROM CATULLUS.)

GRACES, and Loves, your warmest tear-drops shed,
 And all whom gentle sympathies employ ;
 My Beauty's feather'd favourite is dead,
 Bird of my nymph, my Lesbia's darling toy !

Dear as her own inestimable eyes,
 She prized the pretty nursling of her love ;
 Round his fond heart *she* wound a mother's ties,—
He from her lap's elysium ne'er would rove.

But, pleased to flutter in one charmed round,
 To her alone he chirped his song of mirth ;
 Too soon, alas ! to seek that drear profound,
 Whence none return to breathe the bliss of earth.

But, ruthless shades ! dread foes of every grace !
 May Heaven hurl wrath on you, that dare consign
 Whate'er is lovely to your fell embrace,
 Who 've robb'd me of my Lesbia's joy, and mine !

My gentle innocent !—poor cherish'd care !
 Sad victim of a too relentless deed !
 My angel's eyes still burn, from many a tear,
 That told, for favourites how her heart could bleed.

FROM HORACE.—BOOK III. ODE 9.

TO LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE at thy heart I used to glow,
Nor any youth more favour'd prest
His arms around thy neck of snow,
Not Persia's king was half so blest.

LYDIA.

While you ne'er felt another flame,
Nor me to Chlœe did postpone,
Song-crown'd Lydia's envied fame
Brighter than Roman Iliã's shone.

HORACE.

Now Thracian Chlœe rules my fate
With voice and lyre's divine control ;
For whom I'd die with bliss elate,
Would Heaven but spare my love, my soul.

LYDIA.

Now 'Thurian Calais's mutual fire
Inflames my breast with burning joy ;
For whom I'd twice endure Death's ire,
Would Heaven but spare the darling boy.

HORACE.

What, if lost love once more return'd,
 And yoked the truants in his chain?
 If gold-hair'd Chlœ should be spurn'd,
 And slighted Lydia woo'd again?

LYDIA.

Though beauteous he as gods above,
 And thou a fickle froward heart;
 With thee, with thee, I'd live and love,
 Nor from thee, e'en in death, would part.

 EPITAPH ON ANACREON.*

(FROM THE LATIN OF CÆLIUS CALCAGNINUS.)

THEE, then, gay master of the lyric strain,
 A grape has sent to Pluto's gloomy reign!
 Ungrateful grape! which thou so oft hast sung,
 To still the music of that tuneful tongue!
 Creep, ivy, round his urn, in sadness creep;
 Weep, every tendril, for your poet weep;

* The manner of Anacreon's death was remarkable. He was choked, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, with a grape-stone, as he was drinking some new wine.

And mourn those brows, in dreamless slumber laid,
 You've crown'd so often with your verdant braid.
 Ye bays, for ever flourish round his tomb !
 And, roses, all his sepulchre perfume !
 But let not there the hateful vine-tree grow,
 Whose seed could deal the melancholy blow ;
 For Bacchus' self, 'tis said, less likes the vine,
 Since it has slain the Bard of Love and Wine.

ANACREON IMITATED.

HASTE, haste thee, boy !—the goblet bring ;
 I languish for the racy spring ;
 I long to wake the song of fire ;
 Bring hither, quickly, too, my lyre ;
 And I will sing, with reckless glee,
This night, this night to revelry !
 This night,—if e'en it were the last
 These lips the purple torrent taste,—
 This night I'd let my loose soul free ;
 This night, this night to revelry !
 I want not Glory's worthless gem,
 Nor Fame's ensanguined diadem ;
 Hence ! hence, illusions !—I desire
 Such dreams as cups alone inspire.

O bring me, then, the brimming bowl !
Though old in frame, I'm young in soul ;
The swift years, as they wing along,
But add fresh vigour to my song ;
And Time, for every lock he shears,
New frolics whispers in my ears.
I leave old age in every bowl,—
At every draught I drink new soul :
My cheeks regard not sober truth,
But glow with counterfeited youth ;
With counterfeited youth they blush,
All rosy from the goblet's gush.

I love not Mars's crimson tent,
I love not din of armament ;
Vouchsafe me, gods, to while the hour
In rosy shade of Pleasure's bower ;
Let my tresses unconfin'd
Float idly on the balmy wind ;
Through every tendril odours sighing,
Rich odours on my temples dying :
Round my brows let ivy twine,
Myrtle soft, and clust'ring vine ;
Let Love, th' unerring archer, wing
Infection from the magic string ;
And whilst elate I wanton round
To the lute's inspiring sound,
Let Beauty, swimming in the dance,
Aim the soft voluptuous glance,—

The melting glance, that from her eye
 Darts in speechless ecstasy.
 Then mid twofold blisses laid,
 Foaming cup, and yielding maid ;
 Or from the cup its store I'll sip,
 Or honey from the maiden's lip.

ON A CELEBRATED ACTRESS, IN THE
 CHARACTER OF APOLLO.

(WRITTEN IN LONDON.)

“ Sume fidem et pharetram ; fies manifestus Apollo.”

Ovid.

YOUNG, fair, and brilliant as the God of Day,
 She strikes, divinely dazzling as his ray,
 When on the Heathen's nobly-erring rite
 He burst, all Music, Poesy, and Light.

Apollo, yes !—down from thy solar pride
 Look, view thy type ! and say,—art thou belied ?
 See, from their bright source, in voluptuous maze,
 Her rich locks stream, like thine own noontide rays !
 See, in that blushing cheek, thy morning sky !
 Thy sunset in the languish of her eye !

Sunbeam she seems, in human features drest ;
 Charms, not of Earth, a godlike birth attest.
 All that is gladdening, cheering, genial, bright,
 All that can banish gloom, and deal delight,
 All that from Pagan censers ever drew
 The curling incense, chain our raptured view.

Soft as on air the dove's down pinion plies,
 When love allures her far through summer skies ;
 Mild as the tender murmurings of that dove
 Fall on the melted breast of answering love ;
 So light, so soft,—when she walks brightly forth,—
 Her young feet kiss the pressure-suing earth.

Such the god's mien, and such his airy tread,
 When, from his sun-throne, he would come to shed
 On his loved hill the glory of his glance,
 And wrap each heavenly Muse in hallowing trance,
 Till lyres ecstatic warbled, all-unswept,
 And tuned themselves to music, as he stept.

And when, Apollo, e'er did music dwell
 In temple like her red lip's coral cell ?
 Where could it match that sanctuary's charm,
 So fragrant, dewy, velvet, ruby, warm ?
 No !—not thine own gold locks, and lyre divine,
 Nor nectar'd mouths of all thy star-born Nine,
 Nor lucid arbours of thy light's pure fount,
 Nor haunted shrines, that gild thy holy mount,

Could temp: th' enamour'd sprite of song to roam
 Back from the dimplings of that vermeil home.
 There, sweetly ductile, he delights to curl,
 In soft inflections, round those rows of pearl;
 There, wreathing wild in many a wanton fold,
 He sings—Farewell, my Delphic fanes of old!
 Farewell, ye haunts that lent the ravish'd car!
 Farewell!—a lovelier shrine detains me here;
 Blest shrine! that needs no consecrating note,
 But hallows all my numbers, ere they float.

THE TRANSIT OF BEAUTY,

A FRAGMENT.

(*Written in England.*)

THE realms of Greece, th' Aonian Muses say,
 Superior boasted Beauty's silken sway;
 O'er Jove himself's immortal breast, 'tis said,
 The wild contagious flame resistless spread,
 And fired for Grecian charms with mighty love,
 He deign'd to quit his golden throne above.
 Led by the light of Lacedæmon's star,
 The Phrygian shepherd journey'd from afar,
 Revell'd in peerless Helen's rifled charms,
 And for one rapture set the world in arms.

But would'st thou seek to number every gem
 That studs clear midnight's jewell'd diadem?
 As vain th' essay to sing each Grecian maid,
 For whom the lyre was strung,—the sword was sway'd;
 Check thy rash wheels!—those beauties gods have
 charm'd;
 And best are painted by the Bards they warm'd.

But Beauty's blissful empire,—like the sun
 Revolving westward,—has from Hellas gone;
 Her turtles droop in foul Oppression's hand,
 And Greece is quitted for a happier land.

No more Arcadia's sons, in Doric strain,
 Lament some sylvan charmer's cold disdain;
 No more they whisper their impassion'd tale
 To kinder virgins, in some silent vale;
 No more, reclined in grots, and arching bowers,
 They tie their nymph's redundant hair with flowers;
 Or, leaning pensive o'er some gurgling stream,
 Artlessly sing their unextinguish'd flame,
 Whilst the brook, conscious of the shepherd's pain,
 In murmuring notes prolongs the plaintive strain.

That dream is vanish'd; and now Beauty's smiles
 Beam, in full day, o'er Britain's sparkling isles;
 Brightly they shone in fair Arcadia's shades,
 But shine more lovely in Britannia's maids:

The healthy shade of Freedom's myrtle bower*
 Best nurtures Beauty's gay exuberant flower.

* * * *

Wafted o'er ocean in her pearly car,
 The blushing Goddess sought these shores afar ;
 Unfurl'd for Western climes the purple sail,
 And gave her silken streamers to the gale.
 Smoothed was each billow ; save the dimpling swell
 That saw, and rose to kiss, her coming shell ;
 Just raised its curly heads,—then sunk to rest,
 And woo'd in dreams its transitory guest.
 Hush'd was each breath?—Ah ! no ;—young Zephyrs
 sigh'd
 Their bosom's homage o'er her car's clear side,
 Awhile disported round in wanton play,
 Then in soft whispers breathed their souls away.
 Tritons, and sea-born boys, a smiling train,
 Fraught with the treasures of the purple main,
 Obsequious round her wait :—from arching rocks
 Of pure pellucid crystal, with their locks
 All dewy-dripping bright, the Nereids haste
 To greet the wanderer of the liquid waste :

* The myrtle has always been accounted sacred to liberty.
 Hence this allusion by Collins, in his Ode to Liberty :—

“ What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest.”

Hence, too, this line of Richards :—

“ The myrtle-braided sword of Liberty.”

From their clear glassy-sculptured fanes they hie,
Proud of whate'er their fairy realms supply,—
The conch smooth-wreathed in many a mottled curl,
The branching coral, and the milky pearl.
Each rosy wreath ambrosial, round her shed,
Confess'd a Queen, and blush'd a deeper red ;
Fragrance in tender dew from heaven distill'd,
O'er viewless harps celestial fingers thrill'd ;
Glad dolphins worshipp'd round in liquid maze,
And favouring sunbeams shed their kindest rays.
Led by cerulean Neptune's sceptred hand,
She leapt all-glittering on his best-loved strand ;
Albion's tall oaks waved homage at the sight,
And her white cliffs gave back the orient light ;
The air, as if by odours touch'd, grew sweet,
And flowers spontaneous sprung beneath her feet.
“ Welcome to these, my sons,” the Sea-god cried,
“ For Beauty ever should be Glory's bride :
Bought with their blood, bright Freedom guards the
soil ;
Be thou the glittering guerdon of their toil !
Nor fear, fair Idol, lest thy hallow'd shrine
Be less in Britain, than in Greece, divine ;
The bravest souls the softest ever prove,
The flame of valour lights the torch of love.”

* * * *

ON THE STATUE OF LAOCOON.*

MARK ye where yonder serpent-monsters twine
 Their spiry volumes round that form divine ?
 Hear ye the victim-priest's convulsive cry ?
 Mark ye his helpless, hopeless agony ?--
 His country's fortunes throbbing at his heart,
 The holy man essay'd the patriot's part ;
 And, Heaven forgetting, in his Iliion's pain,
 The sacred work of Pallas dared profane.
 In evil-boding hour, and ireful mood,
 Too sternly chastening, too severely proud,
 By all that power her awful Sire had given,
 By all th' insulted mysteries of Heaven,
 The Virgin swore to arm her warrior hand
 With injured Deity's avenging wand ;

* This statue is, says Pliny, "*opus omnibus, picturae et statuariae artis, præferendum.*"

Laocoon, a priest of Apollo, denounced, with patriotic zeal, the stratagem of the fatal Trojan horse ; and, to prove the deceit, drove his spear into its hollow side. Minerva, incensed at this violence to a work of art, which had been consecrated to her, sent two enormous serpents out of the sea, to destroy Laocoon and his two sons.

Redress her slighted majesty, and prove
How mighty was the progeny of Jove.

Roused at her call, from ocean's womby beds
Th' insatiate dragons rear their towering heads ;
Red glare their eyes, suffused with blood and fire ;
And Death rides horrid on each giant spire :
Tow'rd's the devoted priest their course they hold,
Whet the barb'd sting, and stretch the venom'd fold ;
Wind round his shivering limbs the scaly wreath,
And drink with hissing tongues his gasping breath.

Nor are his limbs alone to pangs consigned ;--
More than Prometheus cursed,—hell racks his mind :
Dread retribution is but half complete,
If the gross flesh alone pain's vulture eat :
Before his eyes,—fierce torture to exalt,—
His sons, too, perish for their father's fault :
Vengeance his soul must, with his body, tear,
And add to agony love's mad despair.

Yet e'en these torments mingled comfort bring,
Since death unerring waits each baleful sting ;
And when the transient agony is o'er,
The victim sinks to rest for evermore.

But tears of anguish, and the shrieks of pain,
Invoke the sculptor's ruthless art in vain ;
He, unrelenting, hath denied repose,
And given eternity to mortal throes :

For still the serpent-fiends torment their prize,
 Still pours the victim forth his soul in sighs ;
 Still doth Laocoon in marble moan,
 And still in endless anguish lives the writhing stone.

THE JUBILEE OF ERIN.

Written on the occasion of his late Majesty George the Fourth's
 visit to Ireland, immediately after his Coronation.

“ Paulò majora canamus,

* * * * *

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.”

Virgil.

SPIRIT of song, that erst in Erin's halls
 Wreathed thy wild music round her trophied walls,
 And wove in witching words of rapt romance
 The warrior's prowess, and the lover's trance,
 Oh ! were thy loved harp mine, or mine a gleam
 Of that quick soul which touch'd it into flame,
 Then not unsung yon kingly prow should brave
 The sportive turbulence of Scilly's wave ;
 Erin's glad ear should drink th' exulting swell
 That rose in incense from the breathing shell,
 And, waked to rapture by a prouder theme
 Than ever fired an olden minstrel's dream,

Should teach long sorrows Joy's ecstatic thrill,
And rear Delight a throne on every hill.

Ne'er, Erin, since from ocean's crystal cave
You rose to bask upon the western wave,
Ne'er, green-robed maiden, has so bright an hour
Led such fond guest to greet thine island bower !
Oh, emerald-loving Nereid, deck thy seats,
Thy cherish'd grottos, and thy dear retreats,
With every gem that paints thy girdle's ray,
With every bloom that scents thy summer way.

He comes !—the King of Ocean comes, to smile
Deep love and pure upon his beauteous Isle ;
Hark ! sea-born daughter, how thy breezes sing
Their song of welcome through the shrouds they wing :
See, how, like Neptune's steeds, in foaming pride,
'Thine own dark surges to thy havens glide,—
Exult t' have borne aloft th' imperial freight,
And curl their necks with revelry elate !

By time unsullied, and by blood undyed,
A diadem now sparkles on thy tide ;
High o'er thy head, the sword, by Mercy deck'd
With wreaths of concord, glistens to protect ;
Scarce dry the hallowing drops that blest his brow,
Thy haunts his home,—his chosen handmaid thou !
Bright as it parted from the holy hand,
Heaven's gift to kings illumines thy favour'd land :

Oh, land long veil'd !—benighted now no more !
 Hail the glad day-spring bursting on thy shore !
 Morn from the East now flings unwonted light,
 And woe forgets to court the mourner, Night.

Land of the gifted tongue and gallant heart !
 The stem of Nature, and the flowers of Art ;
 Land of th' ingenuous warmth, that loathes controul,
 Land of high thought, of genius, and of soul !
 Too long thy breast of loveliness has sigh'd
 At Scorn's chill frown, or Conquest's murderous pride :
 Too oft has Vengeance o'er thy vallies pour'd
 The waste of war, the fury of the sword.
 Fierce as some Genii of the scorching zone,
 Princes and kings came rushing from their throne ;
 And frantic bigots saw, with savage foam,
 A hate of strangers in thy love of home.
 Too few to break, too proud to wear a chain,
 Thy patriots sway'd the generous steel in vain ;
 And Carnage still his crimson pinions spread
 O'er thee, lost Erin, pillow'd on thy dead.

No more, sweet Isle, no more the princely plume
 Soars like a vulture,—herald of the tomb ;
 No more shall War's insatiable bolt
 Seek spleen in zeal,—in piety, revolt ;
 Nor red-eyed Rapine riot in thy bowers,
 Nor dry his reeking falchion on thy flowers :

Nor draw new life, as Hope and Freedom pine,—
Bare his own blood-stain'd arm, and fetter thine.

To heal the ruthless wounds of bigot rage,
The cold to warm, the fiery to assuage ;
With Peace and Science hand in hand to rove
The olive vista and the laurel grove ;
To cull the bloom, whose odour he hath proved ;
To nurse the tree, whose fruit he long hath loved ;
To burst a casket where a jewel lies,
And give his heart the witness of his eyes,—
The sceptred Stranger comes :—your halls prepare !
Yon brazen tongues, that cleave the echoing air,
Warn not of war ; but, lightening as they move,
In thunder speak the summer of his love.

Oh, worthy to attune an ampler string,
The march majestic of a patriot King !
Not like a torrid whirlwind does he scour,
But, as some Zephyr's wing, at morning hour,
Fans the young buds, his breath of freshness clears
His Flower of Nations from the dew of tears.
Then, Erin, let thy long-lost blush restor'd
Trim thy sweet eye's blue lustre for thy Lord ;
Clap the free hand, long knit by stern dispute,
And scorn all rivalry but voice and lute ;
Braid up thy sun-bright hair's dishevell'd grace,
And first in Fame's, be first in Pleasure's, race !

Long shall thy children throng to point the print
 Of feet, that stamp'd on all Health's rosy tint :
 Here, they shall say, the maniac Faction died,
 Here Rancour kiss'd the blade it long defied ;
 Here, at Faith's board,—long dreaded, long reviled, -
 Potent, but dove-like,—Union sate and smiled ;
 Here vied full goblets with the fuller breast,
 Here joy-flush'd Erin pledged her kingly guest ;
 And this her Pæan,—whilst, in bliss of love,
 England's bright emblem with her own she wove,—
 “ We boast, in truth, what Fiction oft has worn,
 We boast, we boast—a ‘ Rose without a thorn ! ’ ”

[I have only to regret that subsequent years have not realized the prosperous results predicted in the above gratulatory lines ; and I must at least relinquish all claim to one attribute of the genuine *vates*,—that of divination.

The state of Ireland indeed has, for a long time, been such as to set at defiance all ordinary rules of rational prediction ; and she forms a problem in the science of government, which that statesman, who shall successfully solve, deserves the highest honours and rewards which can be decreed to benefactors of the human race. Even the great healing measure of Catholic Emancipation failed to produce its expected fruits ; and did not, as was confidently anticipated by the *then* premier, “ by benefiting the state, confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it.”

Nevertheless, I am not among the decriers of that bold and statesmanlike concession. I condemn not in this instance the

means, because they attained not their *end*. What was the nature of the various statutes against popery in England and Ireland? Why, in the words even of one of the most strenuous advocates for Catholic exclusion and disability, "they were the restrictions, not of a religious faith, but of a political faction; enacted not against dissidents from the Church of England, but against rebellious partisans of the house of Stuart. The question was one, not of the liturgy, but of the sword." Let not, therefore, the enlightened and generous promoters of Catholic Emancipation be condemned for their policy, because a people have turned out ungrateful;—because Agitators have stirred up their evil passions, and seduced them from their love and allegiance to their Sovereign. Reason, political expediency, and humanity, alike dictated the enfranchisement of Catholic Ireland. "Good government," says Montesquieu, "is that whose particular disposition best agrees with the humour and disposition of the people in whose favour it is established. And a little farther on;—"Laws should have a relation to *the religion* of the inhabitants, to *their inclinations*, riches, number, commerce, *manners and customs*." In treating of the particular question of toleration in religion, he expressly declares—"We are here politicians, and not divines. * * * Penal laws ought to be avoided, in respect to religion," &c. &c.

That concessions, made in this wise spirit, should not have produced the desired benefits, is indeed much to be deplored; but they are not, on that account, to be condemned or disparaged. From causes, which seem to baffle legislative investigation, Ireland, alas! still continues to be the Ishmael of nations;—*her* hand is against every man, and every man's

hand is against *her* ;—and it is melancholy to think with how much truth her sons may, to this hour, exclaim—

• “ Alas ! poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave, where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.”

POSTSCRIPT.

THE *Shell of the Antilles* has ceased ;—blending with its latest strains some echoes of the distant North. I fear it will be found to have presented a musical *mélange* of varying degrees of excellence—a web of a mingled yarn. These Indian songs, indeed, would probably have remained for ever in obscurity, had not the indulgent reception of a former publication seemed to indicate a favourable moment for their appearance. They have long slumbered in their transatlantic cave, as peaceably as the Seven Sleepers ; and apprehension of the critical ordeal having kept them prisoners, as the dread of religious prosecution did those Ephesian youths, I have only to hope that, on their emerging from their seclusion, they may have the good fortune to be dealt with in a tolerant spirit by the arbiters of literature.

If, notwithstanding my explanation in the preface, the lovers of a chaste and simple nomenclature should still deem my title affected or objectionable, I can only farther plead, that this seems to be the age of quaint titles, as may be seen by

glancing over the publishing advertisements of the day. To the classical reader, *The Garland of Melceger*, and different *Anthologies*, are familiar; and, although among the first to condemn conceits in writing, I see nothing overstrained in borrowing a metaphor from music, as well as from flowers;—particularly as music and poetry are coeval arts, and were, in their infancy, always joined together.

CH. END

