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COMPLETE
 POETICAL
 WORKS
 OF
 LORD BYRON

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THE
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LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

he himself says, "a most unpopular boy," he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school. The Rev. Dr. Drury, than whom there cannot be a more trustworthy or valuable authority, and who was at this period (1801) head master of the School, has given the following brief but important statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him:—"Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's

olicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of 13½, with remarks that his education had been imperfect; that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a cleverness about him. After his departure I took my young pupil into my study, and endeavoured to elicit from him some information with respect to his former amusements and associates, but with little or no effect,—in fact I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was *mind* in his eye. For some time a degree of shyness hung about him; however, his manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable,—and on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, Lord Carlisle desired to see me in town:—I accordingly waited on his lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I made no remark; as to the latter, I replied, 'He has talents, my lord, which will *add lustre to his rank*.' 'Indeed!!!' said his lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Giaour ;

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE

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

MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

The Giaour.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb² which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such hero live again?

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

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

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar⁴
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,

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

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appeals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly
birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd
earth!¹⁵

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

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brut
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast.

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

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

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast;
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!⁹
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen, not efface:
 Though young and pale, that sallow front
 Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

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

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

He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place.
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly;
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides,
 Away, away, for life he rides:
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed¹⁰
 Springs to the touch his startled steed;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.¹¹
 'T was but an instant he restrain'd
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;
 'T was but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued:
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen¹⁸ of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'T is left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before ?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower ?
 No : gayer insects flutter by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.
 * * * * *

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

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes ;
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell ?
 That tale can only Hassan tell .
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away
 When Rhamazan's²⁰ last sun was set,
 And flashing from each minaret
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East
 'T was then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath ;
 For she was flown her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page,
 And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd ;
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserved a grave ;
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well ;
 But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's²¹ trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.
 * * * * *

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

As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.²²
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay;
 Though on Al-Sirat's²³ arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris²⁴ beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed,
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?²⁵
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's²⁶ blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new;
 Her hair in hyacinthine²⁷ flow,
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!²⁸
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
 And spurs the wave with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;
 Her heart was tender to her mate;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

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

Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold
 Even robbers tremble to behold.
 'Tis said he goes to woc a bride
 More true than her who left his side;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

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

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

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

With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their coursers' harness leant,

Half shelter'd by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then cur'd his very beard³⁰ with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!³¹
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambush'd foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?
" 'T is he! 't is he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye³²
That aids his envious treachery;
I know him by his jet-black barb:
Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
Apostate from his own vile faith,
It shall not save him from the death:
'T is he! well met in any hour,
Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"

As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;

As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—

Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The deathshot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More snited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life!
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress;
But Love itself could never part
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall loose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are join'd till death.

* * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him roll'd,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore,³³
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

"Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
But his shall be a redder grave;
Her spirit pointed well the steel
Which taught that felon heart to feel.
He call'd the Prophet, but his power
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
He call'd on Alla—but the word
Arose unheeded or unheard.
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?"

I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
The traitor in his turn to seize;
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
And now I go—but go alone."

* * * * *

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling.
His Mother look'd from her lattice high—³⁴

She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,

She saw the planets faintly twinkling
"T is twilight—sure his train is nigh."

She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest
tower:

"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised
gift?

Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
And warily the steep descends,
And now within the valley bends;
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
How could I deem his courser slow?
Right well my largess shall repay
His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest—
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac³⁵ rent—his caftan red—
"Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:
Me, not from mercy, did thy spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

* * * * *

A turban³⁶ carved in coarsest stone
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine

In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"³⁷
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise

Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark Heaven of Houris' ³⁷⁴⁸

On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wear,
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel! shall writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's³⁹ scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis'⁴⁰ throne;
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as Vampire⁴¹ sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, most beloved of all,
Shal' bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallow'd hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip⁴²
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * * *

How name ye yon lone Caloyer?

His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land: 't is many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

"'T is twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came;
And here it sooths him to abide

For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before confession chair
Kneels he, nor recks he when a'ise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our abbot's favour bought;
But were I prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay,
Or pent within our penance cell
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand
Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward to his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell,
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,

A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
That claims and keeps ascendancy:
And like the bird whose pinions quake,
But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can break
From him the half-affrighted Friar
When not alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile:
Not oft to wale descendeth he
And when he doth 't is sad to see
That he but nicks at Misery.
How that pale eye will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;
As if his sorrow and disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—'t is ghastly mirth
From joyance ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feeling in that face:
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
But brighter traits with evil mix'd;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom,
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high:
Alas! though both bestow'd in vain, obtain
Which Grief could change, and Guilt constrain
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by;
The tower by war or tempest bent
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

"His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumined wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,

That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent-braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd:
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth
 But wears our garb in all beside;
 And, not from piety but pride,
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.
 Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky,
 That livid cheek, that stony air
 Of mix'd defiance and despair!
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!
 Else may we dread the wrath divine
 Made manifest by awful sign.
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore:
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"
 To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine,
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same
 Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
 'T will serve thee to defend or kill;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge, beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en.
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less
 We loathe what none are left to share:
 Even bliss—'t were woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,

Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay!
 It is as if the desert-bird,⁴³

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's scream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads and countless prayer;
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontrol'd,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, but more of woe;
 Yet still in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life:
 Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
 I loathed the languor of repose.
 Now nothing left to love or hate,
 No more with hope or pride elate,
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 Than pass my dull unvarying days,
 Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
 Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
 Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was, and would be still,
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom

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

* * * * *

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

No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how;
 But look—'t is written on my brow!
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by time:
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one.
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow;
 But true to me, I laid him low:
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can e'er enthral;
 And I, alas! too late to save!
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'T was some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly: but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear⁴⁴
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell!

He died too in the battle broil,
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made:
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
 Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind;
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
 Despair upon his dying face!
 The late repentance of that hour,
 When Penitence hath lost her power
 To tear one terror from the grave,
 And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,
I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:

Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.

'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I reck'd not what—the while:

But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth:

Tell him, unheeding as I was,
Through many a busy bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died;
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.

I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than friendship's manly tear
May better grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * * *

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

But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now:
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear;
I wish'd it then, I wish it still;
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no paradise, but rest.

'T was then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white symar,⁴⁵
As through yon pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;
To-morrow's night shall be more dark
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.

I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeing towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?

Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Alas! around a shadow prest,
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 't is there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew 't was false, she could not die!
But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?
They told me wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'t was a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart.
But, shape or shade; whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!

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

• • • • •

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

And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."⁴⁶

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

The Bride of Abydos ;

A TURKISH TALE.

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

BURNA

The Bride of Abydos.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and
myrtle [clime,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the
turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams
ever shine:

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd
with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul³ in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of
the sky,

In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they
twine,

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land of the
Sun—

Can he smile on such deeds as his children
have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales
which they tell.

II.

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

III.

" Let the chamber be clear'd."—The train did
appear'd—

" Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.

" Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
Yet not to her repeat my thought;
By me alone be duty taught!"

" Pacha! to hear is to obey."

No more must slave to despot say—
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,

First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,

Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide

My sister, or her sable guide,
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—
So lovelily the morning shone,

That—let the old and weary sleep—
I could not; and to view alone

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

I on Zuleika's slumber broke,

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

There linger'd we, beguiled too long
With Mejmoun's tale, or Sadi's song;†
Till I, who heard the deep tambour⁵
Beat thy Divan's ε, approaching hour,
To thee, and to thy duty true,
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew.

But the Zuleika wanders yet—
Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget
That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower."

iv.

"Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—

"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm should bend the
bow,

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,

Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.

Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,

Would lend thee something of his fire!

Thou, who would'st see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;

Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,

Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!

Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.

But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
And hark—of thine own head take heed—

If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

v.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,

But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.

"Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear
Those gibes had cost another dear.

Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"

Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances ev'n of more than ire

Flash forth, then faintly disappear.

Old Giaffir gazed upon his son

And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done;

He saw rebellion there begun:

"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?"

I mark thee—and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:

But if thy beard had manlier length,

And if thy hand had skill and strength,

I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,

On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:

That eye return'd him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was rais'd,

Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance.

And why—he felt, but durst not tell.

"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy

Will one day work me more annoy:

I never loved him from his birth,

And—but his arm is little worth.

And scarcely in the chase could cope

With timid fawn or antelope,

Far less would venture into strife

Where man contends for fame and life—

I would not trust that look or tone:

No—nor the blood so near my own.

That blood—he hath not heard—no more—

I'll watch him closer than before.

He is an Arab⁶ to my sight,

Or Christian crouching in the fight—

But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;

Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear

She is the offspring of my choice;

Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,

With all to hope, and nought to fear—

My Peri! ever welcome here!

Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave,

To lips just cool'd in time to save—

Such to my longing sight art thou;

Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine

More thanks for life, than I for thine,

Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

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

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

And paints the lost on Earth revived in
Heaven;

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

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

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

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

VII.

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

Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:
His years need scarce a thought employ,
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger⁸ what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
All that thy sex hath need to know.
'T was mine to teach obedience still—
The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less:
Whate'er it was the sire forgot;
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,
Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,¹⁰
And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugrabee¹¹ and Mamaluke,
His way amid his Delis took,¹²
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt;¹³
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs¹⁴ wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter

X.

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

Still gazed he through the lattice grate
 Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
 To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
 But little from his aspect learn'd;
 Equal her grief, yet not the same;
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
 But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
 She knew not why, forbade to speak.
 Yet speak she must—but when essay?
 "How strange he thus should turn away!
 Not thus we e'er before have met;
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
 And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd.
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
 The Persian Atar-gul's¹⁵ perfume,
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er
 The pictured roof¹⁶ and marble floor:
 The drops, that through his glittering vest
 The playful girl's appeal address'd.
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
 As if that breast were marble too.
 "What, sullen yet? it must not be—
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
 She saw in curious order set

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

XI.

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

Ah: deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine:
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step admit her vow,
 Without thy free consent, command,
 The Sultan should not have my hand.
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
 Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
 Years have not seen, Time shall not see
 The hour that tears my soul from thee:
 Even Azrael¹⁷, from his deadly quiver
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;
 He raised the maid from where she knelt;
 His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.
 As the stream late conceal'd
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes reveal'd
 In the light of its billows;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the black cloud that bound it,
 Flash'd the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
 A lion roused by heedless hound,
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife
 By graze of ill-directed knife,
 Starts not to more convulsive life
 Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
 And all, before repress'd, betray'd:
 "Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
 With life to keep, and scarce with life resign.
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us both
 Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
 That vow hath saved more heads than one;
 But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness;
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.¹⁸
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!"

Now I have motive to be brave;
 The son of his neglected slave,
 Nay, start not, 't was the term he gave,
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
 His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shall be;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now.
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselim's¹⁹ control:
 Was he not bred in Egripo?²⁰
 A viler race let Israel show;
 But that pass—to none be told
 Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
 I've partisans for peril's day:
 Think not I am what I appear;
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

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

I meant that Giaffir should have heard
 The very vow I plighted thee;
 His wrath would not revoke my word:
 But surely he would leave me free.
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
 To be what I have ever been?
 What other hath Zuleika seen
 From simple childhood's earliest hour?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee, companion of her bower,
 The partner of her infancy?
 These cherish'd thoughts, with life begun,
 Say, why must I no more avow?
 What change is wrought to make me shun
 The truth; my pride, and thine till now?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law, our creed, our God denies;
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
 No! happier made by that decree!
 He left me all in leaving thee.
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
 This wherefore should I not reveal?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
 I know the Pacha's haugh mood
 To thee hath never boded good;
 And he so often storms at noight,
 Alla! forbid that e'er he ought!
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here;
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar²¹,
 My father leaves the mimic war;
 I tremble now to meet his eye—
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

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

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

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

"Delay not thou;

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

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's waves,

As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,

The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.

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

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride,

The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

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

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That moon, which shone on his high theme:
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;
 That mighty heap of gather'd ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,²²
 By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
 Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow
 Without—can only strangers breathe
 The name of him that *was* beneath:
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
 But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

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

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
 And o'er her silken Ottoman
 Are thrown the fragment beads of amber,
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran;²³
 Near these, with emerald rays beset,
 (How could she thus that gem forget?)
 Her mother's sainted amulet,²⁴
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
 Could smooth this life, and win the next;
 And by her emboloio²⁵ lies
 A Koran of illumined dyes;
 And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
 By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
 Reclines ner now neglected late;

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

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

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,
 Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
 So may the Koran²⁷ verse display'd
 Upon its steel direct my blade,
 In danger's hour to guard us both,
 As I preserve that awful oath!
 The name in which thy heart hath prided
 Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
 That tie is widen'd, not divided,
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
 My father was to Giaffir all

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

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,
 If love or envy made them foes,
 It matters little if I knew;
 In fiery spirits, slights, though few
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
 In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
 Remember'd yet in Bosniac song.
 And Paswan's²⁹ rebel hordes attest
 How little love they bore such guest:
 His death is all I need relate,
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
 And how my birth disclosed to me,
 Whatever beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

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

Nor last nor least in high command,
 Each brother led a separate band;
 They gave their horsetails³⁰ to the wind,
 And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post assign'd;
 To one, alas! assign'd in vain!
 What need of words? the deadly bow,
 By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
 With venom subtle as his soul,
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven
 Reclined and feverish in the bath,
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,
 But little deem'd a brother's wrath
 To quench his thirst had such a cup:
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
 He drank one draught,³¹ nor needed more.
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

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

XVI.

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

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

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

XIX.

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

XX.

"'T is true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
 And every creed, and every race.
 With them hath found—may find a place
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their chief's command:
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with terror's eyes;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents.
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,
 The last of Lambro's³³ patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 To snatch the Rayahs³⁴ from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate

Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom too.
Ay let me like the ocean-Patriarch³⁵ roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home!³⁶
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and Serais to me:
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my
prow!

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

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

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

For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden³⁷ in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy com-
mand!

Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The Haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these.
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumber'd perils,—but one only love!
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though fortune frown, or fals'er friends betray.
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
Once free, 't is mine our horde again to guide:
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:
Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
Mark! where his carnage and his conquests
cease!

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

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

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

To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art
There lie the only rocks our course can check:
Here moments menace—there are years of
wreck! [shape!]

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

XXI.

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

But yet, though thou art plighted mine
Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
Appal'd by truths imparted now,

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

XXII

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

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

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—"T is come—soon
past—

One kiss, Zuleika—t is my last:
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal, see the flash;
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash:
No matter—yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benamb'd her breast and eye!--
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 't is but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:
Yet stay within—here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No—though by him that poison pour'd:
No—though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

And fragments of each shiver'd brand;
 Steps stamp'd and dash'd into the sand
 The print of many a struggling hand
 May there be mark'd; nor far remote
 A broken torch, an oarless boat;
 And tangled on the weeds that heap
 The beach where shelving to the deep
 There lies a white capote!
 'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
 But where is he who wore?
 Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep
 Their burthen round Sigann's steep
 And cast on Lemnos' shore:
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
 As shaken on his restless pillow,
 His head heaves with the heaving billow;
 That hand, whose motion is not life,
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,
 Then levell'd with the wave³⁸—
 What recks it, though that corse shall lie
 Within a living grave?
 The bird that tears that prostrate form
 Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;
 The only heart, the only eye
 Had b'ed or wept to see him die,
 Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
 And mourn'd above his turban-stone,³⁹
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
 Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale.
 Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late:
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh⁴⁰ warn his distant ear?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill:
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine
 all— [not save
 And that last thought on him thou could'st
 Sufficed to kill;
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
 Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was
 thy first!
 Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, re-
 morse!
 And, oh! that pang where more than madness
 lies!
 The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly
 night,
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the
 light,
 That winds around, and tears the quivering
 heart!
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
 Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost
 spread;
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled—
 Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's
 bed,
 She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
 Thy Daughter's dead!
 Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely
 beam,
 The Star hath set that shone on Helle's
 stream.
 What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou
 hast shed!
 Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
 "Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—
 "Where?"⁴¹

XXVIII.

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

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

And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame.)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable⁴² its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.
 'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word:
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone;
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 't was found where Selim fell;
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave:
 And there by night, reclined, 't is said,
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
 Where first it lay that mourning flower
 Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale

The Corsair ;¹

A TALE.

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

TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x.

The Corsair.²

CANTO THE FIRST.

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

I.

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

feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose;
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied
head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes
control.

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

III.

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

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

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

To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

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

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

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

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

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the
crowd:

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

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

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

VI.

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

Yet thus sincere—tis cheering, though ^[brief;]
But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:

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

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

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

What lonely straggler looks along the wave?

In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

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

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

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

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—
He spake not—but a sign express'd assent.
These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—the
spy,
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report
"Much that"—"Peace, peace!"—he cuts their
prating short. [each
Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing
look,
To gather how that eye the tidings took;
But, this as if he guess'd, with head aside,
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,
He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchor'd bark."

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

"To-night, Lord Conrad?"

"Ay! at set of sun:

The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are
gone.

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

VIII.

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

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

That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these un-
known, [own.

Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one!
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who
toils,

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

IX.

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

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

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

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

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

x.

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

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

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

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

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

xi.

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

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

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

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

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

xii.

None are all evil—quickening round his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
 By passions worthy of a fool or child;
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
 And even in him it asks the name of Love!
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
 He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd
 them by; [bower,

Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd
 None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness
 Fled in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
 And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by
 time;

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

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

xiii.

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

ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!

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

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

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

XIV.

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

There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
He heard those accents never heard too oft;
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they
rung,
and these the notes the bird of beauty sung:

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

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

4.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow

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

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

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

“Again—again—and oft again—my love!
 If there be life below, and hope above.
 He will return—but now, the moments bring
 The time of parting with redoubled wing:
 The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
 [well!

Since all must end in that wild word—fare—
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes;
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
 Nor be thou lonely—through thy lord's away,
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
 And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
 Security shall make repose more sweet.
 List!—'t is the bugle”—Juan shrilly blew—
 “One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!”

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,

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

XV.

“And is he gone?”—on sudden solitude
 How oft that fearful question will intrude!
 ‘T was but an instant past—and here he stood!
 And now—without the portal's porch she rush'd,

And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd;
 Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;

But still her lips refused to send—“Farewell!”
 For in that word—that fatal word—how'er
 We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.

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

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes
 dew'd
 With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.
 "He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is
 driven, [heaven;
 Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to
 She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;
 The white sail set—she dared not look again;
 But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—
 "It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

XVII.

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

Waits but my chief——"

"My sword, and my capote."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CANTO THE SECOND.

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

I.

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

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

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

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

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
Thought to the rest the sober berry's juice,⁵
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
The long chibouque's⁶ dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas⁷ to wild minstrelsy.
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the
dark:

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

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
“A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”⁸
He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.
His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than
years, [fears.
And pale his cheek with penance, not from
Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,
And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er.
Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone
Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd,
And question of his coming fain would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below,
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!¹⁶
He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obey'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;
'T is answer'd—"Well ye speed, my gallant
crew;

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

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

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

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

Much hath been don⁹⁹but more remains to
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?"

v.

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

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

Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on your
lives

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

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

He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the
door,

Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;

His breath choked gasping with the volumed
smoke,

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

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

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

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

vi.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnâre,¹²
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from
war,

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

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

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

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

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

Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

vii.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VIII.

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

And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought ;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of
pain, [again—

And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed
But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die !
Can this be he ? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law !
T is he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest ;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that
will, [could kill.

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

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

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

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

IX.

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

X.

T were vain to paint to what his feelings
grew—

It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse ;
That juggling fiend—who neverspake before—
But cries "I warn'd thee !" when the deed is
o'er.

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

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

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

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

XI.

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

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

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

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

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

XII.

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

Through guards and dunest night how came
it there?

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

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

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

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

XIII.

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

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

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

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:

He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.

"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wond'rous
fair!"

"Pirate! thou knowst me not—but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful
band. [why—
I come through darkness—and I scarce know
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight:
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their
right,
But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest
grief

Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold¹³ echoes with their jest.
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short
life, [strife.
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and

XIV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

xv.

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

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

xvi.

'T is morn—and o'er his altered features play
 The beams—without the hope of yesterday.
 What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing,
 O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,
 By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;
 While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
 Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffen'd
 limb,
 Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!—

CANTO THE THIRD.

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

I.

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

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

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

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray
 That closed their murder'd sage's¹⁴ latest day!
 Nor yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;
 But sad his light to agonising eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;
 But ere he sank below Citharon's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.¹⁵
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form
 With cornice glimmering as the moon-beam
 play,

There the white column greets her grateful ray
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret.
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
 Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,¹⁶
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by

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

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

II.

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

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

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

III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
Medora's heart—the third day's come and
gone— [one!

With it he comes not—sends not—faithless
The wind was fair though light; and storms
were none.

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

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

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

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they
sought; [few—

Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they
knew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

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

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

V.

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

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

Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of
 mind; [eye
 While many an anxious glance her large dark
 Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
 His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,¹⁷
 But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thou need'st not answer—thy confession
 speaks,

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

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

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

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

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

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

VI.

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

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

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

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

VII.

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

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

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

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

VIII.

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door
A light step came—it paused—it moved once
more;
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair she!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the *guard*
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain.
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy
breast!
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

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

One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gain'd—one moment all were
o'er—

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

IX.

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

Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.

'T was dark and winding, and he knew not
where [there

That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?

Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems
bear

Full on his brow, as if from morning air--
He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.

With hasty step a figure onward past,
Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'t is
She at last!

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

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

She stoop'd—threw back her dark far-floating
hair,
That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'t was but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh, slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis
blood!

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt fore-
shown; [chain
He had been tempted—chastened—and the
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
From all his feelings in their inmost force—
So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—
but then
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze
blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review!
Sunk he in Contemplation, till the cape
Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the
time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,
He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he pass'd;
He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:
He turn'd and saw—Gulnare, the homicide!

XIV.

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

XV.

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

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

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

XVI.

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

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

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

XVII.

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

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

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

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

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

Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.

"Gulnare!"—but she replied not—"dear Gul-
nare!"

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar,
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach,
and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no
sound
Broke from within; and all was night around
He knock'd and loudly—footstep nor reply,
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh

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

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

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

XX.

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

And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;
And the cold flowers¹⁸ her colder hand contain'd,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—

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

But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

XX.

He ask'd no question—answer'd none
By the first glance on that still—marbled row.
It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was rest at once—and he deserved his fate,

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

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

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

XXII

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

XXIII.

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

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

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

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

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

XXIV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lara ; a Tale.

Lara.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE Serfs¹ are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain ;
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exil'd chieftain, is restored :
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall ;
Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze ;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

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

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

v.

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

Whate'er he be, 't was not what he had been:
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past:
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the
wound; [neath,
All these seem'd his, and something more be-
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

vi.

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

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

vii.

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

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

viii.

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

ix.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,
From all communion he would start away:
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,
Through night's long hours would sound his
hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around:
They heard, but whisper'd—"that must not be
known—
The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had
seen [have been.
They scarce knew what, but more than should
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head
Which hands profane had gather'd from the
dead,
That still beside his open'd volume lay,
As if to startle all save him away?
Why slept he not when others were at rest?
Why heard no music, and received no guest?
All was not well, they deem'd—but where the
wrong? [long;
Some knew perchance—but 't were a tale too

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

Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

X.

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

make

In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
All was so still, so soft in earth and air.
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
It was a moment only for the good:
So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,
But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:
Such scene reminded him of other days,
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that
now—

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

XI.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall:
There were the painted forms of other times,
'T was all they left of virtues or of crimes,
Ave vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults
'bat hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
'nd half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age;
Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.
He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam
shone

Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;
bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
the wide waving of his snaken plume,

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

XII.

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

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

XIII.

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

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

Some imprecation of despairing pride;
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook
Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him;—hush! he breathes,
he speaks,

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

XIV.

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

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

xv.

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

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

xvi.

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

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

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

xvii.

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

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

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

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

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

xviii.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd,
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret;
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth;
With thought of years in phantom chase mis-
spent,

And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame
And charged all faults upon the fleshy form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worn

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

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

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

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

At least thy memory was not given in vain.
Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
Eternity forbids thee to forget."

With slow and searching glance upon his face
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace
They knew, or chose to know—with dubious
look

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

"Whate'er I be,

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

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

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

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

XXIV.

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

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

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

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

XXV.

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

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

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

But that well-worn reserve which proved he
 knew

No sympathy with that familiar crew:
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem;
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
 Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
 So femininely white it might bespeak
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooz'
 cheek,

But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;
 A latent fierceness that far more became
 His fiery climate than his tender frame:
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore;
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
 That name repeated loud without reply,
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
 Start to the sound, as but remember'd then;
 Unless 't was Lara's wonted voice that spake,
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,
 And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all;
 And when the crowd around and near him told
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,
 Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore
 Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,
 The colour of young Kaled went and came,
 The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops
 threw

The sickening iciness of that cold dew,
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection
 shrinks. [and dare,
 Yes—there be things which we must dream
 And execute ere thought be half aware:
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
 To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.
 He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast
 That sidelong smile upon the knight he pass'd
 When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
 As if on something recognised right well;
 His memory read in such a meaning more
 Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:
 Forward he sprung—a moment, both were gone,
 And all within that hall seem'd left a one;
 Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,
 All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene

That when his long dark shadow through the porch

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

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There lies love's feverish Lope, and cunning's
guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crunches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk
supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills in-
creased, [least.
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

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

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

II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,
The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;
'Tis now the promised hour, that must pro-
claim
The life or death of Lara's future fame;
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,
And whatsoever the tale, it must be told.
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise
given,
To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

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

He ceased—and Lara answer'd, "I am here
To lend at thy demand a listening ear
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,
Whose words already might my heart have
wrong,
But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
I know him not—but me it seems he knew
In lands where—but I must not trifle too:
Produce this baboer—or redeem the pledge;
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge,
Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
"The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

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

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

In vain the circling chieftains round them
 closed,

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

IV.

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

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

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

V.

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

VI.

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

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

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

Some such had been, if here a life was left,
 But these were not ; and doubting hope is
 left ;
 And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
 Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame ;
 Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,
 Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd
 Again its wonted wondering to renew,
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

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

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

VIII.

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

But that long absence from his native clime
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,
And now, diverted by his milder sway,
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.
The menials felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than them that fear was grown;
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,
And each long restless night, and silent mood,
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:
And though his lonely habits threw of late
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed with-
drew,

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

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

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

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

IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had
gain'd

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

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

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

x.

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

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

xi.

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

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

xii

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
 Guides with her star their dim and torchless
 flight:

Already they perceive its tranquil beam
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;
 Already they desery—Is yon the bank?
 Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
 Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height
 Alas! they blaze too widely for the fight:
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil,

xiii.

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their
 band,
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?
 It matters little—if they charge the foes
 Who by their border-stream their march oppose.
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the
 line,
 However link'd to baffle such design.
 "The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
 How many shall but hear the voice of death!

xiv

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

Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight
threw

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

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

xv.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.
None fled, for well they knew that flight were
vain;

But those that waver turn to smite again,
While yet they find the firmest of the foe
Recoil before their leader's look and blow:
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own;
Himself he spared not—once they seem'd to
fly—

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

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

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

xvi.

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

The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;
And near, yet quivering with what life re-
main'd, [rein'd;
The heel that urged him and the hand that
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to
taste:

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

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

xvii.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
T was Lara bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that
rush.

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

And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor
sees, [knecs;

Save that damp brow which rests upon his
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

xviii.

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

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

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

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

They seem'd even then—that twain unto—the
T> half forget the present in the past ;

I share between themselves some separate
fate,

Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.

Their words though faint were many—from
the tone

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XX.

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

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

It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

XXI.

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

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

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

XXII.

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

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

She told nor whence, nor why she left behind
 Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
 Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
 Is human love the growth of human will?
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
 And when they love, your smilers guess not how
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
 They were no: common links, that form'd the chain
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;
 But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
 And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
 A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
 A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,
 Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
 Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
 And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
 Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
 Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,
 And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
 As if even yet too much its surface show'd:
 At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
 The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;
 Of these the heaviest thence he grappled there
 And slung them with a more than common ear.

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

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

XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
 Alike without their monumental stone!
 The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
 From lingering where her chieftain's blood had
 been;
 Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
 Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;
 But furious would you tear her from the spot
 Where yet she scarce believed that he was not
 Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
 That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;
 But left to waste her weary moments there,
 She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
 Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
 And woo'd to listen to her fond complaints:
 And she would sit beneath the very tree
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
 And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
 As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound
 Herself would question, and for him reply;
 Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit;
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
 Or trace strange characters along the sand—
 This could not last—she lies by him she loved;
 Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

The Siege of Corinth.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country¹, thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

The Siege of Corinth.

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

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

As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:

All our thoughts and words had scope.

We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.

We were of all tongues and creeds;—

Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,

And some, or I mis-say, of neither;

Yet through the wide world might ye search

Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,

And some are scatter'd and alone,

And some are rebels on the hills²

That look along Epirus' valleys,

Where freedom still at moments rallies

And pays in blood oppression's ills;

And some are in a far cuntrye,

And some all restlessly at home;

But never more, oh! never, we

Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily,

And when they now fall drearily,

My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main

And bear my spirit back again

Over the earth, and through the air,

A wild bird and a wanderer.

'T is this that ever wakes my strain,

And oft, too oft, implores again

The few who may endure my lay,

To follow me so far away.

Stranger—wilt thou follow me now,

And sit with me on *Acro Corinth's* brow

I.

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

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
 The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;
 And downward to the Isthmian plain,
 From shore to shore of either main,
 The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines
 Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;
 And the dusk Spahi's bands³ advance
 Beneath each bearded pacha's glance;
 And far and wide as eye can reach
 The turban'd cohorts throng the beach;
 And there the Arab's camel kneels,
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels;
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,⁴
 The sabre round his loins to gird;
 And there the volleying thunders pour,
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
 Wings the far hissing globe of death;
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;
 And from that wall the foe replies,
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
 With fires that answer fast and well
 The summons of the Infidel.

III.

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

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

IV.

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

V.

Coumourgi⁵—he whose closing scene
 Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,
 When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
 The last and mightiest of the slain,
 He sank, regretting not to die,
 But cursed the Christian's victory—
 Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
 That latest conqueror of Greece,

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won;
 For sought by numbers, given to none,
 Had young Francesca's hand remain'd
 Still by the church's boat unchain'd:

And when the Adriatic bore
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
 And pensive wax'd the maid and pale;
 More constant at confessional,
 More rare at masque and festival;
 Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
 Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize:
 With listless look she seems to gaze;
 With humbler care her form arrays;
 Her voice less lively in the song;
 Her step, though light, less fleet among
 The pairs, on whom the Morn'ng's glance
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
 While Sobieski tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay.)
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers
 The Doge's delegated powers,
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece.
 And ere that faithless truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke
 With him his gentle daughter came;
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorn'd the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn;
 And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
 O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
 The foremost of the fierce assault.
 The bands are rank'd; the chosen van
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
 The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
 And win their way with falchion's force,
 Or pave the path with many a corse,
 O'er which the following brave may rise,
 Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

XI.

'T is midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;

Who ever gazed upon them shining
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
 The banners droop'd along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
 'T was musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;
 Such as a sudden passing bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;
 The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er;
 The watch was set, the night-round made,
 All mandates issued and obey'd:
 'T is but another anxious night,
 His pains the morrow may requite
 With all revenge and love can pay,
 In guerdon for their long delay.
 Few hours remain, and he hath need
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
 Of slaughter: but within his soul
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.
 He stood alone among the host;
 Not his the loud fanatic boast
 To risk the crescent o'er the cross,
 Or risk a life with little loss,
 Secure in paradise to be
 By Houris loved immortally:

Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
 When battling on the parent soil
 He stood alone—a renegade
 Against the country he betray'd;
 He stood alone amidst his band,
 Without a trusted heart or hand:
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,
 And great the spoil he got and gave;
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill
 To warp and wield the vulgar will:
 But still his Christian origin
 With them was little less than sin.
 They envied even the faithless fame
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name,
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
 In youth a bitter Nazarene.
 They did not know how pride can stoop,
 When baffled feelings withering droop;
 They did not know how hate can burn
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal
 The convert of revenge can feel.
 He ruled them—man may think the worst,
 By ever daring to be first:
 So lions o'er the jackal sway;
 The jackal points, he fells the prey,
 Then on the vulgar yelling press,
 To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse;
 In vain from side to side he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose;
 Or if he dozes, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.
 The turban on his hot brow press'd,
 The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,
 Though oft and long beneath its weight
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
 Without or couch or canopy,
 Except a rougher field and sky
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
 Than now along the heaven was spread.
 He could not rest, he could not stay
 Within his tent to wait for day,
 But walk'd him forth along the sand,
 Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand
 What pillow'd them? and why should he
 More wakeful than the humblest be?
 Since more their peril, worse their toil,
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
 While he alone, where thousands pass'd
 A night of sleep, perchance their last,

In sickly vig'! wander'd on,
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less form'd to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled.
And linger'd on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh! still her step at moments falters
O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token:
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
And through this night, as on he wander'd,
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,
A traitor in a turban'd horde;
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege.
Not so had those his fancy number'd,
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;
Their phalanx march'd on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
They fell devoted, but un'ying;
The very gale their names secur'd sighing.

The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.
Despite of every joke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs!
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head.
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mased,
And woo'd the freshness Night diffus'd.
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest
mood, [rood;
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go:
Calm or high, in main or bay,
On their course she hath no sway.
The rock unworn its base doth bar,
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
On the line that it left long ages ago—
A smooth short space of yellow sand
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts
wax'd cold?

I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost
tell

The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb.
They were too busy to bark at him!

From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;

And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter
skull,⁶ [edge grew dull,

As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot
where they fed ;

So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's re-
past. [sand,

And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the
The foremost of these were the best of his band :
Crimson and green were the shawls of their
wear,

And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,⁷
All the rest was shaven and bare.

The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.

But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,

Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;

But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight :
Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;

But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,

Score'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in
vain,

Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
There is something of pride in the perilous hour,

Whate'er be the shape in which death may
lower ;

For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds !

But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,

And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the
air,

Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,
All regarding man as their prey,

All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands ;

Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown !

Out upon Time ! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !

Out upon Time ! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve

O'er that which hath been and o'er that which
must be

What we have seen, our sons shall see ;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
And pass'd his hand athwart his face ;

Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude ;

His head was drooping on his breast,
Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd :

And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,

Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key,

Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken,

There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.

Was it the wind through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan ?

He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be ;

He look'd on the long grass—it waved not
a blade ;

How was that gentle sound convey'd ?
He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,

So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek ;

What did that sudden sound bespeak ?
He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight ?

There sate a lady, youthful and bright !

XX.

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.

" God of my fathers ! what is here ?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent

So near a hostile armament ? "
His trembling hands refused to sign

The cross he deem'd no more divine .
He had resumed it in that hour,

But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw : he knew the face

Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
It was Francesca by his side,

The maid who might have been his bride !

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak :

Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red

The ocean's calm within thy view,
Beside her eye had less to blue :

But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought conceal'd her bosom shining ;
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm show'd white and bare :
 And ere she made reply,
 One she raised her hand on high ;
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

" I come from my rest to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.
 I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall ;
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
 'T is said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity ;
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
 I come—and if I come in vain,
 Never, oh never, we meet again.
 Thou hast done a fearful deed
 In falling away from thy father's creed :
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

" And where should our bridal couch be spread?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead?
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
 Shall be left upon the morn :
 Put thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 Where our hands shall be join'd, and our
 sorrow forgot.

There thou yet shalt be my bride,
 When once again I've quell'd the pride
 Of Venice ; and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own —
 Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart,
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold ;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone
 As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,
 So deeply changed from what he knew :
 Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's
 swell, [dwell.
 And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were
 fix'd, [unmix'd
 And the glance that it gave was wild and
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream :
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
 Stir'd by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to
 come down [frown,
 From the shadowy wall where their images
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

" If not for love of me be given
 Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
 Again I say—that turban tear
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,
 Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
 Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me
 If this thou dost accord, albeit
 A heavy doom 't is thine to meet,
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;
 And look once more to heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.
 There is a light cloud by the moon—
 'T is passing, and will pass full soon—
 If, by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged ;
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill."

A!p look'd to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;

But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside,
By deep interminable pride.
This first false passion of his breast
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! He dismay'd
By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave!
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly
Without an accent of reply;
He watch'd it passing; it is flown.
Ful on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late:
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
What Venice made me, I must be,
Her foe in all, save love to thee:
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"

He turn'd, but she is gone!
Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle grey,
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're
borne, [hum,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's
And the clash, and the shout, "They come!
they come!" [the sword
The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait
for the word.

Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit.

The cannon are poised, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before
Form's in his phalanx each Janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder
to scale; [ye fail?
And your hands on your sabres, and how should
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and
have!"

Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous
ire:—

Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength bur
to die:

Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the level'd plain
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliff's invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude.

In firmness they stood, and in masses they
fell,

Heap'd, by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and
through

With an echo dread and new:
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara;
(We have heard the hearers say,
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the
hilt,

Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plunder'd dome:
Hark to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
Make a pause, and turn again—
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs werewhite,
But his veteran arm was full of might:
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay;
Still he combated unwounded,
Though retreating, unsurrounded.
Many a scar of former fight
Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright;
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been ta'en before:
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
Few of our youth could cope with him;
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver grey.
From right to left his sabre swept:
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd

His weapon first in Moslem gore,
Ere his years could count a score.
Of all he might have been the sire
Who fell that day beneath his ire:
For, sonless left long years ago,
His wrath made many a childless foe;
And since the day, when in the strait^s
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb.
If shades by carnage be appeas'd,
Patroclus' spirit less was pleas'd
Than his, Minotti's son, who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
Buried he lay, where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhum'd on the
shore;

What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a lone in their
graves;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band [hand:
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is a
Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
Thus in the fight is he ever known:
Others a gaudier garb may show,
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;
Many a loftier turban may wear,—
Alp is but known by the white arm bare;
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there
There is not a standard on that shore
So well advanced the ranks before;
There is not a banner in Moslem war
Will lure the Delhis half so far;
It glances like a falling star!
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
The bravest be, or late have been;
There the craven cries for quarter
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar:
Or the hero, silent lying,
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;
Mustering his last feeble blow
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
And Alp's moment check'd

"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

"Never, renegado, never! [ever."
Though the life of thy gift would last for

"Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride!
Must she too perish by thy pride?"

"She is safe."—"Where? where?"—"In
heaven;

From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled."
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.

"Oh God! when died she?"—"Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!"—"That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain!

While Minotti's words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his falchion's point had found,
Had the time allow'd to wound,
From within the neighbouring porch
Of a long defended church
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell;
A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Through all the palpitating trunk;
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering
They turn'd him on his back; his breast
And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed;
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death:
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unanel'd he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last—a Renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes;

These in joy, in fury those:
Then again in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords, and spears transfix'd,
Interchanged the blow and thrust
Hurling warriors in the dust.
Street by street, and foot by foot,
Still Minotti dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,

Whence issued late the fated band
That half avenged the city's fall
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track;
And, with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the pass;
There they yet may breathe awhile
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat
Their numbers balk their own retreat;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly:
They perforce must do or die.
They die; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still;
And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still renew'd attacks:
And now the Othmans gain the gate,
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot;
From every shatter'd window pour
The volleys of the sulphurous shower;
But the portal wavering grows and weak—
The iron yields, the hinges creak—
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Darkly, slowly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:
Madonna's face upon him shone,

Painted in heavenly hues above,
 With eyes of light and looks of love;
 And placed upon that holy shrine
 To fix our thoughts on things divine,
 When pictured there, we kneeling see
 Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer
 To heaven, as if to waft it there
 Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
 Minotti lifted his aged eye,
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
 And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
 Inward and onward the Mussulman came

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
 Contain'd the dead of ages gone;
 Their names were on the graven floor,
 But now illegible with gore;
 The carved crests, and curious hues
 The varied marble's veins diffuse, [strown
 Were smear'd, and slippery—stain'd and
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;
 You might see them piled in sable state,
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
 But War had enter'd their dark caves,
 And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead:
 Here, throughout the siege, had been
 The Christians' chiefest magazine,
 To these a late form'd train now led,
 Minotti's last and stern resource
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain
 To strive, and those must strive in vain:
 For lack of further lives, to slake
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
 And lop the already lifeless head,
 And fell the statues from their niche,
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
 And from each other's rude hands wrest
 The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
 To the high altar on they go;
 Oh, but it made a g'lorious show!
 On its table still behold
 The cup of consecrated gold;

Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:
 That morn it held the holy wine,
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
 Which his worshippers drank at the break
 of day, [fray.
 To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the
 Still a few drops within it lay;
 And round the sacred table glow
 Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
 From the purest metal cast;
 A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
 To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
 When old Minotti's hand
 Touch'd with the torch the train—
 'Tis fired!
 Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
 The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
 All that of living or dead remain,
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
 In one wild roar expired! [down—
 The shatter'd town—the walls thrown
 The waves a moment backward bent—
 The hills that shake, although unrent,
 As if an earthquake pass'd—
 The thousand shapeless things all driven
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
 By that tremendous blast—
 Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er
 On that too long afflicted shore:
 Up to the sky like rockets go
 All that mingled there below:
 Many a tall and goodly man,
 Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,
 When he fell to earth again
 Like a cinder strew'd the plain:
 Down the ashes shower like rain;
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the
 sprinkles
 With a thousand circling wrinkles;
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay:
 Christian, or Moslem, which be they?
 Let their mothers see and say!
 When in cradled rest they lay,
 And each nursing mother smiled
 On the sweet sleep of her child,
 Little deem'd she such a day
 Would rend those tender limbs away.
 Not the matrons that them bore
 Could discern their offspring more;

That one moment left no trace
 More of human form or face
Save a scatter'd scalp or bone :
And down came blazing rafters, strown
 Around, and many a falling stone,
 Deeply dinted in the clay,
 All blacken'd there and reeking lay.
 All the living things that heard
 That deadly earth-shock disappear'd :
 The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
 And howling left the unburied dead ;
 The camels from their keepers broke,
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;

The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
 Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
 The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
 Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
 The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,¹⁰
 Bay'd from afar complainingly,
 With a mix'd and mournful sound,
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound
 With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
 The eagle left his rocky nest,
 And mounted nearer to the sun,
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;
 Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
 And made him higher soar and shriek—
 Thus was Corinth lost and weal

Parisina.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." I am aware, that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo, his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470.

Parisina.

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as so't a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats
quick. [leaves,
There whispers a voice through the rustling
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'T is past—her lover 's at her feet.

III.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
And heedless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had pass'd away,
They only for each other breathe;
Their very sighs are full of joy
So deep, that did it not decay.
That happy madness would destroy
The hearts which feel its fiery sway.
Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
In that tumultuous tender dream?
Who that have felt that passion's power,
Or paused, or fear'd in such a hour?
Or thought how brief such moments last!
But yet—they are already past:
Alas! we must awake before
We know such vision comes no more.

IV.

With many a lingering look they leave
The spot of guilty gladness past;
And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,
As if that parting were the last.

The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
The lip that there would cling for ever,
While gleams on Parisina's face

The Heaven she fears will not forgive her
As if each calmly conscious star
Beheld her frailty from afar—
The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
But it must come, and they must part
In fearful heaviness of heart,
With all the deep and shuddering chill
Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
To covet there another's bride;
But she must lay her conscious head
A husband's trusting heart beside.
But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
And mutters she in her unrest

A name she dare not breathe by day,
And clasps her lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away:

And he to that embrace awakes,
And, happy in the thought, mistakes
That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
For such as he was wont to bless;
And could in very fondness weep
O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

VI.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
And listen'd to each broken word:
He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
As if the Archangel's voice he heard?

And well he may—a deeper doom
Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
When he shall wake to sleep no more,
And stand the eternal throne before.

And well he may—his earthly peace
Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
That sleeping whisper of a name
Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame
And whose that name? that o'er his pillow
Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,
Which rolls the plank upon the shore,

And dashes on the pointed rock
The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—
So came upon his soul the shock.
And whose that name? 'tis Hugo's,—his—
In sooth he had not deem'd of this!

'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one
He loved—his own all-evil son—
The offspring of his wayward youth
When he betray'd Bianca's truth,
The maid whose folly could confide
In him who made her not his bride.

VII.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
But sheath'd it ere the point was bare—
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
He could not slay a thing so fair—
At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—
Nay more—he did not wake her then,
But gazed upon her with a glance
Which, had she roused her from her trance
Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
And o'er his brow the burning lamp
Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.
She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
While, in his thought, her days are number'd

VIII.

And with the morn he sought, and found,
In many a tale from those around,
The proof of all he fear'd to know,
Their present guilt, his future woe;
The long-conniving damsels seek
To save themselves, and would transfer
The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her
Concealment is no more—they speak
All circumstance which may compel
Full credence to the tale they tell:
And Azo's tortured heart and ear
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay:
Within the chamber of his state,
The chief of Este's ancient sway
Upon his throne of judgment sat;
His nobles and his guards are there,—
Before him is the sinful pair;
Both young,—and *one* how passing fair!
With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,
Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand
Before a father's face!
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
And hear the sentence of his ire,
The tale of his disgrace!
And yet he seems not overcome,
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X.

And still, and pale, and silently
Did Parisina wait her doom;
How changed since last her speaking eye
Glanced gladness round the glittering room.

Where high-born men were proud to wait—
 Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
 And gather from her air and gait
 The graces of its queen:
 Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
 and made her quarrel all their own.
 Now,—what is she? and what are they?
 Can she command, or these obey?
 All silent and unheeding now,
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
 And folded arms, and freezing air,
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
 Her knights and dames, her court—is there:
 And he, the chosen one, whose lance
 Had yet been couch'd before her glance,
 Who—were his arm a moment free—
 Had died or gain'd her liberty;
 The minion of his father's bride,—
 He, too, is fetter'd by her side;
 Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
 Less for her own despair than him:
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein
 Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
 Shining through the smoothest white
 That e'er did softest kiss invite—
 Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
 To press, not shade, the orbs below;
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,
 As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
 But for the eyes that on him gazed:
 His sorrow, if he felt, it slept;
 Stern and erect his brow was raised.
 Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
 He would not shrink before the crowd;
 But yet he dared not look on her:
 Remembrance of the hours that were—
 His guilt—his love—his present state—
 His father's wrath—all good men's hate—
 His earthly, his eternal fate—
 And hers,—oh hers! he dared not throw
 One look upon that deathlike brow!
 Else had his rising heart betray'd
 Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday
 I gloried in a wife and son;
 That dream this morning pass'd away;
 Ere day declines, I shall have none.
 My life must linger on alone;
 Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
 Who would not do as I have done:

Those ties are broken—not by me;
 Let that too pass;—the doom's prepared
 Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
 And then—thy crime's reward!
 Away! address thy prayers to Heaven,
 Before its evening stars are met—
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven;
 Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
 But here, upon the earth beneath,
 There is no spot where thou and I
 Together, for an hour, could breathe:
 Farewell! I will not see thee die—
 But thou, frail thing! shalt view his head—
 Away! I cannot speak the rest:
 Go! woman of the wanton breast
 Not I, but thou his blood dost shed.
 Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—
 For on his brow the swelling veir
 Throbb'd as if back upon his brain
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again.
 And therefore bow'd he for a space,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng;
 While Hugo raised his chained hands,
 And for a brief delay demands
 His father's ear: the silent sire
 Forbids not what his words require.
 "It is not that I dread the death—
 For thou hast seen me by thy side
 All redly through the battle ride,
 And that not once a useless brand
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine.
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:
 Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my
 A gift for which I thank thee not;
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
 Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
 Her offspring's heritage of shame;
 But she is in the grave, where he,
 Her son, thy rival, soon shall be,
 Her broken heart—my sever'd head—
 Shall witness for thee from the dead
 How trusty and how tender were
 Thy youthful love—paternal care.
 'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—
 But wrong for wrong:—this deem'd thee
 bride,
 The otter-victim of thy pride,
 Thou know'st for me was destined long.
 Thou saw'st and covetest her charms—
 And with thy very crime—my birth,
 Thou tauntedst me—as little worth;

A match ignoble for her arms,
Because, forsooth, I could not claim
The lawful heirship of thy name,
Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :

Yet, were a few short summers mine,
My name should more than Este's shine
With honours all my own.

I had a sword—and have a breast
That should have won as haught² a crest
As ever waved along the line

Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
Not always knightly spurs are worn
The brightest by the better born ;
And mine have lanced my courser's flank
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
When charging to the cheering cry
Of ' Este and of Victory !'

I will not plead the cause of crime,
Nor sue thee to redeem from time
A few brief hours or days that must
At length roll o'er my reckless dust ;—
Such maddening moments as my past,
They could not, and they did not, last.
Albeit my birth and name be base,
And thy nobility of race

Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—
Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face,

And in my spirit—all of thee.
From thee—this tamelessness of heart—
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
From thee in all their vigour came
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
Thou didst not give me life alone,
But all that made me more thine own.
See what thy guilty love hath done!
Repaid thee with too like a soul !

I am no bastard in my soul,
For that, like thine, abhor'd control:
And for my breath, that hasty boon
Thou gav'st and will resume so soon,
I valued it no more than thou,
When rose thy casque above thy brow,
And we, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven:
The past is nothing—and at last
The future can but be the past ;
Yet would I that I then had died ;

For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
And made thy own my destined bride,

I feel thou art my father still ;
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
Begot in sin, to die in shame,
My life begun and ends the same ;
A err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
And thou must punish both in one

My crime seems worse to human view,
But God must judge between us too !"

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms
On which the circling fetters sounded,
And not an ear but felt as wounded,
Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,
When those dull chains in meeting clank'd

Till Parisina's fatal charms
Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him doom'd to die !
She stood, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill :
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood ;
But every now and then a tear

So large and slowly gather'd slid
From the long-dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see, not near !
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
A monument of Azo's wife,—
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose every passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair.
But yet she lived—and all too soon
Recover'd from that death-like swoon—
But scarce to reason—every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense ;
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
The past a blank, the future black,
With glimpses of a dreary track,
Like lightning on the desert path,
When midnight storms are mustering wrath
She fear'd—she felt that something ill
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
That there was sin and shame she knew ;
That some one was to die—but who ?

She had forgotten:—did she breathe?
 Could this be still the earth beneath,
 The sky above, and men around;
 Or were they fiends who now so frown'd
 On one, before whose eyes each eye
 Till then had smiled in sympathy?
 All was confus'd and undefin'd
 To her all-jar'd and wandering mind;
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
 And now in laughter, now in tears,
 But madly still in each extreme,
 She strove with that convulsive dream:
 For so it seem'd on her to break:
 Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

XV.

The Convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow;
 In the grey square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro.
 Heavily to the heart they go!
 Hark! the hymn is singing—
 The song for the dead below,
 Or the living who shortly shall be so!
 For a departing being's soul [knoll:
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells
 He is near his mortal goal;
 Kneeling at the friar's knee;
 Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
 With the block before and the guards
 around—
 And the headman with his bare arm ready,
 That the blow may be both swift and steady,
 Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
 Since he set its edge anew:
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
 To see the Son fall by the doom of the Fa-ther.

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
 Before the summer sun shall set,
 Which rose upon that heavy day,
 And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;
 And his evening beams are shed
 Full on Hugo's fated head,
 As his last confession pouring
 To the monk, his doom deploring
 In penitential holiness,
 He bends to hear his accents bless
 With absolution such as may
 Wipe our mortal stains away.
 That high sun on his head did glisten
 As he there did bow and listen—
 And the rings of chestnut hair
 Curl'd half down his neck so bare;
 But brighter still the beam was thrown
 Upon the axe which near him shone

With a clear and ghastly glitter—
 Oh! that parting hour was bitter!
 Even the stern stood chill'd with awe:
 Dark the crime, and just the law—
 Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over
 Of that false son—and daring lover!
 His beads and sins are all recounted,
 His hours to their last minute mounted—
 His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
 His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd—
 'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
 The vest which till this moment wore—
 The scarf which Parisina gave—
 Must not adorn him to the grave.
 Even that must now be thrown aside,
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;
 But no—that last indignity
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
 All feelings seemingly subdu'd,
 In deep disdain were half renew'd,
 When headman's hands prepared to bind
 Those eyes which would not brook such blindness
 As if they dared not look on death.
 "No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
 These hands are chain'd—but let me die
 At least with an unshackled eye—
 Strike:"—and as the word he said,
 Upon the block he bow'd his head;
 These the last accents Hugo spoke:
 "Strike:"—and flashing fell the stroke—
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,
 In the dust, which each deep vein
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain:
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.
 He died as erring man should die,
 Without display, without parade;
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
 As not disdainng priestly aid,
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.
 And while before the prior kneeling,
 His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling;
 His wrathful sire—his paramour—
 What were they in such an hour?
 No more reproach—no more despair;
 No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
 Save the few which from him broke
 When, bared to meet the headman's stroke,
 He claim'd to die with eyes unbound
 His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII.

Shrill as the lips that closed in death,
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath—

But yet, afar, from man to man,
 A cold electric shiver ran,
 As down the deadly blow descended
 On him whose life and love thus ended;
 And, with a hushing sound compress'd,
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast;
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,
 Beyond the blow that to the block
 Pierced through with forced and sullen
 shock,

Save one:—what cleaves the silent air
 So madly shrill—so passing wild?
 That, as a mother's o'er her child,
 Done to death by sudden blow,
 To the sky these accents go,
 Like a soul's in endless woe.
 Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
 And every eye is turn'd thereon;
 But sound and sight alike are gone!
 It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
 In madlier accents rose despair;
 And those who heard it, as it past,
 In mercy wish'd it were the last.

XIX.

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
 No more in palace, hall, or bower,
 Was Parisina heard or seen:
 Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
 Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
 Like words of wantonness or fear;
 And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
 Was mention heard of wife or son;
 No tomb—no memory had they;
 Theirs was unconsecrated clay;
 At least the knight's who died that day.
 But Parisina's fate lies hid
 Like dust beneath the coffin lid:
 Whether in convent she abode,
 And won to heaven her dreary road,
 By blighted and remorseful years
 Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
 Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
 For that dark love she dared to feel;
 Or if, upon the moment smote,
 She died by tortures less remote;
 Like him she saw upon the block,
 With heart that shared the headman's shock
 In quicken'd brokenness that came,
 In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
 None knew—and none can ever know:
 But whatsoe'er its end below,
 Her life began and closed in woe!

XX.

And Azo found another bride,
 And goodly son: zrew by his side:

But none so lovely and so brave
 As him who wither'd in the grave:
 Or if they were—on his cold eye
 Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
 Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.
 But never tear his cheek descended,
 And never smile his brow unbended;
 And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought;
 Those furrows which the burning share
 Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there;
 Scars of the lacerating mind
 Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.
 He was past all mirth or woe:
 Nothing more remain'd below
 But sleepless nights and heavy days,
 A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
 A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
 That would not yield—nor could forget.
 Which, when it least appear'd to melt,
 Intently thought—intensely felt:
 The deepest ice which ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close—
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
 Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
 By thoughts which Nature hath implanted;
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
 Howe'er our stifled fears we banish;
 When, struggling as they rise to start,
 We check those waters of the heart,
 They are not dried—those tears unshed
 But flow back to the fountain head,
 And resting in their spring more pure,
 For ever in its depth endure,
 Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
 And cherish'd most where least reveal'd
 With inward starts of feeling left,
 To throb o'er those of life bereft;
 Without the power to fill again
 The desert gap which made his pain;
 Without the hope to meet them where
 United souls shall gladness share,
 With all the consciousness that he
 Had only pass'd a just decree;
 That they had wrought their doom of ill,
 Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
 The tainted branches of the tree,

If lopp'd with care, a strength may give
 By which the rest shall bloom and live
 All greenly fresh and wildly free
 But if the lightning, in its wrath,
 The waving boughs with fury scathe,
 The massy trunk the ruin feels,
 And never more a leaf reveals.

The Prisoner of Chillon:

A FABLE.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom, [dom,
Their country conquers with their martyr-
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The Prisoner of Chillon.¹

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,²
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those

To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day

Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy:—but not in chains to pine
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—

And so perchance in sooth did mine
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
'To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,³
Which round about the wave enthrals
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were light
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limo;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,

Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side;
 But why delay the truth?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To board my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swollen convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread:
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That most made the dungeon bright.

And not a word of murmur—no.
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less
 I listen'd, but I could not hear—
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonish'd;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound.
 And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew,
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no
 crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;

A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

x.
A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,

And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise; [while
For—Heaven forgive that thought! t :
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then 't was lost away it flew,
And then 't was mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

xl.
A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;

I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side.
And up and down, and then athwart
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profan'd their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and stoa

xii.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

xiii.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,⁴
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all:

The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came to set me free,
 I ask'd no why, and reck'd not where

It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home :
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are:—even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

Manfred:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.
CHAMOIS HUNTER.
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.
MANUEL.
HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS
ARIMANES.
NEMESIS.
THE DESTINIES.
SPIRITS, &c.

The scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.

Manfred.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MANFRED alone.—*Scene, a Gothic Gallery — Time, Midnight.*

Man. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then

It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not. in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise:

Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this avail'd not:—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or
wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you—Rise!
appear! [A pause.
They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of
him
Who is undying,—Rise! appear!—Appear!
[A pause.
If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spirit,
Which had its birthplace in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,

A wandering heli in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!

[*A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sunset gilds
With the azure and vermilion,
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden;
To thine adjuration bow'd,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The Glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.

I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath lie,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy ælls;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher;

Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth;
I have quitted my birthplace,
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
The Stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast:
The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
'T will sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me.
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun in air;
Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!
And thou! beneath its influence born—
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—
Forced by a power (which is not thine,
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round thee bend
And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with
me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy
star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals
—say?

Man. Forgetfulness—

First Spirit. Of what—of whom—and why?

Man. Of that which is within me; read it there—

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that which we possess:

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all,
These shall be thine.

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou may'st die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal; and to us the past

Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer'd?

Man. Ye mock me—but the power which
brought ye here [will!

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in
clay!

Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we answer'd; our reply
Is even in thine own words.

Man. Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be
as ours,

We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

Man. I then have call'd ye from your realms
in vain;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit. Say;

What we possess we offer; it is thine:

Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length
of days—

Man. Accurs'd! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would
do thee service;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

Man. No, none; yet stay—one moment, ere
we part—

I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds
As music on the waters; and I see

The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

Spirit. We have no forms beyond the ele-
ments

Of which we are the mind and principle:

But choose a form—in this we will appear

Man. I have no choice; there is no form or
earth

Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect,
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

Seventh Spirit. (*Appearing in the shape of
a beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

Man. Oh God! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be— [*The figure vanishes*
My heart is crush'd!

[*MANFRED falls senseless.*

(*A Voice is heard in the Incantation which
follows.*)²

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.
Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been,
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

SCENE II.

The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search—My mother Earth!

And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye
Mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede:
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should
be [gone

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to them
selves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
[*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard*

The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering
herd; [I were
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, thou,
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Chamois Hunter. Even so
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet
Have baffled me: my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd
A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this distance—
I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other). To be
thus— [pines,
Grey-hair'd with anguish³, like these blasted
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,⁴
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by
years

And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush
me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict⁵; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the
valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers;
clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sul-
phury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles,—I am
giddy.⁶

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously;
if near,

! sudden step will startle him, and he
seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Iaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splin-
ters;

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
When mountains find another channel—thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care
Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink

Man. (not hearing him). Such would have
been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth
They had not then been strewn upon the rock
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they
shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening
heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
You were not meant for me—Earth! take
these atoms!

[As MANFRED is in act to spring from
the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes
and retains him with a sudden grasp

C. Hun. Hold, madman!—though aware
of thy life,

Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood—
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp
me not—

I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—
What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon.—Away
with me—

The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean
on me—

Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and
cling [hand,

A moment to that shrub—now give me your
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—

The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,

And something like a pathway, which the
torrent [done—

Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 't is brave
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[As they descend the rocks with difficulty
the scene closes.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. Hun. No, no—yet pause—thou must
not yet go forth:

Thy mind and body are alike unfit

To trust each other, for some hours, at least:
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither?

Man. It imports not: I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of
high lineage—

One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee lord? I only know their portals,
My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Crouching with the vassals; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their
doors,

I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, sir, pardon me the
question,

And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;
'T is of an ancient vintage. many a day
'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine—Come pledge me fairly.

Man. Away, away! there's blood upon the
brim!

Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean? thy senses
wander from thee. [warm stream

Man. I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in
ours

When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from
heaven,

Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and some
half-maddening sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort
yet—

The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

Man. Patience and patience! Hence—that
word was made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven.

I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are
useless. [I live.

Man. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no healthful
life.

Man. I tell thee, man! I have lived *many*
years,

Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still un-
slaked! [age

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend
on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he's mad—but yet I must
not leave him. [I see

Man. I would I were—for then the things
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

C. Hun. What is it

That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

Man. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the
Alps—

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy
toils,

By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorched already!

C. Hun. And would'st thou then exchange
thy lot for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee
nor exchange

My lot with living being: I can bear—
However wretchedly, 't is still to bear—
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun. And with this—

This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd
revenge

Upon his enemies?

Man. Oh! no, no, no! [me—

My injuries came down on those who loved
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence—
But my embrace was fatal!

C. Hur Heaven give thee rest!
 And penitence restore thee to thyself;
 My prayers shall be for thee.
Man. I need them not,
 But can endure thy pity. I depart—
 'T is time—farewell!—Here 's gold, and thanks
 for thee—
 No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
 I know my path—the mountain peril 's past :—
 And once again, I charge thee, follow not!
 [Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays? still arch
 The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
 And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
 O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
 And fling its lines of foaming light along,
 And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
 The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
 As told in the Apoccalypse^s. No eyes
 But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
 ' should be sole in this sweet solitude,
 And with the Spirit of the place divide
 The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[MANFRED takes some of the water into
 the palm of his hand, and flings it in
 the air, muttering the adjuration. After
 a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS
 rises beneath the arch of the sunbow
 of the torrent.]

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
 And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
 The charms of earth's least mortal daughters
 grow

To an unearthly stature, in an essence
 Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
 Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
 Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
 Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
 Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
 I he blush of earth, embracing with her heaven,—
 Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
 The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er
 thee.

Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear bow,
 Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
 Which of itself shows immortality,
 I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
 Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
 At times to commune with them—if that he

Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
 And gaze on thee a moment

Witch. Son of Earth!
 I know thee, and the powers which give thee
 power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
 And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
 Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what would'st thou with
 me? [further

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing
 The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
 Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
 To the abodes of those who govern her—
 But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
 From them what they could not bestow, and now
 I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
 Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
 The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
 But why should I repeat it? 't were in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.
Man. Well, though it torture me, 't is but
 the same; [upwards

My pang shall find a voice. From my youth
 My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
 Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
 The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
 The aim of their existence was not mine;
 My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
 Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
 I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
 Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
 Was there but one who—but of her anon.
 I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
 I held but slight communion; but instead,
 My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
 Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's
 wing

Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
 Into the torrent, and to roll along
 On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
 Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
 In these my early strength exulted; or
 To follow through the night the moving moon,
 The stars and their development; or catch
 The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
 Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
 While Autumn winds were at their evening
 song.

These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
 For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
 Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
 I felt myself degraded back to them,

And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Search'ng its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd
up dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings
raised

Eros and Anteros⁹, at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and
joy

Of this most bright intelligence, until,—

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my
words,

Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one—

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her
eyes,

Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her;
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her
own—

I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch. With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which
broke her heart—

It gaz'd on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was
shed—

I saw—and could not stanch it

Witch. And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,

The order which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st
back

To recreant mortality—Away!

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since
that hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me.
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then curs'd myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'t is denied me.

I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break
In fantasy, imagination, all

The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Cæsus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfaçom'd thought.

I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 't is to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and superhuman art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

Witch. It may be

That can aid thee.

Man. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last. [thou

Witch. That is not in my province; but if
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Obey! and whom?
the spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

Witch. Is this all?

Has thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink
thee,

And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it

Witch. Enough!—I may retire then—say
Retire

Man. [The Witch disappears
(alone). We are the fools of time and
terror: Days

Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this 'tasted yoke—

This vital weight upon the struggling neat,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with
pain,

Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to part for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.¹⁰
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare :
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.
But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night ap-
proaches (Exit.

SCENE III.

*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.**Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
And here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment¹¹—a dead whirlpool's
image:
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,

The fretwork of some earthquake—where the
clouds

Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival—'tis strange they come
not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shiver'd his chain,
I leagu'd him with numbers—
He's Tyrant again! [care,
With the blood of a million he'll answer my
With a nation's destruction—his flight and de-
spair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his
wreck; [hair,
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me.

FIRST DESTINY, answering.

The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplore it,
May dawn on it weeping.
Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish
The living shall fly from
The sick they shall cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread,
Envelope a nation—
The blest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation—
This work of a night—
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doir
For aces I've done, and shall still be renew

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

First Des. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

Second Des. At some great work;

But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Third Des. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

Nem. I was detain'd repairing shatter'd
thrones,

Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our
clouds! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his
Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the
Spirits.*

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his
hand

The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command!

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in
thunder;

He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world
asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

To him War offers daily sacrifice;
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his

With all its infinite of agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the cart
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we await
His nod!

Nem. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,
And most things wholly so; still to increase
Our power, increasing thine, demands our care.
And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A Spirit. What is here?
A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship!

Second Spirit. I do know the man—
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

Third Spirit. Bow down and worship,
slave!—What, know'st thou not
Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble, and obey

All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and thy
condemned clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

Man. I know it:
And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit. 'T will be taught thee.
Man. 'T is taught already;—many a night
on the earth,

On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my
face, [*known*]

And strew'd my head with ashes; I have
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

Fifth Spirit. Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his Glory?—Crouch! I say.

Man. Bid him bow down to that which is
above him,

The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him
kneel,

And we will kneel together.
The Spirits. Crush the worms!

Tear him in pieces!—

First Des. Hence! Avaunt!—he's mine,
Prince of the Powers invisible! This man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote; his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like [will,
Our own; his knowledge, and his powers and
As far as is compatible with clay, [such
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been
As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

This is not all—the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no power,
nor being,

Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their conse-
quence

Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other Spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

Nem. What doth he here then?

First Des. Let him answer that.

Man. Ye know what I have known; and
without power

I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

Nem. What would'st thou?

Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.

Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

Ari. Yea.

Nem. Whom would'st thou
Uncharm?

Man. One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,

Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part

Of the form of thy birth,

Of the mould of thy clay,

Which return'd to the earth,

Re-appear to the day!

Bear what thou borest,

The heart and the form,

And the aspect thou worest.

Redeem from the worm.

Appear!—Appear!—Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here!
[*The Phantom of Astarte rises and stands
in the midst.*

Man. Can this be death? there's bloom
upon her cheek;

But now I see it is no living hue
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dreat
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!

Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answer'd.

Nem. My power extends no further. Prince
of air!

It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Ari. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

Nem. Silent still!

She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee
more

Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.

Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life

Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.

I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd
boughs, [caves

And woke the mountain wolves, and made the
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,

Which answer'd me—many things answer'd
me—

Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee,
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!

Man. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine
earthly ills.

Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell! [*me.*]

Man. One word for mercy! Say, thoulovest

Phan. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*¹²

Nem. She's gone, and will not be
recall'd;

Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed—This isto be a
mortal,

And seek the things beyond mortality.

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth him-
self, and makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made

An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—

Even as thou wilt; and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit MANFRED.*]

(*Scene closes*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

Man. Say,
Are all things so d'sposed of in the tower
As I directed?

Her. All, my lord, are ready:
Here is the key and casket.

Man. It is well:
Thou may'st retire. [*Exit HERMAN.*]

Man. (alone). There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred

Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these
walls;

Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count!—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire.—What would my
reverend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude:—Age and
zeal, my office,

And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbour-
hood,

May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,

And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries: may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!

Man. Proceed,—I listen.

Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with
the things

Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—

Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy—I would not pry into thy secret soul; But if these things be sooth, there still is time For penitence and pity: reconcile thee With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: what I may have been, or am, doth rest between Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal

To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of punishment,

But penitence and pardon;—with thyself The choice of such remains—and for the last, Our institutions and our strong belief [sic] Have given me power to smooth the path from To higher hope and better thoughts; the first I leave to heaven,—“Vengeance is mine alone!”

So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness His servant echoes back the awful word.

Man. Old man! there is no power in holy men,

Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—Nor agony—nor, greater than all these, The innate tortures of that deep despair, Which is remorse without the fear of hell, But all in all sufficient to itself Would make a hell of heaven—can exercise From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense Of its own sins, wrongs, suffering, and revenge Upon itself; there is no future pang Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well; For this will pass away, and be succeeded By an auspicious hope, which shall look up With calm assurance to that blessed place, Which all who seek may win, whatever be Their earthly errors, so they be atoned: And the commencement of atonement is The sense of its necessity.—Say on— And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;

And all we can absolve thee shall be pardoned.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor¹³ was near his last,

The victim of a self-inflicted wound, To shun the torments of a public death From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier, With show of loyal pity, would have staunch'd The gushing throat with his officious robe; The dying Roman thrust him back, and said— Some empire still in his expiring glance, “It is too late—is this fidelity?”

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer with the Roman— “It is too late!”
Abbot. It never can be so, To reconcile thyself with thy own soul, And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?

’Tis strange—even those who do despair above, Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth, To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men. [visions]

Man. Ay—father! I have had those earthly And noble aspirations in my youth, To make my own the mind of other men, The enlightener of nations; and to rise I knew not whither—it might be to fall; But fall, even as the mountain-cataract, Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,

Even in the foaming strength of its abyss, (Which casts up misty columns that become Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,) Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past, My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature down, for he Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—

And watch all time—and pry into all place— And be a living lie—who would become A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves. The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with other men? [life;]

Man. Because my nature was averse from And yet not cruel; for I would not make, But find a desolation:—like the wind, The red-hot breath of the most lone simoom, Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast And revels o'er their wild and arid waves, And seeketh not, so that it is not sought, But being met is deadly; such hath been

The course o. my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

Abbot. Alas!
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would—

Man. Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—¹⁴
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for even of all these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

Abbot. Yet, hear me still—

Man. Old man! I do respect
Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
Think me not churlish; I would spare myself,
Far more than me, in shunning at this time
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.¹⁵

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

Abbot. This should have been a nobler crea-
ture;¹⁶ he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure
thoughts,
Mix'd and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive; he will perish,
And yet he must not; I will try once more
For such are worth redemption; and my duty
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.]

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you at
sunset:
He sinks behind the mountain—

Man.

I will look on him.

Doth he so

[MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall
Glorious Orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseas'd mankind, the giant sons!¹⁷
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd on their mountain tops, the
hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief
star!

Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well:
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

SCENE III.

*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at
some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.
—Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants
of MANFRED.

Her. 'T is strange enough; night after night,
for years,

He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times: but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure there is
One chamber where none enter: I would give
The fee of what I have to come these three years
To pore upon its mysteries.

Manuel. 'T were dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou know'st ab
read

Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within
the castle—

How many years is't?

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?

Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits;
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and
free,—

A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

Her. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have
seen

Some strange things in them, Herman.

Her. Come, be friendly;
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do re-
member

'T was twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The Lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. Where is your master?

Her. Yonder, in the tower.

Abbot. I must speak with him.

Manuel. 'T is impossible;

He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

Abbot. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.

Her. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

Abbot. Herman! I command thee,
Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

Her. We dare not.

Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

Manuel. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you pause.

Abbot. Why so?

Manuel. But step this way,
And I will tell you further. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED alone.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,¹⁸
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant centinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some egresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through level'd battle-
ments,

And twines its roots with the imperial heart;
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection! [halls,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity

Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns,—

"T was such a night!
'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT

Abbot. My good lord!
I crave a second grace for this approach;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me; its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I
should
Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd;
But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st me not;
My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded:
Retire, or 't will be dangerous—Away!

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me?
Man. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost mean?
Man. Look there!

What dost thou see?
Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there, I say
And stedfastly;—now tell me what thou seest.

Abbot. That which should shake me,—but
I fear it not—

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds: he stands between
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall not
harm thee—but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee—Retire!

Abbot. And I reply—
Never—till I have battled with this fiend:—
What doth he here?

Man. Why—ay—what doth he here?—
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests
like these

Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avant!—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission?
Spirit. Come

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being? an
swer!—speak!

Spirit. The genius of this mortal.—Come!
'tis time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee
here?

Spirit. Thou 'lt know anon—Come! come!
Man. I have commanded

Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—Away!
I say. [but not

Man. I knew, and know my hour is come,
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my bre-
thren.—Rise! [*Other Spirits rise up*

Abbot. Avant! ye evil ones!—Avant! I
say,—

Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name—

Spirit. Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;

Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.

Once more I summon him—Away! away
Man. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul

Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath

To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit. Reluctant mortal
Is this the magian who would so pervade

The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?—Can it be that thou

Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest
My life is in its last hour,—that I know,

Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee

And thy surrounding angels; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew

But by superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—
and skill

In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

Spirit. But thy many crimes
Have made thee——

Man. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine.
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not
tempt me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—

But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends
The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

[*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips
are white—

And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping
throat

The accents rattle—Give thy prayers
Heaven—

Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus
Man. 'T is over—my dull eyes can fix thee
not;

But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee
well—

Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with
thee?

Man. Old man! 't is not so difficult to die.

[*MANFRED expires.*]

Abbot. He's gone—his soul hath ta'en his
earthless flight—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

Cain:

A MYSTERY.

Now the Serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made.
GEN. ch. iii. ver. 1.

PREFACE.

THE following scenes are entitled "A Mystery," in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled "Mysteries, or Moralities." The author has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject which were common, formerly, as may be seen by any reader curious enough to refer to those very profane productions, whether in English, French, Italian, or Spanish. The author has endeavoured to preserve the language adapted to his characters; and where it is (and this is but rarely) taken from actual *Scripture*, he has made as little alteration, even of words, as the rhythm would permit. The reader will recollect that the book of Genesis does not state that Eve was tempted by a demon, but by "the Serpent;" and that only because he was "the most subtil of all the beasts of the field." Whatever interpretation the Rabbins and the Fathers may have put upon this, I take the words as I find them, and reply, with Bishop Watson upon similar occasions, when the Fathers were quoted to him, as Moderator in the schools of Cambridge, "Behold the Book!"—holding up the *Scripture*. It is to be recollected that my present subject has nothing to do with the *New Testament*, to which no reference can be here made without anachronism. With the poems upon similar topics I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty, I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's "Death of Abel" I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is

delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza: in the following pages I have called them "Adah" and "Zillah," the earliest female names which occur in Genesis; they were those of Lamech's wives: those of Cain and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.

The reader will please to bear in mind (what few choose to recollect), that there is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, nor indeed in the Old Testament.¹ For a reason for this extraordinary omission he may consult Warburton's "Divine Legation;" whether satisfactory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have therefore supposed it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ.

With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.

If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.

Note.—The reader will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation of man. This speculation, derived from the different strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in them, is not contrary to the Mosaic account but rather con-

firm it, as no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although those of many known animals are found near the remains of the unknown. The assertion of Lucifer, that the pre-Adamite world was also peopled by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and proportionably powerful to the mammoth, &c. &c. is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case.

I ought to add, that there is a "tramelogedia" of Alfieri, called "Abele."—I have never read that, nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his Life.

Ravenna, Sept. 20, 1821.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.—ADAM.
CAIN.
ABEL.

Spirits.—ANGEL OF THE LORD
LUCIFER.

Women —EVE.
ADAH.
ZILLAH.

Cain:

A MYSTERY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Land without Paradise.—Time, Sunrise.

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH,
offering a Sacrifice.

Adam. God, the Eternal! Infinite! All-wise!—

Who out of darkness on the deep didst make
Light on the waters with a word—all hail!
Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!

Eve. God! who didst name the day, and
separate

Morning from night, till then divided never—

Who didst divide the wave from wave, and call
Part of thy work the firmament—all hail!

Abel. God! who didst call the elements into
Earth—ocean—air—and fire, and with the day
And night, and worlds, which these illuminate,
Or shadow, madest beings to enjoy them,
And love both them and thee—all hail! all
hail!

Adah. God, the Eternal! Parent of all things!
Who didst create these best and beautiful
beings,

To be beloved, more than all, save thee—
Let me love thee and them:—All hail! all
hail!

Zillah. Oh, God! who loving, making,
Yet didst permit the Serpent to creep in,
And drive my father forth from Paradise,
Keep us from further evil:—Hail! all hail!

Adam. Son Cain, my first-born, wherefore
art thou silent?

Cain. Why should I speak?

Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not pray'd?

Adam. We have, most fervently.

Cain. And loudly: I
Have heard you.

Adam. So will God, I trust.

Abel. Amen!

Adam. But thou, my eldest born, art silent
still.

Cain. 'T is better I should be so.

Adam. Wherefore so?

Cain. I have nought to ask.²

Adam. Nor ought to thank for?

Cain. No.

Adam. Dost thou not live?

Cain. Must I not die?

Eve. Alas!

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins
To fall³.

Adam. And we must gather it again.
Oh, God! why didst thou plant the tree of
knowledge?

Cain. And wherefore pook'd ye not the
tree of life?

Ye might have then defied him.

Adam. Oh! my son,
BlaspHEME not: these are serpents' words,
Cain. Why not?

The snake spoke truth: it was the tree of
knowledge;

It was the tree of life: knowledge is good,
And life is good; and how can both be evil?

Eve. My boy! thou speakest as I spoke, in sin,
Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd
My misery in thine. I have repented.

Let me not see my offspring fall into
The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,
Which e'en in Paradise destroy'd his parents.
Content thee with what is. Had we been so
Thou now hadst been contented.—Oh, my son
Adam. Our orisons completed, let us heretoeach
Each to his task of toil—not heavy, though
Needful: the earth is young, and yields us kindly
Her fruits with little labour.

Eve. Cain, my son,
Behold thy father cheerful and resign'd,
And do as he doth [*Exeunt ADAM and EVE.*]

Zillah. Wilt thou not, my brother?

Abel. Why wilt thou wear this gloom upon
thy brow,

Which can avail thee nothing, save to rouse
The Eternal anger?

Adah. My beloved Cain,
Wilt thou frown even on me?

Cain. No, Adah! no;
I fain would be alone a little while.
Abel, I'm sick at heart; but it will pass.
Precede, me, brother—I will follow shortly.
And you, too, sisters, tarry not behind;
Your gentleness must not be harshly met:
I'll follow you anon.

Adah. If not, I will
Return to seek you here.

Abel. The peace of God
Be on your spirit, brother!

[*Exeunt ABEL, ZILLAH, and ADAH*]

Cain (solus). And this is
Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil?—
because

My father could not keep his place in Eden.
What had I done in this?—I was unborn:
I sought not to be born; nor love the state
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
Yield to the serpent and the woman? or,
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?
The tree was planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it, where it grew,
The fairest in the centre? They have but
One answer to all questions, "T was his will,
And he is good" How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?
I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—
Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.
Whom have we here?—A shape like to the
angels,

Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?
Why should I fear him more than otherspirits,
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords
Before the gates round which I linger oft,
In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those

Gardens which are my just inheritance,
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls
And the immortal trees which overtop
The cherubim-defended battlements?
If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels
Why should I quail from him who now
approaches?

Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems
Half of his immortality.⁴ And is it
So? and can aught grieve save humanity?
He cometh.

Enter LUCIFER.

Lucifer. Mortal!

Cain. Spirit, who art thou?

Lucifer. Master of spirits.

Cain. And being so, canst thou
Leave them, and walk with dust?

Lucifer. I know the thoughts
Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

Cain. How!

You know my thoughts?

Lucifer. They are the thoughts of all
Worthy of thought;—'t is your immortal part
Which speaks within you.

Cain. What immortal part?
This has not been reveal'd: the tree of life
Was withheld from us by my father's folly,
While that of knowledge, by my mother's haste,
Was pluck'd too soon; and all the fruit is death!

Lucifer. They have deceived thee; thou
shalt live.

Cain. I live,
But live to die: and, living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging.
A loathsome, and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

Lucifer. Thou livest, and must live for ever:
think not

The earth, which is thine outward cov'ring,
Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be
No less than thou art now.

Cain. No less! and why
No more?

Lucifer. It may be thou shalt be as we.

Cain. And ye?

Lucifer. Are everlasting.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. We are mighty.

Cain. Are ye happy?

Lucifer. No: art thou?

Cain. How should I be so? Look on me!

Lucifer. Poor clay!
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

Cain. I am:—and thou, with all thy might,
what art thou?

Lucifer. One who aspired to be what made
thee, and

Would not have made thee what thou art.

Cain. Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and——

Lucifer. I am none:

And having fail'd to be one, would be nought
Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him reign!

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

Cain. And heaven's,

And all that in them is. So I have heard
His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

Lucifer. They say—what they must sing
and say, on pain

Of being that which I am—and thou art—
Of spirits and of men.

Cain. And what is that?

Lucifer. Souls who dare use their immor-
tality—

Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him, that
His evil is not good! If he has made,

As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—
but, if he made us—he cannot unmake:

We are immortal!—nay, he'd have us so,
That he may torture:—let him! He is great—

But, in his greatness, is no happier than
We in our conflict! Goodness would not make

Evil; and what else hath he made? But leth him
Sit on his vast and solitary throne,

Creating worlds, to make eternity
Less burthensome to his immense existence

And unparticipated solitude!
Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone

Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant! [boon
Could he but crush himself, 't were the best

He ever granted: but, let him reign on,
And multiply himself in misery!

Spirits and men, at least we sympathise—
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,

Innumerable, more endurable,
By the unbounded sympathy of all—

With all! But *He!* so wretched in his height,
So restless in his wretchedness, must still

Create, and re-create—
Cain. Thou speak'st to me of things which
long have swum

In visions through my thought: I never could
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.

My father and my mother talk to me
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see

The gates of what they call their Paradise
Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,

Which shut them out, and me: I feel the weight
Of daily toil and constant thought: I look

Around a world where I seem nothing, with
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they

Could master all things:—but I thought alone
This misery was *mine*.—My father is

Tamed down; my mother has forgot the min
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk

Of an eternal curse; my brother is
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up

The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat

My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn
Than the birds' matins; and my Adah, my

Own and beloved, she, too, understands not
The mind which overwhelms me: never till

Now met I aught to sympathise with me.
'T is well—I rather would consort with spirits.

Lucifer. And hadst thou not been fit by
thine own soul

For such companionship, I would not now
Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent

Had been enough to charm ye, as before.
Cain. Ah! didst thou tempt my mother?

Lucifer. I tempt none,
Save with the truth: was not the tree, the tree

Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life
Still fruit'ful? Did I bid her pluck them not?

Did I plant things prohibite'd within
The reach of beings innocent, and curious

By their own innocence? I would have made
ye [thrust ye

Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so
Because "ye should not eat the fruits of life,

And become gods as we." Were those his
words?

Cain. They were, as I have heard from those
who heard them.

In thunder,
Lucifer. Then who was the demon? He

Who would not let ye live, or he who would
Have made ye live for ever in the joy

And power of knowledge?
Cain. Would they had snatch'd both

The fruits, or neither!
Lucifer. One is yours already;

The other may be still.
Cain. How so?

Lucifer. By being
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can

Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things—'tis made

To sway.
Cain. But didst thou tempt my parents?

Lucifer. I? Poor clay! what should I tempt them for, or how?

Cain. They say the serpent was a spirit.

Lucifer. Who saith that? It is not written so on high: The proud One will not so far falsify, Though man's vast fears and little vanity Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature

His own low failing. The snake *was* the snake— [tempted,

No more; and yet not less than those he In nature being earth also—*more* in wisdom, Since he could overcome them, and foreknew The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys. Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things that die?

Cain. But the thing had a demon?

Lucifer. He but woke one In those he spake to with his forked tongue. I tell thee that the serpent was no more Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubin Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages

Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes, and your seed's, The seed of the then world may thus array Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all That bows to him, who made things but to bend Before his sullen, sole eternity;

But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing, And fell. For what should spirits tempt them?

What

Was there to envy in the narrow bounds Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,

With all thy tree of knowledge.

Cain. But thou canst not Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,

And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind To know.

Lucifer. And heart to look on?

Cain. Be it proved.

Lucifer. Darest thou to look on Death?

Cain. He has not yet Been seen.

Lucifer. But must be undergone.

Cain. My father Says he is something dreadful, and my mother Weeps when he is named; and Abel lifts his eyes

To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,

And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me, And speaks not.

Lucifer. And thou?

Cain. Thoughts unspeakable Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems, Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?

I wrestled with the lion, when a boy, In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe,

Lucifer. It has no shape; but will absorb all things

That bear the form of earth-born being.

Cain. Ah!

I thought it was a being: who could do Such evil things to beings save a being?

Lucifer. Ask the Destroyer.

Cain. Who?

Lucifer. The Maker—call him Which name thou wilt; he makes but to destroy.

Cain. I knew not that, yet thought it, since I heard

Of death: although I know not what it is, Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out In the vast desolate night in search of him; And when I saw gigantic shadows in The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords, I watch'd for what I thought his coming? for With fear rose longing in my heart to know What 't was which shook us all—but nothing

came.

And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off Our native and forbidden Paradise, Up to the lights above us, in the azure, Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

Lucifer. Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

Cain. I'm glad of that: I would not have them die—

They are so lovely. What is death? I fear I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what, I cannot compass: 'tis denounced against us, Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill—What ill?

Lucifer. To be resolved into the earth.

Cain. But shall I know it?

Lucifer. As I know not death, I cannot answer.

Cain. Were I quiet earth

That were no evil: would I ne'er had been Aught else but dust!

Lucifer. That is a grovelling wish, Less than thy father's, for he wish'd to know.

Cain. But not to live, or wherefore pluck'd he not

The life tree?

Lucifer. He was hinder'd.
Cain. Deadly error!
 Not to snatch first that fruit:—but ere he pluck'd
 The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.
 Alas! I scarcely now know what it is,
 And yet I fear it—fear I know not what!
Lucifer. And I, who know all things, fear
 nothing: see
 What is true knowledge.
Cain. Wilt thou teach me all?
Lucifer. Ay, upon one condition.
Cain. Name it.
Lucifer. That
 Thou dost fall down and worship me—thy
 Lord.
Cain. Thou art not the Lord my father
 worships.
Lucifer. No.
Cain. His equal?
Lucifer. No:—I have nought in common
 with him! [beneath—
 Nor would: I would be aught above—
 Aught save a sharer or a servant of
 His power. I dwell apart; but I am great:—
 Many there are who worship me, and more
 Who shall—be thou amongst the first.
Cain. I never
 As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,
 Although my brother Abel oft implores
 That I would join with him in sacrifice:—
 Why should I bow to thee?
Lucifer. Hast thou ne'er bow'd
 To him?
Cain. Have I not said it?—need I say it?
 Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that?
Lucifer. He who bows not to him has
 bow'd to me!
Cain. But I will bend to neither.
Lucifer. Ne'er the less,
 Thou art my worshipper: not worshipping
 Him makes thee mine the same.
Cain. And what is that?
Lucifer. Thou'lt know here—and hereafter.
Cain. Let me but
 Be taught the mystery of my being.
Lucifer. Follow
 Where I will lead thee.
Cain. But I must retire—
 To till the earth—for I had promised—
Lucifer. What?
Cain. To cull some first-fruits.
Lucifer. Why
Cain. To offer up
 With Abel on an altar.
Lucifer. Saidst thou not
 Thou ne'er hadst bent to him who made thee?

Cain. Yes—
 But Abel's earnest prayer has wrought upon
 me; [Adah—
 The offering is more his than mine—and
Lucifer. Why dost thou hesitate?
Cain. She is my sister,
 Born on the same day, of the same womb;
 and [and
 She wrung from me, with tears, this promise;
 Rather than see her weep, I would, methinks,
 Bear all—and worship aught.
Lucifer. Then follow me!
Cain. I will.
Enter ADAM.
Adam. My brother, I have come for thee;
 It is our hour of rest and joy—and we [not
 Have less without thee. Thou hast labour'd
 This morn'; but I have done thy task: the
 fruits [ripens:
 Are ripe, and glowing as the light which
 Come away.
Cain. See'st thou not?
Adam. I see an angel,
 We have seen many: will he share our hour
 Of rest?—he is welcome.
Cain. But he is not like
 The angels we have seen.
Adam. Are there, then, others?
 But he is welcome, as they were: they deign'd
 To be our guests—will he?
Cain (to Lucifer). Wilt thou?
Lucifer. I ask
 Thee to be mine.
Cain. I must away with him.
Adam. And leave us?
Cain. Ay.
Adam. And me?
Cain. Beloved Adah!
Adam. Let me go with thee.
Lucifer. No, she must not.
Adam. Who
 Art thou that steppest between heart and heart?
Cain. He is a god.
Adam. How know'st thou?
Cain. He speaks like
 A god.
Adam. So did the serpent, and it lied.
Lucifer. Thou errest, Adah!—was not the
 tree that
 Of knowledge?
Adam. Ay—to our eternal sorrow
Lucifer. And yet that grief is knowledge—
 so he lied not.
 And if he did betray you, 't was with truth;
 And truth in its own essence cannot be
 But good.

Adah. But all we know of it has gather'd
Evil on ill : expulsion from our home,
And dread, and toil, and sweat, and heaviness ;
Remorse of that which was—and hope of that
Which cometh not. Cain ! walk not with
this spirit.

Bear with what we have borne, and love us
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother, and thy

Adah. I do. Is that a sin, too ?

Lucifer. No, not yet :
It one day will be in your children.

Adah. What !
Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch ?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah. Oh, my God !
Shall they not love and bring forth things
that love

Out of their love ? have they not drawn their
Out of this bosom ? was not he, their father,
Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour
With me ? did we not love each other ? and
In multiplying our being multiply
Things which will love each other as we love
Them ?—And as I love thee, my Cain ! go not
Forth with this spirit ; he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my
making,

And cannot be a sin in you—whate'er
It seem in those who will replace ye in
Mortality.

Adah. What is the sin which is not
Sin in itself ? Can circumstance make sin
Or virtue ?—if it doth, we are the slaves
Of—

[and higher
Lucifer. Higher things than ye are slaves :
Than them or ye would be so, did they not
Prefer an independency of torture
To the smooth agonies of adulation, [prayers,
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking
To that which is omnipotent, because
It is omnipotent, and not from love,
But terror and self-hope.

Adah. Omnipotence
Must be all goodness.

Lucifer. Was it so in Eden ?

Adah. Fiend ! tempt me not with beauty ;
thou art fairer
Than was the serpent, and as false.

Lucifer. As true.
Ask Eve, your mother : bears she not the
knowledge
Of good and evil ?

Adah. Oh, my mother ! thou
Hast pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine
offspring

Than to thyself ; thou at the least hast pass'd
Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent
And happy intercourse with happy spirits :
But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,
Are girt about by demons, who assume
The words of God, and tempt us with our own
Dissatisfied and curious thoughts—as thou
Wert work'd on by the snake, in thy most
flush'd

And heedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.
I cannot answer this immortal thing
Which stands before me ; I can not abhor him ;
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
And yet I fly not from him : in his eye
There is a fastening attraction which
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his ; my heart
Beats quick ; he awes me, and yet draws me
near,

[from him.
Nearer, and nearer :—Cain—Cain—save me
Cain. What dreads my Adah ? This is no
ill spirit.

[beheld
Adah. He is not God—nor God's : I have
The cherubs and the seraphs ; he looks not
Like them.

Cain. But there are spirits loftier still—
The archangels

Lucifer. And still loftier than the archangels.

Adah. Ay—but not blessed.

Lucifer. If the blessedness
Consists in slavery—no.

Adah. I have heard it said,
The seraphs love most—cherubim know most—
And this should be a cherub—since he loves not.

Lucifer. And if the higher knowledge
quenches love,

What must *he be* you cannot love when known ?
Since the all-knowing cherubim love least,
The seraphs' love can be but ignorance :
That they are not compatible, the doom
Of thy fond parents, for their daring, proves.
Choose betwixt love and knowledge—since
there is [already ;
No other choice : your sire hath chosen
His worship is but fear

Adah. Oh, Cain ! choose love

Cain. For thee, my Adah, I choose not—
it was

Born with me—but I love nought else.

Adah. Our parents ?

Cain. Did they love us when they snatch'd
from the tree

That which hath driven us all from Paradise ?

Adah. We were not born then—and if we
had been,
Should we not love them, and our children
Cain ?

Cain. My little Knoch! and his lisping sister!

Could I but deem them happy, I would half Forget—but it can never be forgotten Through thrice a thousand generations! never Shall men love the remembrance of the man Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree of science

And sin—and, not content with their own sorrow,

Begot me—thee—and all the few that are, And all the unnumber'd and innumerable Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be, To inherit agonies accumulated

By ages!—and I must be sire of such things! Thy beauty and thy love—my love and joy, The rapturous moment and the placid hour, All we love in our children and each other, But lead them and ourselves through many years

Of sin and pain—or few, but still of sorrow, Intercheck'd with an instant of brief pleasure To Death—the unknown! Methinks the tree of knowledge

Hath not fulfill'd its promise:—if they sinn'd At least they ought to have known all things that are

Of knowledge—and the mystery of death. What do they know?—that they are miserable. What need of snakes and fruits to teach us that?

Adah. I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou Wert happy—

Cain. Be thou happy, then, alone—I will have naught to do with happiness, Which humbles me and mine.

Adah. Alone I could not, Nor would be happy: but with those around us, I think I could be so, despite of death, Which, as I know it not, I dread not, though it seems an awful shadow—if I may Judge from what I have heard.

Lucifer. And thou couldst not Alone, thou say'st, be happy?

Adah. Alone! Oh, my God! Who could be happy and alone, or good? To me my solitude seems sin; or good? When I think how soon I shall see my brother, His brother, and our children, and our parents.

Lucifer. Yet thy God is alone; and is he happy? Lonely, and good?

Adah. He is not so; he hath The angels and the mortals to make happy, And thus becomes so in diffusing joy! What else can joy be, but the spreading joy?

Lucifer. Ask of your sire, the exile fresh from Eden;

Or of his first-born son: ask your own heart: It is not tranquil.

Adah. Alas! no! and you—Are you of heaven?

Lucifer. If I am not, inquire The cause of this all-spreading happiness (Which you proclaim) of the all-great and good Maker of life and living things; it is His secret, and he keeps it. *We* must bear, And some of us resist, and both in vain, His seraphs say; but it is worth the trial, Since better may not be without: there is A wisdom in the spirit, which directs To right, as in the dim blue air the eye Of you, young mortals, lights at once upon The star which watches, welcoming the morn.

Adah. It is a beautiful star; I love it for Its beauty

Lucifer. And why not adore?

Adah. Our father Adores the Invisible only.

Lucifer. But the symbols Of the Invisible are the loveliest Of what is visible; and yon bright star Is leader of the host of heaven.

Adah. Our father Saith that he has beheld the God himself Who made him and our mother.

Lucifer. Hast thou seen him?

Adah. Yes—in his works.

Lucifer. But in his being?

Adah. No—

Save in my father, who is God's own image Or in his angels, who are like to thee— And brighter, yet less beautiful and powerful In seeming: as the silent sunny noon, All light they look upon us; but thou seem'st Like an ethereal night, where long white clouds Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd stars Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault With things that look as if they would be suns; So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing, Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them, They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou Thou seem'st unhappy: do not make us so, And I will weep for thee.

Lucifer. Alas! those tears! Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed—

Adah. By me?

Lucifer. By all

Adah. What all?

Lucifer. The million millions— The myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth—

The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled
Hell,

Of which thy bosom is the germ.

Adah. O Cain!

This spirit curseth us.

Cain. Let him say on;

Him will I follow.

Adah. Whither?

Lucifer. To a place

Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour;

But in that hour see things of many days.

Adah. How can that be?

Lucifer. Did not your Maker make

Out of old worlds this new one in few days?

And cannot I, who aided in this work,

Show in an hour what he hath made in many,

Or hath destroyed in few?

Cain. Lead on.

Adah. Will he

In sooth, return within an hour?

Lucifer. He shall.

With us acts are exempt from time, and we

Can crowd eternity into an hour,

Or stretch an hour into eternity;

We breathe not by a mortal measurement—

But that's a mystery. Cain, come on with me.

Adah. Will he return?

Lucifer. Ay, woman! he alone

Of mortals from that place (the first and last

Who shall return, save ONE),—shall come

back to thee,

To make that silent and expectant world

As populous as this: at present there

Are few inhabitants.

Adah. Where dwellest thou?

Lucifer. Throughout all space. Where
should I dwell? Where are

Thy God or Gods—there am I: all things are

Divided with me; life and death—and time—

Eternity—and heaven and earth—and that

Which is not heaven nor earth, but peopled with

Those who once peopled or shall people both—

These are my realms! So that I do divide

His, and possess a kingdom which is not

His. If I were not that which I have said,

Could I stand here? *His* angels are within

Your vision.

Adah. So they were when the fair serpent
Spoke with our mother first.

Lucifer. Cain! thou hast heard.

If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate

That thirst; nor ask thee to partake of fruits

Which shall deprive thee of a single good

The conqueror has left thee. Follow me.

Cain. Spirit, I have said it.

[*Exeunt LUCIFER and CAIN.*]

Adah. (*follows, exclaiming.*) Cain! my
brother! Cain!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Abyss of Space.

Cain. I tread on air, and sink not; yet I fear
To sink.

Lucifer. Have faith in me, and thou shalt be
Borne on the air, of which I am the prince.

Cain. Can I do so without impiety?

Lucifer. Believe—and sink not! doubt—
and perish! thus

Would run the edict of the other God,
Who names me demon to his angels; they
Echo the sound to miserable things,
Which, knowing nought beyond their shallow
senses, [deem

Worship the word which strikes their ear, and
Evil or good what is proclaim'd to them

In their abasement. I will have none such

Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold

The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be

Amerced for doubts beyond thy little life

With torture of *my* dooming. There will come

An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-drops,

A man shall say to a man, "Believe in me,

And walk the waters;" and the man shall walk

The billows and be safe. I will not say,

Believe in *me*, as a conditional creed

To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf

Of space an equal flight, and I will show

What thou dar'st not deny,—the history

Of past, and present, and of future worlds.

Cain. Oh, god, or demon, or whate'er thou art,
Is yon our earth?

Lucifer. Dost thou not recognise
The dust which form'd your father?

Cain. Can it be?

Yon small blue circle, swinging in far ether,

With an inferior circle near it still,

Which looks like that which lit our earthly
night?

Is this our Paradise? Where are its walls,
And they who guard them?

Lucifer. Point me out the site
Of Paradise.

Cain. How should I? As we move
Like sunbeams onward, it grows small and
smaller,

And as it waxes little, and then less,
Gathers a halo round it, like the light

Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I
Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:
Methinks they both, as we recede from them,
Appear to join the innumerable stars
Which are around us; and, as we move on,
Increase their myriads.

Lucifer. And if there should be
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
By greater things, and they themselves far more
In number than the dust of thy dull earth,
Though multiplied to animated atoms,
All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched,
What wouldst thou think?

Cain. I should be proud of thought
Which knew such things.

Lucifer. But if that high thought were
Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and,
Knowing such things, aspiring to such things,
And science stilt beyond them, where chain'd
down

To the most gross and petty paltry wants,
All foul and fulsome, and the very best
Of thine enjoyments a sweet degradation,
A most enervating and filthy cheat
To lure thee on to the renewal of
Fresh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be
As frail, and few so happy—

Cain. Spirit! I
Know nought of death, save as a dreadful thing
Of which I have heard my parents speak, as of
A hideous heritage I owe to them
No less than life; a heritage not happy,
If I may judge, till now. But, spirit! if
It be as thou hast said (and I within
Feel the prophetic torture of its truth),
Here let me die: for to give birth to those
Who can but suffer many years, and die,
Methinks is merely propagating death,
And multiplying murder.

Lucifer. Thou canst not
All die—there is what must survive.

Cain. The Other
Spake not of this unto my father, when
He shut him forth from Paradise, with death
Written upon his forehead. But at least
Let what is mortal of me perish, that
I may be in the rest as angels are.

Lucifer. I am angelic: wouldst thou be as
I am? [power,

Cain. I know not what thou art: I see thy
And see thou show'st me things beyond my
power,

Beyond all power of my born faculties,
Although inferior still to my desires
And my conceptions.

Lucifer. What are they which dwell

So humbly in their pride, as to sojourn
With worms in clay?

Cain. And what art thou who dwellest
So haughtily in spirit, and canst range
Nature and immortality—and yet
Seem'st sorrowful?

Lucifer. I seem that which I am;
And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou
Wouldst be immortal?

Cain. Thou hast said, I must be
Immortal in despite of me. I knew not
This until lately—but since it must be,
Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn
To anticipate my immortality.

Lucifer. Thou didst before I came upon thee.
Cain. How?

Lucifer. By suffering

Cain. And must torture be immortal?

Lucifer. We and thy sons will try. But
now, behold!

Is it not glorious?

Cain. Oh, thou beautiful

And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion—at which my soul aches to think—
Intoxicated with eternity?
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die,
(If that they die) or know ye in your might
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this
hour

Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

Lucifer. Art thou not nearer? look back to
thine earth! [mass

Cain. Where is it? I see nothing save a
Of most innumerable lights.

Lucifer. Look there!

Cain. I cannot see it.

Lucifer. Yet it sparkles still.

Cain. That!—yonder!

Lucifer. Yea.

Cain. And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight, brighter than 'on world
Which bears them.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen both worms and worlds, [of them?

Each bright and sparkling—what dost think

Cain. That they are beautiful in their own sphere,

And that the night, which makes both beautiful,

The little shining fire-fly in its flight,

And the immortal star in its great course,

Must both be guided.

Lucifer. But by whom or what?

Cain. Show me.

Lucifer. Dar'st thou behold?

Cain. How know I what

I dare behold? As yet, thou hast shown nought

I dare not gaze on further.

Lucifer. On, then, with me.

Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

Cain. Why, what are things?

Lucifer. Both partly: but what doth sit next thy heart?

Cain. The things I see.

Lucifer. But what sate nearest it!

Cain. The things I have not seen, Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death.

Lucifer. What, if I show to thee things which have died,

As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

Cain. Do so.

Lucifer. Away, then! on our mighty wings.

Cain. Oh! how we cleave the blue! The stars fade from us!

The earth! where is my earth? Let me look on it,

For I was made of it.

Lucifer. 'Tis now beyond thee, Less, in the universe, than thou in it;

Yet deem not that thou canst escape it; thou shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust:

'Tis part of thy eternity, and mine.

Cain. Where dost thou lead me?

Lucifer. To what was before thee! The phantasm of the world; of which thy world is but the wreck.

Cain. What! is it not then new?

Lucifer. No more than life is; and that was ere thou

Or I were, or the things which seem to us Greater than either: many things will have

No end; and some, which would pretend to have Had no beginning, have had one as mean

As thou; and mightier things have been extinct To make way for much meaner than we can

Surmise; for moments only and the space Have been and must be all unchangeable.

But changes make not death except, to clay;

But thou art clay,—and canst but comprehend That which was clay, and such thou shalt behold. [survey.

Cain. Clay, spirit what thou wilt, I can

Lucifer. Away, then!

Cain. But the lights fade from me fast, And some till now grew larger as we ap-

proach'd, And wore the look of worlds.

Lucifer. And such they are

Cain. And Edens in them?

Lucifer. It may be.

Cain. And men?

Lucifer. Yea, or things higher.

Cain. Ay? and serpents too?

Lucifer. Wouldst thou have men without them? must no reptiles

Breathe save the erect ones?

Cain. How the lights recede.

Where fly we?

Lucifer. To the world of phantoms, which Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

Cain. But it grows dark and dark—the stars are gone!

Lucifer. And yet thou seest

Cain. 'T is a fearful light!

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.

The very blue of the empurpled night

Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see

Huge dusky masses: but unlike the worlds

We were approaching, which, begirt with light, Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere

Of light gave way, and show'd them taking shapes

Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains; And some emitting sparks, and some displaying

Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt With luminous belts, and floating moons, which

took, Like them, the features of fair earth:—instead,

All here seems dark and dreadful.

Lucifer. But distinct

Thou seekest to behold death, and dead things?

Cain. I seek it not; but as I know there are

Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and me

And all that we inherit, liable

To such, I would behold at once, what I

Must one day see performe.

Lucifer. Behold!

Cain. 'T is darkness.

Lucifer. And so it shall be ever; but we will Unfold its gates!

Cain. Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this?

Lucifer. Enter!

Cain. Can I return?

Lucifer. Return! be sure: how else should death be peopled?

Its present realm is thine to what it will be,
Through thee and thine.

Cain. The clouds still open wide
And wider, and make widening circles round
us.

Lucifer. Advance!

Cain. And thou!

Lucifer. Fear not—without me thou
Couldst not have gone beyond thy world.

On! on!

[*They disappear through the clouds.*]

SCENE II.

*Hades.*⁸

Enter LUCIFER and CAIN.

Cain. How silent and how vast are these
dim worlds! [peopled
For they seem more than one, and yet more
Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which
swing

So thickly in the upper air, that I
Had deem'd them rather the bright populace
Of some all unimaginable heaven,
Than things to be inhabited themselves,
But that on drawing near them I beheld
Their swelling into palpable immensity [on,
Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell
Rather than life itself. But here, all is
So shadowy and so full of twilight, that
It speaks of a day past.

Lucifer. It is the realm
Of death.—Wouldst have it present?

Cain. "Till I know
That which it really is, I cannot answer.
But if it be as I have heard my father
Deal out in his long homilies, 't is a thing—
Oh God! I dare not think on 't! Cursed be
He who invented life that leads to death!
Or the dull mass of life, that, being life,
Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—
Even for the innocent!

Lucifer. Dost thou curse thy father?

Cain. Cursed he not me in giving me my
birth?

Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring
To pluck the fruit forbidden?

Lucifer. Thou say'st well:
The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and thee—
But for thy sons and brother?

Cain. Let them share it
With me, their sire and brother? What else is

Bequeath'd to me? I leave them my inher-
tance.

Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,
Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?
Live ye, or have ye lived?

Lucifer. Somewhat of both.

Cain. Then what is death?

Lucifer. What? Hath not he who made ye
Said 't is another life?

Cain. Till now he hath

Said nothing, save that all shall die.⁹

Lucifer. Perhaps

He one day will unfold that further secret.

Cain. Happy the day!

Lucifer. Yes; happy! when unfolded
Through agonies unspeakable, and clogg'd
With agonies eternal, to innumerable
Yet unborn myriads of unconscious atoms
All to be animated for this only! [which I see

Cain. What are these mighty phantoms
Floating around me?—They wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd
In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my children's
And yet they have an aspect, which, though
not

Of men nor angels, looks like something, which
If not the last, rose higher than the first,
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is
Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
Can call them living.

Lucifer. Yet they lived.

Cain. Where?

Lucifer. Where

Thou livest.

Cain. When?

Lucifer. On what thou callest earth
They did inhabit.

Cain. Adam is the first.

Lucifer. Of thine, I grant thee—but too
mean to be

The last of these.

Cain. And what are they?

Lucifer. That which

Thou shalt be.

Cain. But what were they?

Lucifer Living, high,
Intelligent, good, great, and glorious things,
As much superior unto all thy sire,
Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as
The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,
In its dull damp degeneracy, to [judge
Thee and thy son;—and how weak they are,
By thy own flesh

Cain. Ah me! and did *they* perish?

Lucifer. Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt
fade from thine.

Cain. But was *mine* theirs?

Lucifer. It was.

Cain. But not as now.

It is too little and too lowly to
Sustain such creatures.¹⁰

Lucifer. True, it was more glorious.

Cain. And wherefore did it fall?

Lucifer. Ask him who fell.

Cain. But how?

Lucifer. By a most crushing and inexorable
Destruction and disorder of the elements,
Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos
Subsiding has struck out a world: such things,
Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity—
Pass on, and gaze upon the past.

Cain. 'T is awful!

Lucifer. And true. Behold these phantoms!
they were once

Material as thou art

Cain. And must I be

Like them?

Lucifer. Let He who made thee answer that,
show thee what thy predecessors are,
And what they *were* thou feelest, in degree
inferior as thy petty feelings and
Thy petty portion of the immortal part
Of high intelligence and earthly strength.
What ye in common have with what they had
of life, and what ye *shall* have—death: the rest
Of your poor attributes is such as suits
Ereptiles engender'd out of the subsiding
Sime of a mighty universe, crush'd into
A scarcely-yet shaped planet, peopled with
Beings whose enjoyment was to be in
blindness—

A Paradise of Ignorance, from which
Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But behold
What these superior beings are or were;
Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and till
The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in
safety.

Cain. No: I'll stay here.

Lucifer. How long?

Cain. For ever! Since

I must one day return here from the earth,

I rather would remain; I am sick of all
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in
shadows.

Lucifer. It cannot be: thou now behodest as
A vision that which is reality.

To make thyself fit for this dwelling, thou
Must pass through what the things thou see'st
have pass'd—

The gates of death. [enter'd

Cain. By what gate have we
Even now?

Lucifer. By mine! But, plighted to return,
My spirit buoys thee up to breathe in regions
Where all is breathless save thyself. Gaze on;
But do not think to dwell here till thine hour
Is come. [repass

Cain. And these, too; can they ne'er
To earth again?

Lucifer. Their earth is gone for ever—
So changed by its convulsion, they would not
Be conscious to a single present spot
Of its new scarcely harden'd surface—'t was—
Oh, what a beautiful world it *was!*

Cain. And is.

It is not with the earth, though I must till it,
I feel at war, but that I may not profit
By what it bears of beautiful uncoiling,
Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts
With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears
Of death and life

Lucifer. What thy world is, thou see'st,
But canst not comprehend the shadow of
That which it was.

Cain. And those enormous creatures,
Phantoms inferior in intelligence [pass'd.
(At least so seeming) to the things we have
Resembling somewhat the wild habitants
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which
Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold
In magnitude and terror; taller than
The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which
fence them,

And tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd of
Their bark and branches—what were they?

Lucifer. That which
The Mammoth is in thy world;—but these lie
By myriads underneath its surface.

Cain. But

None on it?¹¹
Lucifer. No: for thy frail race to war
With them would render the curse on it
useless—

'T would be destroy'd so early.

Cain. But why war?

Lucifer. You have forgotten the denunciation

Which drove your race from Eden—war with
 all things, [things,
 And death to all things, and di-*ease* to most
 And pangs, and bitterness; these were the
 fruits
 Of the forbidden tree.

Cain. But animals—
 Did they, too, eat of it, that they must die?
Lucifer. Your Maker told ye, *they* were
 made for you, [doom
 As you for him.—You would not have their
 Superior to your own? Had Adam not
 Fallen, all had stood.

Cain. Alas! the hopeless wretches!
 They too must share my sire's fate, like his
 sons; [apple;
 Like them, too, without having shared the
 Like them, too, without the so dear-bought
knowledge!

It was a lying tree—for we *know* nothing.
 At least it *promised knowledge* at the *price*
 Of death—but *knowledge* still: but what
knows man? [knowledge;

Lucifer. It may be death leads to the *highest*
 And being of all things the sole thing certain,
 At least leads to the *subest* science: therefore
 The tree was true, though deadly

Cain. These dim realms!
 I see them, but I know them not.

Lucifer. Because
 Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot
 Comprehend spirit wholly—but 't is something
 To know there are such realms.

Cain. We knew already
 That there was death.

Lucifer. But not what was beyond it.
Cain. Nor know I now.

Lucifer. Thou knowest that there is
 A state, and many states beyond thine own—
 And this thou knewest not this morn.

Cain. But all
 seems dim and shadowy

Lucifer. Be content; it will
 seem clearer to thine immortality.

Cain. And yon immeasurable liquid space
 Of glorious azure which floats on beyond us,
 Which looks like water, and which I should
 deem

The river which flows out of Paradise
 Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless
 And boundless, and of an ethereal hue—
 What is it?

Lucifer. There is still some such on earth,
 Although inferior, and thy children shall
 Dwell near it—'t is the phantasm of an ocean.

Cain. 'T is like another world; a liquid sun—

And those inordinate creatures sporting o'er
 Its shining surface?

Lucifer. Are its inhabitants,
 The past leviathans.

Cain. And yon immense [vast
 Serpent, which rears its dripping maze and
 Head ten times higher than the haughtiest
 cedar

Forth from the abyss, looking as he could coil
 Himself around the orbs we lately look'd on—
 Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath
 The tree in Eden?

Lucifer. Eve, thy mother, best
 Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her

Cain. This seems too terrible. No a ~~but~~
 the other

Had more of beauty.
Lucifer. Hast thou ne'er beheld her

Cain. Many of the same kind (at least
 call'd),

But never that precisely which persuaded
 The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect.

Lucifer. Your father saw him not?
Cain. No: 't was my mother

Who tempted him—she tempted by the serpent

Lucifer. Good man! whene'er thy wife, or
 thy sons' wives [strange

Tempt thee or them to aught that's new or
 Be sure thou see'st first who hath tempted them.

Cain. Thy precept comes too late: there is
 no more

For serpents to tempt woman to.
Lucifer. But there

Are some things still which woman may tempt
 man to,

And man tempt woman:—let thy sons look to
 it!

My counsel is a kind one; for 't is even
 Given chiefly at my own expense: 't is true,
 'T will not be follow'd, so there's little lost.

Cain. I understand not this.
Lucifer. The happier thou!—

Thy world and thou are still too young!
 Thou thinkest

Thyself most wicked and unhappy: is it
 Not so?

Cain. For crime, I know not; but for pain,
 I have felt much.

Lucifer. First-born of the first man!
 Thy present state of sin—and thou art evil,
 Of sorrow—and thou sufferest, are both Eden
 In all its innocence compared to what
 Thou shortly may'st be; and that state again
 In its redoubled wretchedness, a Paradise
 To what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating
 In generations like to dust (which they

In fact but add to), shall endure and do,—
Now let us back to earth!

Cain. And wherefore didst thou
Lead me here only to inform me this?

Lucifer. Was not thy quest for knowledge?

Cain. Yes; as being
The road to happiness.

Lucifer. If truth be so,
Thou hast it.

Cain. Then my father's God did well
When he prohibited the fatal tree.

Lucifer. But had done better in not planting
it.

But ignorance of evil doth not save
From evil; it must still roll on the same,
A part of all things.

Cain. Not of all things. No:
I'll not believe it—for I thirst for good.

Lucifer. And who and what doth not?
Who covets evil

For its own bitter sake?—*None*—nothing! 't is
The haven of all life, and lifelessness.

Cain. Within those glorious orbs which
we behold,

Distant, and dazzling, and innumerable,
Ere we came down into this phantom realm,
It cannot come: they are too beautiful.

Lucifer. Thou hast seen them from afar—
Cain. And what of that?

Distance can but diminish glory—they,
When nearer, must be more ineffable.

Lucifer. Approach the things of earth most
beautiful,

and judge their beauty near.

Cain. I have done this—
The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

Lucifer. Then there must be delusion.—
What is that,

Which being nearest to thine eyes is still
More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

Cain. My sister Adah.—All the stars o.
heaven,

The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous
coming—

His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold [him
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with
Along that western paradise of clouds—
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's
voice—

The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingles with the song of cherubim,
As the day closes over Eden's walls;—
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,

Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and
heaven

To gaze on it.

Lucifer. 'T is fair as frail mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
Can make its offspring; still it is deusion.

Cain. You think so, being not her brother.
Lucifer. Most!

My brotherhood's with those who have no
children.

Cain. Then thou canst have no fellowship
with us.

Lucifer. It may be that thine own shall be
for me.

But if thou dost possess a beautiful
Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes,
Why art thou wretched?

Cain. Why do I exist?
Why art thou wretched? why are all things so?

Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker
Of things unhappy! To produce destruction
Can surely never be the task of joy,
And yet my sire says he's omnipotent:

Then why is evil—he being good? I ask'd
This question of my father; and he said,
Because this evil only was the path [out

To good. Strange good, that must arise from
Its deadly opposite. I lately saw

A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling
Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the vain
And piteous bleating of its restless dam;
My father pluck'd some herbs, and laid them to

The wound; and by degrees the helpless wretch
Resumed its careless life, and rose to drain
The mother's milk, who o'er it remulous
Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy.

Behold, my son! said Adam, how from evil
Springs good!

Lucifer. What didst thou answer?
Cain. Nothing; for

He is my father: but I thought, that 't were
A better portion for the animal
Never to have been stung at all, than to

Purchase renewal of its little life
With agonies unutterable, though
Dispell'd by antidotes.

Lucifer. But as thou saidst
Of all beloved things thou lovest her
Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers
Unto thy children—

Cain. Most assuredly:
What should I be without her?

Lucifer. What am I?
Cain. Dost thou love nothing?

Lucifer. What does thy God love?

Cain. All things, my father says; out I confess

I see it not in their allotment here. [if I love

Lucifer. And, therefore, thou canst not see Or no, except some vast and general purpose, To which particular things must melt like snows

Cain. Snows! what are they?

Lucifer. Be happier in not knowing What thy remoter offspring must encounter; But bask beneath the clime which knows no winter [like thyself?

Cain. But dost thou not love something

Lucifer. And dost thou love thyself?

Cain. Yes, but love more What makes my feelings more endurable, And is more than myself, because I love it.

Lucifer. Thou lovest it, because 't is beautiful,

As was the apple in thy mother's eye; And when it ceases to be so, thy love Will cease, like any other appetite. [be?

Cain. Cease to be beautiful! how can that

Lucifer. With time.

Cain. But time has past, and hitherto Even Adam and my mother both are fair: Not fair like Adah and the seraphim— But very fair.

Lucifer. All that must pass away In them and her.

Cain. I'm sorry for it: but Cannot conceive my love for her the less. And when her beauty disappears, methinks He who creates all beauty will lose more Than me in seeing perish such a work.

Lucifer. I pity thee who lovest what must perish.

Cain. And I thee who lov'st nothing.

Lucifer. And thy brother— Sits he not near thy heart?

Cain. Why should he not?

Lucifer. Thy father loves him well—so does thy God.

Cain. And so do I

Lucifer. 'T is well and meekly done.

Cain. Meekly!

Lucifer. He is the second born of flesh, And is his mother's favourite.

Cain. Let him keep Her favour, since the serpent was the first To win it.

Lucifer. And his father's?

Cain. What is that To me? should I not love that which all love?

Lucifer. And the Jehovah—the indulgent Lord,

And bounteous planter of barr'd Paradise— He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

Cain.

I Ne'er saw him, and I know not if he smiles.

Lucifer. But you have seen his angels.

Cain.

Rarely

Lucifer.

But

Sufficiently to see they love your brother.

His sacrifices are acceptable.

Cain. So be they! wherefore speak to me of this?

Lucifer. Because thou hast thought of this ere now.

Cain.

And if

I have thought, why recall a thought that— (he pauses, as agitated)—Spirit!

Here we are in thy world: speak not of mine. Thou hast shown me wonders; thou hast shown me those

Mighty pre-Adamites who walk'd the earth Of which ours is the wreck; thou hast pointed out

Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own Is the dim and remote companion, in Infinity of life; thou hast shown me shadows Of that existence with the dreaded name Which my sire brought us—Death; thou hast shown me much—

But not all: show me where Jehovah dwells. In his especial Paradise,—or thine: Where is it?

Lucifer. Here, and o'er all space.

Cain.

But ye

Have some allotted dwelling—as all things; Clay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants;

All temporary breathing creatures their Peculiar element; and things which have Long ceased to breathe our breath, have theirs thou say'st;

And the Jehovah and thyself have thine— Ye do not dwell together?

Lucifer.

No, we reign

Together; but our dwellings are asunder.

Cain. Would there were only one of ye perchance

An unity of purpose might make union In elements which seem now jarr'd in storms. How came ye, being spirits, wise and infinite, To separate? Are ye not as brethren in Your essence, and your nature, and your glory?

Lucifer. Art thou not Abel's brother?

Cain.

We are brethren

And so we shall remain; but were it not so, Is spirit like to flesh? can it fall out? Infinity with Immortality?

Jarring and turning space to misery—

For what?

Lucifer. To reign.

Cain. Did ye not tell me that
e are both eternal?

Lucifer. Yea!

Cain. And what I have seen,
on blue immensity, is boundless?

Lucifer. Ay.

Cain. And cannot ye both *reign* then?—
is there not

Enough?—why should ye differ?

Lucifer. We both reign

Cain. But one of you makes evil.

Lucifer. Which?

Cain. Thou! for
If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not?

Lucifer. And why not he who made? I
made ye not;

Ye are *his* creatures, and not mine.

Cain. Then leave us
His creatures, as thou say'st we are, or show me
Thy dwelling, or his dwelling.

Lucifer. I could show thee
Both; but the time will come thou shalt see one
Of them for evermore.

Cain. And why not now?

Lucifer. Thy human mind hath scarcely
grasp to gather

The little I have shown thee into calm
And clear thought; and thou wouldst go on
aspiring

To the great double Mysteries! the *two Prin-*
*ciples!*¹²

And gaze upon them on their secret thrones!
Dust! limit thy ambition; for to see

Either of these, would be for thee to perish!

Cain. And let me perish, so I see them!

Lucifer. There

The son of her who snatch'd the apple spake!
But thou wouldst only perish, and not see them;
That sight is for the other state.

Cain. Of death?

Lucifer. That is the prelude.

Cain. Then I dread it less,
Now that I know it leads to something definite

Lucifer. And now I will convey thee to thy
world.

Where thou shalt multiply the race of Adam,
Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep,
and die. [things

Cain. And to what end have I beheld these
Which thou hast shown me?

Lucifer. Dilst thou not require
Knowledge? And have I not, in what I show'd,
Taught thee to know thyself?

Cain.

Aias! I see

Nothing.

Lucifer. And this should be the human sun
Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's no
thingness:

Bequeath that science to thy children, and
"T will spare them many tortures.

Cain. Haughty spirit
Thou speak'st it proudly; but thyself, though
proud,

Hast a superior.

Lucifer. No! by heaven, which He
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity [No!
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—
I have a victor—true; but no superior.

Homage he has from all—but none from me;
I battle it against him, as I battled

In highest heaven. Through all eternity,

And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,

And the interminable realms of space,

And the infinity of endless ages,

All, all, will I dispute! And world by world

And star by star, and universe by universe,

Shall tremble in the balance, till the great

Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,

Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quench'd

And what can quench our immortality,

Or mutual and irrevocable hate?

He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd

Evil; but what will be the *good* he gives?

Were I the victor, *his* works would be deem'd

The only evil ones. And you, ye new [gifts

And scarce born mortals, what have been his

To you already, in your little world?¹³

Cain. But tw! and some of those but bitter.

Lucifer. Back

With me, then, to thine earth, and try the
rest

Of his celestial boons to you and yours.

Evil and good are things in their own essence,

And not made good or evil by the giver;

But if he gives you good—so call him; if

Evil springs from *him*, do not name it *mine*,

Till ye know better its true fount; and judge

Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruits

Of your existence, such as it must be.

One good gift has the fatal apple given—

Your reason:—let it not be over sway'd

By tyrannous threats to force you into faith

'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling.

Think and endure.—and form an inner world

In your own bosom—where the outward
fails;

So shall you nearer be the spiritual

Nature, and war triumphant with your own.

[*They disappear*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter CAIN and ADAH.

Adah. Hush! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress! 't is
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou
choose it
For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore
seem'd

Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last—
And longest; but no matter—lead me to him
[*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose leaves strew'd beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake
soon—

His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over;
But it were pity to disturb him till
T is closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—
Sleep on

And smile, thou little, young inheritor [smile!
I a world scarce less young: sleep on, and
nine are the hours and days when both are
cheering

and innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—
nour know'st not thou art naked! Must the
time

Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
Which were not mine nor thine? But now
sleep on!

His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the eypress which waves o'er
them;

Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
laughs out, although in slumber. He must
dream—

Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! 'T is but a dream.

For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

Adah. Dear Cain! Nay, do not whispe.
o'er our son

Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?
Can we not make another?

Cain. Where?

Adah. Here, or
Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art, I feel no
The want of this so much regretted Eden.

Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother,
And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,
To whom we owe so much besides our birth?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the
debts we owe her. [drew thee hence,

Adah. Cain! that proud spirit, who with
Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hope'd
The promised wonders which thou hast beheld
Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds
Would have composed thy mind into the calm
Of a contented knowledge; but I see [him,
Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank
And can forgive him all, that he so soon
Hath given thee back to us.

Cain. So soon?

Adah. 'T is scarce
Two hours since ye departed: two long hours
To me, but only hours upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd that sun,
and seen

Worlds which he once shone on, and never more
Shall light; and worlds he never lit: methought
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adah. Hardly hours.

Cain. The mind then hath capacity of time,
And measures it by that which it beholds,
Pleasing or painful; little or almighty
I had beheld the immemorial works
Of endless beings; skim'd extinguish'd worlds,
And, gazing on eternity, methought
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages
From its immensity; but now I feel
My littleness again. Well said the spirit,
That I was nothing!

Adah. Wherefore said he so?
Jehovah said not that.

Cain. No: he contents him
With making us the *nothing* which we are;
And after flattering dust with glimpses of
Eden and Immortality, resolves
It back to dust again—for what?

Adah. Thou know'st—
Even for our parents' error

Cain. What is that
To us? they sinn'd, then *let them die!*

Adah. Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought

Thy own, but of the spirit who was with thee. Would *I* could die for them, so *they* might live!

Cain. Why, so say I—provided that one victim

Might satiate the insatiable of life, And that our little rosy sleeper there

Might never taste of death nor human sorrow Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

Adah. How know we that some such atonement one day

May not redeem our race?

Cain. By sacrificing The harmless for the guilty? what atonement Were there? why, *we* are innocent: what have we

Done, that we must be victims for a deed Before our birth, or need have victims to atone for this mysterious, nameless sin— If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

Adah. Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain: thy words

Sound impious in mine ears.

Cain. Then leave me! *Adah.* Never,

Though thy God left thee.

Cain. Say, what have we here? *Adah.* Two altars, which our brother Abel made

During thine absence, whereupon to offer A sacrifice to God on thy return.

Cain. And how knew *he*, that *I* would be so ready

With the burnt offerings, which he daily brings With a meek brow, whose base humility Shows more of fear than worship, as a bribe To the Creator?

Adah. Surely, 't is well done.

Cain. One altar may suffice; *I* have no offering.

Adah. The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful

Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers and fruits,

These are a goodly offering to the Lord, Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

Cain. I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweat in the sun

According to the curse:—must I do more? For what should I be gentle? for a war With all the elements ere they will yield The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful. For being dust, and grovelling in the dust, Till I return to dust? If I am nothing— For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,

And seem well-pleas'd with pain? For what should I

Be contrite? for my father's sin, already Expiate with what we all have undergone,

And to be more than expiated by The ages prophesied, upon our seed.

Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there The germs of an eternal misery

To myriads is within him! better 't were I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd li 'gainst

The rocks, than let him live to—

Adah. Oh, my God Touch not the child—my child! *thy* child!

Oh Cain! [power *Cain.* Fear not! for all the stars, and all the

Which sways them, I would not accost you infant

With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

Adah. Then, why so awful in thy speech? *Cain.* I said,

'T were better that he ceased to live, than give Life to so much of sorrow as he must

Endure, and, harder still, bequeath; but since That saying jars you, let us only say—

'T were better that he never had been born.

Adah. Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys,

The mother's joys of watching, nourishing, And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet

Enoch! [She goes to the child. Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,

Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy, How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,

For then we are all alike; is 't not so, Cain? Mother, and sire, and son, our features are

Reflected in each other: as they are In the clear waters, when they are gentle, and

When thou art gentle. Love us, then, my Cain! And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee

Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,

To hail his father; while his little form Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain

The childless cherubs well might envy thee The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain.

As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but His heart will, and thine own too.

Cain. Bless thee, boy! If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,

To save thee from the serpent's curse! *Adah.* It shall

Surely a father's blessing may avert A reptile's subtlety.

Cain. Of that I doubt; But bless him ne'er the less.

Adah. Our brother comes.
Cain. Thy brother Abel.

Enter ABEL.

Abel. Welcome, Cain! My brother,
 The peace of God be on thee!
Cain. Abel, hail!
Abel. Our sister tells me that thou hast been
 wandering,
 In high communion with a spirit, far
 Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those
 We have seen and spoken with, like to our
 father?
Cain. No. [may be
Abel. Why then commune with him? he
 A foe to the Most High
Cain. And friend to man.
 Has the Most High been so—if so you term him?
Abel. Term him! your words are strange
 to-day, my brother.
 My sister Adah, leave us for awhile—
 We mean to sacrifice.
Adah. Farewell, my Cain;
 But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,
 And Abel's pious ministry, recall thee
 To peace and holiness!
 [Exit ADAH, with her child.
Abel. Where hast thou been?
Cain. I know not.
Abel. Nor what thou hast seen?
Cain. The dead,
 The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,
 The overpowering mysteries of space—
 The innumerable worlds that were and are—
 A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,
 Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud
 voiced spheres
 Singing in thunder round me, as have made me
 Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.
Abel. Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural
 light—
 Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural hue—
 Thy words are fraught with an unnatural
 sound—
 What may this mean?
Cain. It means—I pray thee, leave me.
Abel. Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed
 together.
Cain. Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice alone—
 Jehovah loves thee well.
Abel. Both well, I hope.
Cain. But thee the better: I care not for that;
 Thou art fitter for his worship than I am;
 Reverse him, then—but let it be alone—
 At least, without me.
Abel. Brother, I should ill

Deserve the name of our great father's son,
 If, as my elder, I revered thee not,
 And in the worship of our God call'd not
 On thee to join me, and precede me in
 Our priesthood—it is thy place.
Cain. But I have ne'er
 Asserted it.
Abel. The more my grief; I pray thee
 To do so now: thy soul seems labouring in
 Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.
Cain. No;
 Nothing can calm me more. *Calm!* say I?
 Never
 Knew I what calm was in the soul, although
 I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel, leave
 me!
 Or let me leave thee to thy pious purpose.
Abel. Neither; we must perform our task
 together.
 Spurn me not.
Cain. If it must be so—well, then
 What shall I do?
Abel. Choose one of those two altars.
Cain. Choose for me: they to me are so
 much turf
 And stone.
Abel. Choose thou!
Cain. I have chosen.
Abel. 'Tis the highest,
 And suits thee, as the elder Now prepare
 Thine offerings.
Cain. Where are thine?
Abel. Behold them here—
 The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof—
 A shepherd's humble offering.
Cain. I have no flocks
 I am a tiller of the ground, and must
 Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit
 [He gathers fruits
 Behold them in their various bloom and
 ripeness.
 [They dress their altars, and kindle a
 flame upon them.
Abel. My brother, as the elder, offer first
 Thy prayer and thanksgiving with sacrifice.
Cain. No—I am new to this; lead thou
 the way,
 And I will follow—as I may.
Abel (kneeling). Oh God!
 Who made us, and who breathed the breath
 of life
 Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us
 And spared, despite our father's sin, to make
 His children all lost, as they might have been,
 Had not thy justice been so temper'd with
 The mercy which is thy delight, as to

Accord a pardon like a Paradise, [of light!
 Compared with our great crimes:—Sole Lord
 O good, and glory, and eternity;
 Without whom all were evil, and with whom
 Nothing can err, except to some good end
 O: thine omnipotent benevolence—
 Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd—
 Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's
 First of the first-born flocks—an offering,
 In itself nothing—as what offering can be
 Aught unto thee?—but yet accept it for
 The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in
 The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own
 Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour
 Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

Cain (standing erect during this speech).
 Spirit! whate'er or whosoe'er thou art,
 Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,
 Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil;
 Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven,
 And it may be with other names, because
 Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:—
 If thou must be propitiated with prayers,
 Take them! If thou must be induced with altars,
 And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them!
 Two beings here erect them unto thee.
 If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine
 which smokes

On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service
 In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek
 In sanguinary incense to thy skies,
 Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,
 And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf
 I spread them on now offers in the face
 Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem
 Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not
 Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form
 A sample of thy works, than supplication
 To look on ours! If a shrine without victim,
 And altar without gore, may win thy favour,
 Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,
 He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks
 no hing

Which must be won by kneeling if he's evil,
 Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may'st—
 For what can he oppose? If he be good,
 Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! since all
 Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem
 To have no power themselves, save in thy will;
 And whether that be good or ill I know not,
 Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge
 Omnipotence, but merely to endure
 Its mandate; which thus far I have endured.

[*The fire upon the altar of ABEL
 kindles into a column of the
 brightest flame, and ascends to*

*heaven, while a whirlwind
 throuws down the altar of CAIN,
 and scatters the fruits abroad
 upon the earth.*

Abel. (kneeling). Oh, brother, pray! Jeh-
 vah's wroth with thee.

Cain. Why so?

Abel. Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

Cain. From earth they came, to earth 'let
 their return; [summe.

Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere thou
 Thy burnt flesh-off'ring prospers better; see
 How heav'n licks up the flames, when thick
 with blood!

Abel. Think not upon my offering's accept-
 ance,

But make another of thine own before
 It is too late

Cain. I will build no more altars,
 Nor suffer any.—

Abel (rising). Cain! what meanest thou?

Cain. To cast down you vile flatterer
 the clouds,

The smoky harbinger of thy dull pray'rs—
 Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids
 Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.

Abel (opposing him). Thou shalt not:—add
 not impious works to impious

Words! let that altar stand—'tis hallow'd row
 By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah,
 In his acceptance of the victims.

Cain. *His!*

His pleasure! what was his high pleasure in
 The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood,
 To the pain of the bleating mothers, which
 Still yearn for their dead offspring? or the pangs
 Of the sad ignorant victims underneath
 Thy pious knife? Give way! this bloody record
 Shall not stand in the sun, to shame creation!

Abel. Brother, give back! thou shalt not
 touch my altar

With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,
 To try another sacrifice, 'tis thine.

Cain. Another sacrifice! Give way, or else
 That sacrifice may be—

Abel. What mean'st thou?

Cain. Give—
 Give way!—thy God loves blood!—then look
 to it:—

Give way, ere he hath more!

Abel. In his great name,
 I stand between thee and the shrine which hath
 Had his acceptance.

Cain. If thou lov'st thyself,
 Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
 Its native soil:—else—

Abel (opposing him). I love God far more than thee.

(striking him with a brand, on the temples, which he snatches from the altar).

Cain. Then take thy life unto thy God, since he loves lives. [brother?

Abel (falls). What hast thou done, my Cain. Brother!

Abel. Oh, God! receive thy servant, and forgive his slayer, for he knew not what he did—Cain, give me—give me thy hand; and tell

Poor Zillah—

Cain (after a moment's stupefaction). My hand! 't is all red, and with—
What?

[A long pause.—Looking slowly round.

Where am I? alone! Where's Abel? where Cain? Can it be that I am he? My brother, Awake!—why liest thou so on the green earth? 'T is not the hour of slumber;—why so pale? What, hast thou!—thou wert full of life this morn!

Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why Wouldst thou oppose me? This is mockery; And only done to daunt me:—'t was a blow— And but a blow. Stir—stir—nay, only stir! Why, so—that's well!—thou breath'st! breathe upon me!

Oh, God! Oh, God! [of God? *Abel (very faintly).* What's he who speaks Cain. Thy murderer.

Abel. Then may God forgive him! Cain, Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one brother Now.

[ABEL *dies.* *Cain.* And I none!—Who makes me brotherless?

His eyes are open! then he is not dead! [lids. Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathes! And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his heart!— Let me see, doth it beat? methinks—No!—no!

This is a vision, else I am become
The native of another and worse world.
The earth swims round me:—what is this?—
't is wet;

[Puts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it. [blood—

And yet there are no dews! 'T is blood—my My brother's and my own! and shed by me! Then what have I further to do with life, Since I have taken life from my own flesh?

But he can not be dead!—Is silence death? No; he will wake: then let me wake him!— Life cannot be so slight, as to be quenched Thus quickly!—he hath spoken to me since— What shall I say to him?—My brother!—No He will not answer to that name; for brother smite not each other. Yet—yet—speak to me Oh! for a word more of that gentle voice, That I may bear to hear my own again!

Enter ZILLAH.

Zillah. I heard a heavy sound; what can it be? [What

'T is Cain; and watching by my husband. Dost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep? Oh, heav'n! [No, no!

What means this paleness, and yon stream?— It is not blood; for who would shed his blood? Abel! what's this!—who hath done this? He moves not; [from mine

He breathes not; and his hands drop down With stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain!

Why cam'st thou not in time to save him from This violence? Whatever hath assail'd him, Thou wert the stronger, and should'st have stepp'd in

Between him and aggression! Father!— Eve!—

Adah!—come hither! Death is in the world [Exit ZILLAH, calling on her Parents, &c *Cain (solus).* And who hath brought him there?—I—who abhor

The name of Death so deeply, that the thought Empoison'd all my life, before I knew

His aspect—I have led him here, and giv'n My brother to his cold and still embrace, As if he would not have asserted his Inexorable claim without my aid

I am awake at last—a dreary dream Had madden'd me;—but he shall ne'er awake.

Enter ADAM, EVE, ADAH, and ZILLAH.

Adam. A voice of woe from Zillah brings me here.— [son

What do I see?—"T is true!—My son!—my Woman, behold the serpent's work, and thine. [To EVE.

Eve. Oh! speak not of it now: the serpent's fangs

Are in my heart. My best beloved, Abel! Jehovah! this is punishment beyond A mother's sin, to take him from me!

Adam. Who Or what hath done this deed?—speak, Cain since thou

Wert present; was it some more hostile angel

Who walks not with Jehovah? or some wild
Brute of the forest?

Eve. Ah! a livid light [brand,
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud! yon
Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the altar,
And black with smoke, and red with ——

Adam. Speak, my son!
Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are,
That we are not more miserable still.

Adah. Speak, Cain! and say it was not thou.
Eve. It was.

I see it now—he hangs his guilty head,
And covers his ferocious eye with hands
Incarnadine

Adah. Mother, thou dost him wrong—
Cain! clear thee from this horrible accusal,
Which grief wrings from our parent.

Eve. Hear, Jehovah!
May the eternal serpent's curse be on him!
For he was fitter for his seed than ours.
May all his days be desolate. May ——

Adah. Hold!
Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son—
Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother,
And my betroth'd.

Eve. He hath left thee no brother—
Zillah no husband—*me no son!*—for thus
I curse him from my sight for evermore!
All bonds I break between us! as he broke
That of his nature, in yon—Oh death! death!
Why didst thou not take *me*, who first incurr'd
thee?

Why dost thou not so now?

Adam. Eve! let not this,
Thy natural grief, lead to impiety!
A heavy doom was long forespoken to us;
And now that it begins, let it be borne
In such sort as may show our God, that we
Are faithful servants to his holy will.

Eve (*pointing to Cain*) *His will!* the will
of yon incarnate spirit

Of death, whom I have brought upon the earth
To strew it with the dead. May all the curses
Of life be on him! and his agonies
Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us
From Eden, till his children do by him
As he did by his brother! May the swords
And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him
By day and night—snakes spring up in his
path—

Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves
On which he lays his head to sleep be strew'd
With scorpions! May his dreams be of his
victim!

His waking a continual dread of death!
May the clear rivers turn to blood, as he

Stoops down to stain them with his raging lip
May every element shun or change to him!
May he live in the pangs which others die with!
And death itself wax something worse than
death

To him who first acquainted him with man!
Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is *Cain*
Through all the coming myriads of mankind,
Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert their
sire!

May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God!
[Exit Eve

Adam. Cain! get thee forth; we dwell no
more together.

Depart! and leave the dead to me——I am
Henceforth alone—we never must meet more.

Adah. Oh, part not with him thus, my
father: do not

Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!

Adam. I curse him not: his spirit be his curse
Come, Zillah!

Zillah. I must watch my husband's corse.

Adam. We will return again, when he is gone—
Who hath provided for us this dread office.

Come, Zillah.

Zillah. Yet one kiss on yon pale clay,
And those lips once so warm—my heart! my
heart

[Exit ADAM and ZILAH, weeping

Adah. Cain! thou hast heard, we must go
forth. I am ready,
So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch
And you his sister. Ere the sun declines
Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness
Under the cloud of night. Nay, speak to me,
To me—*thine own.*

Cain. Leave me!

Adah. Why, all have left thee!

Cain. And wherefore lingerest thou? I
thou not fear

To dwell with one who hath done this?
Adah. I fear

Nothing except to leave thee, much as I
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brother
less.

I must not speak of this—it is between thee
And the great God.

A voice from within exclaims, Cain! Cain
Adah. Hear'st thou that voice?

The voice within. Cain! Cain!

Adah. It soundeth like an angel's tone

Enter the ANGEL of the Lord.

Angel. Where is thy brother Abel?

Cain. Am I then
My brother's keeper?

Angel. Cain! what hast thou done?
The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out,
Even from the ground, unto the Lord!—Now
art thou [mouth

Cursed from the earth, which open'd late her
To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand.
Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground,
it shall not

Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou
Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

Adah. This punishment is more than he can
bear.

Behold, thou drivest him from the face of earth,
And from the face of God shall he be hid.
A fugitive and vagabond on earth,
"T will come to pass, that whoso findeth him
Shall slay him.

Cain. Would they could! but who are they
Shall slay me? Where are these on the lone earth
As yet unpeopled?

Angel. Thou hast slain thy brother,
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

Adah. Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say
That this poor aching breast now nourishes
A murderer in my boy, and of his father. [is.

Angel. Then he would but be what his father
Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment
To him thou now see'st so besmear'd with blood?
The fratricide might well engender parricides.—

But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God
And mine commandeth me to set his seal
On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety.
Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance shall
Be taken on his head. Come hither!

Cain. What
Wouldst thou with me?

Angel. To mark upon thy brow
Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

Cain. No, let me die!

Angel. It must not be.

[*The ANGEL sets the mark on CAIN'S brow.*

Cain. It burns
My brow, but nought to that which is within it.
Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

Angel. Stern hast thou been and stubborn
from the womb,

As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he
Thou slew'st was gentle as the flocks he tended

Cain. After the fall too soon was I begotten;
Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for
Eden.

That which I am, I am; I did not seek

For life, nor did I make myself; but could I
With my own death redeem him from the dust—
And why not so? let him return to day,
And I lie ghastly! so shall be restored
By God the life to him he loved; and taken
From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

Angel. Who shall heal murder? what is
done is done;

Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds
Unlike the last! [*The ANGEL disappears*
Adah. He's gone, let us go forth.

I hear our little Enoch cry within
Our bower.

Cain. Ah! little knows he what he weeps
for!

And I who have shed blood cannot shed
tears!

But the four rivers¹⁴ would not cleanse my
soul.

Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on
me?

Adah. If I thought that he would not, I
would—

Cain (*interrupting her*). No,
No more of threats: we have had too many
of them:

Go to our children; I will follow thee?

Adah. I will not leave thee lonely with the
dead;

Let us depart together.

Cain. Oh! thou dead
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou
now art

I know not! but if thou see'st what I am,
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul—
Farewell!

I must not, dare not touch what I have made
thee.

I, who sprung from the same womb with
thee, drain'd

The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my
own,

In fondness brotherly and boyish, I
Can never meet thee more, nor even dare
To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have
done

For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—
The first grave yet dug for mortality.

But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth!
Oh, earth!

For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I
Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness

[*ADAH stoops down and kisses the
body of ABEL.*

Adah. A dreary, and an early doom, my
brother
Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee
I alone must not weep. My office is
Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed
them
But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn like
me,
Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee
Now, Cain! I will divide thy burden with thee
Cain. Eastward from Eden will we take
our way:
Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.
Adah. Lead! thou shalt be my guide, and
say our God

Be thine! Now let us carry forth our chil-
dren
Cain. And he who lieth there was child-
less. I
Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,
Which might have graced his recent marriage
couch,
And might have temper'd this stern blood
mine,
Uniting with our children Abel's offspring!
O Abel!
Adah. Peace be with him!
Cain. But with me
[Exit

Hours of Soleness :

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

Virginibus puerisque canto.—HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.

Μῆτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ μὲν μάλα' αἶνευ, μήτε τι νείκευ.—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.—DRYDEN.

PREFACE

IN submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits; under the former influence, "CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS," in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," we must "dare greatly;" and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable

that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please every body; because they who have no connection, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe; on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin:" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these pro

ductions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountainer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virum volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor, even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine¹, "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed²," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

Hours of Idleness

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY
DEAR TO HIM.³

Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening
gloom,

Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beam'd:
The King of Terrors seiz'd her as his prey;
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day,
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven ar-
raign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place

1803

TO E.—⁴

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth¹
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace ;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.
November, 1802.

TO D——.5

In thee, I fondly hoped to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever ;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,
Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat ;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
Without thee, where would be my heaven ?
February, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.6

Ἄσπρη πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος.
LAERTIUS.

Oh, Friend ! for ever loved, for ever dear !
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd
bier !

What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of
death !

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh

The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep ;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will
cheer.

Vet other offspring soothe his anguish here :

But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
Ah ! none !—a father's tears will cease to flow.
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

A FRAGMENT

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voices
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice,
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall
ride,

Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns !
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd
stone ;

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

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.9

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the
walled days ? Thou lookest from thy tower to-
day : yet a few years, and the blast of the desert
comes, it howls in thy empty court."—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the
hollow winds whistle ;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to
decay : [thistle

In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd
in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to
battle [plain,9

Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's
The escentcheon and shield, which with every
blast rattle,

Are the only sad vestiges now that remain

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing
numbers,

Raise a flame in the breast for the war-
laurell'd wreath ; [slumbers ;

Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan¹⁰
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel by
death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of
Cressy ;¹¹ [fell :

For the safety of Edward and England they
y fathers ! the tears of your country redress
ye ; [annals can tell
How you fought, how you died, still her

Marston¹², with Rupert¹³, 'gainst traitors
contending [bleak field ;

Your brothers enrich'd with their blood the
the rights of a monarch their country
defending,

Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.¹⁴

ades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant,
departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !
Abroaa, or at home, your remembrance im-
parting

New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will^o he
cherish ; [renown :

He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your
Like you will he live, or like you will he
perish : [your own !

When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with

1803

LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS TO AN ITALIAN NUN
AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J.
ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"AWAY, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simple hearts ;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED
TO MISS —.

DEAR, simple girl, those flattering arts,
From which thou 'dst guard frail female hearts,
Exist but in imagination,—
Mere phantoms of thine own creation ;
For he who views that witching grace,
That perfect form, that lovely face,

With eyes admiring, oh ! believe me
He never wishes to deceive thee.
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,
Thou'lt there descry that elegance,
Which from our sex demands such praises,
But envy in the other raises :
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
Believe me, only does his duty.
Ah ! fly not from the candid youth ;
It is not flattery,—'t is truth.

July, 1804

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.¹⁵

[ANIMULA ! vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Que nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos ?]

Ah ! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay !
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—
Greater than Jove he seems to me—
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms,
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows.
That mouth, from whence such music flows
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah Lesbia ! though 't is death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee ;
But, at the sight, my senses fly ;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die ;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beat quick, my breath heaves shon
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring
And life itself is on the wing ;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night ;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON
VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's¹⁶ unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib. 4.*

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom
please?

Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again.
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate;
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Iugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirupp'd oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! eurst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away.
From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire.
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss:
Nor then my soul should sated be;
Still would I kiss and cling to thee
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever;
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.
To part would be a vain endeavour:
Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

THE man of firm and noble soul
No factions clamours can control;
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
Can swerve him from his just intent:
Gales the warring waves which plough,
By Auster on the billows spent,
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfur'd,
He would, unmoved, unawed behold
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile. [smile
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he's

FROM ANACREON.

[Θύλω λειψίην Ατρεΐδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar:
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone:

Fired with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler hero's name ;
 The dying chords are strung anew,
 To war, to war, my harp is due
 With glowing strings, the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again ;
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
 All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
 Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms !
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel :
 Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON.

[Μισοθυκτικαὶ ποθ' ἄραϊς, κ. τ. λ.]

T WAS now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
 Soötes, only, seem'd to roll
 His arctic charge around the pole ;
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :
 At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
 Descending from the realms of joy,
 Quick to my gate directs his course,
 And knocks with all his little force.
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
 "What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
 "Alas!" replies the wily child,
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,
 "A hapless infant here I roam,
 Far from my dear maternal home.
 Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
 The nightly storm is pouring fast.
 No prowling robber lingers here.
 A wand'ring baby who can fear?"
 I heard his seeming artless tale
 I heard his sighs upon the gale:
 My breast was never pity's foe,
 But felt for all the baby's woe.
 I drew the bar, and by the light,
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
 His bow across his shoulders flung,
 And thence his fatal quiver hung
 (Ah! little did I think the dart
 Would rankle soon within my heart).

With care I tend my weary guest,
 His little fingers chill my breast :
 His glossy curls, his azure wing,
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring :
 His shivering limbs the embers warm ;
 And now reviving from the storm,
 Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
 Than swift he seized his slender bow —
 "I fain would know, my gentle host,"
 He cried, "if this its strength has lost ;
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
 The strings their former aid refuse."
 With poison tipped, his arrow flies,
 Deep in my tortured heart it lies,
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd :—
 "My bow can still impel the shaft :
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS
OF ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδαιμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
 Both gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain
 Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.
 How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride,
 When placed aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side,
 Thou sat'st, while reverend Ægean smiled,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relent
 less frown'd.¹⁷

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804

TO EMMA

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
 When you must quit your anxious lover
 Since now our dream of bliss is past,
 One pang, my girl, and all is over.
 Alas! that pang will be severe,
 Which bids us part to meet no more ;
 Which tears me far from one so dear,
 Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell;
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We lingering look a last farewell,

O'er fields through which we used to run,
And spend the hours in childish play;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy vale;
These scenes I must retrace alone:
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
The anguish of a last embrace?
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks bedew
This is of love the final close,
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

TO M. S. G.

WHENEER I view those lips of thine,
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
Yet I forego that bliss divine,
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
How could I dwell upon its snows!
Yet is the daring wish repress;
For that,—would banish its repose

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;
Yet I conceal my love,—and why?
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
Hast seen my ardent flame too well,
And shall I plead my passion now,
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
United by the priest's decree:
By any ties but those divine,
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
Let it consume, thou shalt not know
With joy I court a certain doom,
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
Rather than such a sting impart,
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
More than I here shall dare to tell;
Thy innocence and mine to save,—
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
And hope no more thy soft embrace;
Which to obtain my soul would dare,
All, all reproach—but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though careless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say

Though keen the grief thy tears express,
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown,
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
Throb'd with deep sorrow as thine own

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd
 When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
 The tears that from my eyelids flow'd
 Were lost in those which fell from thine

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
 Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame;
 And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
 In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
 In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
 Remembrance only can remain,—
 But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!
 Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret;
 Nor let thy mind past joys review,—
 Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,
 Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not be-
 lieve; [arm,
 For your lip would the soul of suspicion dis-
 And your eyebeams a ray which can never
 deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sea;
 That age will come on, when remembrance,
 deploring, [a tear;
 Contemplates the scenes of her youth with

That the time must arrive, when, no longer re-
 taining [the breeze,
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses re-
 maining,
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom
 o'er my features, [decree,
 Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the
 Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his
 creatures, [of me
 In the death which one day will deprive you

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,
 No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;
 He worships each look with such faithful devo-
 tion,
 A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall
 o'er take us, [pathy glow,
 And our breasts, which alive with such sym-
 Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall
 awake us, [low.—
 When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts
 of pleasure, [ceasingly flow
 Which from passion like ours may un-
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in
 full measure,
 And quaff the contents as our nectar below.
 1805

TO CAROLINE.

Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my
 sorrows? [from this clay?
 Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight
 The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
 But brings, with new torture, the curse of
 to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow
 no curses, [from bliss;
 I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me
 For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
 Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury
 flakes bright'ning,
 Would my lips breathe a flame which no
 stream could assuage,
 On our foes should my glance launch in ven-
 geance its lightning, [its rage.
 With transport my tongue give a loose to

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;
 Could they view us our sad separation be-
 wailing, [sight.
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resig-
 nation, [can cheer;
 Life beams not for us with one ray that
 Love and hope upon earth bring no more con-
 solation; [fear.
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they
 place me, [are fled?
 Since, in life, love and friendship for ever
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.
 1805

STANZAS TO A LADY.

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.¹⁸

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize,
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.¹⁹

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α Βαρβαρὸς δὲ Χορδαίης
'Ερωτὰ μουνὸν ἤχη. ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has
wove! [glance,
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing
Or the rapture which dwells on the first
kiss of love.

Verhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the
grove; [would flow,
From what blest inspiration your sonnets
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of
love!

Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service
to rove,

Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!
Though prudes may condemn me, and
bigots reprove,

I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss
of love

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastic
themes,

Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:
What are visions like these to the first kiss
of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness
strove;

Some portion of paradise still is on earth.
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures
are past— [dove—

For years fleet away with the wings of the
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A
GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.²⁰

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,
When Probus²¹ filled your magisterial throne?
As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat Pomposus where your Probus sat.
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
Pomposus²² holds you in his harsh control;
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

DORSET²³! whose early steps with mine have
stray'd,

Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful bar
Bade thee obey, and gave me to command:²⁴
Thee, on whose head a few short years will show
The gift of riches, and the pride of power

E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors²⁵, fearful to dispraise,
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—
When these declare, "that pomp alone should
wait

On one by birth predestined to be great ;
That books were only meant for drudging fools
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules ;"
Believe them not ;—they point the path to
shame,

And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong ;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart ; 'twill bid thee, boy
forbear ;

For *well* I know that virtue lingers there. [day,

Yes ! I have mark'd thee many a passing
But now new scenes invite me far away ;
Yes ! I have mark'd within that generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
Ah ! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child ;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone ;
Though my proud heart no precept now can
tune,

I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour ;
To swell some peamage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page
beside ;

Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
in life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar
dead,

Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head
The mouldering scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-embazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race, with old memorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.

Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too :
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun.
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day ;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast ! the British drama
forth.²⁶

Another view, not less renown'd for wit ;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit ;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine ;
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine ;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.²⁷
Such were thy fathers ; thus preserve their
name ;

Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will
close

To me, this little scene of joys and woes ;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship
all were mine

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew ;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away.
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day ;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only
tell ;

Alas ! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

Dorset, farewell ! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart ;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same
sphere,

Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by,
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race ;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought

If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd
strain,—

Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate

Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.²⁸
1805.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE
OF MISS CHAWORTH.

HILLS of Annesley! bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.²⁹

1805.

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

Ἀργυραῖς λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα
Κρατήσαις.

Oh! could Le Sage's³⁰ demon's gift
Be realised at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay

Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.³¹

Lo! candidates and voters lie
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number:
A race renown'd for piety, [slumber
Whose conscience won't disturb their

Lord H——³², indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men:
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal:
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And therefore smiles on his proposa—

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
Goes late to bed, yet early rises

He surely well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardy to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest
To scan precisely metres Attie;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic:

Who reads false quantities in Seale,³³
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
In barbarous Latin³⁴ doom'd to wrangle

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.³⁵

Still, harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent,

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and in'amy combine,
When drunkenness and dice invite,
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray

!forgetting that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight.
 What scene is this which meets the eye?
 A numerous crowd, array'd in white,³⁶
 Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell; [hear?
 'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I
 The organ's soft celestial swell
 Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
 Though he who hears the music long
 Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
 Even as a band of raw beginners;
 All mercy now must be refused
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended, [him,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,
 Were asked to sing, by joy forsaken,
 On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspired by stratagem or fear,
 They might have set their hearts at ease,
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
 The deuce a soul will stay to read:
 My pen is blunt, my ink is low;
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed,

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spirits.
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
 No more thy theme my muse inspires:
 The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT-VIEW OF THE VIL-
 LAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW
 ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—
 VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved re-
 collection [past;
 Embitters the present, compared with the

Where science first dawn'd on the powers of
 reflection, [last;³⁷
 And friendships were form'd too romantic to

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief
 allied; [brance,
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remem-
 Which rests 'in the bosom, though hope is
 denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
 The streams where we swam, and the fields
 where we fought;³⁸ [resorted,
 The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues
 taught.

[der'd,
 Again I behold where for hours I have pon-
 As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone³⁹ I lay;
 Or round the steep brow of the churchyard
 wander'd, [ray.
 To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting

I once more view the room, with spectators
 surrounded, [thrown;
 Where, as Zanga⁴⁰, I trod on Alonzo o'er-
 While, to swell my young pride, such applauses
 resounded, [shone.
 I fancied that Mossop⁴¹ himself was out-

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep impreca-
 tion, [deprived;
 By my daughters, of kingdom and reason
 Till, fired by loud plaudits and self adulation,
 I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.⁴²

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret
 you!
 Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
 Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you.
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
 While fate shall the shades of the future
 unroll! [me,
 Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before
 More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which
 await me, [view,
 Some new scene of pleasure should open to
 I will say, while with rapture the thought shal-
 elate me, [knew!
 "Oh! such were the days which my infancy
 1806

TO M——.

HE! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

Fer thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
How'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

T is said that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere
1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,
That ail must love thee who behold thee.
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are nought
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
But how much cursed by every lover
When hope is fled and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,

Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
When lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."⁴³

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely
forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live,—
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign; [last,
Should the dream of to-night but resemble th'
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft
brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you
may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers
beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY.

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.⁴⁴

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue ;
But where's the beam so sweetly straying,
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time,
'twill cheer ;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

LESBIA! since far from you I've ranged,
Our souls with fond affection glow not ;
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost ;
And Lesbia! we are not much older
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingering past away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason ;
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not ;
Warm was the passion of my youth,
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended ;
For, oh! I lov'd you most sincerely ;
And—though our dream at last is ended—
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers ;
Absence has made me prone to roving ;
But older, firmer hearts than ours
Have found monotony in loving,

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed ;
Ponder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanza were addressed the next morning.]⁴⁵

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling⁴⁶ o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide ;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
Upon that thrilling bosom fell ;
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
Extracted from its glistening cell :

Say, what dire penance can atone
For such an outrage done to thee?
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,
The sentence I should scarce deplore ;
Only would restore a heart
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
Is to become no longer free ;
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, mayst now reject
Such expiation of my guilt :
Come then, some other mode elect ;
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless ! and I swear
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent ;
Yet hold—one little word forbear !
Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Αἶε, δ' αἰ με φεύγει.—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtur'd 'mid weeds dropping
pestilent dew,
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu.

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad
heart,
In vain do we vow for an age to be true ;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu !

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-
swollen breast, [renew :"
Will whisper, " Our meeting we yet may
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's
represt,
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu !

h ! mark you yon pair : in the sunshine of
youth [flow'rs as they grew ;
Love twined round their childhood his
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu.

Sweet lady ! why thus doth a tear steal its way
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in
hue ?

Yet why do I ask ?—to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu.

Oh ! who 's yon misanthrope, shunning
mankind ?

From cities to caves of the forest he flew .
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the
wind ;

The mountains reverberate love's last adieu.

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy
chains [knew,
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins ;
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu !

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt
in steel ! [are few,
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of love's last
adieu !

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercastr ;
No more with love's former devotion we sue :
He spreads his young wing, he retires with
the blast ;
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu !

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
Astrea declares that some penance is due ;
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle
shrine,
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu !

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew :
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight ;
His cypress the garland of love's last adieu !

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,⁴⁷ and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy ;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd ;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child ;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool ;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from
school ;

Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin :
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl ;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.⁴⁸

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
 What disgust to life hast thou?
 Change that discontented air;
 Frowns become not one so fair.
 'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
 Love's a stranger to thy breast;
 He in dimpling smiles appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will love, and all admire;
 While that icy aspect chills us,
 Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
 Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
 Smile at least, or seem to smile.
 Eyes like thine were never meant
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
 Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
 Still in truant beams they play.
 Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
 She blushes, curtsies, frowns—in short she
 Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
 And flying off in search of reason,
 Brings prudence back in proper season.
 All I shall therefore say (whate'er
 I think, is neither here nor there)
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
 Were form'd for better things than sneering:
 Of smoothing compliments divested,
 Advice at least's disinterested;
 Such is my artless song to thee,
 From all the flow of flattery free;
 Counsel like mine is like a brother's
 My heart is given to some others;
 That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
 It shares itself among a dozen.
 Marion, adieu! oh, prythee slight not
 This warning, though it may delight not,
 And, lest my precepts be displeasing
 To those who think remonstrance teasing,
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion
 Concerning woman's soft dominion:
 Howe'er we gaze with admiration
 On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
 Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
 Howe'er those beauties may distract us
 Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
 These cannot fix our souls to love.
 It is not too severe a stricture
 To say they form a pretty picture;
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain
 Which binds us in your humble train,

To hail you queens of all creation,
 Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF
 HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND AP-
 POINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET
 HIM IN THE GARDEN.

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
 In firmer chains our hearts confire,
 Than all th' unmeaning protestations
 Which swell with nonsense love orations.
 Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,
 Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
 Then wherefore should we sigh and whine
 With groundless jealousy repine,
 With silly whims and fancies frantic,
 Merely to make our love romantic?
 Why should you weep like Lydia Languish
 And fret with self-created anguish?
 Or doom the lover you have chosen,
 On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
 In leafless shades to snee for pardon,
 Only because the scene's a garden?
 For gardens seem, by one consent,
 Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
 Since Juliet first declared her passion
 To form the place of assignation.
 Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
 And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
 Or had the bard at Christmas written,
 And laid the scene of love in Britain,
 He surely, in commiseration,
 Had changed the place of declaration.
 In Italy I've no objection;
 Warm nights are proper for reflection;
 But here our climate is so rigid,
 That love itself is rather frigid:
 Think on our chilly situation,
 And curb this rage for imitation;
 Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
 Beneath the influence of the sun;
 Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
 Within your mansion let me greet you
 There we can love for hours together,
 Much better, in such snowy weather,
 Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
 That ever witness'd rural loves;
 Then, if my passion fail to please,
 Next night I'll be content to freeze;
 No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
 But curse my fate for ever after.

OSCAR OF ALVA.

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the ~~cl~~ of arms no more

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low;

While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Furn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light,
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Aiva's stone?
Er towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

Alas when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer
The pibroch raised its piercing note;⁴⁹
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train,

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth

Both, both were brave: the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell:
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's hands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled;
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the coral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
ach youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials through the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 't is late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride:
"Why comes not Oscar," Angus said;
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
"With me he roved not o'er the glade

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'T is his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would aught to her impede his way?"

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around
Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Fill Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain,
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave!
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,
His locks in gray-torn ringle's wave.

"Oscar! my son!—thou God of Heav'n
Restore the prop of sinking age!
Or if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live,—away, despair!
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live
T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!
O God! my impious prayer forgive

"What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er;
Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, which soothes severest woe
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the coral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'T is noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
Thou saw'st 't was duly drank by me:
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'T is well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye:
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn:
Perhaps the hero did not die

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance the chief has only roved;
For him thy beltane yet may burn."⁵⁰

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury plac'd.

"And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
"Would Oscar now could share our mirth!
Internal fear appall'd his soul;
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

"'T is he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form,
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round
His plume of sable stream'd on high:
But his breast was bare, with the red wound
there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee; [ground,
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of
the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased,
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away, away! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
His sand is done,—his race is run;
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay
His locks are lifted by the gale:
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Expunging demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow,
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel;
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field.
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'T was his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair: [love;
These burn with one pure flame of generous
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combined they hold their nightly
guard

"What god, exclaim'd the first, "instils
this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought
oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest,
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling
dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?"

Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen
grief [chief:
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found;
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy:—
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of
fear,

And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath—
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

When Nisus,—“Calm thy bosom's fond
alarms,

Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall,—and he who dares advance
through hostile legions must abide by
chance,—

If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low.
Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, recline: in endless sleep?
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."

"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,
Replied Euryalus: "it scorns control! [arose
Hence, let us haste!"—their brother guard,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold,
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear:
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)
"Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed.
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak.
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's
brow,

Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:
Then shall Æneas in his pride return, [urn
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Althes here exclaim'd,—

"Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye
raise,

Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
Then in his warm embrace the boys he
press'd,
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast

With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
Our deities the first best boon have given—
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
What poor rewards can bless your deeds on
earth,

Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Iulus then:—"By all the powers above!
By those Penates who my country love!
By hoary Vesta's sacred fire, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own.
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey:
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;
Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave—
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal
speed,

Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past: [dames,
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender
years [veres,
Are near my own, whose worth my heart re
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus:—"No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
For me may favour, or the skies may frown
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Line thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
A feeble age from dangers of the main;

Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave.
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my impo-

now:

Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe
"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince

replied;

"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's⁵¹ style but wanting to the dame.
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred oath—
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd.
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to
view

A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycæon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled
train,

To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
His prayer he sends; but what can prayers
avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is passed, and, favour'd by the
night, [flight,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more?
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops be
tween:

Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
 A mingled chaos this of war and wine. [pare,
 "Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood pre-
 With me the conquest and the labour share:
 Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
 Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain
 dies:

I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
 And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
 His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
 And pierced proud Rhames through his
 panting breast:

Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed
 To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
 His omens more than augur's skill evince;
 But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
 Could not avert his own untimely fall.
 Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
 And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
 The charioteer along his coursers' sides
 Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
 And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead
 Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
 From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents
 pour;

Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore
 Young Lamyros and Lanus next expire,
 And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
 Half the long night in childish games was
 pass'd,

Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:
 Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
 And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd fold, the keepers lost in sleep,
 His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
 Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
 With murder glutt'd, and in carnage rolls:
 Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams:
 In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
 But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
 His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel
 Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
 His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
 And vainly in the weak defence confides;
 Full in his heart, the falchion searched his veins,
 The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
 Through wine and blood, conningling as
 they flow,

One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
 Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their
 way,

Those fires emit a faint and trembling ray:

There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed
 Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
 Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
 Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest
 warm:

"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is
 pass'd; [last;
 Full foes enough to-night have breathed their
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

With silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
 What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
 They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
 Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
 The gilded harness Rhames' coursers felt,
 The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt.
 This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
 Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
 Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
 Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
 Then from the tents their cautious steps they
 bend,
 To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
 To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course
 While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
 The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
 Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led
 To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
 Now they approach the trench, and view the
 walls,

When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
 The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
 Volscens with question loud the pair alarms:—
 "Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in
 arms?" [reply?

From whence, to whom?"—He meets with re-
 Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:
 The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
 While round the wood the hostile squadron
 spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
 Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:
 Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
 The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead:
 But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
 To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
 Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend
 On every side they seek his absent friend.
 "Oh God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
 In what impending perils art thou left!"

Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
 Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
 The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
 Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
 Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise ;
 The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys .
 The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
 While lengthening shades his weary way
 confound ;

Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers
 dare ?

Ah ! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share ?
 What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?

His life a votive ransom nobly give,
 Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live ?
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:—

"Goddess serene, transcending every star !
 Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar !
 Bynight heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove :
 If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
 Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
 Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting
 crowd,

To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
 Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;
 Through parted shades the hurtling weapon
 sung ;

The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the
 clay :

He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
 Unconscious whence the death, with horror
 gaze.

[riven,
 While pale they stare, through Tagus temples
 A second shaft with equal force is driven.
 Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes ;
 Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.

Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall.
 "Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all !"
 Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he
 drew,

And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
 Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
 Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals :
 Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies :
 "Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone ;
 Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
 Ye starry spheres ! thou conscious Heaven !
 attest !

[fest !
 He could not—durst not—lo ! the guile con-

All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend ;
 He only loved too well his hapless friend :
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage
 remove ;

His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
 He pray'd in vain ; the dark assassin's sword
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gor'd,
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-cad crest,
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast :
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents
 the air,

Languid in death, expires beneath the share ;
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower :
 Thus, sweetly drooping, berds his lovely head,
 And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
 Revenge his leader, and despair his guide ;
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's
 ghost ; [foe ;
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on
 Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every
 blow ;

In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds ;
 In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies ;
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the
 wound.

Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved ;
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
 And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace.

Celestial pair ! if aught my verse can claim,
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame ;
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
 No future day shall see your names expire,
 While stands the Capitól, immortal dome !
 And vanquish'd millions hail their empress
 Rome .

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

[Ἐρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν, κ.τ.λ.]

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
 The breast where love is wont to glow
 What mind can stem the stormy surge
 Which rolls the tide of human woe ?

The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possess'd,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast.
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh,
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—
With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Al! hapless dame⁵²! no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deploras,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key⁵³
The milder treasures of his soul,—
May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS⁵⁴ his ample front sublime uprears:
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France:
Though marvelling at the name of Magnus
Charta,

Yet well he recollects the law of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid,
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S⁵⁵ glowing style, or Tully's fire
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud:
We speak to please ourselves, not move the
crowd:

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan.
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the
Dean;⁵⁵

Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up:
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best:

Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedy bank supine they lie
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's
note,

More than the verse on which the critic wrote:
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel

When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 't is Pitt or Petty rules the hour;
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,

While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!

Such is their practice, such is their reward!
This much, at least we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will:
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more repress;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels:
Deceit the guilty lips impart;
And hush the mandates of the heart;

But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed.
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, "'t was the spirit moved us."
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess:
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.
This for myself, at least, I'll say,
Thy form appears through night, through
day:

Awake, with it my fancy teems;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams:
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray.
For breaking slumbers of delight,
Which make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care:
"May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!
Oh! may the happy morta' fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover!
May that fair bosom never know
What 't is to feel the restless woe,
Which stings the soul with vain regret.
Of him who never can forget!"

THE CORNELIAN.³⁶

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me
Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it;
I told him when the gift I took,
My only feat should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth, nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of ooth
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fixed her fickle breast;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remain'd to give thee rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE
OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRI-
VATE THEATRE.⁵⁷

ANCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to eall the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *debut*
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Glib not our pinions ere the birds can fly.

Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your
praise;

But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze
Surely the last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU
APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER.

"OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES
SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

OH factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died:
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.

' These feelings wide, let sense and truth un-
 cleave,
 To give the palm where Justice points its due;"
 Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
 Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil
 Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world
 must weep,
 Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep;
 For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
 While friends and foes alike his talents own;
 Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
 Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign;
 Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
 For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.⁵⁸

THE TEAR.

' O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacro
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatenentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.'—*Gray.*

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies
 move,

When Truth in a glance should appear,
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
 To mask detestation or fear;
 Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling
 eye
 Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
 Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the
 gale,
 Through billows Atlantic to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave which may soon
 be his grave,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
 In Glory's romantic career;
 But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
 And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his
 bride,
 Renouncing the gore-erimson'd spear,
 All his toils are repaid when, embracing the
 maid,
 From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth⁵⁹! set at of Friendship
 and Truth.

Where love chased each fascinating year,
 Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look
 I turned, [Tear.
 But thy spire was scarce seen through

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no
 more,

My Mary to Love once so dear;
 In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
 She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess'd, may she live ever blest!
 Her name still my heart must revere:
 With a sigh I resign what I once though-
 was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart
 This hope to my breast is most near:
 If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
 May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions
 of night,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier,
 As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes con-
 sume,
 Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,
 Which the children of vanity rear;
 No fiction of fame shall blazon my name;
 All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

October 26th, 1806.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M.
B. PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY
OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
 Why thus in despair do you fret?
 For months you may try, yet, believe me, a
 sigh
 Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time
 seem to rove;
 At first she may frown in a pet;
 But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile
 And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the arts of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt—
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, yours pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Thought my heart they enthral, I'd abandon them all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep wounded heart, when incensed
by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er:
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
As your fair was so devilish reserved

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical
m'ss
Can such wonderful transports produce:

Since the "world you forget, when your lips
once have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of
love;"

'Tis true, I am given to range
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't
affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform
To mix in the Platonists' school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
What an insult 't would be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word

TO ELIZA.⁶⁰

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future exist-
ence, [defect,
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their
And this doctrine would meet with a general
resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of
sense, [driven;
He ne'er would have women from paradise
Instead of his hours, a flimsy pretence,
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of
spirit, [four:—
He allots one poor husband to share amongst
With souls you'd dispense; but this last
who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;
 On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most
 uncivil; [said,
 Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been
 " Though women are angels, yet wedlock 's
 the devil."

LACHIN Y GAIR.⁶¹

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake
 reposes, [love:
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements
 war; [ing fountains,
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flow-
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy
 wander'd; [plaid,⁶²
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory pon-
 der'd, [glade.
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar
 star;
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na
 Garr

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your
 voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices, [vale.
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own High-
 land
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist
 gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car:
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch
 na Garr.

" Ill-starr'd⁶³, though brave, did no visions
 foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
 Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,⁶⁴
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
 Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of
 Braemar.⁶⁵

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud num-
 ber,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na
 Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since
 left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains
 afar:
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na
 Garr.

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance
 Auspicious queen of childish joys
 Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;
 At length, in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth;
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
 Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
 And all assume a varied hue;
 When virgins seem no longer vain,
 And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend?
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,
 A Pylades⁶⁶ in every friend?
 But leave at once thy realms of air
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;
 Confess that woman's false as fair,
 And friends have feeling for—themselves

With shame I own I've felt thy sway
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
 No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar.
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear;
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female choir,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears,
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulph appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COM-
PLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRI-
PTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second
edition;
If good Madam Squintum my work should
abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my
muse?" *New Bath Guide.*

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER!⁶⁷ to com-
mend [friend.
The verse which blends the censor with the
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.

For this wild error which pervades my strain
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways
depart:

Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing
mind,

Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase,
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove
Let those whose souls condemn the pleasing
power

Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth;—
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be 't from me the "virgin's mind" to
"taint:"

Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had
read.

For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
The light effusions of a heedless boy.
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.
November 26, 1806.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.⁶⁹

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they
roll before me with all their deeds.—*Ossian.*"

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent
dome! [pride
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S⁷⁰

Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd
tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross⁷¹ demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye [time,
Retrace their progress through the lapse of
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
His feudal realm in other regions lay.
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could
view;

Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont
to prowl;

And superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings
extend [shade,
Soon as the gloaming⁷² spreads her waning
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary⁷³ paid.

Tears roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY⁷⁴ the kind gift recalls
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each tateat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest aboda
To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shake's with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd
arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress⁷⁵ now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers, [brow,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes
the brave;

His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope,
to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him⁷⁶ from th' un-
equal strife,

In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserv'd his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND⁷⁷
fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem
sound,

Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghastr, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with
horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers tread

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds
o'erspread, [mould-
Ransack'd resign perforce their mortal
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd it the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in
death; [fire,
No more he strikes the quivering chords with
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
To fit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring
breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing⁷⁸ the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler⁷⁹ now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of
state; [realm,
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied
hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to
mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunters' cry haugs lengthening on the
breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the
chase!

The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake⁸⁰
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure! [knew
Such simple sports our plain forefathers
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure; [few
Their joys were many, as their cares were

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;
Time steals along, and Death uprears his
dart;

Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart

Newstead! what saddening change of scene
is thine!

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay!
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but
to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
Or gewgaw grottoes of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of
fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine
And bless thy future as thy former day.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the
veins;

When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring

Not to the aching frame alone confined,
 Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
 What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
 Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
 With Resignation wage relentless strife,
 While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
 Yet less the pang when, through the tedious
 hour,

Remembrance sheds around her genial power
 Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
 When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our
 heaven;

Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
 Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
 As when through clouds that pour the summer
 storm

The orb of day unveils his distant form,
 Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
 And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
 Thus, while the future dark and cheerless
 gleams, [dreams,
 The sun of memory, glowing through my
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays;
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields:
 Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
 To which I long have bade a last adieu!
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
 Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
 Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
 Of early science, future fame the source;
 Who, still contending in the studious race,
 In quick rotation fill the senior place.
 These with a thousand visions now unite,
 To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight,
 IDA! blest spect, where Science holds her reign,
 How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
 Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
 Again I mingle with thy playful quire;
 Our tricks of mischief, every child'sh game,
 Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;
 Through winding paths along the glade, I trace,
 The social smile of every welcome face;
 My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
 Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
 Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship
 past:—

I bless the former, and forgive the last.

Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my
 breast,

To love a stranger, friendship made me blest;—
 Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth,
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
 And check each impulse with prudential rein;
 When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
 No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
 No dear-bought knowledge purchased by
 deceit.

Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
 Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
 When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
 His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
 Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
 Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
 Still to assent, and never to deny—
 A patron's praise can well reward the lie:
 And who, when Fortune's warning voice is
 heard,

Would lose his opening prospects for a word?
 Although against that word his heart rebel,
 And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the
 task

From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask
 Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
 My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:
 Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow
 To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
 But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
 The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
 Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, re-
 tired,

With this submission all her rage expired.
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave,
 Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
 POMPOUS' virtues are but known to few;
 I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the
 rod.

If since on Granta's banks, known to all
 Who share the converse of a college hall,
 She sometimes trilled in a lighter strain,
 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again,
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
 Who hail'd me eager, obedient to command;
 Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
 Their first adviser, and their last resort;

Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown ;
Who, thus transplanted from his father's
school—

Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days ;
PROBUSst, the pride of science, and the boast,
To IDA now, alas ! for ever lost. [page,
With him, for years, we search'd the classic
And fear'd the master, though we loved the
sage :

Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat,
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair ;
POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear :
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot ;
His name and precepts be alike forgot !
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary
branches crown'd,
Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round ;
There SCIENCE, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise ;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt
pursue ;

Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
Fresh'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents
stray ; [treat,

While yonder few search out some green retreat
And arbours shade them from the summer heat :
Others again, a pert and lively crew, [view,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
" Tradition treasures for a future day : [fought,
" 'T was here the gather'd swains for vengeance
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall ;

There, deeply carved, behold : each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame ;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son
The one long grav'd, the other just begun :
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire ⁸¹
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless
grave.

And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was
law ;

And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour ;—
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
" And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side
Just in this place the mouldering walls they
scaled, [avail'd ; ⁸²

Nor bolts nor bars against their strength
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely stayed at
home ;"—

While thus they speak, the hour must soon
arrive,

When names of these, like ours, alone survive.
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race ! though now we meet no
more,
One last long look on what we were before—
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splen'did circles, fashion's gaudy
world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret.
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish ! if chance some well-remember'd
face,

Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy ;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups
around,

Were quite forgotten when my friend was found

The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty
throne)— [dear,

The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was
near:

My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of *IDA* danced before my eyes ;
I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng ;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.⁸⁴

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight ?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name ?

Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear,
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear *IDA*, have I found in thee—
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care.

Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye ?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?⁸⁵

What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?

For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem ;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest
I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice
I hear again,—but ah! no brother's voice

A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone though thousand pilgrims fill the way ;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths en-
twine,

I cannot call one single blossom mine.
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than *IDA*'s social band.

Alonzo!⁸⁶ best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends ;
From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise ;
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.

Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest
Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore ;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was
done,

Oursports, our studies, and our souls were one.
Together we impell'd the flying ball ;
Together waited in our tutor's hall ;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore ;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy !
*DAVUS*⁸⁷, the harbinger of childish joy ;
For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun ;
Yet with a breast of such materials made—
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid ;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel
Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:⁸⁸
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue ;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow,
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear ;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand :
An act like this, can simple thanks repay ?
Or all the labours of a grateful lay ?
Oh no! when'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, *DAVUS*, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS!⁸⁹ on me thy claims are justly great
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate.
To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit :
Though yet in emury these perfections shine
LYCUS! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope from genius thus refined!
When time at length matures thy growing years
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair *EURYALUS*⁹⁰ pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung

What though one sad dissension bade us part,
That name is yet embalm'd within my heart;
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:
We once were friends,—I'll think we are so
still.

A form unmatched in nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we in thee behold:
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory in the tented field;
To minds of ruder texture these be given—
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit:
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore;—
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON⁹¹ stand;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing
scene,

No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run;
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
As speakers⁹² each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame.
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm'd vide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own,
Justice awards it to my friend alone

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined,
When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,⁹³
Or placed me higher in the studious throng;
Or when my first harangue received applause,
His sage instruction the primeval cause,
What gratitude to him my soul possesses.
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!

For all my humble fame, to him alone
The praise is due, who made that fame my own
Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give
The song might perish, but the them might live
Yet why for him the needless verse essay?
His honour'd name requires no vain display
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
To me a silent and a sweet employ,
While future hope and fear unlike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide.
Still may thy blooming sons thy name reverse
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;—
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempest
whirl'd,

Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth,
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,
(For glittering bangles are not left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where Youth her garland twined for
you?

Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief:

Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
 Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;
 But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
 Traced by the rosy finger of the morn ;
 When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of
 truth,
 And Love, without his pinion⁹⁴, smiled on
 youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,
 ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."⁹⁵

MONTGOMERY ! true, the common lot
 Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave ;
 Yet some shall never be forgot—
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

' Unknown the region of his birth,"
 The hero⁹⁶ rolls the tide of war ;
 Yet not unknown his martial worth,
 Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
 Perchance may 'scape the page of fame ;
 Yet nations now unborn will know
 The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
 Must share the common tomb of all ;
 Their glory will not sleep the same ;
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
 Assumes the ghastly stare of death ;
 The fair, the brave, the good must die,
 And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
 Still beaming through the lover's strain ;
 For Petrarch's Laura still survives :
 She died, but ne'er will die again

The rolling seasons pass away,
 And Time, untiring, waves his wing ;
 Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
 But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
 Collected in the silent tomb ;
 The old and young, with friends and foes,
 Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
 Yet falls at length an useless fane ;
 To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
 The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
 From dark oblivion meant to guard ;
 A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
 By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
 Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave ;
 Some few who ne'er will be forgot
 Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE
 VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
 Is mine, sweet girl ! thy pledge of love ;
 It claims my warmest, dearest care,
 Like relics left of saints above.

Oh ! I will wear it next my heart ;
 'T will bind my soul in bonds to thee ;
 From me again 't will ne'er depart,
 But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
 Is not so dear to me as this ;
That I but for a moment sip,
 And banquet on a transient bliss :

This will recall each youthful scene,
 E'en when our lives are on the wane ;
 The leaves of Love will still be green
 When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh ! little lock of golden hue,
 In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
 By the dear head on which you grew,
 would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
 The polish'd brow where once you shone
 Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
 Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [First published, 1832.]

REMEMBRANCE.

It is done!—I saw it in my dreams:
 No more with Hope the future beams;
 My days of happiness are few;
 Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
 My dawn of life is overcast,
 Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!—
 Would I could add Remembrance too!
 1806. [First published, 1832.]

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON
 HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE
 WITH SOCIETY.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with man-
 kind;—
 I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
 But retirement accords with the tone of my
 mind:
 I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
 Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go
 forth;
 When infancy's years of probation expire,
 Perchance I may strive to distinguish my
 birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
 Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—
 At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
 No torrent can quench it, no bounds can
 repress.⁹⁷

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
 Bids me live but to hope for posterity's
 praise. [flame,
 Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions of
 With him I would wish to expire in the
 blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
 What censure, what danger, what woe would
 I brave! [breath!
 Their lives did not end when they yielded their
 Their glory illumines the gloom of their
 grave.

Why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?
 Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her
 rules?

Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
 Why search for delight in the friendship of
 fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of
 love;

In friendship I early was taught to believe;
 My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;
 I have found that a friend may profess, yet
 deceive.

To me what is wealth?—it may pass in an
 hour, [frown,

If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should
 To me what is title?—the phantom of power.
 To me what is fashion?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;
 I still am unpractised to varnish the truth:
 Then why should I live in a hateful control?
 Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?
 1806.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND
 ORLA.

N IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN⁹⁸

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on
 their remembrance through the mist of time.
 In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of
 morn. He lifts his spear with trembling
 hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel
 before my fathers!" Past is the race of
 heroes! But their fame rises on the harp;
 their souls ride on the wings of the wind;
 they hear the sound through the sighs of the
 storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds!
 Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his
 narrow house. He looks down from eddying
 tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind,
 and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of wa.
 to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked
 in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his
 angry spear; but mild was the eye of Cal-
 mar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks
 they streamed like the meteor of the night.
 No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts
 were given to friendship,—to dark-haired
 Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their
 swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of
 Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together
 they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the

blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Sons of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my

grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghosts shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fall in smoke. All is hush'd; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: see'st thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs o.

Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. 'Rise,' said the king, 'rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven.'

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who should share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around thy steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven.

Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm."

L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast;
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove,
"Friendship is love without his wings!"

On Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth¹⁹⁹ thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.

Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
 Thy every path delights me still,
 Each flower a double fragrance flings;
 Again, as once, in converse gay,
 Each dear associate seems to say,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycens!¹⁰⁰ wherefore dost thou weep?
 Thy falling tears restrain;
 Affection for a time may sleep,
 But, oh, 'twill wake again.¹⁰¹
 Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
 Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
 From this my hope of rapture springs;
 While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
 Absence, my friend, can only tell,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone deceived,
 Did I my error mourn?
 No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
 I left the wretch to scorn.
 I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
 With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
 Twined with my heart's according strings:
 And till those vital chords shall break,
 For none but these my breast shall wake
 Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
 My memory and my hope;
 Your worth a lasting love ensures,
 Unfetter'd in its scope;
 Free from deceit and terror sprung,
 With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
 Let Adulation wait on kings;
 With joy elate, by snares beset,
 Ne, we, my friends, can ne'er forget,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
 Who rolls the epic song:
 Friendship and Truth be my reward—
 To me no bays belong;
 If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
 Me the enchantress ever flies,
 Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
 Simple and young, I dare not feign;
 Mine be the rude yet heart-felt strain,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

[First published, 1832.]

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven
 Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!
 Thou seest my soul is dark within;
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
 Oh point to me the path of truth!
 Thy dread omnipotence I own;
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth,

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
 Let superstition hail the pile,
 Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
 With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
 Thy temple is the face of day;
 Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
 Unless they bend in pompous form?
 Tell us that all, for one who fell,
 Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
 Yet doom his brother to expire,
 Whose soul a different hope supplies,
 Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
 Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
 Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
 Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those who live for self alone,
 Whose years float on in daily crime—
 Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
 And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
 Thy laws in Nature's works appear:—
 I own myself corrupt and weak,
 Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou who canst guide the wandering star
 Through trackless realms of æther's space,
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose hand from pole to pole I trace.—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

December 29, 1806.

[First published, 1830.]

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.¹⁰²

Nil ego contulerim jocundo sanus amico.—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye:
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase,
Our raptur'd visions as before,

Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion—
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh may my bosom never learn
To soothe its wonted heedless flow;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same.
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame.
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more.
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
Attuned to love her languid lyre;
But now without a theme to choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire.
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
Can now no more my love recall:
In truth, dear LONG, 't was time to flee;
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
An every lady's eye's a sun,
These last should be confined to one.

The soul's meridian don't become her,
 Whose sun displays a general *summer*
 Thus faint is every former flame,
 And passion's self is now a name.
 As when the ebbing flames are low,
 The aid which once improved their light.
 And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
 Now quenches all their sparks in night;
 Thus has it been with passion's fires,
 As many a boy and girl remembers,
 While all the force of love expires,
 Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear *LONG*, 't is midnight's noon,
 And clouds obscure the watery moon,
 Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
 Described in every stripling's verse;
 For why should I the path go o'er,
 Which every bard has trod before?
 Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
 Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
 Has thrice retraced her path of light,
 And chased away the gloom profound,
 I trust that we, my gentle friend,
 Shall see her rolling orbit wend
 Above the dear-loved peaceful seat
 Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;
 And then with those our childhood knew,
 We'll mingle in the festive crew;
 While many a tale of former day
 Shall wing the laughing hours away;
 And all the flow of souls shall pour
 The sacred intellectual shower,
 Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY.¹⁰³

OH! had my fate been join'd with thine,
 As once this pledge appear'd a token,
 These follies had not then been mine,
 For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
 To thee, the wise and old reproving:
 They know my sins, but do not know
 'T was thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
 And all its rising fires could smother;
 But now thy vows no more endure,
 Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
 And spoil the blisses that await him;
 Yet let my rival smile in joy,
 For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
 My heart no more can rest with any;
 But what it sought in thee alone,
 Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
 'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;
 Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
 But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures,
 These varied loves, these matron's fears,
 These thoughtless strains to passion's
 measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
 This cheek now pale from early riot,
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
 For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
 And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys:
 To think would drive my soul to madness
 In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
 In spite of every vain endeavour,—
 And fiends might pity what I feel,—
 To know that thou art lost for ever

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS
CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wld,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon¹⁰⁴ pile
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound!
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.
 Place me along the rocks I love,
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
 I ask but this—again to rove
 Through scenes my youth hath known
 before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
 The world was ne'er design'd for me
 Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
 The hour when man must cease to be?
 Once I beheld a splendid dream.
 A visionary scene of bliss:
 Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
 Had friends—my early friends are fled:
 How cheerless feels the heart alone
 When all its former hopes are dead!
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or
 power,
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes
 Associates of the festive hour.
 Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.¹⁰⁵

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGH LANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the
 dark heath, [snow!¹⁰⁶
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd
 below,¹⁰⁷
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy
 grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas center'd
 in you? ¹⁰⁸

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the
 name,—
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a
 child?
 But still I perceive an emotion the same
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd
 wild.
 One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new.
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were
 bless'd;
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul
 was with you

I arose with the dawn: with my dog as my
 guide, [along;
 From mountain to mountain I bounded
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's
 song:
 At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread
 my view;
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing
 on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no
 more;
 As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
 And delight but in days I have witness'd
 before: [lot;
 Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my
 More dear were the scenes which my in-
 fancy knew:
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they
 are not forgot; [you.
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with

When I see some dark hill point its crest to
the sky, [bleen; 109

I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Col-
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude
scene;

When haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and
you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains
once more [snow;

Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of
but while these soar above me, unchanged as
before,

Will Mary be there to receive me!—ah, no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was
bred!

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—

Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but
with you?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

O! yes, I will own we were dear to each
other; [are true;

The friendships of childhood, though fleeting,
The love which you felt was the love of a
brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;
The attachment of years in a moment ex-
pires: [pinion,

Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving
But glows not, like Love, with unquench-
able fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I
allow: [weather!

In the spring of our life, how serene is the
But winter's rude tempests are gathering
now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
The wonted delights of our childhood re-
trace: [bending,

When pride steals the bosom, the heart is un-
And what would be justice appears a dis-
grace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem
you—

The few whom I love I can never upbraid—
The chance which has lost me in future re-
deem you, [made
Repentance will cancel the vow you have

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affec-
tion,

With me no corroding resentment shall live
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both
should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my
existence,

If danger demanded, were wholly your own,
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retro-
spection!

The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recol-
lection, [yours.
And sigh for the friend who was formerly

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for
ever;

For time and regret will restore you at last
To forget our dissension we both should en-
deavour,

I ask no atonement, but days like the pas-

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

“Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago.”
VAL FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved
Like striplings, mutually beloved,

With friendship's purest glow,
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I've known,

When distant far from you:
Though pain, 't is still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
 Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
 Those scenes regretted ever :
 The measure of our youth is full,
 Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
 And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies
 Two streams which from one fountain rise,
 Together join'd in vain ;
 How soon, diverging from their source,
 Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
 Till mingled in the main !

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
 Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
 Nor mingle as before :
 Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
 Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
 And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied
 One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
 Now flow in different channels :
 Disdaining humbler rural sports,
 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
 And shine in fashion's annals :

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of reason ;
 For sense and reason (critics know it)
 Have quitted every amorous poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE ! sweet, melodious bard !
 Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,
 That he, who sang before all,—
 He who the lore of love expanded,—
 By dire reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral. ¹¹⁰

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favorite of the Nine !
 Repine not at thy lot.
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;
 And though myself may be the next,
 By er'ic sarcasm to be vex't,
 I really will not fight them. ¹¹¹

Perhaps they would do quite as well
 To break the rudely sounding shell
 Of such a young beginner ;
 He who offends at pert nineteen,
 Ere thirty may become, I ween,
 A very harden'd sinner.

Now Clare, I must return to you ;
 And, sure, apologies are due :
 Accept, then, my concession
 In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
 I soar along from left to right ;
 My muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
 To add one star to royal state :—
 May regal smiles attend you !
 And should a noble monarch reign,
 You will not seek his smiles in vain,
 If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
 Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snares may saints preserve you :
 And grant your love or friendship ne'er
 From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you.

Not for a moment may you stray
 From truth's secure, unerring way !
 May no delights decoy !
 O'er roses may your footsteps move,
 Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy !

Oh ! if you wish that happiness
 Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow ;
 Be still as you were wont to be,
 Spotless as you've been known to me,—
 Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days,
 To me were doubly dear,
 Whilst blessing your beloved name
 I'd waive at once a poet's fame,
 To prove a prophet here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM
IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
HARROW.¹¹²

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches
sigh, [sky;
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance de-
plore.

Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs
I lay,

And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs
recline, [were mine:

But, ah! without the thoughts which then
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,

And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last
farewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd
breast,

And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying
hour,— [power,—

If aught may soothe when life resigns her
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks, 't were sweet
to die—

And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose;
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood
play'd;

Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps
moved; [ful ear,

Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youth-
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged
here;

Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside

September 4, 1807.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:

A SATIRE.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 't is true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."—POPE.

PREFACE.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do so of me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,¹ who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which

was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius, by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Mas singer, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra, but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter he will be amply satisfied.

English Bards, etc.

STILL must I hear?²—shall hoarse Fitzgerald³
bawl

His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,⁴
And I not sing, lest haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my
muse?

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-
quill!

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 't was thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's⁵ shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is
plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign
sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all pre-
vail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!

I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame.
I printed—older children do the same
'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame
No matter, George continues still to write,
Though now the name is veil'd from public
sight.

Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
'Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote.
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attie salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit,
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as
soon

Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head
To these young tyrants⁶, by themselves mis-
placed,
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as
law—

While these are censors, 't would be sin to spare;
While such are critics, why should I forbear?
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'T is doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me⁷, why I venture o'er
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
'B it hold!' exclaims a friend,—“here's some
neglect:

This—that—and t' other line seem incorrect.”
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—“Ay, but Pye has
not:”—

Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's⁸ pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in
vain;

A polish'd nation's praise aspir'd to claim,
And rais'd the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly
strong. [mel.—

Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feeble bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age;
This truth at least let satire's self allow,
No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printer's devils shake their weary bones;
While Southey's epics cram the creaking
shelves.

And Little's lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.
Thus saith the preacher: “Nought beneath
the sun

Is new;” yet still from change to change we
run:

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swollen bubble bursts—and all is air!
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own;

Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not.
From soaring Southey down to grovelling
Stott.⁹

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling
crew,

For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the
last!—

On half-strung harps whine mournful to the
blast.

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood.
Pecoy young border-nobles through the
wood,

And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows
why;

While high-born ladies in their magic spell,
Forbidding knights to read who cannot
spell,

Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his
roan,

The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight:
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott!¹⁰ by vain conceit,
perchance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per
line?

No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre,¹¹ not for fame
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain.
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long “good night to Marmion.

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now ;

These are the bards to whom the muse must While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot, Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,

When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung, An epic scarce ten centuries could claim, While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name ;

The work of each immortal bard appears The single wonder of a thousand years. Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth, Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,

Without the glory such a strain can give, As even in ruin bids the language live. Not so with us, though minor bards content, On one great work a life of labour spent: With eagle pinion soaring to the skies, Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise ! To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield, Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.

First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance, The scourge of England and the boast of France !

Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch, Behold her statue placed in glory's niche ; Her fetters burst, and just released from prison, A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.

Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,¹² Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son ; Dromaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew More mad magicians than the world e'er knew. Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,

For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb ! Since startled metre fled before thy face, Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race ! Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence, Illustrious conqueror of common sense !

Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails, Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales ; Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do, More old than Mandeville's, and not so true Oh, Southey !¹³ cease thy varied song !

A bard may chant too often and too long . As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare ! A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear. But if, in spite of all the world can say, Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ; If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil, Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,¹⁴

The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue : " God help thee," Southey,¹⁵ and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school That mi'd apostate from poetic rule, The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay As soft as evening in his favourite May, Who warns his friend " to shake off toil and trouble,

And quit his books, for fear of growing double ; Who, both by precept and example, shows That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose Convincing all, by demonstration plain, Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;

And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme Contain the essence of the true sublime. Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy. The idiot motner of " an idiot boy ;" A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way And, like his bard, confounded night with day.¹⁶

So close on each pathetic part he dwells, And each adventure so sublimely tells, That all who view the " idiot in his glory," Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shalt gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here. To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear ? Though themes of innocence amuse him best Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest. If Inspiration should her aid refuse To him who takes a pixy for a muse,¹⁷ Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass The bard who soars to elegise an ass. So well the subject suits his noble mind, He brays¹⁸, the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis¹⁹ monk, or bard, Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard !

Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow, Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou ! Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band, Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page, To please the females of our modest age ; All hail, M. P.²⁰ from whose infernal brain Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ; At whose command " grim women " throng in crowds, And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds. With " small gray men," " wild yagers," and what not, To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott ;

Again all hail! if tales aike thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease:
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to
dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir,
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion
flush'd, [hush'd?
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay! [just,
Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er, [more."
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of
blue,²¹

And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss
admires,

And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's
sense,

Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoëns²² in a suit of lace?

Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy
taste;

Be warm; but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts! one moment spare the
text—

Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,

His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame. [shine!

Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs"
At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.

Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may
swear,
That luckless music never triumph'd there.²³

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame,²⁴ pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme:

Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things
And shows, still whimpering through the
score of years,

The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious
Bowles!

Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grie.
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford
bells,²⁵

Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!

Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,

To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears

Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.

Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"

Such as none heard before, or will again!
Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,

Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,

From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,

The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;²⁶
And gravely tells—ate, each beauteous
miss!—

When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell
Stuck to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.²⁷

But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a
scribe; [fear'd,

If chance some bard, though once by dunce
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;

If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst

Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man;

Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curl;²⁸

Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Drothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;
Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet²⁹ did for hire.
Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to
rhyme ;³⁰
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead ;
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

Another epic ! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men ?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive !
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five !
Fresh fish from Helicon³¹ ! who 'll buy ? who 'll
buy ?

The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat ;
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat ;
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he
sold.

Oh ! Amos Cottle !—Phœbus ! what a name,
To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—
Oh, Amos Cottle ! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
O'n pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
Had Cottle³² still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty
limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may
sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice³³ all his granite weight of leaves.
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !
The petrifications of a plodding brain,
That ere they reach the top, fall lumbering
back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
Lo ! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale ;

Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd
at last,
His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails :
O'er his lost works let classic Sheffield weep ;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep !³⁴

Yet say ! why should the bard at once resign
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine ?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl :
A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way ;
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find—these harpies³⁵ must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field ?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's
Seat ?³⁶

Health to immortal Jeffrey³⁷ once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same ;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack ;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw ;
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat ?
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope
" Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind !
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey ! Heaven preserve
his life
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars.
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by ?³⁸
Oh, day disastrous ! On her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock :

Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career;³⁹
 Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:

Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
 The sixteenth story where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white
 reams,

Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
 And all with justice deem'd the two combined
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of
 Moore;

From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And straight restored it to her favorite's head;
 That head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,
 Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce
 refine,

Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
 'My son,' she cried, 'ne'er thirst for gor-
 again,

Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
 O'er politics and poesy preside,
 Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
 The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen,⁴⁰
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer⁴¹, and
 sometimes,

In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,
 Smug Sydney⁴² too thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic Hallam⁴³, much renown'd for Greek;
 Scott may perchance his name and influence
 lend,

And paltry Pillans⁴⁴ shall traduce his friend;
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe⁴⁵
 Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay:

While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
 To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
 Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the
 sale,⁴⁶

Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

Then prosper Jeffrey! perdest of the train
 Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
 Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
 In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
 For thee Edina culis her evening sweets,
 And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
 Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
 This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.⁴⁷
 Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd
 grown,

Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone
 And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
 Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!
 Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
 Holland, with Henry Petty⁴⁸ at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
 Declare his landlord can at least translate!⁴⁹
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food—and feed because they
 write:

And lest, when heated with the unusual grape
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press
 escape,

And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skins the cream of each critique;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.⁵⁰

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,⁵¹
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's
 o'er,

And full-grown actors are endured once more
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these:

While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!"
and "zounds!"⁵² [founds?

nd common-place and common sense con-
ticle Kenney's "World"—ah! where is
Kenney's wit?—

Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit;
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
tragedy complete in all but words?⁵⁴

Who but must mourn, while these are all the
rage,

The degradation of our vaunted stage!
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit?—none!
Awake, George Colman⁵⁵! Cumberland⁵⁶,
awake!

Ring the alarm bell! let folly quake!

Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy assume her throne again;
Abjure the mummary of the German schools;
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and Siddons livest to tread?
On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic tame!

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on,⁵⁹
While poor John Bull, bewild'rd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should
we turn

To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
Well may the nobles of our resent race
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship Catalani's pantaloons,⁶⁰
Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Atonia, skill'd in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down.
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes
And bless the promise which his form displays,
While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured look;
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prèsle
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless
veil;

Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant
toe;

Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening
throng!

Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undravn, and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!⁶¹
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd
fane,

Spreads wide her portals for the motley train
Behold the new Petronius⁶² of the day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired eunuch the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords
combine:

Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's
spouse.

Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade;
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"

When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers
sweep,

Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfetter'd limb!
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair [leap,
With art the charms which nature could not

These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be
taught:

[Spain,
There the blithe youngster, just return'd from
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick.
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife;
Fit consummation of an earthly race,
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering
breath;

Traded by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide
his hand,

To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the
wrong,

Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through passion's countless
host,

Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than
they?"

And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist in me.
No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening
song,

Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,
Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?

Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the
Square?

If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight
What harm? In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews⁶³ still his strength in couplets try
And live in prologues, though his dramas die
Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 't is some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their
rhymes?

Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a nook head;
No muse will cheer, with renovating smue,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away,
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow
worse?

What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!⁶⁴
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And ease his volumes in congenial calf:
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous
band.

On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle⁶⁵ prove a blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be 't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind.⁶⁶
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals
fill, [still
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns

Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.⁶⁷

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a
stall,⁶⁸

Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds
applaud!

How ladies read, and literati laud!⁶⁹
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know
best? [rhyme,
Genius must guide when wits admire the
And Capel Loft⁷⁰ declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless
spade!

Lo! Burns⁷¹ and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state, [fate:
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on
you

Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?⁷¹
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
And now no boor can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed without an ode.
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your
shoes.

May Moorland weavers⁷² boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While perpetual beaux reward the grateful
notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute
due,

Neglected genius! let me turn to you. [scope;
Come forth, oh Campbell!⁷³ give thy talents
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lute;

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel
Burns! [rious brood

No! though contempt hath mark'd the spu
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness Gifford,⁷⁴ Sotheby,⁷⁵ Macneil.⁷⁶

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd
in vain;

Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?⁷⁷
Are there no fools whose backs demand the
scourge?

Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time.
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White!⁷⁸ while life was in its
spring, [wing,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science's self destroy'd her favourite son
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the
fruit.

'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee
low:

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his
nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise.
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:

Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite ;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires :
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest ;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee⁷⁹ and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace ;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the poet's or the painter's line ;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
While honours, doubly merited, attend
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the
bower
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour ;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has
mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands ;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
Wright⁸⁰ 't was thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards !⁸¹ who snatch'd to
light [sight ;
Those gems too long withheld from modern
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the
wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone :
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Lest these, or such as these, with just
applause,
Restore the muse's violated laws ;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear ;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass ;

While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound :
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth
stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd.⁸²
Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to
teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach :
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to
heaven.

And thou, too, Scott, resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud :
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
Enough for genius, if itself inspire !
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse ; [verse
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse ;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
Let Moore still sigh ; let Strangford steal from
Moore, [yore ;
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave ;
Let sonnetteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;
Let Scott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of
praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some noble field,
Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of
man ?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood ?
Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native bard
And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give ;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before ;

To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies;
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song.
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce
may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest
blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare⁸³, and epic blank by
Hoyle:⁸⁴

Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list,⁸⁵
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dain,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to
please,"
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
A waste is satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon.
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!⁸⁶
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's⁸⁷ verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's⁸⁸
worse.

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons glory in their sires.⁸⁹

For me, who, thus unask'd have dared to tell
My country, what her sons should know too well,

Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been--
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the
plain, [main;
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin
hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his
wit,
And old dame Portland⁹⁰ fills the place of Pitt

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native
clime.⁹¹

Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown'd with
snows sublime.

But should I back return, no tempting press
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr;⁹²
Let Aberdeen and Elgin⁹³ still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of virtù;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian
freaks,

Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art.
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to rapid⁹⁴ Gell;⁹⁵
And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish
fear;

This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;
 And now at once I tear the veil away:—
 Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
 Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,
 By Lambé's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
 By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
 Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
 And feel they too "are penetrable stuff:"
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound
 would fall
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
 The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my
 eyes;

But now, so callous grown, so changed since
 youth,
 I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the
 truth;
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
 And break him on the wheel he meant for me,
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters
 frown,
 I too, can hunt a poetaster down;
 And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
 To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
 Thus much I've dared; if my incondite lay
 Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others
 say:
 This, let the world, which knows not how to
 spare,
 Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.*

Hebrew Melodies.¹

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies², and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan. January, 1815.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.³

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!⁴

THE HARP THE MONARCH MIN- STREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven

It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his
throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspir'd to Heaven and there abode
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can ne-
remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

IF that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be found,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrdden spheres
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears,
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 't is not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'ercap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that ~~is~~ ^{is}
With them the immortal waters drink
And soul in soul grow deathless thine!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground;
 Its airy step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
 Hath Judah witness'd there;
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair.
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone:

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scatter'd race;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace:
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
 In other lands to die;
 And where our fathers' ashes be,
 Our own may never lie:
 Our temple hath not left a stone,
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the God-
 less dwell!

And where shall Israel 'ave her bleeding feet?
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
 The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
 Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thun-
 ders sleep:

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet
 stone!

There—where thy shadow to thy people shone
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
 Thyself—none living see and not expire.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
 Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's
 spear:

How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
 How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my sire
 Demand that thy Daughter expire;
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more:
 If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
 That the blood of thy child is as pure
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 Be the judge and the hero unbent!
 I have won the great battle for thee,
 And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
 When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
 Let my memory still be thy pride,
 And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S
BLOOM.

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;

But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feel deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the
 dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress.
 Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again:
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;
 For it hath been my sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long;
 And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,
 And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew:
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine;
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,

Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen Son,
 The slaughters of his sword!
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death!
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee
 Disdain'd to sink beneath:
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word!
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices pour'd!
 To weep would do thy glories wrong;
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the
 sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your
 path:
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from
 the foe,
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

Farewell to others, but never we part.
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day.

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.

• Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.

Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,

Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me.
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul.

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE
PREACHER."

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
• sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;

And not a trapping deck'd my power,
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS
SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay.
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stray,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back,
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like carthy year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He, heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth,
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone:
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne."

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its power
less rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how cold

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS
THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st
to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of
my race:

If the bad never triumph, then God is with
thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and
free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst
bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper dost
know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and
in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

OH, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding,
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading.
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheed-
ing

And is she dead?—and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
 The sword that smote her's o'er me
 waving.—

But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem ·
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
 And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming;
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION
 OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy
 dome [Rome.
 I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to
 'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames
 of thy fall [wall.
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my
 home,
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy
 fane,
 And the fast fetter'd hands that made ven-
 geance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the
 decline
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on
 thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that
 day, [away;
 But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting
 Oh! would that the lightning had glared in
 its stead,
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's
 head!

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
 The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to
 reign; [be
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may
 Our worship, oh Father, is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE
 SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

We sate down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song; but, oh never
 That triumph the stranger shall know!
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
 Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee ·
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNA
 CHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on
 the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
 gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars
 on the sea, [Galilee.
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
 green, [seen
 That host with their banners at sunset were
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
 hath blown, [strawn.
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on
 the blast, [pass'd;
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and
 chill, [grew still!
 And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of
 his pride: [turf,
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his
 mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
 sword, [Lord!
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
 The face of immortality unvell'd—
 Deep sleep came down on every eye sav
 miæ—
 And there it stood,—all formless—but di
 vine:
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake
 And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake

“Is man more just than God? Is man more
 pure
 Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the
 dust!
 The moth survives you, and are ye more
 just?
 Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted
 light!”

Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte.

“ Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies ?” JUVENAL, Sat. x.!

“ The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul ; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated ; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * *

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till ————.”—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220

This done—but yesterday a King !
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing :
So abject—yet alive !
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive ?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee ?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to sec.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee ;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd !—Dark Spirit ! what must be
The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !
The Victor overthrown !
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own !
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope ?
Or dread of death alone ?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound ;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how trunk'd he round ?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found :
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey ;
But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman³, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom !
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell ;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well :
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung ;
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung ;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean ;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own !
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne !
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gere,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain :
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night ?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay ;
 Thy scales, Mortality ! are just
 To all that pass away :
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay :
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride ;
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
 Still clings she to thy side ?
 Must she too bend, must she too share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide ?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem ;
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem !¹⁴

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
 And gaze upon the sea ;
 That element may meet thy smile—
 It ne'er was ruled by thee !

Or trace with thine all idle hand,
 In loitering mood upon the sand,
 That Earth is now as free !
 That Corinth's pedagogue⁵ hath now
 Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage⁶
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage ?
 But one—"The world *was* mine !"
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
 So long obey'd—so little worth !

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,⁷
 Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock !
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very Fiend's arch mock ;⁸
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died !

There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame,
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gild'd thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,—
 As if that foolish robe could bring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment ? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star—the string—the crest ?
 Vain froward child of empire ! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away ?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the Great ;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state ?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath the name of Washington,
 To make it an blush there was but **One**

The Curse of Minerva.

— "Pallas te hoc vult ere, et as
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."

Æneid, lib. xii.

Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 17, 1811.

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

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's² latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;³
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.

With cornice glimmering as the vantage
play,

There the white column greets her gaze full
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,⁴
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god—
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.

Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 't was Minerva's self; but, ah! how
changed

Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
Scem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance,
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her
grasp;

And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!"—'t was thus she spake—"that
blush of shame

Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look
around.

Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire.
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,⁵
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
Survey this vacant, violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,⁶
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science
mourn'd.

What more I owe let gratitude attest—
Know, Ælaric and Elgin did the rest.
That all may learn from whence the plunderer
came,

The insulted wall sustains his hated name:
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!
Never hail'd with equal honour here
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
But basely stole what less barbarians won.
So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
Yet still the rods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!

Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye,
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England; England owns him not.
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyle's
towers

Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land⁸
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command,
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide
Some east, some west, some every where but
north,

In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus—accursed be the day and year!—
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten nanes (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed
"once more

Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is *mine*
To turn my counsels far from lands like *thine*
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:"

Stall with his hireling artists let him prate,
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, *native gusto* is—to sell:
To sell, and make—may Shame record the
day!—

'One state receiver of his pilfer'd prey,⁹
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er
And own himself an infant of fourscore.¹⁰

See all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles,
That art and nature may compare their styles;
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop'¹¹ there.
Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering cox-
combs creep,

To lounge and lutenbrate. *u.* prate and peep;
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
On giant statues casts the curious eye;
The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper
men!'

Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,
And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.

When shall a modern maid have swains like
these!

Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.¹²
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian
dome,

Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate:
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.¹³
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself had made;
Far from such councils, from the faithless field
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:

A fatal gift, that turn'd your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy
race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrears of northern blood.
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

* Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hands
she hates, [gates.
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her
Bear witness, bright Barossa; thou canst tell
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and
fell.
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home—ye love not to look
there;
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there's nothing left
'Blest paper credit'¹⁴; who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas; too late
Then raves for **; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a
dream.

Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that's left behind.¹⁵
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.

The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming
doom.

Then in the senate of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have
weight. [command;
Vain is each voice where tones could once
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land:
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual
pile.

" 'T is done, 't is past, since Pallas warns in
vain;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign:
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling
brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering
files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;

The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are bot
begun:

His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name;
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town?
How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife."

The Dream.'

I.

OUR life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality,
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being; they become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,
 And look like heralds of eternity;
 They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
 Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain; [will,
 They make us what we were not—what they
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
 The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
 Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
 Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been, and give
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
 I would recall a vision which I dream'd
 Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
 Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
 Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:

And both were young—yet not alike in youth—
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him; he had look'd
 Upon it till it could not pass away;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words: she was his sight
 For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased
 To live within himself; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all: upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
 Even as a brother—but no more; 't was much
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not
 —and why? [loved

Time taught him a deep answer—when she
 Another; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ardent mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a staid caparison'd;
 Within an antiqueatory stood
 The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of; then he
 lean'd [t were
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook
 With a convulsion—then arose again,

And with his teeth and quivering hands did
tear

What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
The Lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his
heart

Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.²
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow
steps

Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his Soul drank their sunbeams: he was
girt

With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better:—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she

loved,

And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him
not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved.
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should
have been—

But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the
light:

What business had they there at such a time?³

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love;—Oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And thus the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance

Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;
 What is it but the telescope of truth ?
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real !

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark
 For blight and desolation, compass'd round
 With Hatred and Contention ; Pain was mix'd
 In all which was served up to him, until,
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,⁴
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
 But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived
 Through that which had been death to many
 men.

And made him friends of mountains, with the
 stars
 And the quick Spirit of the Universe
 He held his dialogues ! and they did teach
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;
 To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
 And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
 A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past ; it had no further change
 It was of a strange order, that the doom
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced
 out
 Almost like a reality—the one
 To end in madness—both in misery.

July, 1816.

The Lament of Tasso.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated: the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the *annual* of Gibbon.¹

The Lament of Tasso.

I.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart: and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the
brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save
day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
Ah! I can banquet like a beast of prey,

Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may
wear,

But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he has strengthen'd me in heart and limb,
That through this sufferance I might be for-
given,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me
none.

But thou, my young creation! my soul's child
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left ~~me~~ now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force,
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and
why?

Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind.
Hath been the sin which shuts me from man-
kind;

But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 't is their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
Bu: ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:³
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years
have pass'd; [close:
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazarus-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the
mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind,
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling
moods;— [call—
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,⁴
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men.
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and
fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success?

No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest,⁵
Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-etherial dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A Princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breath'd it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silence of thine
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipp'd at holy distance, and ador'd
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
My star stood still before thee:—if it were
Presumptuous thus to lose without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for
thee.

The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the
rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.⁷

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love,—which did
pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made

Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the

Wise

Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;—
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
And then I lost my being all to be
Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

loved all Solitude—but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me

rave?

’erchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck’d sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine* is *here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my
bier.

What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although ’tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay;—I see
Unrouted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffer’d so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought nine enemies had been but Man,
But Spirits may be leagued with them—all
Earth

A abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the death

Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved.
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
My scars are callous, or I should have dash’d
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash’d
In mockery through them;—If I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words,—’tis that I would not
die

And sanction with self-slaughter the dull
Which snared me here, and with the brand of
shame

Stamp Madness deep into my memory,
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.

While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwil
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall do
n.
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless
halls,

A poet’s wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet’s dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wander o’er thy unpeopled
walls! [shamed

And thou, Leonora!—thou—who wert a
That such as I could love—who blush’d to
hear [dear,

To less than monarchs that thou couldst be
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the
towers

And battlements which guard his joyous hou
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left unintended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou—when all that Birth and Beauty
throws

Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o’erhades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

The Vision of Judgment,

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.¹

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

PREFACE.

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed, "That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
Pope.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be worse. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists any where, excepting in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of him;" for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler?"

2dly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?²

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegade?"³

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?⁴

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-facobin" by his present patrons.⁵ Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"qualis ab incepto."

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history

Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them, than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, Swift's Tale of a Tub, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

* * Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey landeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appears, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could suppose, that in this same *Gebir*, the aforesaid Savage Landor⁶

(for such is his grim cognomen,) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:—

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine, Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.

He too amongst my ancestors! I hate The despot, but the dastard I despise. Was he our countryman?"

"Alas, O king!

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east "He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?" "Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods, Though them indeed his daily face adored; And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling, And the tame cruelty and cold caprice— Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!"—
Gebir, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

The Vision of Judgment.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:

His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;

Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"

The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Dr wild colt of a comet, which too soon
 Bro'ze out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
 Spitting some planet with its playful tail,
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
 Finding their charges past all care below;
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
 Save the recording angel's black bureau:
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
 And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
 That he was forced, against his will no doubt,
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
 For some resource to turn himself about,
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,
 By the increased demand for his remarks;
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
 And yet they had even then enough to do,
 So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
 So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
 Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
 Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
 They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
 The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
 What angels shrink from: even the very devil
 On this occasion his own work abhor'd,
 So surfeited with the infernal revel:
 Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
 It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
 (Here Satan's sole good work deserves inser-
 tion—
 'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
 Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
 And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
 With nothing but new names subscribed
 upon't
 'T will one day finish: meantime they increase,
 "With seven heads and ten horns," and all
 in front, [born
 Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are
 Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
 Died George the Third; although no tyrant
 one
 Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdraw
 Left him nor mental nor external sun:
 A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
 A worse king never left a realm undone!
 He died—but left his subjects still behind,
 One half as mad—and 't other no less blind.

IX.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth,
 His burial made some pomp; there was
 profusion
 Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears—save those shed by
 collusion. [worth;
 For these things may be bought at their true
 Of elegy there was the due infusion—
 Bought also, and the torches, cloaks, and
 banners,
 Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe
 There throbb'd not there a thought which
 pierced the pall;
 And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low
 It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold'

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
 The natural compound left alone to fight
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and air
 But the unnatural balsams merely blight
 What nature made him at his birth, as bare
 As the mere million's base unummied clay—
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay

XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done
 He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
 Or lapidary serawl, the world is gone
 For him, unless he left a German will:
 But where's the proctor who will ask his son
 In whom his qualities are reigning still,
 Except that household virtue, most uncommon
 Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

'God save the king!' It is a large economy
 In God to save the like; but if he will
 Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
 Of those who think damnation better still:
 I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
 In this small hope of bettering future ill
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
 The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
 'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
 For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
 I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
 I know that all save England's church have
 sham'd,
 And that the other twice two hundred churches
 And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
 And not a whit more difficult to damn,
 Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
 Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
 As one day will be that immortal fry
 Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
 And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there
 came
 A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and
 flame;
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,
 Which would have made aught save a *scat*
 exclaim;
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,
 Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
 A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his
 eyes—
 A. which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his
 nose:
 "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!"
 Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;
 To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the
 matter?
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third
 is dead." [apostle:
 "And who is George the Third?" replied the
 "What George? what Third?" "The king of
 England," said [jostle
 The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to
 Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
 Because the last we saw here had a tustle,
 And ne'er would have got into heaven's good
 graces,
 Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

'He was, if I remember, king of France;'
 That head of his, which could not keep a
 crown
 On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
 A claim to those of martyrs—like my own
 If I had had my sword, as I had once
 When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
 But having but my *keys*, and not my *brays*,
 I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

'And then he set up such a headless howl,
 That all the saints came out and took him
 in;
 And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
 That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
 Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
 In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,
 So as to make a martyr, never sped
 Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

'But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
 There would have been a different tale to
 tell:
 The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
 Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
 And so this very foolish head heaven solders
 Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
 And seems the custom here to overthrow
 Whatever has been wisely done below."

XXII.

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout:
 The king who comes has head and all entire,
 And never knew much what it was about—
 He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
 And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
 My business and your own is not to inquire
 Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
 Which is to act as we are bid to do"

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Clearing the fields of space, as doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an
old man

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
A Spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks
is paved ;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd ;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish himself within ;
He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin :
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when soars the falcon ; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge ; who scarce knew
whither [dealt
His guards had led him, though they gently
With royal manes (for by many stories,
and true, we learn the angels are all Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space an universal hue
Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a
new
Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole ; the same seen, when ice-
bound, [Sound."9
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing
fight :

My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
With earthly lik'nesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote¹⁰, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

It was the archangel Michael : all men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to snow
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince,
There also are some altar-pieces, though
I really can't say that they much evince
One's inner notions of immortal spirits ;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good ;
A goodly work of him from whom all glory
And good arise ; the portal past—he stood ;
Before him the young cherubs and saints
hoary—
(I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years ; and should be very
sorry
To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter).

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
Of essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god ; but this ne'er nursed
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
No thought, save for his Maker's service
durst
Intrude, however glorified and high ;
He knew him but the vicerey of the sky

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—
They knew each other both for good and ill,
Such was their power, that neither could forge
His former friend and future foe ; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
In either's eye, as if 't were less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the
spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space. we know
 From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so ;
 And that " the sons of God," like those of
 clay,
 Must keep him company; and we might show
 From the same book, in how polite a way
 The dialogue is held between the Powers
 Of Good and Evil—but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
 To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
 If Job be allegory or a fact,
 But a true narrative; and thus I pick
 From out the whole but such and such an act,
 As sets aside the slightest thought of trick:
 'T is every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
 And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
 The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
 The place where Death's grand cause is argued
 o'er,
 And souls despatch'd to that world or to this;
 And therefore Michael and the other wore
 A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Bright-
 ness
 There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,
 But with a graceful oriental bend,
 Pressing one radiant arm just where below
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
 He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
 But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
 With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
 Poor noble mee a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
 An instant; and then raising it, he stood
 In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
 Cause why King George by no means could
 or should
 Make out a case to be exempt from woe
 Eternal, more than other kings, endued
 With better sense and hearts, whom history
 mentions, [intentions,']¹¹
 Who long have "paved hell with their good

XXXVIII.

Michael began "What wouldst thou with this
 man [What ill
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord?
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
 That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do
 thy will,
 If it be just: if in this earthly span
 He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
 His duties as a king and mortal, say,
 And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even
 here,
 Before the Gate of him thou servest, must
 I claim my subject: and will make appear
 That as he was my worshipper in dust,
 So shall he be in spirit, although dear
 To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
 Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
 He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*, it was,
Once, more thy master's: but I triumph not
 In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!
 Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
 With all the myriads of bright worlds which
 pass
 In worship round him, he may have forgot
 You weak creation of such paltry things:
 I think few worth damnation save their kings,—

XLI.

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
 Assert my right as lord: and even had
 I such an inclination, 't were (as you
 Well know) superfluous; they are grown so
 bad,
 That hell has nothing better left to do
 Than leave them to themselves: so much
 more mad
 And evil by their own internal curse,
 Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
 When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak,
 poor worm
 Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
 The world and he both wore a different form,
 And much of earth and all the watery plain
 Of ocean call'd him king through many a
 storm

His isles had floated on the abyss of time;
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII.

"He came to his sceptre young, he leaves it
old :

Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,

How to a minion first he gave the helm;
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV.

" 'T is true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars
school,

Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with
the slain.

XLV.

' He ever warr'd with freedom and the free;
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'

Found George the Third their first opponent.
Whose

History was ever stain'd as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI.

"I know he was a constant consort; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII.

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet
groans

Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones

Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

' Five millions of the primitive, who hold
The faith which makes ye great on earth
implored

A part of that vast *all* they held of old,—
Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
The foe to Catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

" True! he allow'd them to pray God: but as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same
base [awe."

With those who did not hold the saints in
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

' Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, o' that be sure!"
"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
The wrongs he made your satellites endure;"
And if to this exchange you should be given,
I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven."

LI.

Here Michael interposed. "Good saint! and
devil!

Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil—
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level:

Even saints sometimes forget themselves in
session. [please,
Have you got more to say?"—"No"—"If you
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand
Which stir'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

LIV.

They are proud of this—as very well they may,
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins¹³; or like to an "entré"
Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.
I borrow my comparisons from clay,
Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—
About ten million times the distance reckon'd
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
How much time it takes up, even to a second,
For every ray that travels to dispel
The fogs of London, through which, dimly
beacon'd,
The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
'f that the *summer* is not too severe:¹⁴

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'t was half a minute:
I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
Against Satan's couriers bound for their own
climate.
The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,
And, growing bigger, took another guise;
Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,
Or was steer'd (I am doubtful o' the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza
stammer:—

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud
And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these
They shadow'd with their myriads space; the
loud
And varied cries were like those of wild geese
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
And realised the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:
There Paddy brogue'd "By Jasus!"—"What a
your wull?" [ghost swore
The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French
In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
Our president is going to war, I guess."

LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and
Dane;
In short, an universal shoal of shades,
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades.
All summon'd by this grand "subpœna," to
Try if kings may n't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic sky-
light
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon by night
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why—
My good old friend, for such I deem you,
though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political*, and I
Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you: and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII.

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
'T is even superfluous, since two honest,
clean,
True testimonies are enough: we lose
Our time, nay, our eternity, between
The accusation and defence: if we
Hear both, 't will stretch our immortality."

LXIV.

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
I can have fifty better souls than this—
With far less trouble than we have gone
through
Already; and I merely argued his
Late majesty of Britain's case with you
Upon a point of form you may dispose
Of him; I've kings enough below, God
knows!"

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd "multifaced"
By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then we'll
call
One or two persons of the myriads placed
Around our congress, and dispense with all
The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so
graced [who shall
As to speak first? there's choice enough—
It be? ' Then Satan answer'd, "There are
many; [any."
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite
All the costumes since Adam's, right or
wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote

LXVII.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends on
all [clouds;
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these
So let's to business: why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII.

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these
things
Are of a former life, and what we do
Above is more august; to judge of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,"
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul
below [mind
Looks much like George the Third, but to my
A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold 'him, and his doom
Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said.
"If you have aught to arraign in him, the toub
Gives license to the humblest beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest."—"Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid
in lead,
For such a liberty—and I, for one, [sun.
Have told them what I thought beneath the

LXX.

"Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
To urge against him," said the Archangel.
"Why,"
Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last, [sky
With all his Lords and Commons: in the
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
But then I blame the man himself much less
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be un-
willing
To see him punish'd here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and
still in
Their place below. For me, I have forgiven,
And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

LXXII.

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all
this;
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died, and
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that his
Reign is concluded; whatsoever betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost
your labour,
For at the best he will but be your neighbour

LXXIII.

~ However, I knew what to think of it,
 When I beheld you in your jesting way,
 Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
 With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
 His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
 That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
 I'll have him *gagg'd*—'t was one of his own
 bills.

LXXIV.

" Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow
 stalk'd,
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
 In comfort, at their own aerial ease,
 But were all ramm'd, and jam'm'd (but to be
 balk'd,
 As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a
 bladder,
 Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-hair'd
 figure,
 That look'd as if it had been a shade on earth;
 Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
 But nought to mark its breeding or its birth;
 Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
 But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant—to *what*, none could
 say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features
 were;
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
 They varied like a dream—now here, now
 there,
 And several people swore from out the press,
 They knew him perfectly; and one could
 swear
 He was his father. upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
 A nabob, a man-midwife¹⁶: but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least
 As oft as they their minds: though in full sight
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
 The man was a phantasmagoria in
 Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*
 Presto! his face changed, and he was another,
 And when that change was hardly well put on,
 It varied, till I don't think his own mother
 (If that he had a mother) would her son
 Have known, he shifted so from one to
 t' other;
 Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
 At this epistolary "Iron Mask."¹⁷

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
 " Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
 Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
 That he was not even *one*: now many rays
 Were flashing round him; and now a thick
 steam [days:
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people'
 fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.¹⁸

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;
 I never let it out till now, for fear
 Of doing people harm about the throne,
 And injuring some minister or peer,
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown
 It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!
 'Tis that what Junius we are wont to call
 Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
 Written without hands, since we daily view
 Them written without heads; and books, we
 see,
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too.
 And really till we fix on somebody
 For certain sure to claim them as his due,
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will
 bother
 The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

" And who and what art thou?" the Archangel
 said
 " For *that* you may consult my title-page,"
 Replied this mighty shadow of a shade.
 " If I have kept my secret half an age,
 I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou re-
 braid,"
 Continued Michael, " George Rex, or allege
 Aught better?" Junius answer'd, " You had
 better
 First ask him for *his* answer to my letter."

LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some
past
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom
dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
Old "Nominis Umbra"¹⁹; and while speaking
Away he melted in celestial smoke. [yet,
Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget
To call George Washington, and John
Horne Tooke, [heard
and Franklin;—but at this time there was
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis
not a ghost?"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would
think
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
But to the point; while hovering o'er the
brink
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),²⁰
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
At 't least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here; e;
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere.
But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear.
We had the poor wretch safe (without being
bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has
done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,
prates!"
"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has
to say;
You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gony feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurrd
Into recitative, in great dismay,
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way,
And cried "For God's sake, stop, my friend
't were best—
Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."²¹

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before to profit by a new occasion;
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What!
23 what!²²
Pue come again? No more—no more of that!"

XCIII.

The tumult grew; an universal cough
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
 When Castlereagh has been up long enough
 (Before he was first minister of state,
 [mean—the *slaves hear now*]; some cried "Off,
 oil!"
 As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate
 The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCI.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,
 With a hook-nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
 A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
 Was by no means so ugly as his case;
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a poetic felony "*de se.*"

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the
 noise
 With one still greater, as is yet the mode
 On earth besides; except some grumbling
 voice, [road
 Which now and then will make a slight in
 Upon decorous silence, few will twice
 Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;
 And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,
 With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said.
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 't was his
 way
 Upon all topics; 't was, besides, his bread,
 Of which he butter'd both sides; 't would
 delay
 Toolong the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 "Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—
 "Waterloo."

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever,
 For pantisocraey he once had cried
 Aloud, scheme less moral than 't was clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd
 his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
 Reviewing²⁴ "the ungentle craft," and then
 Became as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
 Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
 By whom his muse and morals had been
 maul'd: [prost
 He had written much blank verse, and blank.
 And more of both than any body knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning
 round
 To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
 In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 With notes and preface, all that most allures
 The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
 For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers.
 So let me have the proper documents
 That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you
 With amiable modesty decline
 My offer, what says Michael? There are few
 Whose memoirs could be render'd mor
 divine.
 Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
 As it was once, but I would make you shine
 Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
 Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown

CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision
 Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you
 shall
 Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
 Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.
 I settle all these things by intuition,
 Times present, past, to come, heaven, he²⁵,
 and all,
 Like king Alfonso.²⁵ When I thus see double
 I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
 He read the first three lines of the contents
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
 Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
 Like lightning, off from his "melodious
 twang."²⁶

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell ;
 The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their
 pinions ;
 The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;
 The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own
 dominions—
 (For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
 And I leave every man to his opinions) ;
 Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo !
 His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
 For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
 And at the fifth line knock'd the poet down ;
 Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
 Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;
 A different web being by the Destinies
 Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, when
 e'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
 But soon rose to the surface—like himself
 For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,²
 By their own rotteness, light as an elf,
 Or wisp that flits o'er a morass : he lurks,
 It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
 In his own den, to scrawl some " Life " or
 " Vision,"
 As Welborn says—" the devil turn'd precisian "

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
 Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
 Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
 And show'd me what I in my turn have
 shown ;
 All I saw farther, in the last confusion,
 Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven
 for one ;
 And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
 I left him praising the hundredth psalm.

Domestic Pieces. —1816.

FARE THEE WELL.¹

Alas! they have been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;

But never eith' found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder.
Shall wholly go away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.”

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well; and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well*;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smiles upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the arm that once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wretch, believe not
Hearts can thus be worn away:

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816.

A SKETCH.

"Honest—honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment
guess—

An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows.
As many a nameless slander defly shows.
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the
heart,

And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseress could
not blind,

Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion
bow,

Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She seems that all could be like her below:

Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her
quake;

If daughters dread her for the mothers sake,
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls—
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneer
with smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden-
ing scheming;

A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disow
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face!—
Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined.
Look on the picture! deem it not overcharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged.
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a
thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when
thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,

And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections
 light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast
 spread!
 Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
 Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
 And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.³

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray—
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way;
 In that deep midnight of the mind,
 And that internal strife of heart,
 When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
 The weak despair—the cold depart;
 When fortune changed—and love fled far,
 And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
 Thou wert the solitary star
 Which rose, and set not to the last.
 Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
 That watch'd me as a scraph's eye,
 And stood between me and the night,
 For ever shining sweetly nigh.
 And when the cloud upon us came,
 Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
 Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 And dash'd the darkness all away.
 Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 And teach it what to brave or brook—
 There's more in one soft word of thine
 Than in the world's defied rebuke

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
 That still unbroke, though gently bent,
 Still waves with fond fidelity
 Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour
 But there thou wert—and still would'st be
 Devoted in the stormiest hour
 To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
 Whatever fate on me may fall;
 For heaven in sunshine will requite
 The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
 Be broken—thine will never break;
 Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
 Were found and still are fix'd in thee;—
 And bearing still a breast so tried,
 Earth is no desert—ev'n to me

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.⁴

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find;
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine,
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me: [tempt-
 They may crush, but they shall not con-
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
 'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forlorest to grieve me,
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst
 shake,—
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one—
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath per-
 ish'd,

Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
 Deserved to be dearest of all:
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

July 24, 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home with
 thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and
 past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's⁵ fate of
 yore,—
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their rewar
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
 Something—I know not what—docs still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience,—not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,
 And with light armour we may learn to bear,
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and
 brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwell
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
 A fund for contemplation;—to admire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date; [spire
 But something worthier do such scenes in
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

did remind thee of our own dear Lake.⁶
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved,
they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have
slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a
name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless.—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast
The tie which bound the first endures the last

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.⁷

AND thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee!
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was *not*—and pain and sorrow here.
And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 't was my right;
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instru-
ment.

Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou
Hast been of such, 't will be accorded now.
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of
sleep!—

Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
But thou in safe implacability

Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness
 shackled, [yielded,
 And in my love, which hath but too much
 And spared, for thy sake, some I should not
 spare—

And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—
 And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
 On things that were not, and on things that
 are—

Even upon such a basis hast thou built
 A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
 The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
 And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,
 Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life

Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart
 Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
 And found a nobler duty than to part.

But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,

Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
 For present anger, and for future gold—
 And buying other's grief at any price.
 And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
 The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
 Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,
 And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,
 Deceit, averments incompatible,
 Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell

In Janus-spirits—the significant eye
 Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext
 Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—
 The acquiescence in all things which tend,
 No matter how, to the desired end—

All found a place in thy philosophy.
 The means were worthy, and the end is won—
 I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

September, 1816.

Occasional Pieces.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
T'were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewe'!—Farewell!
These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.
Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,

 The dew grew thy cheek and cold
 Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.
But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they loved at all.
And such the change the heart displays
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again

As so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide,
Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away:
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet)

Ev'n now thou 'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but—mean.

1806

INES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP
FORMED FROM A SKULL.⁸

START not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:
I died: let earth my bones resign,
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood,
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst; another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are sped
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why no—since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce?
Redeem'd from wrongs and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.⁹

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 't will impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
On! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.¹⁰

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe.
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him
alone,

Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with
disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew 'but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808.

TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING
ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise
Escaping from temptation's snare,
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there.
December 2, 1808.

REMINDE ME NOT, REMINDE ME NOT

REMINDE me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow

I dream'd last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy,
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT
NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes; my adored, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I
AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady, blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
ut beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart
to its core;

Let us drink!—who would not?—since,
through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what
heart can declare,
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in
its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what
tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou
never canst change:

Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on
earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with
its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no
such alloy; [enjoy.
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we

Then the season of youth and its vanities past
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;

There we find—do we not?—in the flow of
the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet
we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is
flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins
be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest—
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery,
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.
To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

TO FLORENCE.

O! Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot of earth:

Yet here, amid this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark blue main;
A few, brief, rolling, seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again;

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee

On thee, in whom at once conspire,
All charms which heedless hearts can move
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend,
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose,
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 't will hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'T will soothe to be, where thou hast been
September, 1813

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
 When lightning broke the gloom—
 How welcome were its shade!—ah, no
 'T is but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
 I hear a voice exclaim—
 My way-worn countryman, who calls
 On distant England's name

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
 Another—'tis to tell
 The mountain peasants to descend,
 And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
 To tempt the wilderness?
 And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
 Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise,
 To try the dubious road?
 Nor rather deem from nightly cries
 That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
 More fiercely pours the storm!
 Yet here one thought has still the power
 To keep my bosom warm

While wand'ring through each broken path,
 O'er brake and craggy brow;
 While elements exhaust their wrath,
 Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
 Thy bark hath long been gone:
 Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
 Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
 When 'last I press'd thy lip;
 And long ere now, with foaming shock,
 Impell'd thy gallant ship

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
 Hast trod the shore of Spain;
 'T were hard if aught so fair as thou
 Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
 In darkness and in dread,
 As in those hours of revelry
 Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls
 If Cadiz yet be free,
 At times from out her latticed halls,
 Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
 Endear'd by days gone by;
 To others give a thousand smiles
 To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
 The paleness of thy face,
 A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
 Of melancholy grace,

Again thou 'lt smile, and blushing shun
 Some coxcomb's raillery;
 Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
 Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When sever'd hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
 And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN
 GULF.

—THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast;
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman;
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
 As ever yet was said or sung,
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes.
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though fate forbids such things to be
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curi'd!
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14, 1800

STANZAS.

Do we not hear that youth is happiness—
 That all our after life can bring but pain?
 That all delights that can our being bless,
 When youth is o'er will ne'er return again?
 Then if this glowing time but yield us bane,
 We must hereafter look to misery!
 And we must see our years and pleasures
 wane,
 While con-stant scalding tears do swell our eye,
 And only pray to heaven that we may quickly
 die.

Is this the life we cling to? This existence,
 For which we'd sacrifice our honest fame?
 I'd rather shun, than labour for subsistence,
 If this be all my toil and grief can claim.
 Oh! let me sink, at least, unstain'd with
 shame,
 And let me die in hopeless anguish now,
 And blank oblivion mantle o'er my name,
 Rather than sorrow trace upon my brow
 The year on year in which my age and
 suffering grow!

ODE.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee,
 Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be;
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die;
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burden the winds of thy sky;
 And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the
 World.

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
 The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
 When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
 And honour the passion that led?
 Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep.
 They groan from the place of their rest,
 And wretchedly murmur, and sullenly weep,
 To see the foul stain on thy breast;
 For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
 'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust.

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
 From Indus all round to the poie,
 And something of goodness, of honour, and
 worth,
 Shall brighten the sins of the soul;

But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
 The world cannot liken thee there;
 Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name
 Beyond the low reach of compare;
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through
 time
 A proverb, a by-word, for treachery and crime

While conquest illumined his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy
 Lord,
 And welcomed the torrent of blood;
 Though Tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's
 renown,
 'Till Fortune deserted his car;
 Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest
 away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause;
 Thou turn'd'st to worship a new rising sun,
 And waft other songs of applause:
 But the storm was beginning to lour,
 Adversity clouded his beam;
 And honour and faith were the brag of an
 hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream:
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were
 restor'd,
 And the first that had scoff'd were the first
 that adored.

What tumult thus burdens the air?
 What throng thus encircles his throne?
 'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that
 swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
 Misfortune shall hallow his name,
 And the world that pursues him shall mourn-
 fully feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame
 That Frenchmen will breathe, when their
 hearts are on fire,
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they
 admire.

Their Hero has rush'd to the field:
 His laurels are cover'd with shade,
 But where is the spirit that never should
 yield,
 The loyalty never to fade?

In a moment desertion and guile
 Abandon'd him up to the foe;
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his
 smile,
 Forsook and renounced him in woe;
 And the millions that swore they would perish
 to save,
 B hold him a fugitive, captive, and slave.

The savage all wild in his glen
 Is nobler and better than thou;
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow.
 If thou wert the place of my birth,
 At once from thy arms would I sever;
 I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And quit thee for ever and ever;
 And thinking of thee in my long after years,
 Should but kindle my blushes and waken my
 tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
 Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be!
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die;
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burden the winds of thy sky;
 And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the
 World.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their
 praises
 Their Madame de Staël, and their famed
 La Pinasse:
 Like a meteor, at best, proud philosophy blazes,
 And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass:
 But cheering the beam, and unfading the
 splendour
 Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never
 has yet
 Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or
 more tender,
 Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lava-
 lette.
 Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall
 bless it,
 And hallow the goblet which foams to her
 name;
 The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
 And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her
 fauce:

To the health of the Woman, who freed
 and life too
 Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the
 just debt,
 And hail with applauses the Heroine and
 Wife too,
 The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
 To their captive a doom which all Europe
 abhors,
 And turns from the slaves of the priest-
 haunted palace,
 While those who replaced them there blush
 for their cause.
 But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd
 glory
 Of dukes and of marshals in darkness hath
 set,
 Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading
 the story
 Of the fond self-devotion of fair Lavalette.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

OH! land of my fathers and mine,
 The noblest, the best, and the bravest;
 Heart-broken, and lorn, I resign
 The joys and the hopes which thou gavest.

Dear mother of Freedom! farewell!
 Even Freedom is irksome to me;
 Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel,
 For reason approves the decree.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high Heaven!
 That mark'd all my frailties and fears;
 I adored—but the magic is riven;
 Be the memory expunged by my tears!

The moment of rapture, how bright!
 How dazzling, how transient its glare!
 A comet in splendour and flight,
 The herald of darkness and care.

Recollections of tenderness gone,
 Of pleasure no more to return;
 A wanderer, an outcast, alone,
 Oh! leave me, untortured, to mourn.

Where—where shall my heart find repose
 A refuge from memory and grief!
 The gangrene, wherever it goes,
 Disdains a fictitious relief.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream,
Which washes remembrance away,
Again might the eye of Hope gleam
The dawn of a happier day.

Hath wit an oblivious power?
Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
The draught might beguile for an hour,
But still leaves behind it the pain.

Can distance or time heal the heart
That bleeds from the innermost pore?
Or intemperance lessen its smart,
Or a cerate apply to its sore?

If I rush to the ultimate pole.
The form I adore will be there,
A phantom to torture my soul,
And mock at my bootless despair.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
Will whisper her voice in mine ear,
And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
Demand for Love's altar a tear.

And still in the dreams of the day,
And still in the visions of night,
Will fancy her beauties display,
Disordering, deceiving the sight.

Hence, vain fleeting images, hence!
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain,
Mere frauds upon reason and sense,
Engender'd by folly and pain!

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven
My fealty to her I adored?
Did she give back the vows I had given,
And plight back the plight of her lord?

If I err'd for a moment from love,
The error I flew to retrieve;
Miss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove
To soothe, ere it ventured to grieve.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?
Did I sue, who was used to command?
Love forced me to weep and implore,
And pride was too weak to withstand.

Then why should one frailty, like mine,
Repented, and wash'd with my tears,
Erase those impressions divine,
The faith and affection of years?

Was it well, between anger and love,
That pride the stern umpire should be;
And that heart should its flintiness prove
On none, till it proved it on me?

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt,
Thy tenderness so to conceal,
That witnessing all which I felt,
Thy sternness forbad thee to feel.

Then, when the dear pledge of our love
Look'd up to her mother and smiled,
Say, was there no impulse that strove
To back the appeal of the child?

That bosom, so callous and chill,
So treacherous to love and to me;
Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
As it turn'd from the innocent's plea?

That ear, which was open to all,
Was ruthlessly closed to its lord;
Those accents, which fiends would enthral,
Refused a sweet peace-giving word.

And think'st thou, dear object,—for still
To my bosom thou only art life,
And spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee, I woo thee, my wife!

Oh! think'st thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief?
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
An antidote yield for thy grief?

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam
Which breaks from the portal of light;

For when on thy babe's smiling face
Thy features and mine intertwined
The finger of Fancy shall trace,
The spell shall resistlessly bind.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek,
The glances that beam from her eye,
The lisp as she struggles to speak,
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

Then I, though whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear,
Shall triumph, though far and unseen,
Unconscious, uncall'd, shall be there

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
 'T was foreign and foul to thy heart,
 That levell'd its arrow at me,
 And fix'd the incurable smart.

Ah, no! 'twas another than thine
 The hand which assail'd my repose;
 It struck—and too fatally—mine
 The wound, and its offspring of woes.

They hated us both who destroy'd
 The buds and the promise of Spring;
 For who, to replenish the void,
 New ties, new affections can bring?

Alas! to the heart that is rent
 What nostrums can soundness restore?
 Or what, to the bow over-bent,
 The spring which it carried before?

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
 And fade like the leaf in the blast;
 The crack'd yew no more will recede,
 Though vigorous and tough to the last.

I wander—it matters not where;
 No clime can restore me my peace,
 Or snatch from the frown of despair,
 A cheering—a fleeting release!

How slowly the moments will move!
 How tedious the footsteps of years!
 When valley and mountain and grove
 Shall change but the scene of my tears.

The classic memorials which nod,
 The spot dear to science and lore,
 Sarcophagus, temple, and sod,
 Excite me and ravish no more.

The stork on the perishing wall
 Is better and happier than I;
 Content in his ivy-built hall;
 He hangs out his home in the sky.

But houseless and heartless I rove,
 My bosom all bared to the wind,
 The victim of pride and of love,
 I seek—but, ah! where can I find?

I seek what no tribes can bestow—
 I ask what no clime can impart—
 A charm which can neutralise woe,
 And dry up the tears of the heart.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—
 From Ind to the northernmost pole
 Unheeded—unpity'd—complain,
 And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?
 What tears shall respond when I weep?
 To my wailings what wail shall reply?
 What eye mark the vigils I keep?

Even thou, as thou learnest to prate,
 Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
 Shall count it a duty to hate
 Where nature commands thee to love.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal
 My vices, my faults, in thine ear,
 And teach thee, with demon-like zeal,
 A father's affection to fear.

And oh! if in some distant day
 Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
 And nature's true index may say,
 "It may be—it must be my sire!"

Perchance to thy prejudiced eye
 Obnoxious my form may appear,
 Even nature be deaf to my sigh,
 And duty refuse me a tear.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
 Have echoed from mountain and dell,
 Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
 With grateful emotion may tell.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,
 And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
 To thee e'en may venture to say,
 "His frailties were those of a man."

They were; they were human, but swell'd
 By envy, and malice, and scorn,
 Each feeling of nature rebell'd,
 And hated the mask it had worn.

Though human the fault—how severe,
 How harsh the stern sentence pronounced,
 E'en pride dropp'd a niggardly tear,
 My love as it grimly denounced.

'T is past: the great struggle is o'er;
 The war of my bosom subsides;
 And passion's strong current no more
 Impels its impetuous tides.

Tis past: my affections give way;
The ties of my nature are broke;
The summons of pride I obey,
And break Love's degenerate yoke.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest;
A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

And swift as the swallow that floats,
And bold as the eagle that soars,
Yet dull as the owl, whose notes
The dark fiend of midnight deplors!

Where gleam the gay splendours of East,
The dance and the bountiful board,
I'll bear me to Luxury's feast,
To exile the form I adored.

In full brimming goblets I'll quaff
The sweets of the Lethean spring,
And join in the Bacchanal's laugh,
And trip in the fairy-form'd ring.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,
To drown the dull memory of care,
An exile from hope and from home,
A fugitive chased by despair.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave!
Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
When tempests around thee shall rave,
Still—still may they homage thy worth!

Wife, infant, and country, and friend,
Ye wizard my fancy no more,
I fly from your solace, and wend
To weep on some kindlier shore.

The grim-visaged fiend of the storm
That raves in this agonized breast,
Still raises his pestilent form,
Till Death calm the tumult to rest.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

HAIL to this teeming stage of strife!
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!

How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast:
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret stat—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears,
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dares not speak,
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thy untuned ear,
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child;
Of travail on life's thorny wild!
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which enclose;
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reckon more

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep;
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow as mine have flow'd;
Beguiled by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, though on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now,
Scarce round thy placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
 The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell;
 Or could a father hope to bear
 A darling child's allotted care,
 Then thou, my babe, shouldst slumber still,
 Exempted from all human ill,—
 A parent's love thy peace should free,
 And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
 Too soon shall melt away to grief,
 Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
 And briny rills bedew that cheek;
 Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
 That breast be agonized with sighs,
 And anguish o'er the beams of noon
 Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reckon cares unknown,
 Of wants and sorrows all their own;
 Of many a pang and many a woe,
 That thy dear sex alone can know;
 Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
 That will not—may not find a tongue,
 But kept conceal'd without control,
 Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest,
 May joy still animate thy breast:
 Still, midst thy least propitious days,
 Shedding its rich inspiring rays;
 A father's heart shall daily bear
 Thy name upon its secret prayer,
 And as he seeks his last repose,
 Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
 Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
 Pilgrim of many cares untold!
 Lamb of the world's extended fold:
 Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears.
 Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
 How could I faintly bend the knee,
 And turn idolater to thee!

ODE

T - THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

! ACE to thee, isle of the ocean!
 Hail to thy breezes and billows!
 Here, rolling its tides in perpetual devo-
 tion,
 The white wave its plummy surf pillows!

Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave
 thee; [brow
 Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy
 When nations that now in obscurity leave thee
 To the wand of oblivion alternately bow!
 Unchanged in thy glory—unstain'd in thy
 fame,
 The homage of ages shall hallow thy name.

Hail to the Chief who reposes
 On thee the rich weight of his glory!
 When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle
 closes,
 His deeds shall be sacred in story!
 His prowess shall rank with the first of all
 ages, [worth—
 And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his
 The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages
 Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the
 earth.
 The meteors of history before thee shall fall,
 Eclipsed by thy splendour, thou meteor of
 Gaul.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee,
 Island of glory resplendent!
 Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man-
 thee,
 Tribes, as thy waves, independent!
 On thy far-gleaming strand the wanderer shall
 stay him, [nawn'd
 To snatch a brief glance at a spot so re-
 Each turf, and each stone, and each cliff shall
 delay him, [thy ground!
 Where the step of thy Exile hath hallow'd
 From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine,
 The wane of his sun was the rising of thine,

Whose were the hands that enslaved him:
 Hands which had weakly withstood him—
 Nations which, while they had oftentimes
 braved him,
 Never till now had subdued him!
 Monarchs, who oft to his clemency stooping
 Received back their crowns from the plun-
 der of war— [drooping,
 The vanquisher vanquish'd, the eagle now
 Would quench with their sternness the ray
 of his star,
 But clothed 'n new splendour the glory appears,
 And rules the ascendant, the planet of years.

Pure be the health of thy mountains!
 Rich be the green of thy pastures!
 Limpid and lasting the streams of thy foun-
 tains
 Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!

Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling,
 Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers
 of mankind— [ing—
 Thy rock-beach the rage of the tempest repell-
 The wide-wasting contest of wave and of
 wind—
 Aloft on thy battlements long be unfurl'd
 The eagle that decks thee, the pride of the
 world.

Fade shall the lily now blooming :
 Where is the hand which can nurse it ?
 Nations who rear'd it shall watch its con-
 suming,
 Untimely mildews shall curse it.
 Then shall the violet that blooms in the valleys
 Impart to the gale its reviving perfume ;
 Then when the spirit of Liberty rallies,
 To chant forth its anthems on Tyranny's
 tomb, [break forth,
 Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should
 Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north.

TO THE LILY OF FRANCE.

ERE thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
 False emblem of innocence, stay,
 And yield, as thou fadest, for the use of man-
 kind,
 The lesson that marks thy decay.

Thou wert fair as the beam of the morn,
 And rich as the pride of the mine :
 Thy charms are all faded, and hatred and
 scorn,
 The curses of freedom, are thine.

Thou wert gay in the smiles of the world,
 Thy shadow protection and power,
 But now thy bright blossom is shrivel'd and
 curl'd,
 The grace of thy country no more.

For Corruption hath fed on thy leaf,
 And Bigotry weaken'd thy stem ;
 Now those who have fear'd thee shall smile
 at thy grief,
 And those who adored thee condemn.

The valley that gave thee thy birth,
 Shall weep for the hope of its soil ;
 The legions that fought for thy beauty and
 worth,
 Shall hasten to share in thy spoil.

As a by-word, thy blossom shall be
 A mock and a jest among men,
 The proverb of slaves, and the sneer of the
 free,
 In city, and mountain, and glen.

Oh ! 't was Tyranny's pestilent gale
 That scatter'd thy buds on the ground,
 That threw the blood-stain on thy virgin-white
 veil,
 And pierc'd thee with many a wound .

Then thy puny leaf shook to the wind,
 Thy stem gave its strength to the blast,
 Thy full bursting blossom its promise resign'd
 And fell to the storm as it pass'd.

For no patriot vigour was there,
 No arm to support the weak flower,
 Destruction pursued its dark herald—Despair
 And wither'd its grace in an hour.

Yet there were who pretended to grieve,
 There were who pretended to save,
 Mere shallow empyrics, who came to deceive,
 To revel and sport on its grave.

O thou land of the lily, in vain
 Thou strugglest to raise its pale head !
 The faded bud never shall blossom again,
 The violet will bloom in its stead.

As thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
 False emblem of innocence, stay,
 And yield, as thou fadest, for the use of man-
 kind,
 This lesson to mark thy decay !

TO JESSY.

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS WERE ADDRESSED
 BY LORD BYRON TO HIS LADY, A FEW
 MONTHS BEFORE THEIR SEPARATION.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
 So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
 That Destiny's relentless knife
 At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
 Have often gazed with fond delight ;
 By day that form their joys supplies,
 And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a *lip* which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before,
I vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, press it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*they part!*—ah, no!
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

LINES WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

OH! give me but my garden and my song,
With all the pleasures of a rustic home,
And let the restless, fashionable throng
Spend Spring in London, and the fall at
Rome.

Let self-styled Honour, and its gay career,
Go comfortless, to float in Pleasure's wake;
Enjoyment must, indeed, be purchased dear,
When ease must be forsaken for its sake.

Let tinsel'd Glory hallow whom it charms,
And public palms attend Ambition's way,
And let me scan the tillage of my farms,
And watch my garden walls and shrubs in
May.

Let Diplomats go hover round a court,
And your sage dandies govern princely airs;
Proud if they make but honesty their sport,
Wrapp'd in white cambric, and made up
of snares.

Adventurers, with wit, but little sense:—
With coxcombr'y, but little sterling merit;—
With little art, but plenty of pretence,
May freely boast of all their sons inherit!

A great newspaper name: which lasts its day,
And echoes out its brief successful hour,
And then as feebly dies and dies away,
Like the weak thunder of a passing shower!

My garden and my song are worth all these;
The well-attuned duet which thrills and
thrills,
And ever and anon returns to please,
Or glee which swells to charm the hall it
fills

My flowers, my cabbages, my common-place
But fragrant, and, what's more, productive
beans,
And many birds, to fill the narrow space,
Which spreads within my skirt of ever
greens.

With some such songs as I have heard you
sing,
And all the little comforts, such as these,
I'd set at nought the court and every thing
And live—at least I think so—quite at ease.

SONNET.

WHAT makes us shrink in horror from our
thought?

What makes us shun the eyes of all man
kind,

As if we fear'd in every glance to find
The ridicule we had too truly sought?

What makes us hate the world and cherish
nought?

What makes us fathom our own proper mind,
And spurn our self-esteem, too late resign'd,
Alas! this lesson must be sadly taught!

The same consuming passion that will goad
Our flagging energies to greater deeds,
And still strew thorns upon the glorious
road,

To prick us, as the spectre yet recedes,
And make our honours vainer as they swell:
'Tis Jealousy—the vilest fiend of Hell!

**THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM
IS FLOWN!**

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

**WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM
SESTOS TO ABYDOS.**

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'T were hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

May 9, 1810.

**LINES WRITTEN IN THE TRAVEL-
LERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.**

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name"

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED
THE FOLLOWING—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his
verse.

1810.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
*Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.*¹³

By those tresses unconfin'd,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers¹⁴ that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and wee,
Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,¹⁵
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζών μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

**FAIN HEART NEVER WON FAIR
LADY.**

SOME say, fairest ladies, "Faint heart never
won you;"
Though modest ye be, then, must modesty
shun you?
And shall brawling impudence boast in conceit
Of those whispers of favour it ne'er should
repeat?

THERE'S FASCINATION IN THY
GLOWING EYE.

THERE'S fascination in thy glowing eye;
There's an enchantment on thy snowy brow:
Voluptuous languor revels in thy sigh;
Thy smiles bespeak the rapture they avow.
Thy neck was carved by beauty from her own;
Thy bosom moulded from her swelling
bust—
Thine arm was fashion'd for the toys of love;
Thy rounded figure for its sweetest play—
Thy countenance was stolen from above,
Or granted by some angel on the way;
And yet thy fate is toil: perchance e'en grief,
A destiny still cherish'd in thy heart.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A
PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.

'T is said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.
Athens, January, 1811.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS
GREEK WAR SONG,

“ Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”¹⁷

SONS of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke

Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellenes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd¹⁸ city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, &c

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylae,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.
Sons of Greeks, &c.¹⁹

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC
SONG,

“ Μπενω μες 'τὸ περιβόλι.
'Ὡραιότατη Χάηδη,” &c.²⁰

I ENTER thy garden of roses,²¹
Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandon'd the bowers;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison when pour'd from the chalice
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.

Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save:
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me
 cherish,
 For torture repay me too well?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Beloved but false Haidée!
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly bears,
 An equal love may see:
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak:
 Oh! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent, ache for thee.

March, 1811.

SONNET.

I WILL not rob the rose of its soft hue,
 To give the pilfer'd beauty to thy cheek,
 Th' invidious panegyric were but weak!
 I will not swear the glist'ning morning dew

Is duller than the lustre which I seek,
 Nor vainly seek in thy sweet eye—not
 speak
 Detractingly to praise—as some bards do!
 I will not stain the my for thy neck,
 Nor strive, by filching, purer charms to
 deck,
 Nor nature's slighted splendour o'er them
 strew:—
 They are too fair to need such hollow praise,
 And gain but little in all nature's wreck.
 The ripening rose, the sheen thy cheek displays,
 The spotless lily, charm in various ways.

ODE TO THE PAST.

RELENTLESS Past! canst thou not hear a
 prayer?
 Dost thou deride our immortality,
 And calmly tell us we must ever bear
 The hopeless agony of knowing thee?

It is a tyrant's part to use his power,
 Not only to oppress but mock at man;
 Veil thyself from me but a single hour,
 And let me dream of rapture while I can!—

Leave me, pursue me not thou matchless
 fiend!
 The tempests o'erwhelming woe
 Have yet their time to come and go,
 And harricanes of passion blow,
 And every hour brings forth a foe;
 In mere forbearance let me call thee friend!—

Fiction and fancy have embodied thee!
 They made thee many as thy pains,
 And all that from thy spite remains
 Of ancient Lore, in sorrow'd strains,
 Counts furies by their several reigns;
 And numbers years by their atrocity!

Man hunts, pursues, destroys, his fellow man!
 Perchance would blast his memory,
 And crush his grave with calumny;
 But death must set the victim free.
 Life and injustice cease to be,
 Whereas thy persecution knows no span!

TO TIME.

ETERNAL Time! that wasteth without waste
Thou art, and art not—durst, and livest
still;

Most slow of all, and yet of greatest haste,
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill.
How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise?
Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy
days.

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee,
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh, who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Ill all was past! But when no more
'T was thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guileless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here

Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven.
On earth thy love was such to me;
It ~~fits~~ would form my hope in heaven.

October 11, 181

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze,
On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'T is silent all!—but on my ear
The well remember'd echoes thrill,
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still.

Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake:
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
 But he who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanish'd ray
 That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6, 1811.

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before:
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
 Man was not form'd to live alone:
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 "Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 " 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new!
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
 To weep or wish the coming blow.
 No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
 With no officious mourners near:
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,
 Might then exert its latest power
 In her who lives and him who dies.

'T were sweet, my Psyche! to the last
 Thy features still serene to see:
 Forgetful of its struggles past,
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

“Ay, but to die, and go,” alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR.

“Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari
quam tui meminisse!”

As thou art dead, as young and fair,
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:

It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd.
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day,
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF
OF THE "PLEASURES OF
MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb²⁴
Shall weep that aught of thee can die.

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE
THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.²⁵

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and
mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massive fragments
riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,²⁶
While thousands, throng'd around the burning
dome, [home,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you?*

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame,
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*.
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest
heart

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew:
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals
bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours like all high born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's
glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players
and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame:
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win
your own.

The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* pre-
side!

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS

BY DR PLAGIARY,

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus “—”.

“ WHEN energising objects men pursue,”
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows
who

“ w modest monologue you here survey,”
Hiss’d from the theatre the “other day,”
As if Sir Fretful wrote “the slumberous” verse,
And gave his son “the rubbish” to rehearse.
“ Yet at the thing you’d never be amazed,”
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised,
“ Nor even here your smiles would be repress,”
Knew you these lines—the badness of the best.
“ Flame! fire! and flame! ” (words borrow’d
from Lucretius,)

“ Dread metaphors which open wounds ” like
issues!

“ And sleeping pangs awake—and—but away”
(Confound me if I know what next to say).
“ Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,”
And Master G— recites what Doctor Busby
sings!—

“ If mighty things with small we may compare,”
{Translated from the grammar for the fair!}
Dramatic “spirit drives a conquering car,”
And burn’d poor Moscow like a tub of “tar.”
“ This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,”
To furnish melodramas for Drury Lane.
“ Another Marlborough points to Blenheim’s
story,”

And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

“ In arts and sciences our isle hath shone”
(This deep discovery is mine alone).

“ Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire
My verse—or I’m a fool—and Fame’s a liar,
“ Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore’
With “smiles,” and “lyres,” and “pencils,”
and much more.

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too, “inseparable train!”

“ Three who have stolen their witching airs
from Cupid ” [stupid]:

{You all know what I mean, unless you’re
“ Harmonious throng ” that I have kept in petto,
Now to produce in a “divine *sestetto*”!
“ While Poesy,” while these delightful doxies,
“ Sustains her part ” in all the “upper” boxes!

“ Thus lifted gloriously, you’ll soar along,
Borne in the vast balloon of Bussy’s song;
“ Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and
play”

(For this last line George had a holiday).

“ Old Drury never, never soar’d so high,”

So says the manager, and so say I.

“ But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast
Is this the poem which the public lost?

“ True—true—that lovers at once our mound
ing pride; ”

But lo!—the papers print what you deride.

“ T is ours to look on you—you hold the prize,”

“ T is *twenty guineas*, as they advertize!

“ A double blessing your rewards impart ”—

I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.

“ Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,

Why son and I both beg for your applause.

“ When in your fostering beams you bid us
live,” [you give;

My next subscription list shall say how much

October, 1812

SONNET.

PROSPERITY counts courtiers without end.

So long as all the Pleasures round us wait,

And amongst men we are deem’d fortunate;

Each of these courtiers would be titled “friend,”

Would hover round us, and would apprehend

Our most minute desires: and would create

New visionary joys by antidate,—

Ever at hand to smile and to attend.—

When we are happy, and no grief or pain,

No vain or luckless passion breathes its
blight,

To parch our withering spirits with its bane,

No futile Hope doth mock us in our wane,

Thou sleep art ever lavish of delight,—

Thou art a Courtier and a Parasite!

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER
THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life’s burning stream

Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,

And haunt thee like a feverish dream.

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.

Thy husband too shall think of thee:

By neither shalt thou be forgot,

Thou false to him, thou *fiend* to me! 39

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou couldst spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain.
I nothing owe but years to thee.
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse,
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse

One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown.
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE
SONG.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare
I burn, and feebly flutter there

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine,
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye
My bird of love! my beautiful mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can linger slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU
ART FICKLE

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'T is this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,
Too well! thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doom'd to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
As if a dream alone had charm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE
"ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S
POWER.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be bless'd:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reprov'd, repress'd

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fear;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past.
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS
OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

f not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

Or wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'T is meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH
WAS BROKEN.

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be,
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812

FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make
her rhymes.

LINES TO A LADY WEeping 23

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay,
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

From the Turkish.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offer'd both was true;
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,—
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
The chain is broke, the music mute.
'T is past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation — where serenely
wrought [spair—

Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its de-
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine
air, [fraught

That — but I know thy blessed bosom
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless
thought— [care.

I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)

The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou -- but how much more
excellent! [scorn.

With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue

December 17, 1813.

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from
woe,

And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!

While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depend-
ing,

The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a scraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At oncè such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

IN moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry!
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must toll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the
word—

Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh
Say rather I'm in your soul; more just that name.
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

SONNET.

THE stream, whose plaintive course was un-
opposed,

In melancholy stillness moan'd along,
Its murmuring almost became a song.
No melody with matchless art composed,
Nor notes by science mournfully disposed,
Could make monotony bewitch so long,
Or move to pathos half so deep or strong.

As this perpetually interposed,
Obstructed or disturbed this murmuring.
Changes for discord every softer tone,
The roar and din become an irksome thing
Thenceforth we feel but pain in listening.
Thus sorrow hath a music of its own,
Which charms in its tranquillity alone.

THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

THE spirit of soft Solitude and Prayer,
Which broods o'er rocks and mountain
crags and dells;
The bounding torrent or the Forest lair,
Or where to mortal eye but wildness dwells;
Nathless hath ever sweetly woo'd her own,
Her kindred spirits to withdraw with her,
To where man's din and toil have ne'er been
known.

"Come," saith this wild fantastic minister,
To Genius wrong'd or ill requited Love.
The hapless outcast, homeless, and alone,
To glutted pleasure nought can further move
With o'er tried taste, and temper long since
gone;

"Come, come with me to mine own paradise
Secluded home of Secret for your sighs."

TO L * *

WHEN years 've roll'd by and our pleasure
 or pain
 All the portion of youth is no more,
 Thou wilt 'link of this lone little chamber
 again,
 When thy hand was in mine first of yore.

Where in trembling I taught thee to hear
 and repeat,
 The soft tale of the heart-stirring song ;
 Where in frenzy of rapture my temples would
 beat,
 As those accents were murmur'd along.

Where thy half-parted lips to my transport
 confess'd,
 The endearing requital of love,
 Where thine arms in soft circling my bosom
 oppress'd,
 The quick breath that thy whispers would
 move.

Where in transport thy lips were fast bound
 upon mine,
 Till the life-breath was suck'd from its cell,
 And thy heart was close press'd to that bosom
 of thine,
 In a light which no language could tell.

WE LIVE TO LEARN, YET SLOWLY
 LEARN TO LIVE.

AN EPISTLE UPON THE EXCHANGE OF
 MUTUAL PRESENTS.

WE live to learn, yet slowly learn to live ;
 So that our living yields us no return :
 We give, yet would not often vainly give ;
 Free giving's what we lose, or have to
 learn !

Giving and loving are antitheses,
 Strangely contrasted, as all being is ;
 For yet we'd stoop to crave upon our knees
 The very gift which makes us such as this.

Are we not then like creatures with wry faces,
 Reflected from an hundred scraps of glass,
 With undulated surface, and whose traces
 Show like the monkey here—there like the
 ass?

Thus much for me, not you ;—the plumeless
 shaft,
 Which harmless satire huris, falls dead
 'gainst you ;
 But mark it well 'tis not wrought without
 craft,
 And may yet prove 'gainst some the aim
 was true.

I moralize ; yet why not moralize,
 E'en o'er the little incidents of life ;
 It is on these we ponder to be wise,
 The greater bury our dissecting knife.

Look at the ant ! she rears a mighty hill
 With little scraps of rubbish, one by one,
 And Socrates had barely learnt his fill,
 Had he not thus pursued as thus begun.

And 'tis, believe me, that which marks the
 fool,
 If not the maniac, to attempt to grasp
 The gross of life within a puny rule ;
 The jot is quite as much as we can clasp.

In taking, then, this present, you receive
 A little scrap of rank philosophy,
 And in accepting your's, I would believe,
 And do believe there's better store for me.

Thus we fulfil the rule I have set out :
 I, having learnt, have given to you for gain ;
 You, without studying what you gave about,
 Have yielded substance to a flimsy strain.

TO F—.

Too fair for praise—too modest to believe it—
 Too truly meritorious to receive it,
 'Tis a hard task to know well what to do,
 When one is ask'd to write a song to you.
 Yet eulogy, when just, will reach its aim,
 As nothing wounds like well adapted blame,
 And if the critic be himself but good,
 His praise or blame is felt and understood.
 I am not such a one, and hence my praise
 Must be as worthless as such recreant lays :
 So that I can have nothing left to do,
 But to present my compliments. Adieu !

A TEAR.

WHAT matters it to those, my fellow men,
That here the heart of one sad man be
broken;
Too far above my deep misfortune's ken,
My distant sorrow wafts them scarce a
token.

Ah! never, doubtless, never shall a tear
Darken; for them the brightness of the day.
Their future bodes them nothing dark or drear,
No gall shall bid them cast their cup away.

Ah! never, doubtless, never shall yon throng
Of listless idlers lounging in my way,
In deep indomitable anguish long,
To hear one breathe "I weep with thee
to-day."

Well then, let me no more so vainly seek
Compassion from the selfish heart of man,
Let me but feed my soul and bathe my cheek
In grief—and hide my sorrow if I can!

A LINE OR TWO IN FRENCH,

Suggested by Madame G—— at Coligny.

FRIENDSHIP.

C'est l'amitié qui nous apprend à vivre
C'est l'amitié qui nous rend sages et bons
Tendre commerce à toi donc je me livre
Accorde moi de recueillir tes dons.

Que sont tous beaux plaisirs de la vie,
Sans toi—sans toi, qui sais nous consoler.
Hélas! la joie est trop souvent suivie,
De quelque chagrin qui doit nous déchirer.

Ah! c'est alors au milieu de nos larmes
Quand le courage nous quitte pour la
douleur.

Ah! c'est alors qu'on doit sentir tes charmes,
Ta voix chérie vient soulager nos pleurs.

Comment sans toi peut on passer la terre,
Comment sans toi chercher l'éternité,
Quand le chagrin de tous côtés nous serre,
Pour nous flétrir de sa fatalité.

TO MISS EMMA L——

ON FIRST HEARING HER SING.

WHERE rural melodies in concert swell,
At early dawn, or summer eventide,
Deep in the calm of some sequester'd dell,
I've listen'd, as the feather'd lovers sigh'd.

Upon the brink of Leman's tranquil tide,
Whilst the wild notes of mountain-music
flow'd

Impassion'd forth, I've oft been won to bide
Or heard some boatmen carol as they row'd.

On fair Italia's olive mantled shore,
Music's voluptuous roll hath charm'd my
ear;
I've heard the stanzas, chased by stanzas,
pour,
Attuned from many songsters, far and near.

And with the fondest love of harmony,
I've heard what nature and what art com-
bine,

And since I have heard you, nor know I why,
Your voice hath taught anew this ear of
mine

SWEET STARS OF CLEAR AND
CLOUDLESS NIGHT.

SWEET stars of clear and cloudless night,
Allow me to behold and weep.
Your eyes are ever soft and bright:—
Those eyes that never close in sleep.—
In common this we have, to be
Still wakeful when all else do rest:
Besides, you seem to pity me.
Your rays thus steal into my breast,
Full liquidly their haloes beam
And scatter light, like sighs, through tears,
I mark the sympathetic gleam,
Or deem it such as it appears.

CANZONE.

How happy do I wish thee, and how sweet,
The rapture I would see each hour repeat.
Torn by the torture of excessive woe,
Upon the rack of ceaseless pain;
My failing faculties still glow,
To breathe to heaven this imploring strain.

I have no longer an identity:—
 All of myself is mingled up in thee,
 And as a drop of rain
 That falls upon the stream, flows on unseen
 And lost in greater waters,—so my soul
 Hath lost its life, once separate, in thine.
 It struggled, but in vain
 To liberate its being—to console
 Its desolation, cease to pine
 And be as joyous as it might have been;
 But all its strength pour'd out upon a tear,
 To swell the endless stream of anguish flowing
 near.
 And now the power it has sighs on for thee,
 Pours forth on high for thy prosperity
 The eloquence of suffering and of love,
 Unheard on earth, but ne'er repulsed above.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE
 PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE
 TO MRS. MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
 Whom servile Rome obey'd and yet abhorr'd,
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
 That left a likeness of the brave, or just;
 What most admired each scrutinising eye
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
 What spread from face to face that wondering
 air?
 The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!
 That absence proved his worth,—that absence
 fix'd
 His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;
 And more decreed his glory to endure,
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.
 If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
 Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
 Bright though they be, thine own had render'd
 less:

If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
 Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
 If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
 Could with thy gentle image bear depart;
 That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
 To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
 We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
 A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—

A fount that only wants its living stream;
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
 Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine
 With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine;
 The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—
 The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene
 The glossy dazzlings of that clustering hair,
 Which shades, yet shows that forehead more
 than fair! [throws

Each glance that wins us, and the life thou
 A spell which will not let our looks repose,
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew
 Some charm that well rewards another view.
 These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
 Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;
 And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone.
 To please the paitry heart that pleases none.—
 That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
 Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

ANTITHESES.

WHERE rivers smoothest run, deep are the
 fords:

The dial stirs, yet none perceive it move;
 The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
 The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.
 True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues
 to speak;
 They hear, and see and sigh; and then they
 break.

AN IMITATION.

A BLITHE and bonny country lass,
 Heigh ho! bonny lass;
 Sate sighing on the tender grass,
 And, weeping, said:—"Will none *come*
 woo me?"

A smicker boy, a lither swain,
 Heigh ho! a smicker swain;
 That in his love was wanton, fain,
 With smiling looks, came straight *unto her*.

When, as the wanton wench espied,
Heigh ho! when she espied
The means to make herself a bride,
She simper'd smooth, like bonny bell.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH
OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.³⁰

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound—
While deep Remembrance pours to *Worth*
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot,
Who would not die the death they chose?

And gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.³¹

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui sc̄entem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
GRAY'S *Poemata*

THERE is not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay;
'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck
of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only
points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death
itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not
dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain
of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and
mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more
their former hopes of rest;
'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret
wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn
and grey beneath.

O! could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I
have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many
a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all
brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears
would flow to me.

March, 1814.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

FAME AND FORTUNE.

LET dull-brain'd slaves contend for mud and
 earth; [and stones;
 Let blocks and stones sweat but for blocks
 Let peasants speak of plenty and of dearth;
 Fame never looks so low as on these drones!
 Let Courage manage empires, sit on thrones!
 And he that Fortune at command will keep,
 He must be sure he never let her sleep.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

1.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
 There 't was shed, but is not sunk—
 Rising from each gory trunk,
 Like the water-spout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion—
 It soars, and ripples in the air,
 With that of lost Labedoyère—
 With that of him whose honour'd grave
 Contains the "bravest of the brave."
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
 But shall return from whence it rose;
 When 't is full 't will burst asunder—
 Never yet was heard such thunder,
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold
 By the sainted Seer of old,

Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood.³²

II.

The chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier citizen
 Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
 Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeat'd.
 Till lone Tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell:—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthral!

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume,
 Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb:³³
 Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.
 Little didst thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks
 Like a stream which bursts its banks,
 While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee:
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow?
 Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
 It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide,
 Through the smoke-created night
 Of the black and sulphurous fight,
 The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy—
 And as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quick
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wings arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain;
 There be sure was Murat charging!
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

iv.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice ;
 But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored ;
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
 Her safety sits not on a throne,
 With Capet or Napoleon !
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—
 Freedom, such as God hath given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,
 With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth :
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;
 Pouring nations' blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter !

v.

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union ?
 The time is past when swords subdued—
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd—
 Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
 Smile they at this idle threat ?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,³⁴
 Sever'd from thy faithful few ?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu ?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
 Dear as both have been to me—
 What are they to all I feel,
 With a soldier's faith for thee ?

Lord of the soldier's soul !
 First in fight, but mightiest now :
 None could a world doom control ;
 Thee alone no doom can bow.

By thy side for years I dared
 Death ; and envied those who fell,
 When their dying shout was heard,
 Blessing him they served so well.³⁵

Would that I were cold with those,
 Since this hour I live to see ;
 When the doubts of coward fces
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
 Dreading each should set thee free !
 Oh ! although in dungeons pent,
 All their chains were light to me,
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,
 In his native darkness share ?
 Were that world this hour his own,
 All thou calmly dost resign,
 Could he purchase with that throne
 Hearts like those which still are thine !

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !
 Never did I droop before ;
 Never to my sovereign sue,
 As his foes I now implore :
 All I ask is to divide
 Every peril he must brave ;
 Sharing by the hero's side
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF
HONOUR."

FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave !—whose beam hath shed
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
 Thou radiant and adored deceit !
 Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
 Wild meteor of immortal birth !
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays ;
 Etern'tly flash'd through thy blaze
 The music of thy martial sphere
 Was fame on high and honour here ;
 And thy light broke on human eyes,
 Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
 And swept down empires with its flood ;
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
 As thou didst lighten through all space ;

And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours,³⁶ each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed 'n radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of
my Glory [name—
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her
She abandons me now—but the page of her
story, [fame.
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd
me only far;
When the meteor of conquest allured me too
I have coped with the nations which dread
me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem
crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I
found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles
were won— [was blasted
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's
sun!

Farewell to thee, France.—but when Liberty
rallies

Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy
valleys;

Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my
voice—

There are links which must break in the
chain that has bound us, [choice
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of the

AN EPITAPH.

You that seek what life is in death,
Now find it air that once was breath.
New names unknown—old names gone:
Till time end bodies, and souls none.
Reader use your time,—there be
Few steps to your eternity.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth [air,
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless
Morn came and went—and came, and brought
no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the
thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed.
And men were gather'd round their blazing
homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;

Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unheartily aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did
rest [smiled;

Their chins upon their clenched hands, and
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild
birds shriek'd,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for
food:

And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Forging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was
death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men [flesh;
Died, and their bones were tombless as their
meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no
food,

But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up, [hands
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and
died—

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
[Knowing who he was upon whose brow

Famine had written Fiend. *The world was*
void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in the
grave,

The Moon, their mistress, had expired before,
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no
need

Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

Diodati, July, 1816.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE;

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names un-
known,

Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century?
And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so,
He died before my day of Sextonship,
—And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip

The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon, and so successful? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton
thought,

Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught
As 't were the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he,—“I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day, [way
And therefore travellers step from out their

They say him honour,—and myself whate'er
 Thy honour pleases,"—then most pleased
 I shook

From out my pocket's avaricious nook
 Some certain coins of silver, which as t were
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
 So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,
 I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
 Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
 You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
 With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
 On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

Diodati, 1816,

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die:
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
 Was out the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack;
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse
 A mighty lesson we inherit.
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself—and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentr'd recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy.
 And making Death a Victory

Diodati, July, 1816.

A FRAGMENT

COULD I remount the river of my years
 To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
 I would not trace again the stream of hours
 Between their outworn banks of wither'd
 flowers,
 But bid it flow as now—until it glides
 Into the number of the nameless tides. * * *

What is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?
 The whole of that of which we are a part?
 For life is but a vision—what I see
 Of all which lives alone is life to me,
 And being so—the absent are the dead,
 Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
 A dreary shroud around us, and invest
 With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.
 The absent are the dead—for they are cold
 And ne'er can be what once we did behold:
 And they are changed, and cheerless,—or
 yet
 The unforgotten do not all forget,
 Since thus divided—equal must it be
 If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
 It may be both—but one day end it must
 In the dark union of insensate dust

The under-earth inhabitants—are they
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell
 Each in his incommunicative cell?
 Or have they their own language? and a sense
 Of breathless being?—darken'd and intense
 As midnight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!
 Where are the past?—and wherefore had they
 birth?

The dead are thy inheritors—and we
 But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
 Of thy profundity is in the grave,
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
 Our elements resolved to things untold,
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
 The essence of great bosoms now no more. **

Diodati, July, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De
 Staël— [shore,
 Lemane³⁷! these names are worthy of thy
 Thy shore of names like these! wert thou
 no more,

Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the
 lore

Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but
 by thee,

How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!
 Diodati, July, 1816.

LINES INSCRIBED IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

WERE my career far brighter still than
 aught I have to boast,
 'T would barely, then, deserve to fill some
 refuse page, at most;

But as it is, ah! how is this?
 Entitled to a place, [grace?
 Where that which occupies, at least should

Some bards have written worthily upon as faint
 a leaf,
 And taught an after-age to feel their pleasure
 or their grief,
 And won the ears, and wrung the tears
 From more obdurate eyes;
 Yet such a power shall never reach my sighs.

It were no humble doom to sing and to be
 listen'd to,
 And thus to write, could I be read and treasured
 up by you,

But were it not a prouder lot
 To write as I do now,
 Did some presentive glory gird my brow?

To you alone it must be, then, with gnawing
 pride I own, [fer alone,
 I have to owe the honour which I would con-
 I thank you too as I should do
 For this my little nook,
 Which 'twere my boast to merit in your book.

FRAGMENT OF A PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVII.

By the still streams of Babylon,
 We mutely sat and spent thereon,
 And sent thereby our hapless tears,
 And sighs, to neighbour-lands and ears
 When our afflicting enemy,
 Reneweth fresh our memory,
 Set our sad mind to muse upon
 Poor Sion's desolation.

LIFE,

AH life! sweet drop drowned in a sea of
 sour,
 A flying good, posting to doubtful end;
 Still loving months and years, to gain new
 hours;
 Fain time to have and spare, yet forced to
 spend;
 The growth decrease a moment, all thou
 hast;
 That gone, are known the rest to come, or
 past.

**WARM AS THE CLOUDLESS
SUMMER MORN.**

WARM as the cloudless summer morn,
And full as hopeful too,
The visions that in youth were born,
And dazzled ere they flew.

Bright as the ruddy evening sky,
Those dreams portray'd the world;
Yet all those colours seem'd to die,
Fast as the scroll unfurl'd.

Calm as the moonbeam on yon lake,
Whose glassy face is still,
Did lying Hope the Future make,
To conjure at her will.

Sweet as the fitful evening breeze,
With weight of perfume slow;
Imagination—breathing ease,
Foretold young life would flow.

Cold as the bitter north-east wind,
That blights where'er it blows;
The blasts that check us 'mongst mankind,
And chill us in our woes.

Dark as the coming stormy cloud,
That Future when it came;
Whilst Slander, as its thunders loud,
Would crush young struggling fame.

Rough as the angry ocean's wave,
The present drives us on,
To live or die, to sink or save,
But reckless flesh and bone.

Fond hopes are easily believed,
Good maxims safely given;
Who trust the first, will be deceived,
The last are dreams of Heaven!

AH! TRIUMPH SORROW!

AH! triumph Sorrow. There is no one string
Within this heart of mine, that hath not rung
Its shrill vibrations out to suffering;
There is no chord thou hast not sorely
strung,

There is no hair upon this shadowy head
That hath not droop'd e'en as the spring-
tide grass,

When swift above the scythe too keenly sped!
There is no love within me left, alas!
Which hath not yet been rest of what it loved.
There's not one hope, one vision, one desire,
Which has not perish'd fruitless and dis-
proved!

* * * * *

Thou Suffering, art man's great fashioner.
E'en as the flame will e'er attemper steel;
Ay! as the whetstone, blacken'd with the burr,
Torn from the iron by the glowing wheel,
Quickens the edge of the relentless sword!
He who has shown thee not, thou Master,
Pain,

Yet knows no more of Life but the bare word,—
He idly floats on Life as he, amain,
Might float upon the sleepy summer cloud.—
There's nought to mark the track in his
career,

Too vainly follow'd to be yet avow'd.
Nor sweat from off his brow nor e'en a
tear

Hath trickled down to damp the toilsome hand.
His foot hath ne'er been bruised upon the
stones,

That strew the way. * * *

* * * * *

Nor knows he how when dangers close his way,
To make these very dangers serve his sway.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Those mighty strides, those voices, and those
cries,

With all the endless uproar of the Earth,
Shall die away, nor shock the silent skies;
And each new generation at its birth
Shall learn contempt, for what was deem'd
sublime,

And mute disdain for what erstwhile was
grand;

And each successive age in every clime,
In every zone or province, isle, or land,
Shall see eternal silence floating o'er
The wretched Past, with still and mark,
wings,

Wrap up man's noisy greatness, with his lord;
And gag for aye your Rulers and your Kings
So not an echo shall revive them more.

INEZ DE CASTRO.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

THE melancholy story of Inez de Castro is too notorious in history to require any recapitulation. It would seem, that as early as the year 1816, Lord Byron projected something like a tragedy, founded upon this material; but whether it was ever carried further than the scene inserted here, is difficult to determine. This fragment is inserted rather as a literary curiosity than on any other account.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Don Pedro (entering stealthily and musing abstractedly.)

WHAT fond association draws me hither?
What uncontrollable affection binds
And ties me to this spot, whilst something sad
Foreshadowing of ills I dare not dread
So dearly proclaims the spot is curst?
Fearing those restless visions should be true,
Perchance I come to see their thread fulfill'd
Sensibly and as against my will
My anxious steps in failing bear me on
Yet why these presages? why do we harp
Upon the ills our fancy frames in dream?
Why do we dwell with such precise fore-
thoughts

Upon the phantom torments that beset us?
Have we not in reality enough
To occupy the workings of the soul
That we so seek to make the future tell
Such secrets as are better left untold?
Yet is this Reason which controls my thoughts?
Tis Sophistry! the Sophistry of Hope!—
Yet why?—Why not believe it for my good?
Ah! that I could! That this belief could
yield

A moment's ease to my tormented soul
That with this sweet assurance, true or false,
A sweeter sleep could teach me to forget
The dread that weighs upon me day and
night.

The saints who witness, pity my distress
And thou, pure Maiden-mother, deign to look
On injured innocence, to pity her,
To plead for her on high and to protect!
Angels accord compassion to these tears,
And plead more purely my unworthy prayers
To win of heavenly solicitude,
The blessings due to virtue and to her
And pour those blessings on' her—cherish
her—

Shelter and guard—

Inez. (approaching unperceived by him)
They ever do protect her.

Don Pedro. Inez!

Inez. Ah! Prince!

Don Pedro (apart) What luckless wretch
am I

To love and ruin so much worth and beauty!

Inez. Why turn thus from me Prince
Do cares of state

Pursue you in this kindred solitude,
And rob me even here of a caress?
Can the oppressive load of great affairs
Preoccupy you e'en in this retreat?

It was once not so, Prince.

Don Pedro. Oh pity me!

Great God, have mercy on me and my sins!

Inez. I leave you, Prince, since greater
cares absorb

And turn your thoughts from me, and since
my voice,

Once as I fondly deem'd so dear to you
Obtrudes itself upon some worthier theme,
And finds a cold repulse.

Don Pedro. (seizing her hand.) Cold said'st
thou, Inez?

In pity charge me not with that: my crime,
If I be guilty, hath not been in coldness.
Repulse thee, Inez could I once do that
Thou might'st yet live secure, and I, at ease,
Survive to see thee happy yet once more.
Repulse thee, Inez!—hear me—could I speak—
This anguish—

Inez. (gently resting her hand upon his
shoulder). Dearest husband, be but
calm.

Don Pedro. Oh, Inez, spare me now at
least that name.

Inez. What! must I then forget it in thy
grief?

Hast thou forgotten that I am thy wife:—
Then when, as now, thine eye erewhile so soft
In darkening flashes anguish from thy brow:—
That when thy cheek convulsed with agony
Betrays the secret thro', when thy wan lip
Tells of some parching fever that consumes
thee

I should forget it is my part to soothe thee!

Don Pedro. Is kindness such as this re-
served for villains?

Inez. Villains!

Don Pedro. Yes! Inez, such a wretch am I!

Inez. I loved no villain, Pedro, but a Prince

Don Pedro. Prince!—Prince of Hell! 't is
that that makes me villain

Hast thou but sought to number ou' thy
wrongs

And heap reproach upon my suffering,

That one word Prince

Had wreak'd thy curse upon me!

But hear me, Inez. Dost thou fondly deem

That Royalty and Virtue are the same?

That Goodness is the Birthright of a Throne;—

Hereditary, like its cares and power:—

That kings and sons of kings inherit this

As an appendage to their jewell'd crown?

'Tis in thine innocence to think it so;

'Tis in thy gentleness to look on them

As on the model in thy purer soul;—

But I will show thee—

Blessed Mary, help me!—

Inez. Nay tell me what afflicts thee; let
me share,

Participate in, if I cannot soothe

And charm away thy sorrow. There must be

Some fearful cause to wring such sighs from thee,

Thou wert not wont to speak so sternly to me.

Don Pedro. Sternly? Did I speak sternly

Inez? No!

I could not, would not be thus harsh with thee,

I would not add this to thy many wrongs.

Inez. What wrongs? I suffer none of thee.

Don Pedro. Oh, God!

Is't thus that innocence oppress'd upbraids

Our conscious guilt with sweet forbearance?

Inez. What guilt? What innocence? Col-
lect thyself.

The multitude of cares I wot not of,

Hath conjured up some melancholy dream

That mocks and tortures thee; for are we not

Both innocent, both pure and faithful too?

But tell me, what it is that wounds thee so;

The time was when thou wert not wont to feed

Thy sorrows or thy joys in secrecy:—

From that enchanting hour when first I learnt

To think of thee apart from all mankind,

As something nobler and more eminent,

I'll now, I never knew thee thus reserved.

If anything had charm'd thee 'twas for me;

If dangers had been run they were for me;

If honour gain'd, 'twas tender'd at my feet;

If glory and renown pronounced thee Great,

I knew and felt they had been earn'd for me,

And 'midst thy toil a single thought of me

Could renovate thy drooping energies.

Thine were no false professions, empty words,

Or senseless declarations, but deep mov'd

By powerful emotions such as mine.

If anything had cross'd or harass'd thee,

It was to me the secret was disclosed,

As if thy heart by natural sympathy

Had been assured it had a kindred life,

A kindred sensibility in mine.

Don Pedro. Heavens!

Inez. Can it be, thy confidence is lost?

That in thy greater scrowns I must see,

And silently lament thy suffering,

Nor even know the cause of so much grief?

In what have I betray'd thee, and what fault

Hath made me thus suspected?

Don Pedro.

Thou betray'd

I have not yet pronounced so false a charge,

Would I were innocent, as thou hast been!

Inez. Thou art; and none more purely so
than thou!

But tell me what it is that grieves thee so.

Has any dared affront Don Pedro—stain'd
his fame,

Or sought to blast his honour?

Don Pedro (*convulsively grasping the hilt
of his sword*) What? affront!

Inez. It cannot be he should forget his
valour,

And let his spotless knighthood rust in shame.

Don Pedro. Don Pedro knows himself, his
rank and rights!

Inez. Perchance remorse over a fallen foe?

Don Pedro. Don Pedro knows of no re-
morse, but shame!

Inez. 'Tis well. Perchance some foreign
enemy

Combines to plunder his inheritance,

Perchance the proud Castilian foams and
threats

The downfall of his great ancestral throne?

Don Pedro must yet feel himself a prince.

Don Pedro. Again that title! Yes, he
feels—he feels

Too truly that the chance which gave him
birth,

And placed him in a sphere which many men

Would sacrifice their innocence to gain,

Has been, and must henceforth for ever be,

To him the torture of a miscreant's doom.

He feels, that for that power so warmly sought

He must, or condescend to witness crime,

And seeing virtue fall, refrain to help her,

And thus confirm himself an arrant villain,

Or, with the bootless lustre of a principedom,

And with the title of authority,

Yet impotently gaze upon her fall.

Tell me, sweet Inez, could'st thou love a
wretch—

A recreant such as this; nor loathe the sight

Of one, however dear, who had preferr'd

His life before his honour? Could'st thou
call

This miserable creature husband still?

Could'st thou endure the filthy leprous touch

To fix its shamed pallor on thy cheek?
 Were it not better tears should wash away
 The bloom that youth had breathed upon its
 sheen,
 Than this contagion should devour it?
 Hast thou e'er heard, sweet Inez, of great men,
 Who, rather than by living to behold,
 Thus sanction crime, have turn'd their use-
 less swords
 Against a life disgraced by impotence,
 And thus become a burden to themselves,
 And vainer to the land which gave them birth?
Inez. I may; but to what purpose, ask me
 this?
Don Pedro. Didst thou esteem them, or
 condemn the deed? [me!
Inez. How strangely dost thou question
Don Pedro. Would'st thou,
 Sweet Inez, seek to hold thy husband's hands,
 If that one blow could save thy husband's
 fame?
Inez. What can this mean? It cannot
 surely be— [eye
 No! no! thou would'st not turn; yet in thine
 There is a wildness I ne'er saw before.
 Tell me, I pray—entreat—implore, what ill;
 What sad reverse? By all the love thou
 bear'st, [hours
 Or may'st have borne me—by the tranquil
 Of secret, sweet enjoyment—by those ties
 Which bind us still more closely to each other,
 What dark catastrophe hath wrung thy soul,
 And suffered it to feed such thoughts as these.
 Remember—think—reflect. Thou art a father!
Don Pedro. Great God!
Inez. And I the mother
 of thy sons!
Don Pedro. Just Powers!
Inez. Who barely learn
 to lisp thy name,
 And to recite the glory of thy deeds;
 Who with exulting tears gaze up to me,
 Awaiting to be told the daily tale
 Of some new martial honour gained by thee.

FRAGMENTS OF AN INCOMPLETE
 POEM.

SHOULD'ST thou—and thou should'st know me
 —chance to read
 A line or two that anguish wrecks hereon;
 Thou may'st perceive one woe hath been thy
 deed.
 And in those hours when joy is reeling on,

And suffering is heard with little heed,
 Should'st thou once chance to open and to
 con, [deem,
 he page that claims thy pity, thou might'st
 My wrongs are not so paltry as they seem.
 Wrongs which my persecutors would have writ
 In blood more pure than mine—so pure their
 own: [been lit
 Wrongs too, whose brand by thee had erst
 To be revived by any vulgar clown,
 Whose stupid grossness or whose barren wit
 Could count no breath but what himself
 had blown,
 So sweet, or pure, or hallow'd as his tongue,
 Or fit supply for his all-hallow'd lung.
 And in those hours of grief, which God forefend,
 But which will happen to the happiest,
 Should'st thou thyself in passing chance to
 bend,
 A tearful glance of kindred interest—
 Whilst scalding tears, may be, like mine descend,
 To sear thy cheek, or sighs convulse thy rest;
 Upon this sheet. Oh! may'st thou not repent,
 That e'er another heart by thee was rent.
 But will such thoughts not come? When far
 away,
 From whence the full forgiveness is unheard,
 Which love has daily breathed: when day by
 day,
 The wretched recollection has recurr'd,
 And none declare what one alone could say,
 May-be thine ears will yearn to hear that
 word.
 Look then but smilingly upon this lay;
 It breathes in candour all that one could say.
 It has return'd his blessing for thy curse:
 It has retorted constant love for hate:
 It would then soothe thine anguish as anurs.
 It would console thee when disconsolate:
 It would defend thee when thy foes asperse.
 It would protect thine unprotected state.
 Such is his vengeance, such his harsh return
 For injury, contumely and spurn!—
 'Twill be his joy to aid thee if he can:
 'Twill be his pride his solace should avail.
 'Twill be his glory to conduct the van
 Against thy foes, and fighting for the frail.
 'Twill be his boast t'approve himself a man:
 The more thy banded enemies prevail,
 The worthier of him t'oppose the throng,
 And join the weaker to o'ercome the strong.—
 This is my youth again, heroic age, [man
 Which some harsh converse in the track o

Had damp'd or curdled for this later stage.

I had scarce thought it when my course began
Nor dreamt to turn, or satirist, or sage:

Or that one sorrow could one half, it can;
But freshness comes with the recurring thought,
Which cancels all the interval as nought.—

A freshness in the which my breath is free,
My soul gains vigour, and my heart expands;
As, in my sadder days of revelry, [hands,
'Twas once my wont, with fever-trembling
To meet the early morning's reveillee. [lands,
The morning freshness of all climes and
Excepting London, where a ribald night,
Is certainly not mended by the light.

That sort of misty, smoky, dirty dawn
Should be excluded from all simile:
Unfit, but to provoke a lazy yawn,
E'en in the most accustom'd debauchee;
Your Picadilly pavement for a lawn,
And Crockford's looking dingy as may be,
With a few loungers reeling home to bed,
Or fancying the gutter in its stead.

Now, charming critics, I have done:—'Tis time
To turn my independent thoughts to you,
And, though I don't submit a single rhyme,
To your adjudication—we'll pursue
A style of raving, tempting the sublime,
And start at once into our story too,
Merely because it suits my present whim,
Aptly to use the pen I freshly trim.

Twill be, unlike my labours heretofore,—
Just written as a learned scribe dictated;
Although in reading some Romance of yore,
An Amadis or something antiquated
And stuff'd with chivalry—I slyly swore
The worthy Doctor stole or had dilated,
On some such tale he found in the collections,
Just published with additions and corrections.

I cannot well be blamed upon this score:
'Tis not my fault and that is much to say.
Tales are not, either, now, as heretofore,
Obliged to be original to pay;
And Publishers are pleased with any bore,
And as contented quite as if a stray
And lost Boccaccio sprung to modern light,
Or if Cervantes left the tomb to write.

If "Peregrine" or "Tom" appear'd but now,
Or "Joseph" was but recently produced,
Four Fieldings would be forced to make their
bow,
And quit the literary stage, reduced

To keep some poultry, or a breeding sow,
And serve as instances to be adduced.
To warn real wits that such a vein as theirs
Would leave but little to their hapless heirs.

If Ariosto wrote—" *quis talia fando*
Of all real poets, would refrain from tears"
And Harrington translated the Orlando,
They'd find but few to lend their modern
ears.
And yet what better can the ablest man do,
'Mongst all the nineteenth century reveres?
Poor Southey looks astonishingly small,
In point of Fame, if he be famed at all.

But as he writes to fill his precious pocket,
'Tis not surprising that he writes so badly,
And, for his style, so many strive to mock it,
That none can wonder all should fail so
sadly;
In truth he has nor style, nor wit to stock it,
Although some girls devour his books so
madly;
Poor Bob! 'tis hard one cannot prophesy,
A scrap of reputation when you die

But, let me see, I had made up my mind
To try a legend of the middle ages;
This vein has grown quite popular I find,
Since Southey took to borrowing Scott's
pages.
There's one thing gain'd in stories of this kind,
One is not hamper'd by the precious sages
Who prose about their classic balderdash
And damn all verse but overstudied trash.

The barbarism of Gothic ignorance
Is illustrated in our every sound.
When ruthless hardihood left lore to chance,
And trampled ancient learning on the
ground,
We could not hope to wake, as from a trance,
Endued with all the Isles of Greece had
found
Of beauty, symmetry, and eloquence,
In nature, wrought by art the most intense.

So let us be contented if we can,
With something more akin to Gothic rhyme.
About the period when those wars began,
Which were deem'd sacred for their very
crime,
There lived a disinherited old man
Who had possess'd some treasure in his
time, [fair.
And whose domain had been as broad and
As any we might meet with here or there.

The church had stripp'd him of his every acre:
 And most considerably so, I have no doubt
 That 't might be consecrated to the Maker;
 Although some rumours which were spread
 about
 Were sadly detrimental to the taker;
 And as the lives and claims had not died
 out; [wrested,
 'Twas not conceal'd, the lands might yet be
 From those by whom they were erewhile in-
 fested

The heir apparent's grave preceptor was
 A worthy father of the sable hood,
 Who suffer'd no occasion e'er to pass,
 For forwarding the prospects of his brood
 And, as young Roderic was the last, alas .
 To represent the titles of his blood,
 The worthy friar seized the first occasion,
 To clear the coast by force or by persuasion.

He spoke of glory, or a holy grave, [fame;
 Of conquest's realms, and vast domains and
 He primed him up with many a martial stave
 And sung of heroes, and a deathless name;
 He named some soldier and his lovely slave,
 And fann'd the lovers with the hero's flame;
 Till Roderic, who was young and therefore
 wild,
 Vow'd to depart—at which his Mentor smiled.

In vain two parents struggled to retain
 Th' adventurous little maniac from the field:
 A lovely sister held him back in vain,
 And kiss'd the hand by which she sadly
 kneel'd;

In vain she sprung upon his neck again,
 And wept until her little senses reel'd,
 And kiss'd his cheeks, and prattled out her
 prayer, [share.
 Whilst there were wealth and eminence to

For thus he fondly dreamt that it should be;
 He was in this, like other boys, and saw,
 Admired, and courted any vanity.

The veriest, paltry edifice of straw,
 Thus raised before him would have won his e'e,
 And struck him with the most respectful
 awe;

And all those splendid castles in the air,
 He daily saw, seem'd wonderfully fair.

So he departed with a martial throng
 Of knights and squires, and ragged vaga-
 bonds, [and strong:—
 And thieves and cut-throats, frail, and sick
 Just as a young apprentice oft absconds

With some young lady he had sigh'd for long
 And when he'd loosed all patrimonial bonds
 And found himself his own ungovern'd master:
 Those dazzling dreams came crowding in the
 faster.

But truth, in blushing, is compell'd to own
 That Roderic was early left behind;
 His having join'd the army was not known
 For many days, before a man as blind
 As Love himself, and rough as any stone,—
 An ill-condition'd wretch as you might find
 Was brought before our hero by a crone,
 Quite old enough to play the *chaperon*.

He flatter'd, fawn'd, and bow'd to Roderic,
 And praised his valour, person, gait, ad-
 dress,
 And parentage—and all,—though Arabic,
 Or such outlandish dialect, was less
 Unknown to him, most likely: trick on trick
 Was plied, to make the silly youth confess,
 The very knowledge that was used to prove
 His aged tempter's interest or love

Of all the youths who emulate renown,
 There's probably not one who can with-
 stand
 The flattering notice, even of a clown;
 And Roderic was, therefore, quite un-
 mann'd.

He listen'd to advice without a frown,
 And this is rare in boys, you understand,
 And at all times must be well larded over
 With flattery—that intellectual clover.

Thus, when you wish to conquer, you must
 yield,
 And feign respect, before you can obtain it,
 The better your advantage is conceal'd,
 The more assured you ever are to gain it.
 The human heart is, bit by bit, unseal'd,
 And seal'd again. 'Tis easy to retain it,
 When you have gently closed it o'er the tie
 That binds it to your subtle agency.

Flush'd by this seer with brighter dreams
 than ever, [where
 Roderic would now have follow'd any
 His Mentor led; whilst he, too shrewd and
 clever,

To close at once the promising affair,
 Excited his impatience to a fever,
 And dallied with him, bidding him prepare
 To undertake some daring enterprise, [plies.
 Whilst he went gathering soldiers and sup

Few days elapsed before the see: return'd,
 Having collected no such mean array:
 For, somehow, all the ablest soldiers yearn'd
 For something more like battalous affray.
 The sort of riot rout was what they spurn'd,
 And they got sick of marching day on day:
 So that the very sound of feats of daring
 Set all your brave adventurers preparing.

They gather'd round the aged man to hear,
 And greedily devour his specious tale:
 He told them, love, and wealth, and fame
 were near, [hail.
 And show'd young Roderic as the chief to
 They met their youthful leader with a cheer,
 Nor deem'd they that an enterprise could
 fail,
 Conducted by such age and youth, combined
 With more of wisdom than we mostly find.

The bearing of the youthful chieftain, too,—
 His noble carriage, and attractive mien
 Subdued the arrogant and haughty few,
 Who might disclaim a leader of sixteen,
 And won respect from those from whom 't was
 due;
 So that as nice a squad as e'er was seen
 Was very soon prepared to take a start,
 And leave the *corps d'armee* to do its part.

Suffice 't to say, our hero's little band,
 Abandon'd their original career,
 And, marching o'er a sterile plain of sand,
 Halted at noon before the rarest cheer,
 E'er conjur'd by some satanistic wand,
 At least, 't is thus the fact will e'er appear;
 For how the devil else the banquet came,
 Would puzzle them, or you, or me to name,

Howe'er this be, they fed, and laughed, and
 drank,
 And found the liquor so extremely good,
 That half of them too prematurely sunk,
 And soon in sleeping dreamt of drink and
 food;
 And very early the surrounding bank,
 With nearly all the glorious troop was
 strew'd, [vanish'd,
 Meanwhile—I can't tell how—the old man
 And all the banquet was as quickly banish'd.

Young Roderic, and those who had withstood
 Too free indulgence in the strong potations,
 Were taken with a strange exploring mood,
 And started straight on their perambu-
 lations.

It seems to me, that could the scene be view'd,
 It would remind you of those sweet ab-
 lutions

Of spiders and hard eggs, in private parks.
 Called pic-nic parties by your modern spa: a.

They were attracted, in their lazy rambles,
 By peals of laughter from some neigh-
 bouring glade,

For 't was a forest. To defy the brambles,
 And reach the scene where many a merry
 maid,

And half-arm'd youth were playing off their
 gambols,

With somewhat less of decency display'd
 Than would have pleased our Southey's
 squeamish taste,

Or any lady very prim and chaste.

I do love decency not affectation,
 And had much rather see a silly girl
 Play her own part than ape an old relation;
 I'd rather see her unbound locks to curl
 All loosely round her neck, and dissipation
 Flash satire from her eye against the churl
 Or cynic Spinster that would play the prude,
 Than feign to be so eminently good.

If there were really magic in the case,
 There can be very little doubt, I ween,
 But magic drew our hero to this place,
 And wholly conjured this enchanting scene
 Those sorcerers are a mighty cunning race,—
 And know how lads who ever have been green
 Are to be caught with pretty cheeks and
 dimples,
 And smiles and dances, and such other simples.

So when they want to catch a handsome boy,
 They generally choose a pretty figure
 And dimpled cheek, to bait him with their toy:
 Perhaps for Africans they'd have a nigger;
 But in the north a face as dark as soy,
 And waist-band like a hoop, or somewhat
 bigger,
 Would barely win a handsome errant knight
 To play Medoro and forget to fight.

It was in somewhat a resembling way,
 That secret agent spoken of above
 Led Roderic and his party thus astray,
 Reducing them I scarce dare say to love,
 For such it seem'd in that eventful day,
 Was likely to detain them in the "grave."
 They wonder'd long at the unwonted scene,
 Imagining, perhaps, they were unseen;

But the dear creatures are not long to see
 When admiration turns the steady eye ;—
There's nothing quicker than their vanity,
 And though they feign to blush and whisper
 "fie,"

There's nothing pleases them like flattery.
 The dancing ladies though by far too sly
To seem to notice their new stranger guests,
 Became more lavish of their charms and jests.

The interlopers step by step advanced,
 And more enchanting still the girls became
 And more voluptuous as they gaily danced,
 With much of grace, but very little shame ;
 I'll suddenly a youth of their band glanced
 Towards where young Roderic—who was
 worse than flame,—

Kept drawing closer to his favourite fair one,
 As if determin'd at the least to share one.

This was the signal for a rush to arms :—
 The ladies feigning, for the time, to fly,—
 Becoming somewhat less profuse of charms,
 And falling to the rear stood calmly by,
 Whilst Roderic bow'd to quiet their alarms,
 And, like a valiant knight of chivalry,
 Stood courteously aloof, to give his foes
 Full time to arm them, should they come to
 blows.

As if he had been fifty years a knight,
 He then demanded as the price of peace,
 The lady whom he pointed out to sight ;
 She ogled Roderic to obtain release
 And feign'd to urge her champion to the fight
 Although she heartily wish'd him deceased,
Since handsome Roderic had so charm'd her
 sight,
 And had estranged her late affections quite.

This cool demand was valiantly declined,
 So that both parties sprung upon their
 steeds.

We had not thought of horses, as I find,
 'Till now ; so that the critic, as he reads,
 Will find this void exactly to his mind,
 And just the place to number my misdeeds,
 In loosely writing, with no thought or rule,
 And blacken me, to write himself a fool.

The truth is, had these horses been produced
 Upon the scene a little while before,
 They had been fodderlessly introduced,
 And you'd have deem'd them but a sorry
 score,
And pictured them as piteously reduced,
 Like that of gallant *Hu* libras of yore ;

And epic grandeur would thus dwindle low
 To something meaner than a prince or crowl.

'Tis ridicule we all the most abhor ;
 A right good reason why a certain paper
 That moved my laughter, show'd itself so sore
 Derision suffers nothing to escape her,
 That looks like overplentitude in lore,
 And smiles most keenly upon those who
 ape her ;

And when a falsehood strives to shelter folly,
 Her every gibe becomes a rod of holly.

Think'st thou not so my able Public-thinker ?
 Hath she not well-nigh tickled thee to death ;
 My little lying patchwork Folly-tinker ?
 For God's sake spare thy little brains and
 breath,

For thou art too contemptible to sink her :—
 And, when thou feel'st the truth of what she
 saith,
 Strive to amend, but let not any see,
 Thou hast been nettled by her repartee.

This dread of the ridiculous withheld
 The earlier introduction of my horses,
 Which were as fine as ever you beheld,
 Nor were the worst part of our hero's forces ;
And Roderic thought so, for he justly held
 These horses 'mongst the best of his re-
 sources,

Perhaps as much for fleetness as for mettle :
For speed is sometimes the best means to settle.

And foes were marshall'd, valiant mortal foes.
 With shield opposed to shield, and spear to
 spear,

And all the ardour of the brave arose,
 As that terrific struggle drew more near ;
 And twenty crests to twenty proudly rose,
 Despising death and ridiculing fear,
 And calmly waving o'er the tranquil field,
 Where some should conquer and where some
 should yield.

They look'd like pennons streaming o'er the sea,
 That heaved beneath them with its silent
 threat,

Spurning that threat with their serenity.
 Yet, when those bristling lances should have
 met,

And lie in splinters o'er mortality,
 Like these their useless wreck should pay
 the debt,

That outraged powers demanded of their pride,
 To sport withal—neglect—despise—deride !

And then the charge came clashing from each side,

And shivering lances flew, and riders fell,
And horses reel'd a retrograding stride.—
The ring of shields had struck the mournful kneli

Of four on Roderic's side, who bled and died,
And one too brave and youthful damozel,
Who proudly aim'd his emulative spear
At Roderic's crest, despising humbler gear.

But Roderic's lance was shiver'd by the stroke :

And, now he was assail'd on either hand,
The battle with the chief became no joke.
And as his horse could now but barely stand,
And, as his treacherous sword moreover broke,
He seized the nearest of the adverse band—
Having alighted—dragg'd him also down,
And sprung upon his charger as his own.

He was but barely seated, when a blow
Aimed by no novice hand attain'd his crest,
And forced it down upon his saddle bow ;
The ringing helmet yet withstood the test,
And though he reel'd beneath the stroke, and though

His head awhile hung senseless on his breast,

A friendly hand opposed the exulting foe,
And saved a second, and more fatal blow.

Stung with discomfiture, and shame, and rage,
As soon as he recover'd from the stun,
He spurr'd his steed and flew to re-engage ;
The battle-axe that glitter'd in the sun,
Seem'd to flash fire, and willing flames to wage
The red destruction, as he fought and won:
And every blow dealt senselessness or death,
And rung victorious o'er the passing breath.

Now to the right he whirl'd the flashing steel,
Now to the left opposed the faithful shield ;
One moment saw a youthful warrior reel,
And fall extended on the blood-stain'd field ;
Another saw our furious chieftain wheel,
And stretch some veteran yet loath to yield
A lifeless corse beneath his charger's hoof,
Or crush the coward that withdrew aloof.

The fearful odds were thus reduced to par :
For, though, at first, his party sadly fail'd,
Such is the strange and changing fate of war,
That now in numbers, even they prevail'd :
And, in successful bravery by far ;
For every adversary fairly quail'd,

Before young Roderic's axe, and feebly struce
As if he durst not trust his arm or luck.

And Fortune, who's a shameless sycophant,
Had well-nigh thrown herself in Roderic's arms,

To yield the prize her hands so often grant,
And court the victor with her faithless charms ;

When—Bob can tell you how—I really can't—
A band of stalwart giant men-at-arms,
Who had been somehow conjured or conceal'd
Appear'd to recontest the well-fought field.

Our fainting heroes sicken'd at the sight,
Their still more fainting foes rejoiced to see,
But Roderic was by far too proud for flight ;
And ladies held the palm of victory,—
Which is no small incentive to a knight ;
And even they who would not blush to flee
Before a man alone ; when women judge
The honour of the field, would scorn to budge

The new assailants were the quaintest train,
That ever figured in a strange romance ;—
Their arms were rude, uncouth, grotesque and plain :

Nor polish'd sword they bore, nor well
poised lance,

But ponderous axes, foul with many a stain,
And clubs too, such as you or I by chance
Might move—but handling is another question
Which might not suit our strength or our diges-
tion.

Their height was, God Almighty knows how
great, [a stack,

Their breadth was—oh, ah ! somewhat like
They strode along at such prodigious rate,
Ye'd scarce have caught them with a snag-
hoand pack ;

To have engaged such monsters separate,
It seem'd would need an army at one's back,
But when they came down fifteen at a time,
The fight becomes a mere affair of rhyme.

'T is very easy to relate the tale,
And no way more improbable than are
One half of those our novelists retail,
And tell as acts of an authentic war ;
And, though the story's " somewhat like a
whale,"

In prodigy 'twill not outdo by far
The truth through microscopic Southey's me-
dium :

Nor, as I trust, oppress you with much tedium!

The first that came, as if he meant to show off,
 Began parading round his smaller foes;
 But Roderic flung his axe and cut his toe off,
 Whilst some one else deprived him of his
 nose;

And as he now could neither fight nor go off,
 They managed to dispatch him with few
 blows.

And as his comrades came up rather late,
 Ere they arrived, his trunk had lost its pate.

Exasperated at their comrade's fall,
 And little dreaming they would have to fight
 With such a lilliputian general,

And fancying they'd vanquish him by fright,
 The giants warn'd the youthful mareschal

With horrid oaths that if he ventured flight,
 They would annihilate his steed and all,
 And eat their flesh by way of funeral.

Now Roderic, who felt the fearful taunt

And knew in truth how weak his party were,
 Nathless was not the boy a threat could daunt,
 And bad them capture and *then* eat their
 hare.

That mode he said was taught him by his aunt,
 Who was an editress of dainty fare,
 And often with some wisdom had observed
 That plums are gather'd ere they are preserved.

There is no telling whence an able mind,
 Such as was Roderic's may gather know-
 ledge,—

And that too of a philosophic kind;—
 And every scholar surely will acknowledge
 That what is USEFUL of it to mankind,
 Is found in cookery as well as college:
 A hint worth knowing to that great Society,
 Who cram the young with wisdom to satiety.

Some men seek wisdom in a spider's thread,—

And some have found it in this simple way,
 As all will fairly own, who e'er have read

A certain story of a certain day;—
 Some find it in repentance, when they wed,
 And not uncommonly as many say.

Roderic, you see, acquired it of his aunt,
 And none, my friend, will dare assert you can't.

The pert reply which Roderic had made,
 Was quite enough to aggravate a saint—

And giants are not always of that trade,
 And therefore do not practise such restraint.
 To it they went with knotted club to blade,
 With much of power but with little feint,

Despising all the tricks of practised swords
 men,
 Or vantage that the art of arms affords men.

The brave Ribaldo fell and mighty George
 Smash'd to a thousand atoms by Grimskal
 kin,

Whilst Reginald made Pedagog disgorge
 Some precious feast indulged in with Grim-
 skal—

A fellow labourer at the Cyclop forge
 With boots he might have tepp'd from
 Brest to Balkh in,

And body next to which St. Paul's would look
 Much like this volume next some graver book.

And Roderic all this while was twisting, leap-
 ing,

Attacking, pirouetting here or there,
 In fact was doing everything but sleeping,
 Evading every blow with wondrous care:
 And when he had the chance forever sleeping
 His sword in some fresh wound:—nor did
 he spare

His adversaries' legs, their bodies being,
 Within no reach for anything but seeing.

The contest might have lasted out the day,
 But by some sad mischance a cruel blow
 Stretch'd our young chieftain on a bed of clay,
 And all the rest made of their heel and toe

The common use with people in dismay;—
 In fact, considering it time to go,
 I am ashamed to own they ran away,
 Leaving the giants with their helpless prey.

And after all they were not very base:—

They fought with no such flimsy bravery
 Until they found their's was a desperate case
 And that, unaided by his gallantry,
 Their only hope of safety was their pace:—

To do them justice too they thought that he
 Was fairly kill'd, as any would have thought
 Who saw with what an enemy he fought.

Nor can we blame them, for the giants too
 Were so assured that Roderic was dead,
 That they ne'er took the pains to go and vie
 What kind of wound it was from which he
 bled.

Nor had they time to think of those they slew
 Nor to pursue the recreant ones that fled,
 For they lamented many a lifeless friend,
 And had the wounded of their own to tend.

Monody

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away.
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where
Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm so still and
deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak
but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose
hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;

In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vic'd,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise
their pride.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lip—and
blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they
praised.

And here, oh! here, where yet all young
and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit,
The glowing portraits fresh from life, that
bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they
spring ;
These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fist of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but
Woe.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever on detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name.
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy.
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain
The envious who but breathe in others' pain

Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
 Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
 Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
 Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
 Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
 And like the pyramid of Calumny!
 These are his portion—but if join'd to these
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep
 Disease,

If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—
 If such may be the ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling
 given

Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from
 Heaven,

Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds
 borne,

Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—
 scorch—and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
 Such things should be—if such have ever
 been;

Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add ou
 mite

Of praise in payment of a long delight.
 Ye Orators! whom yet your councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!*
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
 While Power of mind almost of boundless
 range,

Complete in kind—as various as their change,
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Mark's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

A ROMAUNT.

PREFACE.

[TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.]

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two Cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, one whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few

concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

TO IANTHE.*

NOR in those climes where I have late been
straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been match-
less deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they
beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language
could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
 Nor unbesem the promise of thy spring,
 As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
 Love's image upon earth without his wing,
 And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
 And surely she who now so fondly rears
 Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
 Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
 Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow dis-
 appears.

Young Peri³ of the West!—'t is well for me
 My years already doubly number thine;
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall
 bleed,
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,
 But mix'd with pangs to Love's even love-
 liest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,⁴
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
 That smile for which my breast might vainly
 sigh,
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
 This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
 To one so young my strain I would commend,
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless
 lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
 On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
 My days once number'd, should this homage
 past
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
 Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
 Such is the most my memory may desire;
 Though more than Hope can claim, could
 Friendship less require?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

CANTO THE FIRST

I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
 Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will.
 Since shamed full oft by later lyrics on earth,
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill.
 Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
 Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,¹
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of
 mine.

II.

Whilome in A'bion's isle there dwelt a youth,
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night
 Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight
 Save concubines and carnal companie,
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low
 degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his
 name
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame.
 And had been glorious in another day:
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
 However mighty in the olden time;
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun
 Disporting there like any other fly,
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done
 One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
 He felt the fulness of satiety:
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Ere-
 mite's sad cell

v.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd
to taste.

vi.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek
the shades below.

vii.

The Childe departed from his father's hall;
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and
smile; [agen,
And monks might deem their time was come
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these
holy men.

viii.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's
brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could
not control.

ix.

And none did love him—though to hall and
bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew then flatt'ers of the festal hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.

Yea! none did love him—not his lemans' fear—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs
might despair.

x.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly
hope to heal.

xi.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy
hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass
Earth's central line.⁶

xii.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds
blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning
kept.

xiii.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could
string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last
"Good Night."

" **ADIEU, adieu!** my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

" A few short hours and He will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

" Come hither, hither, my little page!⁷
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.

Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;⁸
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone
But thee—and one above.

' My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.'—
" Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

" Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,⁹
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"—
' Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

' My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?'—

" Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

" For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

" And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

" With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!"

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude, in Biscay's sleepless bay
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay,
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few
rustics reap.

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious and!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress his high com-
mand,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest
foemen purge.

XVI

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 O' mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford :
 nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who liek yet loathe the hand that waves the
 sword [sparing lord.
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's un-

XVII.

But whose entered within this town,
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;
 For hut and palace show like filthily ;
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;
 Ne personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt,
 unwash'd ; unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest
 scenes—
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?
 Lo ! Cintra's¹⁰ glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah, me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Ely-
 sium's gates ?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy
 steep, [brown'd,
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies im-
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must
 weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with variea
 beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at " Our Lady's house of woe ;"¹¹

Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell :
 Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo !
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a
 Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path :
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath.
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin'
 knife,
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath,
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
 Throughout this purple land, where law so
 cures not life.¹²

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
 Are domes where whilome kings did make
 repair ; [breathe
 But now the wild flowers round them only
 Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair :
 There thou too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest
 son,
 Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath
 done, [to shun.
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wout

XXIII

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of plea-
 sure plan.
 Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow ;
 But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide ;
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle
 tide !

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late con-
 vened !¹³
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !
 With diadem high foolscap, lo ! a fiend,
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,

There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points, and laughs with
all his soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Foily dash'd to earth the victor plume,
And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's
coast!

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for
shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through
many a coming year?

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to
flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth vi'ss'pent in maddest whim;
But as he gaz'd on truth his aching eyes
grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his sou:
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience
sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwell of yore the Lusians' luckless
queen;¹⁴
And church and court did mingle their array.
And mass and revel were alternate scen
Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted try I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such gloriou
sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to
varnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant
place,
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to
trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope
to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherd's
tend knows—
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Sub-
jection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divided
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,
No horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's lane
from Gaul:

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,

That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow ;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke :
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of
the low.

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been
pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk
the strong :
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts
oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore.
When Cava's traitor-sirc first call'd the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic
gore?¹⁵
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent
pale, [matrons' wail.
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish

XXXVI.

Seems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest-fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine
estate,
See how the mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and His-
tory does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Go! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies.
Now on the smokc of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's
roar!
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Anda-
lusia's shore?

XXXVII.

Hark! heard you not those woofs of dreadful
note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the recking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to
rock [breathe;
Each volley tells that thousands cease to
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel
the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet [done;
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he
deems most sweet.

XLI.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from
their lair, [prey!
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their
array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue
skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain, [gain.
And fertilize the field that each pretends to

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd
fools! [clay!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way

With human hearts—to what?—a dream
alone. [sway?
Can despots compass aught that hails their
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone
by bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera, glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and
bleed!
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping
throng, [transient song.
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single
name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's
good, [shame;
And die, that living might have proved her
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path
pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wished-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
Is vain, or Ilium, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease
to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
[wounds:
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck¹⁶
sounds;

Here Folly still his votaries intralls;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight
rounds:
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the
t'ring walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet: [near
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man
be happy yet!

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion in his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants "Viva el Rey!"¹⁷
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed
boy, [adulterate joy.
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets
rest, [ground;
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd
vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the
host, [nest;
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were
won and lost.

L.

And whomso'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to
greet¹⁸
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the
cannon's smoke.

LII.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid¹⁹, the ever-blazing
match,

LIII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their
way; [world.
The West must own the Scourger of the
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-
day, [unfurl'd,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to
Hades hurl'd.

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the
brave, [reign?
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Man-
hood's heart of steel?

LIV.

'Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owl's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars
might quake to tread.

LIV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-
black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,

Her fairy form, with more than female grace
Scarcely would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's
fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear,
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avnge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope
is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd
wall?²⁰

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But form'd for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons
And in the horrid phalaux dare to move
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness, far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms per-
chance as great

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his
touch:
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous
clutch! [seek?
Who round the North for paler dames would
How poor their forms appear! how languid,
wan, and weak!

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to
laud;
Match me, ye harams of the land! where now²¹
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign
to know,
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically
kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus²²! whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse
 will wave her wing.

LXI.

Of: have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious
 name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it
 not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melo-
 dious wave.

LXIII.

Of wee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
 Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle
 vault.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece
 was young,
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,

Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love than Andalusia's maids,
 Nurs'd in the glowing lap of soft desire:
 Ah! that to these were given such peace and
 shades [her glades.
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient
 days;
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
 Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze?
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gaze,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive
 shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to
 thee— [elime
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,
 To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee
 And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white,
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing
 bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled
 Morn
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each other's knees. A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour
 by turns.

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
 Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's
 roar? [gore
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his
 horn; [more];
 The thron'd arena shakes with shouts for
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects
 to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
 Lon lon! right well thou know'st the day of
 prayer:
 Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse
 chair, [whirl;
 And humblest gig through sundry suburbs
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make re-
 pair;
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedes-
 trian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
 Others along the safer turnpike fly;
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to
 Ware,
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
 Ask ye, Bœotiar shades! the reason why? ²³
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
 Gras'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
 In whose dread name both men and maids are
 sworn,
 And consecrate the oath ²⁴ with draught,
 and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
 Thy saint adorers count the rosary:
 Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same
 diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated
 round;
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
 Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
 Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
 None through their cold disdain are doom'd to
 die,
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's
 sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light
 poised lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance,
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly
 prance:
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely
 glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their
 toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
 But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed
 o'er, [speed
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
 Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and
 bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls
 The den expands, and Expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty
 brute,
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
 Here, there, he points his threatening front,
 to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilat'd
 glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
 Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career
 With well-timed croupe ²⁵ the nimble courses
 veer;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent
 clear:
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
 Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud
 bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force,
 One gallant steed is stretch'd amangled corse ;
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he
 rears ; [harm'd he bears.
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord un-

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances
 brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray ;
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
 Once more through all he bursts his thunder-
 ing way—
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks
 upon the sand !²⁶

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the
 spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
 The decorated car appears—on high [eyes—
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in
 dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish
 swain,
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
 What private feuds the troubled village stain !
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet
 the foe,
 Enough, alas ! in humble homes remain,
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence
 life's warm stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,
 His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sage !
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could engage

Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd
 age.

Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage,)
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
 While on the gay dance shone Night's
 lover-loving Queen ?

LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream,
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings ;
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling
 venom flings.

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it moved him as it moves the
 wise ;
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes :
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies ;
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :
 Pleasure's pall'd victim ! life-abhorring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's un-
 resting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate :
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the
 song ;
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his
 fate ?
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his
 happier day.

TO INEZ.

I.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow ;
 Alas ! I cannot smile again :
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
The world bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote
Still, still pursues, where-e'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
What'e'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's inere.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have
stood?
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
First to be free and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,

Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:²⁷
Here all were noble, save Nobility;
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen
Chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free
A Kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee.
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;
Fond of a land which gave them nought but
life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife;
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the
knife!"²⁸

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards
know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foil
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorse-
less deed!

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleach-
ing stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes
we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet alas! the dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees;
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she
frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder
unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from
 blight? [toil?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of
 the soil!

XCI.

And thou, my friend!²⁹—since unavailing woe
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the
 strain—
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully
 to rest?

XCII.

Be known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in
 repose

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble more.
 Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:
 Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous
 hands were quell'd.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou
 alas!
 Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
 Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire,³⁰
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd
 breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in
 soul? [that were
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering
 tower, [shade of power,
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even gods must yield—religions take their
 turn: [creeds
 'T was Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope
 is built on reeds.

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
 Is't not enough unhappy thing! to know
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou would'st be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
 That little urn saith more than thousand
 soulless.

v.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:³¹
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
s that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her
shatter'd cell!

vi.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
and Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

vii.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot
shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever wel-
come rest.

viii.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who
taught the right!

ix.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee
dead,
When busy memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,

And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy
spirit blest!

x.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:³²
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be; nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek
carols by.

xi.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was
free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant
brine.³³

xii.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath
spared:
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand pre-
pared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of
Despot's chains.

xiii.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom
wring,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
Th' last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Fled forebore, and tyrants left
to stand.

XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain en-
thrall'd,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once
more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to
shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on
thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines re-
moved
By British hands, which it had best behaved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they
roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern
climes abhorr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;
No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave,
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not
enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and
crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their
flight,
No duller sailer wearing bravely now,
No gaily curl the waves before each dashing
prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high—
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry
While through the seaman's hand the tackl
glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by
trains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin
guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever b...
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends the
strength to nerve

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail.
That lagging barks may make their lazy way
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs
like these!

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves ex-
pand; [lieve:
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids be-
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure feately move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were
free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze.

How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning
phase ;

But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain cliff to coast descending
sombre down

XXIII.

'T is night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end :
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a
friend. [bend,

Who with the weight of years would wish to
When Youth itself survives young Love and
Joy ?

Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy !

Ah ! happy years ! once more who would
not be a boy ? *

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and
Pride,

And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;
A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart
divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold

Converse with Nature's charms, and view
her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of
men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can
bless ;

Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot ;
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost
forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
O't trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the
tack, [wind
And each well known caprice of wave and
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and
all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,³⁴
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to
weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen
doubly sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :
But trust not this ; too easy youth, beware !
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence ! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be
thine :

But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang
for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought
Save Admiration glancing harmless by :
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,

Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway
was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 't was said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment,
their law;

All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told
flames, [rarely anger dames.
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art;³⁵
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;³⁶
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining
crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that what 'tis won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once
possess'd?

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving
tropes;
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion
crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.

'T is an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The pultry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to
please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were aerd,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever sooth be
taught

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd
child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have mark'd her when none other
hath, [best in wrath
And sought her more and more, and loved her

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Thence of the young, and beacon of the wise
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each
city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren
spot,
Where sad Penelope o'er-look'd the wave;³⁷
And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children
may aspire.

XL.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar;
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war.

Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;³⁹

Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,

But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd
at martial wight.

XL I.

But when he saw the evening star above
Lencædia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :
And as the stately vessel glided slow

Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his
pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountainer :
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the
closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view :
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants
were few ;

Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
This made th' easeless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed
summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear ;
Churchman and votary alike despised.
Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !

Who from true worship's gold can separate
thy dross ?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !
In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
Did many a Roman chief and Asian king⁴⁰
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :
Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose !⁴¹
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, wither
ing ;

Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes !
God ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to
win and lose ?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime.
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount
sublime,

Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fail
Though classic ground and consecrated moor
To match some spots that lurk within th'
lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,⁴²
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief⁴³, whose dread com-
mand

Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold :
Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to
gold.⁴⁴

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza⁴⁵ ! from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground !
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms ar
found !

Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonise the whole :
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock
yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill.
Which, were it not for many a mountain night
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,

The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :
 Here dwells the caloyer⁴⁶, nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by
 Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's
 sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the
 eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,⁴⁷
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the
 mountain-fir
 Nodding above ; behold black Acheron !⁴⁸
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade
 shall seek for none.

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote⁴⁹
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-
 lived shock.

LIII.

h ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?
 What valley echoed the response of Jove ?
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's
 shrine ?
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
 Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must
 sink beneath the stroke !

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mount ains fail ;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy die :
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanso.
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's
 solemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,⁵⁰
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;⁵¹
 The shades of wonted night were gathering
 yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing
 nigh,
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the
 lengthening glen.

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
 While busy preparation shook the court,
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons
 wait ;
 Within, a palace, and without, a fort :
 Here men of every clime appear to make
 resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
 Circed the wide-extending court below ;
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridor ;
 And oft-times through the area's echoing door,
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed
 away : [Moor
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,
 While the deep war-drum's sound announc'd
 the close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;

The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem for devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;

Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God!—to prayer—
lo! God is great!"⁵²

LX.

'Tis at this season Ramazani's fast⁵³
Through the long day its penance did maintain:
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board
within;

The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out
and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Best cares! all other feelings far above!
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast, no meaner pas-
sion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
All reclined, a man of war and woes:
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentler her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him
with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth:
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hatn averr'd,
So sings the Tcian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth
Besecming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth
Blood follows blood, and, through their mor-
tal span, [blood began.⁵⁴
In bloodier acts conclude those who with

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retrea-
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet,
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagu'd with Pomp, the zest
of both destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship
sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief
may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's
tower,
Thronging to war in splendour and success;
And after view'd them, when, within their
power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlic
press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him
less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof⁵⁵—
In aught that tries the heart how few with-
stand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his
bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;

Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting
sore [Turk
That those who loathe alike the Frank and
Might once again renew their ancient
butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome
hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous
swamp,
Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so
bland, [ments damp,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their gar-
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful
lamp, [had:
And spread their fare; though homely, all they
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp—
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at
least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds
espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraiky forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come whispering lightly from the
west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene:—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft
presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly
blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,⁵⁶
And he that unawares had there ygazed
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;

For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began;
Each Palikar⁵⁷ his sabre from him cast,
And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced
the kirtled clan.⁵⁸

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,
And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee,
And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang,
half scream'd:—

1.

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi⁵⁹! thy larum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

2.

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wick
flock, [the rock
And descends to the plain like the stream from

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live!
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance
forego?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase,
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder,
before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the Pirates of Parga that dwell by th
waves, [slaves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy,
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing
hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall
sooth; [toned lyre,
Let her bring from her chamber the many-
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,⁶⁰
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors'
yeil; [shared,
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we
spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the
Vizier: [ne'er saw
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd⁶¹ Giaours⁶² view his
horse-tail⁶³ with dread [the banks,
When his Delhis⁶⁴ come dashing in blood o'er
How few shall escape from the Muscovite
ranks!

11.

Belictar⁶⁵! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar:
Fambourgi! thy larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen,
great!

Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee
from the tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow⁶⁶
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which
now

Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,

But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish
hand, [deed, unmann'd.
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and wh
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd
anew

With thy unquenched beam, 'lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage.
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's
mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the
blow? [wrought!
By their right arms the conquest must be
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is st
the same; [of shame
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine year!

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again ma
wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;⁶⁷
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
The prophet's⁶⁸ tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of
endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear
Some days of joyance are decreed to all,
To take of pleasure each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than
thine,

Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine.

And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!

As if they were her minstrels once, for free her
throne,

All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such
song,

As woe'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
O'er Music changed, but never ceased her tone,

And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:

The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the
wave,

T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,

Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the
banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,

Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand

Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still:

O'er Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy
band,

Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,

These hours, and only these, redeem Life's
years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,

Even through the closest scarment half be-
tray'd?

To such the gentle murmurs of the main

Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;

To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern dis-
dain:

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,

And long to change the robe of revel for the
shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:

Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he

lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:

Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe
thee most;

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degene-
rate horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,

When Thebes Epaminondas rears again.

When Athens' children are with hearts endued

When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men

Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state.,

An hour may lay it in the dust: and when

Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,

Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time
and Fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,

Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou

Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,⁶⁹

Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;

Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow

Commingling slowly with heroic earth,

Broke by the share of every rustic plough:

So perish monuments of mortal birth,

So perish all in turn, save well-recorded

Worth;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns

Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;⁷⁰

Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns

Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;

Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,

Where the gray stones and unmolested grass

Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,

While strangers only not regardless pass,

Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and
sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;

Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy
fields,

Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,

And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;

There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds

The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;

Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,

Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;

Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still
fair

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and
 wold [gone:
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples
 Age shakes Athens's tower, but spares gray
 Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
 The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word;
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's
 career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger!
 spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battae and of song;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
 Beast of the aged! lesson of the young!
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful
 lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome
 hearth;
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;

But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and
 Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
 And pass in peace along the magic waste:
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand
 Deface the scenes, already how delaced!
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed
 Reverse the remnants nations once revered:
 So may our country's name be undisgraced.
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was
 rear'd,
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days:
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial
 praise;
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve
 And none are left to please when none are
 left to love.

XCv.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound to
 me;
 Who did for me what none beside have done
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more
 shall see—
 Would they had never been, or were to come
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh
 cause to roam!

XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death!
 thou hast; [friend:
 The parent, friend, and now the more than
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had
 to lend.

XCVII.

Ther must I plunge again into the crowd,
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
 Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
 miles form the channel of a future tear,
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled
 sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
 Yer hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years
 ally'd.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
 ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they
 smiled,
 And then we parted,—not as now we part,
 But with a hope.—
 Awaking with a start,
 The waters heave around me; and on high
 The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
 Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by.
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve
 a glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 Though the strained mast should quiver as a
 reed,

And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale
 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
 breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind
 Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a
 flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string
 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
 theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
 So that no wonder waits him; nor below
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet
 rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's
 haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse
 earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd
 feelings' death

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I have thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'T is too late!
 Yet am I changed; though still enough the
 same
 In strength to bear what time can not abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing
 Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 't is
 past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
 We of the breast which fain no more would feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but
 ne'er heal;
 Let Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near
 the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unsecn,
 And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with
 pain, [keen,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew
 Entering with every step he took through
 many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
 And he, as one, might midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
 Fit speculation; such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and
 Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's
 cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds
 unfold

The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's
 fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
 Little in common; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was
 quell'd, [pell'd
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncom-
 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
 Proud though in desolation; which could find
 A life within itself, to breathe without man-
 kind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were
 fields;
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home:
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft for-
 sake [the lake.
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams can

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 Still he had peopled them with beings bright
 As their own beams; and earth, and earth
 born jars,
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 He had been happy; but this clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woo
 us to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his be
 som eat.

xvi.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With naught of hope left, but with less of
gloom;

The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plun-
der'd wreck

When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking
deck,— [to check.

Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore

xvii.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red ruin hath made the harvest
grow!

And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making
Victory?

xviii.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place"⁷¹ here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;

He wears the shatter'd links of the world's
broken chain.

xix.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *Oze* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patch'd up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove*
before ye praise!

xx.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot
tears

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years

Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius⁷² drew on Athens ty-
rant lord.

xxi.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;⁷³

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell!

xxii.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure
meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's open-
ing roar!

xxiii.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear;

And when they smiled because he deem'd it
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,⁷⁴
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell: [fighting, fell.

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost

xxiv.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs [guess

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful ~~more~~
could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
 steed, [car,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
 They come! they come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
 rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
 foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
 fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's⁷⁵ fame rings in each
 clansman's ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes⁷⁶ waves above them her green
 leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder
 cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
 rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and
 pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
 burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than
 mine;
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng
 Partly because they bleed me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song,
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest
 lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine
 young gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for
 thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to
 live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she
 could not bring.⁷⁷

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must
 awake [of Fame
 Those whom they thirst for; though the sound
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer
 claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length: and, smiling,
 mourn:
 The tree will wither long before it fall;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be
 torn;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
 gone;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
 The day drags through though storms keep out
 the sun;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
 live on:

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are
untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
Fidelity of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples⁷⁸ on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—sav' would
he name threescore?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man.
They are enough; and if thy tale be true,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting
span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
'Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!'
And this is much, and all which will not
pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been!
For daring made thy rise as fall! thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer
of the scene!

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou.
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than
now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who wou'd thee once, thy vassal, and became

The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou
didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool
now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield
An empire thou couldst crush, command, re-
build,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of
war, [loftiest star.
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the

XXXIX.

Ye well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast
smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite
child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon
him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could contain
Men and their thoughts; 't was wise to feel,
not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;
'T is but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such
who choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the
shock; [thy throne,
But men's thoughts were the stones which pave'd
Their admiration thy best weapon shone:

The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide
 a den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
 And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men
 mad

By their contagion: Conquerors and Kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
 And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
 Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to
 shine or rule:

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
 snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those
 summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?

There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties; streams and del
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain,
 vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin
 greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
 There was a day when they were young and
 proud,
 Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere
 now, [fate re blow,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
 Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
 What want these outlaws' conquerors should
 have? [great!
 But History's purchased page to call them
 A wider space, an ornamented grave?
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls
 were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin
 run.

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure
 for ever
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mo
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such
 to me, [should Lethe be
 Even now what wants thy stream? —that it

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks;

Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream

Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping
as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensibly to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile
dear:

Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,

But o'er it in such scenes would steal with
transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.

It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,

And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom
dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—

The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Ever in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, its little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,

In him this glow'd when all beside had
ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though
unwed,

That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities

Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent
greetings pour!

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels⁸⁰
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me

2

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound.
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid

Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
 Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's
 lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled
 to resume.

LVII.

rief, brave, and glorious was his young
 career,— [foes ;
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men
 o'er him wept.⁸¹

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein⁸², with her shatter'd wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
 Let show of what she was, when shell and
 ball

Rebounding idly on her strength did light :
 A tower of victory! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :
 But Peace destroy'd what War could never
 blight, [rain—
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's
 On which the iron shower for years had
 pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighte.
 The stranger fain would linger on his way!
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
 Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
 ild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the
 year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine,
 The mind is colour'd by thy every hue ;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
 'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise ;
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring
 shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories o.
 old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful boom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
 In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though Emp
 pires near them fall.

LXII.

But these recède. Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalp,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow :
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave
 vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
 There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where
 man
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
 Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that
 plain ;
 Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
 A bony heap, through ages to remain,
 Themselves their monument; the Stygian coast
 Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each
 wandering ghost.⁸³

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand
 They were true Glory's stainless victories,
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
 All unbought champions in no princely cause
 Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
 Making kings' rights divine, by some Dra
 conic clause

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days ;
 'T is the last remnant of the wreck of years,
 And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze

Of one to stone converted by amaze,
 Yet still consciousness ; and there it stands
 Making a marvel that it not decays,
 When the coeval pride of human hands,
 Lovell'd Aventicum⁸⁴, hath strew'd her sub-
 ject lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be the
 name !—
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
 Her youth to heaven ; her heart, beneath a
 claim [grave.
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would
 crave
 The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,
 And then she died on him she could not save.
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one
 heart, one dust.⁸⁵

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass
 away, [earth
 And names that must not wither, though the
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death
 and birth ;
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,⁸⁶
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountain view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 'ts clear depth yields of their far height and
 hue :
 There is too much of man here, to look through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of
 old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in
 their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind ·
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil

Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where
 none are strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our year
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears.
 And colour things to come with hues of Night ;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd
 ne'er shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,⁸⁷
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to
 inflict or bear ?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me ; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture : I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can
 flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in
 vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion : which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the
 blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the clay cold bonds which round
 our being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Rest of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust 's as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?
 Of which, even now, I share at times the
 immortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a
 part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion? should I not contemn
 All objects, if compared with these? and stem
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts
 which dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return
 To that which is immediate, and require
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,
 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
 A native of the land where I respire
 The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
 Where he became a being,—whose desire
 Was to be glorious; 't was a foolish quest,
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed
 all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
 The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 The breath which made him wretched; yet
 he knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-
 ingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
 On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
 Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
 But his was not the love of living dame,

Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 But of ideal beauty, which became
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
 Along his burning page, distemper'd though
 it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
 Invested her with all that 's wild and sweet;
 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss⁸⁸
 Which every mom his fever'd lip would greet.
 From hers, who but with friendship his would
 meet; [breast
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat:
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they
 seek possess.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes
 Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
 For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and
 blind. [know
 But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who ma
 Since cause might be which skill could neva
 find;
 But he was phrensied by disease or woe
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears
 reasoning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more
 Did he not this for France? which lay before
 Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows
 o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
 Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they
 rent,
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
 But good with ill they also overthrew,
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
 Upon the same foundation, and renew
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour
 re-fill'd, [will'd.
 As heretofore, because ambition was self

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.

They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook
their prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been van-
quish'd, bear

Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need
despair:

It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be
slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Tom ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
carol more;

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her
hues.

LXXXVIII

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty, and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star.

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in
sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high
host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth
melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes
known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'t would
disarm [to harra.
The spectre Death, had he substantial power

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and com-
pare

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe *th*
pray'r!

XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh
 night, [strong,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone
 cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
 aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!⁸⁹
 Now the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 't is black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
 quake's birth.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way
 between [parted
 Heights which appear as lovers who have
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-
 hearted; [thwarted,
 Though in their souls, which thus each other
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
 departed:—
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves
 to wage.

XCv.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft
 his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath
 fork'd
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever
 therein lurk'd.

XCvI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings'
 ye! [soul
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; the far
 roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
 Are ye like those within the human breast?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
 high nest?

XCvII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or
 weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one*
 word, [speak;
 And that one word were Lightning, I would
 But as it is, I live and die unheard
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it
 as a sword.

XCvIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all
 bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
 And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence: and thus I.
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd
 fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep
 Love! [thought,
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who
 sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that
 woos then mocks.

c.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the
god

Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most
desolate hour.

cI.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the
shore,

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where
it stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude,

cII.

a populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than
words,

And innocently open their glad wings
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,

Mingling, and made by Love, unto one
mighty end.

cIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that
lore,

And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far
from those,

For 't is his nature to advance or die:
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie

With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

cIV.

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound.

And narrow a it with loveliness: 't is lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the
Rhone [rear'd a throne
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have

iv.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been th
abodes

Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous
roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and
the flame

Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do
more than smile.

cVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as th
wind,

Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake
a throne.

cVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew
from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquent
well.

cVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall
be made

Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,

'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is
just

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feel,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers
of air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires;
still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's
imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be,—and to conceal
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is
taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or
forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and
still could,
If I had not filed my mind, which thus itsel.
subdued

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may
be [not deceive,
Words which are things,—hopes which will
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the falling: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve.
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness
no dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall
end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend.
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like
to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'t were
the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou would'st love me, still that more
than life retain

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee.
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have
been to me!

Don Juan.

“Difficile est proprie communia dicere.”—HOR.

“Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?—Yes, y Saint Anne, and Ginger shall be hot i’ the mouth, too!”—SHAKSPEARE, *Twelfth Night, or What You Will.*

DEDICATION.¹

I.

BOB SOUTHEY! You’re a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race,
Although ’t is true that you turn’d out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common
case,—

And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at.
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like “four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

II.

“Which pye being open’d they began to sing
(This old song and new simile holds good),
“A dainty dish to set before the King,”
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Colridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber’d with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

III.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
o supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
nd then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high
Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long “Excursion:
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;

’T is poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

V.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusjoul
Of one another’s minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you’d change your
lakes for ocean.

VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its
price. [wrought?
You have your salary; was’t for that you
And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise.
You’re shabby fellows—true—but poets still,
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

VII.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your
brows— [go—
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross below
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe,
will try
’Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses
Contend not with you on the winged steed
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you need

And recollect a poet nothing loses
 In giving to his brethren their full meed
 Of merit, and complaint of present days
 Is not the certain path to future praise.

IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
 (Who does not often claim the bright rever-
 sion)
 Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
 Being only injured by his own assertion;
 And although here and there some glorious rarity
 Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,
 The major part of such appellants go
 To—God knows where—for no one else can
 know.

X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
 Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,
 If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
 And makes the word "Miltonic" mean
 "sublime,"
 He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
 Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
 He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
 But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—
 arise [more
 Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once
 The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
 Or be alive again—again all hoar
 With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
 And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—
 and poor;
 Would he adore a sultan? he obey
 The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
 Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
 And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
 Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
 The vilest tool that Tyranny could want,
 With just enough of talent, and no more,
 To lengthen fetters by another fix'd
 And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
 Ineffably—legitimately vile,
 That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
 Nor foes—all nations—condescend to
 smile,—

Nor even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
 From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
 That turns and turns to give the world a notion
 Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
 And botching, patching, leaving still behind
 Something of which its masters are afraid,
 States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be con-
 fined,
 Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
 Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
 A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains
 With God and man's abhorrence for its gains

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
 Emasculated to the marrow *It*
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind
 Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit
 Eutropius of its many masters,—blind
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit
 Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
 For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!
 Thy late reviving Roman soul despouds
 Beneath the lie this State-thing breathe
 o'er thee— [wounds
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet greet
 Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me
 Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies still
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

XVII.

Meantime—Sir Laureate—I proceed to dedi-
 cate,
 In honest simple verse, this song to you.
 And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate
 'Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"
 My politics as yet are all to educate:
 Apostasy's so fashionable, too, [culean:
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Her
 Is it not so, *my* Tory, ultra-Julian?³

Veni'e, Sept. 16, 1816.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,
 When every year and month sends forth a
 new one,
 Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
 The age discovers he is not the true one;
 Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,⁴
 I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don
 Juan—
 We all have seen him, in the pantomime,
 Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon⁵, the butcher Cumberland⁶, Wolfe⁷,
 Hawke⁸,
 Prince Ferdinand⁹, Granby¹⁰, Burgoyne¹¹,
 Keppell¹², Howe¹³,
 Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
 And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Welles-
 ley now; [stalk,
 Each in their turn, like Banquo's monarchs
 Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow:
 France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier
 Recorded in the *Moniteur* and *Courier*.

III.

Barnave¹⁴, Brissot¹⁵, Condorcet¹⁶, Mirabeau¹⁷,
 Petion¹⁸, Cootz¹⁹, Danton²⁰, Marat²¹, La
 Fayette²²,
 Were French, and famous people, as we know;
 And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
 Joubert²³, Hoche²⁴, Marceau²⁵, Lannes²⁶,
 Desaix²⁷, Moreau,²⁸
 With many of the military set,
 Exceedingly remarkable at times,
 But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
 And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
 There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
 'T is with our hero quietly inurn'd;
 Because the army's grown more popular,
 At which the naval people are concern'd;
 Besides, the prince is all for the land-service,
 Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

V.

Brave men wereliving before the Agamemnon
 And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
 A good deal like him too, though quite the
 same none;
 But then they shone not on the poet's page
 And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
 But can't find any in the present age
 Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
 So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poets plunge "in medias res"
 (Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),
 And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
 What went before—by way of episode,
 While seated after dinner at his ease,
 Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
 Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
 Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
 My way is to begin with the beginning;
 The regularity of my design
 Forbids all wandering as the worst of sin-
 ning,
 And therefore I shall open with a line
 (Although it cost me half an hour in spin-
 ning)
 Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
 And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
 Famous for oranges and women—he²⁹
 Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
 So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
 Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
 Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may
 see;—
 Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
 A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir

IX.

His father's name was José—*Don*, of course,
 A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
 Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
 Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain!
 A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
 Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
 Than José, who begot our hero, who
 Begot—but that's to come—Well, to repeat

X

His mother was a learned lady, famed
 For every branch of every science known—
 In every Christian language ever named,
 With virtues equal'd by her wit alone
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
 And even the good with inward envy groan,
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded
 In their own way by all the things that she
 did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
 All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
 So that if any actor miss'd his part
 She could have served him for the prompter's
 copy;
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,³⁰
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
 Could never make a memory so fine as
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I
 call
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay
 puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's
 prayer,"
 And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
 She read some French romances here and there,
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
 For native Spanish she had no great care,
 At least her conversation was obscure;
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a prob-
 lem, ['em,
 s if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
 And said there was analogy between 'em;
 She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
 But I must leave the proofs to those who've
 seen 'em,
 But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
 And all may think which way their judg-
 ments lean 'em, ['I am,
 " 'T is strange—the Hebrew noun which means
 'The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she look'd a
 lecture,
 Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily
 An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
 Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,³
 The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector
 Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—
 One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"
 (The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity.")

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
 Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their
 covers,
 Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
 Or "Cælebs' Wife" set out in quest of
 lovers,
 Morality's prim personification,
 In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers:
 To others' share let "female errors fall,"
 For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
 Of any modern female saint's comparison;
 So far above the cunning powers of hell,
 Her guardian angel had given up his gar-
 rison;
 Even her minutest motions went as well
 As those of the best time-piece made by
 Harrison:
 In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
 Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
 Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
 Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss
 Till they were exiled from their earlier
 bowers,
 Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve
 hours),
 Don José like a lineal son of Eve,
 Went plucking various fruit without her leave,

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
 With no great love for learning, or the
 learn'd,
 Who chose to go wherc'er he had a mind,
 And never dream'd his lady was concern'd-
 The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

xx.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

xxi.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unpre-
pared, [fan;"]
That you might "brain them with their lady's
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands

xxii.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or, gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you
all?

xxiii.

Don José and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
I loathe that low vice—curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

xxiv.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

xxv.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;

Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both
in [forth
Their senses, they'd have sent young master
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home
To teach him manners for the time to come.

xxvi.

Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

xxvii.

For Inez call'd some druggists, and physicians
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only bad;
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seem'd ver
odd.

xxviii.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted),
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

xxix.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw his agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaim'd, "What magna-
nimity!"

xxx.

No doubt this patience, when the world is
damning us,
Is philosophic in our former friends;
'T is also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*"
Conduct like this by no means comprehends
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,
But ther' is not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know—no more
is

Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were
wishing all:

And science profits by this resurrection—
Deadscandals form good subjects for dissection

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Then their relations, who made matters worse.
(T were hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):

The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don José died.

XXXIII.

He died: and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From counsel learned in those kind of laws,
(Although their talk's obscure and circum-
spect)

His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died! and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
I ask'd the doctors after his disease—
He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet José was an honourable man,
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell:
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),
He had been ill brought up, and was born
bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound
him.

Let's own—since it can do no good on earth—
It was a trying moment that which found him

Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd
round him.

No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair.
And answer'd but to nature's just demands;
An only son left with an only mother
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juanshould be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree.
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Aragon.)
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our lord the king should go to war
again,
He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery.
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired
Was, that his breeding should be strictly
moral:
Much into all his studies she inquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read;
But not a page of any thing that's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vi

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their Æneids, Iliads, and Odysseys,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
 Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
 Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
 I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
 Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
 Where the sublime soars forth on wings
 more ample; [one
 But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid
 Beginning with "Formosum Pastor Corydon."

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
 For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
 I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
 Although no doubt his real intent was good,
 For speaking out so plainly in his song,
 So much indeed as to be downright rude;
 And then what proper person can be partial
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
 Expurgated by learned men, who place,
 Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
 The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface
 Too much their modest bard by this omission,
 And pitying sore his mutilated case,
 They only add them all in an appendix,
 Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

XLV.

For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
 Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;
 They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome
 troop,
 To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
 Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
 To call them back into their separate cages,
 Instead of standing staring altogether,
 Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
 Was ornamented in a sort of way
 Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
 Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,
 Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
 Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
 Is more than I know—But Don Juan's mother
 Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
 And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
 To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
 He did not take such studies for restraints:

But how faith is acquired, and then ensured,
 So well not one of the aforesaid paints
 As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
 Which make the reader envy his transgressions

XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—
 I can't but say that his mamma was right,
 If such an education was the true one.
 She scarcely trusted him from out her sight
 Her maids' were old, and if she took a new one
 You might be sure she was a perfect fright
 She did this during even her husband's life—
 I recommend' as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodliness and grace;
 At six a charming child, and at eleven
 With all the promise of as fine a face
 As e'er to man's maturer growth was given:
 He studied steadily, and grew apace,
 And seem'd, at least, in the right road to
 heaven,
 For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
 Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
 At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;
 Although in infancy a little wild,
 They tamed him down amongst them: to
 destroy
 His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd.
 At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
 Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady
 Her young philosopher was grown already.

LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
 But what I say is neither here nor there:
 I knew his father well, and have some skill
 In character—but it would not be fair
 From sire to son to augur good or ill:
 He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
 But scandal's my aversion—I protest
 Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
 This I will say—my reasons are my own—
 That if I had an only son to put
 To school (as God be praised that I have none)
 'T is not with Donna Inez I would shut
 Him up to learn his catechism alone,
 No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
 For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

LIII.

For there one learns—'t is not for me to boast,
Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
I say that there's the place—but "*Verbum*
sat."

think I pick'd up too, as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—
never married—but, I think, I know
That sons should not be educated so.

LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he
seem'd

Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And every body but his mother deem'd
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage
And bit her lips (for else she might have
scream'd)

If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural

As sweetness to the flower, or salt to *ocean*,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
(But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye
Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin.)
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain

LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be
At such alliances his sires would frown,
An that point so precise in each degree

That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their *parents*—nay, their aunts, and
nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its
flesh;

For from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;

The sons no more were short, the daughters
plain.

But there's a rumour which I fain would
'T is said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it centred in an only son,
Who left an only daughter; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasio
I shall have much to speak about), and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty
three.

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes,
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire
But would have been, perhaps, but for the sou.
Which struggled through and chasten'd down
the whole.

LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty,
And yet, I think, instead of such a one
'T were better to have two of five-and-twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun:
And now I think on't, "*mi vien in mente*,
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
Prefer a spouse whose age's short of thirty.

LXIII.

'T is a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
And all the fault of that indecent sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on
That howsoever people fast and pray,
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
What men call gallantry and gods adultery
Is much more common where the climate
sultry,

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North!

Where all is virtue, and the winter season
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
(’T was snow that brought St. Anthony to
reason);

Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
By laying whate’er sum, in mulct, they please
on

The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia’s lord,

A man well looking for his years, and who
Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorr’d:

They lived together as most people do,
Suffering each other’s foibles by accord,

And not exactly either *one* or *two*;
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—

With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,

For not a line had Julia ever penn’d;
Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,

For malice still imputes some private end)
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso’s marriage,
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connection,
Which time had lately render’d much more
chaste,

She took his lady also in affection,

And certainly this course was much the best:
She flatter’d Julia with her sage protection,

And complimented Don Alfonso’s taste:
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can’t tell whether Julia saw the affair

With other people’s eyes, or if her own
Discoveries made, but none could be aware

Of this, at least no symptom e’er was shown
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,

Indifferent from the first, or callous grown.
I’m really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,

Caress’d him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,

When she had twenty years and thirteen he;

But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three;
These few short years make wondrous altera-
tions,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate’er the cause might be, they had bctom
Changed; for the dame grew distant, th
youth shy, [dum

Their looks cast down, their greetings almost
And much embarrassment in either eye;

There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,

But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean

LXXI.

Yet Julia’s very coldness still was kind,

And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind

A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind

’T was but a doubt; but ne’er magician’s
wand

Wrought change with all Armida’s fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan’s heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She looked a sadness sweeter than her smile,

As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish’d more the
while

For that compression in its burning core;

Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays

Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays

Its workings through the vainly guarded eye
And in whatever aspect it arrays

Itself, ’t is still the same hypocrisy;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for sup-
pression,

And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no trans-
gression, [left:

Tremblings when met, and restlessness when
All these are little preludes to possession,

Of which young passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly love it
Embarrass’d at first starting with a novice,

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
 She felt it going, and resolved to make
 The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
 For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake
 Her resolutions were most truly great,
 And almost might have made a Tarquin
 quake:

She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
 As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
 And next day paid a visit to his mother,
 And look'd extremely at the opening door,
 Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
 Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
 Again it opens, it can be no other,
 'Tis surely Juan now—Ne: I'm afraid
 That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
 Should rather face and overcome temptation,
 That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
 Should ever give her heart the least sensation;
 That is to say, a thought beyond the common
 Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,
 For people who are pleasanter than others,
 But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
 The devil's so very sly—she should discover
 That all within was not so very well,
 And, if still free, that such or such a lover
 Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
 Such thoughts, and be the better when they're
 over;
 And if the man should ask, 't is but denial:
 I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
 Such as the angels think so very fine,
 And matrons, who would be no less secure,
 Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine;"
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure;
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger.
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kiss'd;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,

But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost lis
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger
 If people go beyond, 't is quite a crime,
 But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
 In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion;
 And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
 He might be taught, by love and her together—
 I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
 In mail of proof—her purity of soul,
 She, for the future of her strength convinced,
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
 With any kind of troublesome control;
 But whether Julia to the task was equal
 Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
 And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
 Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's
 seizable,
 Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
 Nothing but what was good, her breast was
 peaceable—
 A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
 Christians have burnt each other, quite per-
 suaded [did].
 That all the Apostles would have done as they

LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
 But Heaven forbid that such a thought
 should cross [sigh'd]
 Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she
 Never could she survive that common loss;
 But just suppose that moment should betide,
 I only say suppose it—*inter nos*.
 (This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
 In French, but then the rhyme would go for
 nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say, suppose this supposition:
 Juan being then grown up to man's estate
 Would fully suit a widow of condition, [late,
 Even sever years hence it would not be too
 And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
 The mischief, after all, could not be great,
 For he would learn the rudiments of love,
 I mean the seraph way of those above

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan.
 Poor little fellow! he had no idea
 Of his own ease, and never hit the true one:
 In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,³²
 He puzzled over what he found a new one,
 But not as yet imagined it could be a
 Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
 Which, with a little patience, might grow
 charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
 His home deserted for the lonely wood,
 Tormented with a wound he could not know,
 His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude:
 I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
 But then, I beg it may be understood,
 By solitude I mean a sultan's, not
 A hermit's, with a haram for a grove.

LXXXVIII.

"Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
 Where transport and security entwine,
 Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
 And here thou art a god indeed divine."
 The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,³³
 With the exception of the second line,
 For that same twining "transport and security"
 Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
 To the good sense and senses of mankind,
 The very thing which every body feels,
 As all have found on trial, or may find,
 That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
 Or love—I won't say more about "entwined"
 Or "transport," as we knew all that before,
 But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,
 Thinking unutterable things; he threw
 Himself at length within the leafy nooks
 Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;
 There poets find materials for their books,
 And every now and then we read them
 through,
 So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
 Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

XCI.

He, Juan, (and not Wordsworth) so pursued
 His self-communion with his own high soul,
 Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
 Had mitigated part, though not the whole

Of its disease; he did the best he could
 With things not very subject to control,
 And turn'd, without perceiving his condition
 Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth
 Of men the wonderful, and of the stars,
 And how the deuce they ever could have birth,
 And then he thought of earthquakes, and of
 wars,
 How many miles the moon might have in girth
 Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
 To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;—
 And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern
 Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
 Which some are born with, but the most part
 learn [why
 To plague themselves withal, they know not
 'T was strange that one so young should thus
 concern
 His brain about the action of the sky;
 If *you* think 't was philosophy that this did,
 I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
 And heard a voice in all the winds; and then
 He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal
 bowers,
 And how the goddesses came down to men—
 He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,
 And when he look'd upon his watch again,
 He found how much old Time had been a
 winner—
 He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,
 Boscan³⁴, or Garcilasso³⁵;—by the wind
 Even as the page is rustled while we look,
 So by the poesy of his own mind
 Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
 As if 't were one whereon magicians bind
 Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
 According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
 Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted
 Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
 Could yield his spirit that for which it panted

A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
And hear the heart beat with the love it
granted,
With—several other things which I forget,
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and length'ning reveries,
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
But that which chiefly may, and must sur-
prise,
I, that the Donna Inez did not tease
Her only son with question or surmise;
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 't is very com-
mon;
For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
And break the—Which commandment
is 't they break?
(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
I say when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies
tell us.

XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,
By harbouring some dear friend extremely
vicious;
The last indeed 's infallibly the case:
And when the spouse and friend are gone off
wholly,
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

c.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted:
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er
discover,
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's
lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

c1.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation,

But what that motive was, I shan't say here;
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize

c11.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—
Summer's indeed a very dangerous season
And so is spring about the end of May;
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason,
But whatsoever the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than
treason, [more merry in,—
That there are months which nature grows
March has its hares, and May must have its
heroine.

c111.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June:
I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the
Fates
Change horses, making history change its tune,
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

c1v.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet and Anacreon Moore,
To whom the lyre and laurels have been
given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them
long!

c1v.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any
case;
No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

c1vi.

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious hear
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no
wrong.
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on
the strong,

How self-deceitful is the sagest part

Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along —
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CXVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's
youth,

And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years :

I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CXVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do ;
When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite
them too ;

In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes ;
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

CXIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
For Don Alfonso ; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might improve ;
And while she ponder'd this, besides much
more,

One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own ;

CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;
And to contend with thoughts she could not
smother

She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.
Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,
She who for many years had watch'd her son
so—

I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said, "Detain me, if you please ;"

Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze ;

She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—
Love is so very timid when 't is new :
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to
speak, weak.
And held her tongue, her voice was grown st

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :
The devil's in the moon for mischief ; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature ; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine
smile—

And then she looks so modest all the while

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control ;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was
placed ; [harm,
Yet still she must have thought there was no
Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist ;
But then—the situation had its charm,
And then—God knows what next—I can't
go on ;

I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

CXVI.

Oh Plato ! Plato ! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controulless con
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers :—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation ;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion

But who, alas! can love and then be wise?

Not that remorse did not oppose temptation;
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—con-
sented

CXXVIII.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure:
e thinks, the requisition 's rather hard,
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:
For my part, I 'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXXIX.

Oh Pleasure! you are indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damn'd for you, no
doubt:

I make a resolution every spring
Of reformation, ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I 'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—
Start not! still chaster reader—she 'll 'be
nice hence—

Forward, and there is no great cause to quake;
This liberty is a poetic licence,
Which some irregularly may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 't is fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth, (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetic skill
For want of facts would all be thrown away.
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have pass'd;
we 'll say

'T was in November, but I 'm not so sure
About the day—the era 's more obscure

CXXII.

We 'll talk of that anon.—'T is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep,
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near
home;

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come
'T is sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentlemen of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too
long already,

For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

CXXVI.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our
quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend,
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall,
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—
all's known—

And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from
heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature, and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts;

'Tis is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different
marts; [lost your
You'd best begin with truth, and when you've
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their
sockets;

But vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,
With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,
By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes;
And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
But has not answer'd like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning,
By which men are unsuffocated gratis:

What wondrous new machines have late
been spinning!

I said the small-pox has gone out of late;
Perhaps it may be follow'd by the great.

CXXXI.

'T is said the great came from America;
Perhaps it may set out on its return,—
The population there so spreads, they say
'T is grown high time to thin it in its turn.
With war, or plague, or famine, any way,
So that civilisation they may learn;
And which in ravage the more loathsome evil
is—
Their real lues, or our pseudo-syphilis?

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions;
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'T is pity though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a
pleasure;
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and
then—

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—
And so good night.—Return we to our story
'T was in November, when fine days are few
And the far mountains wax a little hoary,
And clap a white cape on their mantles blue,
And the sea dashes round the promontory
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'T was, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was
bright [crowd;
With the piled wood, round which the family
There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:
I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'T was midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awake before,
And that they have been so we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more;—
The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then "Madam—
Madam—hist!

CXXXVII.

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's
my master,
With more than half the city at his back—
Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!
'T is not my fault—I kept good watch—
Alack!
Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window's not so *very* high!"

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great
number;
The major part of them had long been wived
And therefore paused not to disturb the
slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to en-
cumber.
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were *one* no punish'd, *all* would be outrageous

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
 Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
 But for a cavalier of his condition
 It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
 Without a word of previous admonition,
 To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
 And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
 To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,
 (Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept)
 Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
 Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,
 Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
 As 's' she had just now from out them crept;
 I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
 To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
 Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
 Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
 Had thought one man might be deterr'd by
 two,
 And therefore side by side were gently laid,
 Until the hours of absence should run through,
 And truant husband should return, and say,
 "My dear, I was the first who came away."

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
 "In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye
 mean?" [died
 Has madness seized you? would that I had
 Ere such a monster's victim I had been!
 What may this midnight violence betide,
 A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
 Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would
 kill?" [will.
 Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said "I

CXLIII.

He search'd, they search'd, and rummaged
 everywhere, [seat,
 Closets and clothes' press, chest and window-
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, com-
 plete,
 With other articles of ladies fair,
 To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:
 Arras they prick'd and curtains with their
 swords, [boards,
 And wounded several shutters, and some

CXLV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they
 found—
 No matter what—it was not that they sought
 They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
 Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said
 nought;
 And then they stared each others' faces round
 'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought
 And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
 Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition, Julia's tongue
 Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search,"
 she cried,
 "Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong
 It was for this that I became a bride!
 For this in silence I have suffer'd long
 A husband like Alfonso at my side;
 But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
 If there be law or lawyers, in all Spain.

CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
 If ever you indeed deserved the name,
 Is't worthy of your years?—you have three-
 score—
 Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—
 Is't wise or fitting, causeless to explore
 For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
 Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
 How dare you think your lady would go on so?"

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
 The common privileges of my sex?
 That I have chosen a confessor so old
 And deaf, that any other it would vex,
 And never once he has had cause to scold,
 But found my very innocence perplex
 So much, he always doubted I was married—
 How sorry you will be when I've miscarried

CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo³⁶ e'er
 I yet have chosen from out the youth of
 Seville?
 Is it for this, I scarce went any where,
 Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and
 revel?
 Is't for this, whate'er my suitors were,
 I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil?
 Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
 Who took Algiers³⁷, declares I used him vilely?"

CXLIX

‘ Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who kill’d himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

‘ Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez;
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock’d
trigger,
Now, tell me, aon’t you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

‘ Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking
sensible [spurn, he
Of having play’d the fool? though both I
Deserves the worst, his conduct’s less de-
fensible,
Because, no doubt ’twas for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.

CLII.

“ If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;
You’ve made the apartment in a fit condi-
tion:— [need—
There’s pen and ink for you, sir, when you
Let every thing be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee’d—
But, as my maid’s undrest, pray turn your
spies out.” [eyes out.”
Oh!” sobb’d Antonia, “ I could tear their

CLIII.

“ There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a
lover.
I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
And when ’t is found, let me, too, have that
pleasure.

CLIV.

“ And now, Hidalgo! now that you have ~~throw~~
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d’you
call [shown—
Him? what’s his lineage? let him but be
I hope he’s young and handsome—is he tall?
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain

CLV.

“ At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
Or for so young a husband’s jealous fears—
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
They are unworthy of my father’s daughter;
My mother dream’d not in my natal hour,
That I should fall into a monster’s power.

CLVI.

“ Perhaps ’tis of Antonia you are jealous,
You saw that she was sleeping by my side,
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
Look where you please—we’ve nothing, sir,
to hide;
Only another time, I trust, you’ll tell us,
Or for the sake of decency abide
A moment at the door, that we may be
Drest to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

“ And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
The little I have said may serve to show
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o’er
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
I leave you to your conscience as before,
’T will one day ask you why you used me so?
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!—
Antonia! where’s my pocket-handkerchief?

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn’d upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their
tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten, as a veil,
Waved and o’ershading her wan cheek,
appears [but fail,
He streaming hair: the black curls strive,
To hide the gloss, shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through al:—her soft lips lie apart
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransack’d room
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master and his myrmidons of whom.

Not one, except the attorney, was amused;

He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia's motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude;
For reputations he had little care;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much
rigour,
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
To which the sole reply was tears, and sobs,
And indications of hysterics, whose
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say
no more, [her,"
Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd, "D—n
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his "*pose comitatus*,"
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*"
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case,
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!
Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t' other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unflinch'd good name!
But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or square,
But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,
At least 't was rather early to begin;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion
Prescribed by way of blister, a young belle,
When Old King David's blood grew dull in
motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well,
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renew'd attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand
Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair—
Even then their love they could not all com-
mand,
And half forgot their danger and despair,

Antonia's patience now was at a stand—

Come, come, 't is no time now for fooling there;

She whisper'd, in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI.

*Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier
night—

Who can have put my master in this mood?

What will become on 't—I'm in such a fright,
The devil's in the urchin, and no good—

Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?

Why, don't you know that it may end in
blood?

You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier

Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)

But for a child, what piece of work is here!

I really, madam, wonder at your taste—

(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:

There, for the present, at the least, he's fast,

And if we can but till the morning keep

Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep."

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,

Closed the oration of the trusty maid:

She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,

An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;

However, present remedy was none,

And no great good seem'd answer'd if she
staid:

Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun

Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;

He would not justify what he had done,

To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;

But there were ample reasons for it, none

Of which he specified in this his pleading:

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,

Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "*rigmarole*."

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there
rose

A ready answer, which at once enables

A matron, who her husband's foible knows

By a few timely words to turn the tables,—

Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—

Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;

'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he

Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—

Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known

But whether 't was that one's own guilt con-
found—

But that can't be, as has been often shown
A lady with apologies arounds;—

It might be that her silence sprang alone

From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,

To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes
two;

Alfonzo ne'er to Juan had alluded,—

Mention'd his jealousy, but never who

Had been the happy lover, he concluded,

Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true

His mind the more o'er this its mystery
brooded;

To speak of Inez now were, one may say,

Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;

Silence is best, besides there is a *tact*—

(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,

But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—

Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather

rough,

A lady always distant from the fact:

The charming creatures lie with such a grace,

There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I

Have always done so; 't is of no great use,

In any case, attempting a reply,

For then their eloquence grows quite profuse:

And when at length they're out of breath, they

sigh,

And cast their languid eyes down, and let

loose

A tear or two, and then we make it up;

And then—and then—and then—sit down

and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonzo closed his speech, and begg'd her

pardon, [granted

Which Julia half withheld, and then hal

And laid conditions he thought very hard on,

Denying several little things he wanted:

He stood like Adam lingering near his garden

With useless penitence perplex'd and

haunted,

Beseeching she no further would refuse

When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they
 Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these
 (No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
 Were masculine: to see them, and to seize
 Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!
 My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze
 Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
 And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,
 And Julia instant to the closet flew.
 "Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a
 word—

The door is open—you may yet slip through
 The passage you so often have explored—
 Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
 Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
 Day has not broke—there's no one in the
 street."

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,
 The only mischief was, it came too late;
 Of all experience 'tis the usual price,
 A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:
 Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
 And might have done so by the garden-gate,
 But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
 Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him
 down

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;
 Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"
 But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
 Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,
 Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;
 And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
 His blood was up: though young, he was a Tartar,
 And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
 And they continued battling hand to hand,
 For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
 His temper not being under great command,
 If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
 Alfonso's days had not been in the land
 Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!
 And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
 And Juan throttled him to get away,
 And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;
 At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
 And then his only garment quite gave way
 He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,
 I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids
 who found
 An awkward spectacle their eyes before;
 Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
 Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;
 Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
 Some blood, and several footsteps, but no
 more:
 Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
 And liking not the inside, lock'd the out,

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
 How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,
 Who favours what she should not, found his
 way,
 And reach'd his home in an unseemly pligh:
 The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
 The nine days' wonder which was brought
 to light,
 And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
 The depositions, and the catæ at full,
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
 Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,
 There's more than one edition, and the readings
 Are various, but they none of them are dull:
 The best is that in short-hand taken by Gurney.
 Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
 Of one of the most circulating scandals
 That had for centuries been known in Spain,
 At least since the retirement of the Vandals,
 First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain,
 To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles:
 And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
 She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
 All European climes, by land or sea,
 To mend his former morals, and get new,
 Especially in France and Italy,
 (At least this is the thing most people do.)
 Julia was sent into a convent: she
 Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better
 Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

CXCII.

"They tell me 't is decided ; you depart :
 'T is wise—'t is well, but not the less a pain ;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again ;
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used ;— I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears ;
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCIII.

"I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own
 esteem,
 And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
 So dear is still the memory of that dream ;
 Yet, if I name my guilt, 't is not to boast,
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
 I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCIV.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'T is woman's whole existence ; man may
 range [mart,
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these can not
 estrange ;
 Men have all these resources, we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone.

CXCv.

"You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er
 For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's
 core !
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which st'ill rages as before,—
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCVI.

"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;
 But still I think I can collect my mind ;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 'To all, except one image, madly blind ;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCvII.

"I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete ;

I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill ;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow
 would meet,
 And I must even survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you !"

CXCvIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
 With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new ;
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the
 taper,
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her ;
 The seal a sunflower : "*Elle vous suit par-
 tout*,"³⁸
 The motto cut upon a white cornelian ;
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but
 whether
 I shall proceed with his adventures is
 Dependent on the public altogether ;
 We'll see however, what they say to this,
 Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,
 And no great mischief's done by their
 caprice ;
 And if their approbation we experience,
 Perhaps they'll have some more about a year
 hence.

CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
 Divided in twelve books ; each book con-
 taining,
 With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings
 reigning,
 New characters ; the episodes are three :
 A panoramic view of hell's in training,
 After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
 So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
 With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
 The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,
 Which makes so many poets, and some fools
 Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
 Good workmen never quarrel with their tools,
 I've got new mythological machinery,
 And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
 Me and my epic brethren gone before,
 And here the advantage is my own, I ween ;
 (Not that I have not several merits more.

But this will more peculiarly be seen);

They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope,
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge,
Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and
mouthy;
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat
drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the
Blues"—

(There's one, at least, is very fond of this);
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is *rue* criticism, and you may kiss—
E exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray,
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert,)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go

CCVIII.

If, after ail, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise
'ed by some tortuosity of mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about ~~the~~
moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow
skittish, [British
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it hot,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients
Because they tell me 't were in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly

CCXII.

' *Non ego hoc ferrem calida juvena
Consule Planco,*' Horace said, and so
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third
was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair's grey—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?
thought of a peruke the other day—)
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I

Have squander'd my whole summer while
 'twas May,
 And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
 Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
 And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invin-
 cible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee,
 Think'st thou the honey with those objects
 grew?
 Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my
 heart,
 Canst thou be my sole world, my universe;
 Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
 Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
 The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
 Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
 And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment
 Though heaven knows how it ever found a
 lodgment.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over; me no more
 The charms of maid, wife, and still less of
 widow,
 Can make the fool of which they made before,—
 In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
 The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
 The copious use of claret is forbid too,
 So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
 I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
 Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;
 And the two last have left me many a token,
 O'er which reflection may be made at leisure
 Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've
 spoken, [chymic treasure
 "Time is, Time was, Time's past"³⁹—a
 1; glittering youth, which I have spent be-
 times—
 My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCXVIII.

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;

For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes
 kill, [night taper,
 And bards burn what they call their "mid
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
 But somebody or other rummaging
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid;
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXX.

But I being told of true philosophy,
 Say very often to myself, "Alas!
 All things that have been born were born to die,
 And flesh (which Death mows down to hay
 is grass;
 You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly
 And if you had it o'er again—'t would pass—
 So thank your stars that matters are no worse
 And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse.

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and
 Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's I—
 Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
 And so your humble servant, and good-b'ye.
 We meet again, if we should understand
 Each other; and if not, I shall not try
 Your patience further than by this short
 sample—
 'T were well if others follow'd my example.

CCXXII.

"Go, little book, from this my solitude!
 I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
 And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
 The world will find thee after many days."
 When Southey's read, and Wordsworth under
 stood,
 I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
 The four first rhymes are Southey's every line
 For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine

Don Juan.

CANTO THE SECOND.⁴⁰

I.

Ye! who teach the ingenious youth of
nations, [Spain,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain:
The best of mothers and of educations
In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,
Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty.

II.

Had he not been placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least, had he been nurtured in the north;
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be consider'd: first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,
A—never mind;—his tutor, an old ass;
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time and opportunity

IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
T'is there the mart of the colonial trade is,
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel.)
And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful
ladies, [swell;
Their very walk would make your bosom
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do;—and then their
garb!
Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be
steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—
the veil [hand
Thrown back a moment with the glancing
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale
Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail
To—say my prayers—but never was there
plann'd [vol.ey
A dress through which the eyes give such
Excepting the Venetian Fazzio!⁴¹

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'T was for a voyage that the young man was
meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps be
lieved:
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
For naughty children, who would rather p
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool
The great success of Juan's education,
Spurr'd her to teach another generation

XL.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough;
And standing upon the deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors
swore,
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness⁴²; try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve,
Than many persons more advanced in life;
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:
I'd weep—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on.

Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves; and the next time their servants
tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to
quote; [she,
You must excuse this extract,—'t is where
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave:] and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide.
Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er
Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX.

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of any thing excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-
sick.)

XX.

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell
sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
(For God's sake, let me have a glass of liquor;
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
Oh Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends
No doubt he would have been much more pas-
thetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love's a capricious power: I've known it hold
 Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
 But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
 And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
 Against all noble maladies he's bold,
 But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
 Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
 Nor inflammations reddens his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
 About the lower region of the bowels;
 Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
 Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
 And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
 Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect,
 how else

Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
 Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy "Trinidad,"
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
 For there the Spanish family Moncada
 Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born.
 They were relations, and for them he had a
 Letter of introduction, which the morn
 Of his departure had been sent him by
 His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
 A tutor the licentiate Pedrillo,
 Who several languages did understand,
 But now lay sick and speechless on his
 pillow,
 And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
 His headach being increased by every billow;
 And the waves oozing through the port-hole
 made
 His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

T was not without some reason, for the wind
 Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
 and though 't was not much to a naval mind,
 Some landsmen would have look'd a little
 pale,
 For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
 At sunset they began to take in sail,
 For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
 Threw the ship right into the trough of the
 sea, [rift,
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward
 Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the

Whole of her stern-frame, and ere she could lift
 Herself from out her present jeopardy,
 The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound
 The pumps, and there were four feet water
 found.

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
 Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
 To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
 But they could not come at the leak as yet;
 At last they did get at it really, but
 Still their salvation was an even bet:
 The water rush'd through in a way quite
 puzzling, [of muslin
 While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
 Would have been vain, and they must have
 gone down,
 Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
 But for the pumps; I'm glad to make them
 known [hence,
 To all the brother tars who may have need
 For fifty tons of water were upthrown
 By them per hour, and they had all been un-
 done,
 But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate
 And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
 And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
 Kept two hand and one chain-pump still in
 use.
 The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
 A squall came on, and while some gum
 broke loose, [cends—
 A gust—which all descriptive power trans-
 La'd with one blast the ship on her beam end.

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset,
 The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
 And made a scene men do not soon forget;
 For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
 Or any other thing that brings regret,
 Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads,
 or necks: [divers,
 Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the
 And swimmers, who may chance to be sur-
 vivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
 Both main and mizen; first the mizen went
 The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay
 Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.

Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and
they

Eased her at last (although we never meant
to part with all till every hope was blighted),
and then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII.

t may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the
cask.

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit
calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung
psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured
the qualms
Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
All one ar hour hence." Juan answer'd
"No!
T is true that death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post
kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation:

Nothing should tempt him more (this perit past,
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca.
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more,
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts
were gone, [shore,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but n^d
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless
grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrum'd a
sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvass, what could they expect
But still 't is best to struggle to the last,
'T is never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
And though 't is true that man can only die
once,
'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and
from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away,
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good
luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could
hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some
bold,

Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she
roll'd,

At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a
stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were
none

To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That beg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some
put on

Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some curs'd the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore
their hair;

And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware,
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
T was difficult to get out such provision

As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;

Their stock was damaged by the weather's
stress:

Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by
the wet;

Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get

A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover met
But scarce enough to serve them for a lar
cheon— [cheon
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a pun

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail,
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the
frown

Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast
loose,

That still could keep afloat the struggling tars.
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars.
The boats put off o'er-crowded with their
crews;

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the
brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yaw'n'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling
wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
 And in them crowded several of the crew;
 And yet their present hope was hardly more
 Than what it had been, for so strong it blew,
 There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
 And then they were too many, though so few—
 Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
 Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls
 Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!
 When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
 They must wait several weeks before a mass
 Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
 Because, till people know what's come to pass,
 They won't lay out their money on the dead—
 It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
 Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
 It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
 For Juan wore the magisterial face
 Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
 Of eyes were crying for their owner's care:
 Battista, though, (a name call'd shortly Tita)
 Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
 But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
 Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave,
 As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
 And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
 They could not rescue him although so close,
 Because the sea ran higher every minute,
 And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don
 José's, [think,
 His father's, whom he loved, as ye may
 For on such things the memory reposes
 With tenderness—stood howling on the
 brink,

Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!
 No doubt, the vessel was about to sink:
 And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
 Off, threw him in, then a'ter him he leapp'd.

LIX.

He also sturr'd his money where he could
 About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
 Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
 Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
 As every rising wave his dread renew'd;
 But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
 And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
 Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
 That the sail was becalm'd between the
 seas, [set
 Though on the wave's high top too much to
 They dared not take it in for all the breeze
 Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them
 wet, [ease,
 And made them bale without a moment's
 So that themselves as well as hopes were
 damp'd,
 And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boa
 still
 Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
 Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
 Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast;
 Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
 And present peril all before surpass'd,
 They grieved for those who perish'd with the
 cutter,
 And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
 Of the continuance of the gale: to run
 Before the sea until it should grow fine,
 Was all that for the present could be done.
 A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
 Were served out to the people, who begun
 To faint, and damaged bread wet through the
 bags,
 And most of them had little c'ones but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
 Which left scarce room for motion or exer-
 tion;
 They did their best to modify their case,
 One half sate up, though numb'd with the
 inners'on.

While t' other half were laid down in their place,

At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian

Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV.

'T is very certain the desire of life

Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends
nor wife,

Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife

Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'T is said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,

Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die:
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,

And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI.

'T is thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;

She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production, [day;
And must have meals, at least one meal a
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey ;

Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Our labouring people think beyond all ques-
tion,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew ;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might
renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm

Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their
wine,

In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise; these foolish
men! [fine

And carry them to shore; these hopes were
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their
victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd
child;

The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and
mild—

With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair
What could they do? and hunger's rage
grew wild:

So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first de-
nied)

As a great favour one of the fore-paws.
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning
sun [sea,
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might
see

The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish
eyes

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer
knew, [he found:
'T was but his own, suppress'd till now,
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of
shoes;
And then they look'd around them, and de-
spair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
But of materials that much shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd,
and handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'T was nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death.
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was
dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're
bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pairs;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Prick'd a draught from the fast-flowing
veins:
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the
brains billow—
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
'T was not to be expected that he should
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master

LXXIX.

'T was better that he did not; for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme,
For they, who were most ravenous in the act
Went raging mad—Lord! how they did
blaspheme! [rack'd,
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions
Drinking salt-water like a mountain stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching
swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this in-
fiction, [knows
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their
woes.
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was
He had been rather indisposed of late:
And that which chiefly proved his saving
clause,
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid.
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends

His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea

'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too
scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the
cracks of earth [pain,
When dried to summer dust; till taught by
Men really know not what good water's
worth;

If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your
berth,

Or in the desert heard the camel's bell, [well,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a

LXXXV

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no
richer

Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was
complete,

They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught
so sweet

As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of
drinking.

LXXXVI

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar
stream'd; [were black,

Their throats were ovens, their swollen tongues
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back

A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the
one

Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will
be done!

I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate:
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must
part.

LXXXIX

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gaz'd,
And when the wise a-for shower at length
was come, [glazed,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film had
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

xc.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were
past,

He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein
't was cast; [shivering,
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

xci.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the
dark sea,

Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue

Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

xcii.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
For sometimes we must buy without the muffle.

XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—

It is as well to think so, now and then ;
T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like
hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
*T was well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were
about ; [" No !"
Some fancied they saw land, and some said
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to
doubt— [guns,
Some swore that they heard breakers, others
And all mistook about the latter once

XCVII

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and
swore.
If t was not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course
for shore ;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into ears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears
And seem'd as if they had no further care,
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some
years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead

XCIX

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind
They thought that in such perils, more than
chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost
So changeable had been the winds that blew,
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the
highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale :
Their living freight was now reduced to four
And three dead, whom their strength could no
avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and
dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had
done [them to
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by
one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen.

Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the
air,

And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and
bare—

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they
ran,

Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began

To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave overwhelm'd him as
't was dash'd

Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:

And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes
Save one, a corpse, from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for
him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with
strife.

CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were
brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small
mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from
death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tri'd to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd and mantle flung
 Around his scarce-clad limos; and the fair
 arm [hung;
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and
 warm, [wring
 Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she
 His dewy curls, long drench'd by every
 storm; [drew
 And watch'd with eagerness each throb that
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
 The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
 Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
 And more robust of figure,—then begun
 To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
 Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which
 the sun
 Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoever
 She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
 That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
 Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were
 roll'd [were
 In braids behind; and though her stature
 Even of the highest for a female mould,
 They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her
 air [mand,
 There was a something which bespoke com-
 As one who was a lady in the land

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
 Were black as death, their lashes the same
 hue,
 Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
 Deepest attraction; for when to the view
 Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
 Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow
 flew; [length,
 'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his
 And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's
 pure dye
 Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
 Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us
 sigh
 Ever to have seen such; for she was one
 fit for the model of a statuary,
 (A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
 than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just
 One should not rail without a decent cause
 There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
 I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
 A frequent model; and if e'er she must
 Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling
 laws,

They will destroy a face which mortal thought
 Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the rave:
 Her dress was very different from the
 Spanish,
 Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
 For, as you know, the Spanish women ba-
 nish [wave
 Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while
 Around them (what I hope will never vanish
 The basquina and the mantilla, they
 Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case
 Her dress was many-coloured, finely spun
 Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
 But through them gold and gems profusely
 shone:
 Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
 Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious
 stone [shocking,
 Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was
 Her small snow feet had slippers, but no
 stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
 But of inferior materials: she
 Had not so many ornaments to strike,
 Her hair had silver only, bound to be
 Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
 Was coarser: and her air, though firm, less
 free;
 Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
 As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him
 both [attentions,
 With food and raiment, and those soft
 Which are—(as I must own)—of female
 growth,
 And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
 They made a most superior mess of broth,
 A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
 But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since
 Homer's
 Achilles order'd dinner for new comers

CXXIV.

Let you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize,
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and
then, [wish'd;
And sometimes caught as many as he
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and
dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got or blood he
spilt,

A sad old fellow was he, if you please;
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree,
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she
found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;

But being naked, she was shock'd, you know
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger!" dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much "~~gold~~,
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest:
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes
Their charity increased about their guest;
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—
(St. Paul says, 't is the toll which must be given,

CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in suc-
plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,
For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,
And warm, in case by chance he should
awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,
She and her maid,—and promised by day
break
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows,
Just for the present; and in his lull'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which some
times spread
Unwelcome visions of our former years
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears

CXXXV.

Young Juan a-sept all dreamless:—but the maid,

Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment stay'd,
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again,
He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she
said [and pen],

(The heart will slip, even as the tongue
Ere had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,

Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two:

A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge,
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering
still

Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were compar-
ative [tive. 43]

To those related in my grand-dad's "Narra-

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée: she sadly toss'd and tumbled;
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she
stumbled,

And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore;
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
And call'd her father's old slaves up, who
swore. [Greek—

In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the sun, that
makes

Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
And 't is, no doubt, a sight to see when
breaks [wet

Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.

CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate,
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse⁴⁴, begin your day to
date [score.
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at four
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.⁴⁵

CXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish
flush [race
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose
From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.⁴⁶

CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps
drew, [flame,
While the sun smiled on her with his first
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same [two,
Mistake you would have made on seeing the
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air

CXLIIL.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as
death [drawn breath
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drunk his scarce

CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and
there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should
ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have
 victual, [gry be ;
 And that a shipwreck'd youth would hum-
 Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,
 And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbour-
 ing sea ;
 And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle ;
 I can't say that she gave them any tea,
 But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish,
 honey,
 With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
 The coffee made, would fain have waken'd
 Juan ; [hand,
 But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small
 And without word, a sign her finger drew on
 Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;
 And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a
 new one,
 Because her mistress would not let her break
 That sleep which seem'd as it would neer
 awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day
 On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk,
 and weak ; [spray,
 And his black curls were dewy with the
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and
 salt,
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
 Droop'd as the willow when no winds can
 breathe,
 Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest.
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
 Soft as the callow eyngnet in its nest ;
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
 Enough his woes had turn'd him rather
 yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept
 again, [bade
 But the fair face which met his eyes for-
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
 Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;

For woman's face was never form'd in vain
 For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
 He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
 And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
 The pale contended with the purple rose,
 As with an effort she began to speak ;
 Her eyes were eloquent, her words would po
 Although she told him, in good modern
 Greek,
 With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
 That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
 Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
 That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;
 The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
 Without knowing why—an overpowering tone
 Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awoke
 By a distant organ, doubting if he be
 Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
 By the watchman, or some such reality,
 Or by one's early valet's cursed knock ;
 At least it is a heavy sound to me,
 Who like a morning slumber—for the night
 Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,
 Or sleep, or whatsoever it was, by feeling
 A most prodigious appetite : the steam
 Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
 Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
 Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneelir
 To stir her viands, made him quite awake
 And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
 Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid
 and mutton ;
 And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
 A joint upon their barbarous spits they put
 on :
 But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
 For some of these are rocks with scarce a
 hut on,
 Others are fair and fertile, among which
 This, though not large, was one of the mo
 rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrink-
ing,

Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The alleg'ry) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 't is liquor only, and being far
From this my subject, has no business here;
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer,
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he
praised,

And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,
He fell upon whatever was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied: and she,
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have
fed

Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,

Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famish'd people must be slowly nurs'd,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate

Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—

She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse
ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
Pair of scarce decent trousers—went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk.

Or Greek—that is, although it not much mat-
ter'd,

Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at
speaking,

But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an
end;

And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,

And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines

And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw exprest
A world of words, and things at which she
guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,

No doubt, less of her language than her look;
As he who studies fervently the skies

Turns oftener to the stars than to his book
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better.
From Haidée's glance, than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'T is pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,

When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been:
They smile so when one's right, and when
one's wrong

They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk and
Greek,

Italian not at all, having no teachers;
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
Learning that language chiefly from its
preachers,

Bartow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose—
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
Were I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"
Like other men, too, may have had my
passion—

But that, like other things, has pass'd away,
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash
on : [me,
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
To hear new words, and to repeat them ;
but

Some feelings, universal as the sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a nun :
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress,—so was she,
Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest ;
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
And every day help'd on his convalescence ;
T was well, because health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,
For health and idleness to passion's flame
Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good
lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart, (without heart
really [good,)
Love, though good always, is not quite so
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and
blood,—

While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food ;
But who is their purveyor from above
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or
Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things
ready,

A bath, a breakfast, and the finest yes
That ever made a youthful heart less ready,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for the size ;
But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition's tiresome and unwise.—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Hairic.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent.
That bathing pass'd for nothing ; Juan
seem'd

To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had *nightly*
dream'd,

A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy ; all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him
wake :

To live with him for ever were too much ;
But then the thought of parting made her
quake :

He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook ;
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
But three Kagusan vessels, bound for Scio

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass
Without even the incumbrance of a brother
The freest she that ever gazed on glass ;
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in
garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
 (For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
 So much as to propose to take a walk,—
 For little had he wander'd since the day
 On which, like a young flower snapp'd from
 the stalk,
 Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
 And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
 And saw the sun set opposite the moon

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
 With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
 Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
 With here and there a creek, whose aspect
 were
 A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
 And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
 Save on the dead long summer days, which
 make
 The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
 Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your cham-
 pagne, [reach,
 When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers
 That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's
 rain! [preach
 Few things surpass old wine; and they may
 Who please,—the more because they preach
 in vain,— [laughter,
 Let us have wine and women, mirth and
 Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk
 The best of life is but intoxication:
 Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
 The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
 Without their sap, how branchless were the
 trunk
 Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
 But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
 You wake with headach, you shall see what
 then.

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
 Some hock and soda-water, then you'll
 know
 A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king.
 For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with
 snow,
 Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
 Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
 After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
 Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
 Was just describing—Yes, it was the coast—
 Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
 The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
 And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
 And dolphin's leap, and little billow cross,
 By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
 Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
 As I have said, upon an expedition;
 And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
 Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
 She waited on her lady with the sun,
 Thought daily service was her only mission
 Bringing warm water, wreathing her long
 tresses,
 And asking now and then for cast-off dresses

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it
 bounded,
 Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still
 With the farmountain-crescent half surround'
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill.
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky
 With one star sparkling through it like a jewel

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
 And in the worn and wild receptacles
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were
 plann'd,
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, where floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into
 sight; [low,
 They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above:
 Such kisses as belong to early days,

Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert
move,

And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they
never reckon'd;

And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:

They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they
clung— [honey sprung.

Their hearts the flowers from whence the

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;

The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,

The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay

Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky

Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were

All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language

there,—
And all the burning tongues the passions teach

Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all

Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard

O' plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incur'd;

She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird;

And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
And she was worshipp'd; after nature's

fashion,
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,

If souls could die, had perish'd in that
passion,—

But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;

And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt: as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour

Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,

Prompts deeds eternity can not annul,
But pays off moments in an endless show

Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were

So lovely and so loving—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair

Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,

Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory—but forgot

Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white

arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around her lies

Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee and drinks his sighs,

He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite an-

tique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCv.

And when those deep and burning moments
pass'd,

And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,

Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,

And then on the pale cheek her breast now
warms,

Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,

A child the moment when it drains the
breast,

A devotee when soars the Host in sight,

An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,

Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while

sleeping

CCXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 All that it hath of life with us is living;
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 And all unconscious of the joy 't is giving;
 All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
 Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's
 diving;
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors

CCXCVIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
 Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude,
 She and her wave-worn love had made their
 bower, [intrude,
 Where nought upon their passion could
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CCXCIX.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
 Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
 Is always so to women; one sole bond
 Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
 Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts
 despond
 Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
 Buys them in marriage—and what rests
 beyond?
 A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
 Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all
 over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take ~~prayers~~ or prayers,
 Some mind their household, others dissipa-
 tion,
 Some run away, and out exchange their cares,
 Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
 Few changes e'er can better their affair,
 Theirs being an unnatural situation,
 From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
 Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this,
 Haidée was Passion's child, born where the
 sun [kiss
 Showers triple light, and scorches even the
 Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
 Made but to love, to feel that she was his
 Who was her chosen; what was said or done
 Elsewhere was nothing.—She had nought to
 fear, [here.
 Hope, care, nor love, beyond, her heart beat

CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
 How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
 Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
 That Wisdom e'er on the watch to rob
 Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
 Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a
 tough job
 To make us understand each good old maxim,
 So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 't was done—on the lone shore
 were plighted [shed
 Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches,
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
 Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
 By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
 Their priest was Solitude, and they were
 wed:
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCV.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
 Titus the master, Antony the slave,
 Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
 Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose
 grave neuter—
 All these may leap who rather would be
 (Sardinia's rock still overlooks the wave—
 Love! thou art the very god of evil,
 For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state pre-
 carious,
 And jestest with the brows of mightiest men
 Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
 Have much employ'd the muse of history's
 pen:
 Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
 Such worthless Time will never see again;
 Yet to these four in three things the same
 luck holds,
 They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckold

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's Epicurus
 And Aristippus, a material crew!
 Who to immoral courses would allure us
 By theories quite practicable too;
 If only from the devil they would insure us,
 How pleasant were the maxim (not quite
 new), [us?]"
 "Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail
 So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

CCVIII.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?
 And should he have forgotten her so soon?
 I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
 Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon
 Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
 Palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,
 Else how the devil is it that fresh features
 Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

CCIX.

hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
 No permanent foundation can be laid;
 Love, constant love, has been my constant
 guest,
 And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
 Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
 And whisper'd, "Think of every sacred tie!"
 "I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
 "But then her teeth, and then, oh, Heaven!
 her eye!
 I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
 Or neither—out of curiosity."
 "Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian
 (Though she was masqued then as a fair Vene-
 tian;)

CCXI.

"Stop," so I stopp'd.—But to return: that
 which
 Men call inconstancy is nothing more
 Than admiration due where nature's rich
 Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
 Some favour'd object; and as in the niche
 A lovely statue we almost adore,
 This sort of adoration of the real
 Is but a heightening of the "beau idéal."

CCXII.

'Tis the percept'ion of the beautiful,
 A fine extension of the faculties,
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,
 Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through
 the skies,
 Without which life would be extremely dull;
 In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
 With one or two small senses added, just
 To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,
 For surely if we always could perceive
 In the same object graces quite as killing
 As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
 'T would save us many a heartach, many a
 shilling,
 (For we must get them anyhow, or grieve,)
 Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,
 How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
 But changes night and day, too, like the sky.
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
 And darkness and destruction as on high:
 But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierc'd
 and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
 Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to
 tears,
 Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
 But very rarely executes its function,
 For the first passion stays there such a while,
 That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
 Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
 Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, com-
 punction,
 So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
 Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd
 "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
 In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
 Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
 That being about the number I'll allow
 Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
 And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
 Leaving Don Juan and Haidee to plead
 For them and theirs with all who deign to read

Don Juan.

CANTO THE THIRD.⁴⁷

I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping
Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew
weeping,

And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,
Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to
tears!

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With eypress branches hast thou wreathed thy
bowers,

And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place
to die—

Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman planted
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
After a decent time must be gallanted;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*,
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.⁴⁸

V.

'T is melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same
cline

Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour.

VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 't were,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair

Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?

The same things change their names at such
a rate;

For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond
The same things cannot always be admired
Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"

That both are tied till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was
adorning

Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic
doings

Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,

There's nothing wrong in a conubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage,
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their
miscarriage; [ready,
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book
They say no more of Death, or of the Lady.⁴⁹

X.

The only two that in my recollection
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage
are
Dante⁵⁰ and Milton⁵¹, and of both the affection
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some be

O' fault or temper ruin'd the connection
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to
mar);

But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you con-
ceive.⁵²

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
Although my opinion may require apology,
Deem this a commentator's phantasy, [he
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies
Meant to personify the mathematics.

XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine; it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
T'is dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's;
When we have what we like 't is hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a prime minister but change
His title, and 't is nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humbler range
Of life, and in an honest vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd
By winds and waves, and some important
captures;
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,
Although a squall or two had damp'd his
raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes; he had chain'd
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters,
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred
dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots; some n. sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old);
The rest—save here and there some richer one
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, tea-
pot, tray,

Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a
pittance.

These to secure in this strong blowing weather
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter
fair

Continued still her hospitable cares;
But that part of the coast being shoal and
bare, [mile
And rough with reefs which ran out many a
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way,
About the time and place where he had been
He left his ship to be hove down next day,
With orders to the people to careen;
So that all hands were busy beyond measure
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill [home
Which overlook'd the white walls of his
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to
room!

With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—

With love for many, and with fears for some,
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,

Most naturally some small doubt inspires—

A female family's a serious matter;
None trust the sex more, or so much admire—

But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the
butler.

XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return

May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,

Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn

To his memory—and two or three young
misses [riches—

Born to some friend, who holds his wife and
And that *his* Argus bites him by—the breeches.

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair

Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
But all the better, for the happy pair

May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care

As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already

Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—

The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connections the most steady,
And the true Hymen (the first's but a
screen)—

Yet for all that keep not too long away,
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a
day.

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had

Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;

But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,

Or that of any other strong emotion;
He loved his child, and would have wept the
loss of her, [pher.

But knew the cause no more than a philoso-

XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,

His garden trees all shadow and green;

He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,

The distant dog bark; and perceived between

The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun

The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen

Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes

Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,

Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling.

He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,

But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling!

A melody which made him doubt his ears,

The cause being past his guessing or un-
riddling;

A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,

A most unoriental roar of laughter.

XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing

Descending rather quickly the declivity,

Through the waved branches, o'er the green

sward glancing,

'Midst other indications of festivity,

Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing

Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he

Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance⁵³ so martial

To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.

And further on a troop of Grecian girls,⁵⁴

The first and tallest her white kerchief
waving,

Were strung together like a row of pearls,

Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each
too having [curls—

Down her white neck long floating auburn

(The least of which would set ten poets
raving);

Their leader sang—and bounded to her song:

With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their
trays,

Small social parties just begun to dine;

Pilau and meats of all sorts met the gaze,

And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,

And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;

Above them their dessert grew on its vine;

The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er

Dröpp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their
mellow store.

XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
 There wreath his venerable horns with
 flowers ;
 While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
 The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
 His sober head, majestically tame,
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic
 cheeks, [tresses,
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long
 The gesture which enchants, the eye that
 speaks,
 The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
 Made quite a picture of these little Greeks ;
 So that the philosophical beholder
 Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er
 grow older.

XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
 To a sedate grey circle of old smokers
 Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
 Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
 Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
 Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,
 Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
 Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a
 fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
 For the imagination or the senses,
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the
 Persian,
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence is ;
 But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,
 The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
 The happiest mortals even after dinner—
 A day of gold from out an age of iron
 Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner ;
 Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a siren,
 That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner ;
 Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
 Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
 Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
 (In general he surprised men with the sword,
 His daughter—had not sent before to advise
 Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd ;
 And long he paused to re-assure his eyes
 In fact much more astonish'd than delighted
 To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)
 That a report (especially the Greeks)
 Avouch'd his death (such people never die),
 And put his house in mourning several
 weeks,—
 But now their eyes and also lips were dry ;
 The bloom, too, had return'd to Haidée's
 cheeks.
 Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,
 She new kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and
 fiddling,
 Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure,
 The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
 A life which made them happy beyond mea-
 sure.
 Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
 Compared with what Haidée did with his
 treasure ; [proving,
 'T was wonderful how things went on im-
 While she had not one hour to spare from
 loving.

XL.

Perhaps you think in stumbling on this feast
 He flew into a passion, and in fact
 There was no mighty reason to be pleased ;
 Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
 The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
 To teach his people to be more exact,
 And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
 He showed the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest manner'd
 man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat ;
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,
 You never could divine his real thought ;
 No courtier could, and scarcely woman *can*
 Gird more deceit within a petticoat ;
 Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
 He was so great a loss to good society.

XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it express'd.
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;
The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
This question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to
spare."
A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,
You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mis-
tress!—pooh!—
You mean our master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not
whom [fell—
They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom [quell
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to
The expression, and endeavouring to resume
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a
matron.

XLV.

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or
what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down
better fare;
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
He'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse."

XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the paragon of
nations,
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
He bore these sneers against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the
chain—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland—
Yet such things are, which I can not explain
Though doubtless he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
But in his silence there was much to rue,
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day;
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,
But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life,
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great
many,
For instance, if a husband or his wife
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,
The present weather would be much more
rainy—
Tears shed into the grave of the connection
Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome, [dying,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
And round its once warm precincts palely
lying
The ashes of our hopes is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief

LII.

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home—a *nd*
felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome *there he 'ng had dwelt*

There his few peaceful days Time had swept
o'er,

There his worn bosom and keen eye would
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood.
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and
meant

For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs and his despair to save
her

Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he
cruised,

Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
and made him a good friend, but bad ac-
quaintance.

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'T is true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatso'er he had of love reposed
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and
seen,

A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with blind-

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging
Their fury being spent by its own shock.
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.

It is a hard although a common case
To find our children running restive—they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay,
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout or stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);
'T is beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thir-
her),

Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service
mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all
meats, [fishes
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it
best for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal
ewer, [repass,
And fruits and date-bread loaves cross'd be
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups, came in at last;

Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them
placed.
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue.
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid ;
And round them ran a yellow border too ;
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the
mind
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him: You will
find, [treasure,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eclectic—
(For that's the name they like to pray
beneath)—
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the
breath,— [able
And show that late hours, wine, and love are
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue ;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new ;
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre
grew
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridan-like, were seen all light to issue.

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour ; Indian
mats [stain,
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to
Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and
cats,

And dwarfs and blacks, and such like wings
that gain [the
Their bread as ministers and favourites—
To say, by degradation—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court, or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's :
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale
yellow ;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little
billow ;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelic's
fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that
bound her, [her.
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without
harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould ;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd,⁵⁵
Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on
her hand ; [fine fold
Her hair was starr'd with gems ; her veil's
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce
be told ;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her
heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would
conceal
Her person⁵⁶ if allow'd at large to run,

And still they seem resentfully to feel
 The silken tillet's curb, and sought to shun
 Their bonds when'er some Zephyr caught
 began
 To offer his young pinion as her fan

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
 The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
 They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
 With all we can imagine of the skies,
 And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
 Too pure even for the purest human ties ;
 Her overpowering presence made you feel
 It would not be idolatry to kneel.

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were
 tinged
 (It is the country's custom⁵⁷), but in vain ;
 For those large black eyes were so blackly
 fringed,
 The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
 And in their native beauty stood avenged :
 Her nails were touch'd with henna ; but
 again
 The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
 They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
 The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;
 She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
 On mountain tops more heavenly white
 than her ;
 The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
 She was so like a vision ; I might err,
 But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly
 "To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
 But a white baracan, and so transparent
 The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
 Like small stars through the milky way
 apparent ;
 His turban, furl'd in many a graceful fold,
 An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in 't
 surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing crescent,
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but in-
 cessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
 Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a
 poet,
 Which made their new establishment complete ;
 The last was of great fame, and liked to
 show it :

His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
 And for his theme—he seldom sung below it
 He being paid to satirise or flatter,
 As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
 Reversing the good custom of old days,
 An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
 He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise—
 For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
 By his seeming independent in his lays,
 But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
 With truth like Southey, and with verse like
 Crashaw

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
 And always changed as true as any needle ;
 His polar star being one which rather ranges,
 And not the fix'd—he knew the way to
 wheedle :
 So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges ;
 And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd
 ill),
 He lied with such a fervour of intention—
 There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate
 pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius,—when a turn-coat has it
 The "Vates irritabilis" takes care
 That without notice few full moons shall pass
 it ; [stare :—
 Even good men like to make the public
 But to my subject—let me see—what was
 it?—
 Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
 Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress,
 and mode
 Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
 In company a very pleasant fellow,
 Had been the favourite of full many a mess
 Of men, and made them speeches when
 half mellow ; [guess,
 And though his meaning they could rarely
 Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
 The glorious meed of popular applause
 Of which the first ne'er knows the second
 cause

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
 And having pick'd up several odds and ends
 Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
 He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among
 friends,

That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks,
and Franks, [nations;
And knew the self-loves of the different
And having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something ready upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
He varied with some skill his adulations;
To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually when he was ask'd to sing,
He gave the different nations something
national; [king,"
'T was all the same to him—"God save the
Or "Ca ira," according to the fashion all:
His muse made increment of any thing,
From the high lyric down to the low rational;
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a
chanson;
In England a six canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De
Staël);
In Italy, he'd ape the "Trecentisti;"
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like
this t'ye:

1.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

2.

The Scian⁵⁸ and the Teian⁵⁹ muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

3.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

5.

And where are they? and where art thou
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

6.

'T is something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffice my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bleed
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

8.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain, strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine.
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells:
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have
 sung,
 The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
 If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was
 young, [worse
 Yet in these times he might have done much
 His strain display'd some feeling—right or
 wrong;
 And feeling, in a poet, is the source
 Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
 And take all colours—like the hands of dyers

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
 Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
 That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
 think; [uses
 'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man
 Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
 Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
 Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this
 Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank
 His station, generation, even his nation,
 Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank,
 In chronological commemoration,
 Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
 Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
 In digging the foundation of a closet,
 May turn his name up as a rare deposit.

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion
 wind—
 Depending more upon the historian's style
 Than on the name a person leaves behind
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle
 The present century was growing blind
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving
 knocks,
 Until his late Life by Archdeacon Cox

XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say,
 A little heavy, but no less divine:
 An independent being in his day—
 Learned, pious, temperate in love and wine;
 But his life falling into Johnson's way,
 We re'told this great high priest of all the Nine
 Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd
 spouse,
 For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,
 Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);
 Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although truth exacts
 These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
 As most essential to their hero's story,
 They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
 He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"
 Or Wordsworth unexercised, unhired, who then
 Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;
 Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
 Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;
 When he and Southey, following the same path,
 Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
 The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
 Their loyal treason, renegado rigour, [graphy];
 Are good manure for their more bare bio-
 Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
 Than any since the birthday of typography;
 A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
 Between his own and others' intellect;
 But Wordsworth's poems, and his followers,
 like
 Johann Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,
 Are to legs which in this century can't strike
 The public mind—so few are the elect;
 And the new births of both their stale virginities
 Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

XCVI.

But let me to my story: I must own,
 If I have any fault, it is digression—
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquise beyond expression;
 But these are my addresses from the throne,
 Which put off business to the ensuing session:
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*,"
 (We've not so good a *word*, but have the
 In that complete perfection which ensures
 An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader; but 'twould not be hard to
 bring
 Some fine examples of the *epopee*,
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes
 sleeps;" [wakes.—
 We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes
 To show with what complacency he creeps,
 With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes.
 He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
 Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
 Another outcry for "a little boat,"
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his "*Waggon*,"
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
 Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,
 He fear'd his neck to venture such a nagon,
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggoners!"
 Oh! ye shades
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
 That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack
 Cades [hiss—
 Of sense and song above your graves may
 The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
 Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

CI.

T'our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves
 gone,
 The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
 The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
 And every sound of revelry expired;
 The lady and her lover, left alone,
 The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;—
 Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea, [thee!
 That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest

CII.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour:
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so soft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath erept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem stirr'd with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 't is but a pictured image?—
strike—
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine, [song,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover—shadow'd my mind's eye.

CVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII.

Soft hour! which wakes the wise and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

CX.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabrig
please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'T is being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two;
They'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 't will beshown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim*.—See ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
 For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we
 tend, [ning;
 Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sin
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too
 fur,
 Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
 And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
 Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the
 devil,
 That neither of their intellects are vast:
 While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
 We know not this—the blood flows on too
 fast;
 But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
 We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
 And wish'd that others held the same opinion;
 They took it up when my days grew more
 mellow, [nion:
 And other minds acknowledged my domi-
 Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
 Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion
 And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
 Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
 'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
 'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
 itself to apathy; for we must steep
 Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
 Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;⁶⁰
 A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
 Against the creed and morals of the land,
 And trace it in this poem every line:
 I don't pretend that I quite understand

My own meaning when I would be *very fine*
 But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd
 Unless it were to be a moment merry,
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
 This way of writing will appear exotic;
 Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
 Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic
 And revell'd in the fancies of the time,
 True knights, chaste dames, huge giants,
 kings despotic;
 But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
 I chose a modern subject as more meet

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me,
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wish'd
 to see.

But if it gives them pleasure, be it so;
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
 And tells me to resume my story here.

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
 To their own hearts' most sweet society;
 Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
 With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms, he
 Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
 Though fœ to love; and yet they could not be
 Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
 Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
 Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to
 fail;
 The blank grey was not made to blast their hair
 But like the climes that know nor snow nor
 hail
 They were all summer: lightning might assail
 And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
 A long and snake like life of dull decay
 Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more; for them to be
 Thus was another Eden: they were never
 Weary, unless when separate: the tree
 Cut from its forest root of years—the river
 Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the
 knee [ever,—
 And breast maternal wean'd at once for
 Would wither less than these two torn apart;
 Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

XI.

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!
 Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
 The precious porcelain of human clay,
 Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold
 The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
 And all which must be borne, and never told;
 While life's strange principle will often lie
 Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said
 of yore,⁶¹

And many deaths do they escape by this:
 The death of friends, and that which slays
 even more—

The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
 Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
 Awaits at last even those who longest miss
 The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
 Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.

The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd
 made for them:

They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;
 They saw not in themselves ought to condemn:

Each was the other's mirror, and but read
 Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
 And knew such brightness was but the reflection
 Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
 The least glance better understood than
 words, [much;

Which still said all, and ne'er could say too
 A language, too, but like to that of birds,
 Known but to them, at least appearing such
 As but to lovers a true sense affords;
 Sweet playful phrases, which would seem
 absurd

o those who have ceased to hear such, or
 ne'er heard:

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children
 still, [been;

And children still they should have ever
 They were not made in the real world to fill

A busy character in the dull scene,
 But like two beings born from out a rill,

A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
 To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
 And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless
 found [joys

Those their bright rise had lighted to such
 As rarely they beheld throughout their round;
 And these were not of the vain kind which
 cloys,

For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
 By the mere senses; and that which de-
 stroys

Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
 A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind de-
 lights

To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,
 And we are sick of its back sounds and
 sights,

Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
 Its petty passions, marriages, and fights,
 Where Hymen's torch but brands one strum-
 pet more,

Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many
 know.

Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
 Who never found a single hour too slow,
 What was it made them thus exempt from
 care?

Young innate feelings all have felt below,
 Which perish in the rest, but in them were
 Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,
 And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,
 An opium dream of too much youth and
 reading,

But was in them their nature or their fate:
 No novels e'er had set their young hearts
 bleeding, [great,

For Haidée's knowledge was by no means
 And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;
 So that there was no reason for their loves
 More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour
 Dear unto all, but dearest to their eyes,
 For it had made them what they were: the
 power [such skies.
 Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from

When happiness had been their only dower,
 And twilight saw them link'd in passion's
 ties; [that brought
 Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd
 The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
 Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
 And swept, as 't were, across their hearts' del-
 light,
 Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
 When one is shook in sound, and one in sight;
 And thus some boding flash'd through either
 frame,
 And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophetic eye seem'd to dilate
 And follow far the disappearing sun,
 As if their last day of a happy date
 With his broad, bright, and dropping orb
 were gone;
 Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
 He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
 His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
 Which makes not others smile; then turn'd
 aside;
 Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,
 And master'd by her wisdom or her pride;
 When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
 Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
 "If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
 Or I at least shall not survive to see."

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd
 His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
 And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
 Defying augury with that fond kiss;
 And no doubt of all methods 't is the best.
 Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss;
 I have tried both; so those who would a part
 take, [heartache.
 May choose between the headache and the

XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,
 Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;
 Both maladies are taxes on our joys:
 But which to choose I really hardly know;

And if I had to give a casting voice,
 For both sides I could many reasons show
 And then decide, without great wrong to either
 It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
 With swimming looks of speechless tender-
 ness, [brother,
 Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover,
 All that the best can mingle and express
 When two pure hearts are pour'd in one ano-
 ther, [less;
 And love too much, and yet can not love
 But almost sanctify the sweet excess
 By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
 Why did they not then die?—they had
 lived too long
 Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
 Years could but bring them cruel things or
 wrong;
 The world was not for them, nor the world's art
 For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
 Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
 It was their very spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
 Unseen as sings the nightingale: they were
 Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
 Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and
 Care:
 How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
 The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
 The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
 Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
 Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
 A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
 For ever and anon a something shook
 Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would
 creep; [brook,
 And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a
 A wordless music, and her face so fair
 Stir'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the
 air;

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
 Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
 Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
 The mystical usurper of the mind—

O'erpowering us to be whatever may seem
 Good to the soul which we no more can
 bind;
 Strange state of being! (for 't is still to be)
 Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
 Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but
 stir
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threat-
 ening her;
 And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
 Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they
 were [high—
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not
 die.

XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding
 feet,
 And stumbled almost every step she made:
 And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
 Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:
 'T was white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to
 meet [grasp'd,
 Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.

The dream changed:—in a cave she stood, its
 walls
 Where hung with marble icicles; the work
 Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
 Where waves might wash, and seals might
 breed and lurk;
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
 Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears,
 and mirk [caught,
 The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they
 Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead
 brow, [sweet
 Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how
 Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they
 now!)
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
 Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges
 low
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
 And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
 Faded, or alter'd into something new—
 Like to her father's features, till each trace
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
 Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets
 she there?
 'T is—'t is her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell.
 With joy and scrow, hope and fear, to see
 Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
 The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well:
 Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
 It was a moment of that awful kind—
 I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,
 And caught her falling, and from off the
 wall
 Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of
 all:
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
 Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my
 call,
 A thousand scimitars await the word;
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan, 't is—
 'T is Lambro—'t is my father! Kneel with
 me—
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
 Oh! dearest father, in this agony
 Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
 That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
 He look'd upon her, but gave no reply;
 Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
 In arms, at least, he stood, in aet to spring
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might
 bring.

XL.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more said:

Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free." he old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,

And drawing from his belt a pistol, he Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."

Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see T was fresh—he had lately used the lock— And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's
breath,
When Haidée threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let
death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged
my faith;
I love him—I will die with him: I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's
too."

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human
fears— [blow;
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wou'd the
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 't was
strange [the same;
How like they look'd! the expression was
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame,
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years,
Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood
wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcom'd
both, [growth
Show what the passions are in their full

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still
And looking on her, as to look her through.
"Not I," he said, "have sought this
stranger's ill;
Not I have made this desolation: few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to
kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
And blew, another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word,—“Arrest or slay the Frank.”

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress'd within his
clasp,
'T wixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—
His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut
through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old swordsman, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in; so well, ere you could loo'
His man was foor'd, and helpless at his foot
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head

L.
And then they bound him where he fell, and bore

Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail
at nine.

They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in
line;

On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the
watches.

LI.
The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
Handsome and young, enjoying all the
present,

Just at the very time when he least broods
On such a thing is suddenly to sea sent,
Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.
Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears,
green tea!

Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
For if my pure libations exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
'T is pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

LIII.
Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!
Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethontic rill!
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
(In each sense of the word), when'er I fill
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.
I leave Don Juan for the present safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidée's bosom
bounded!

She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because sur-
rounded;

Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.
There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fountains; there grain, and flower
and fruit,

Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.
Africa is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's
dower; [force,
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

LVII.
Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and
fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

LVIII.
The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'er-master'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no
more,— [groan
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

LIX.
A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which
ran o'er;
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd hand-
maids bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their
store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life would not hold, nor death destroy

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though
chill—

With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;
Corruption came not in each mind to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the
whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.—

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something
new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still
true [cause,
Brought back the sense of pain without the
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why;
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a
sigh [quick chat
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and
Were tried in vain by those who served; she
gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all for
got,
Gentle, but without memory she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain
be weaning [meaning.
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful

LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her hear'
re-sent;
And he begun a low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the
theme, [through all
And sung of love; the fierce name struck
Her recollection, on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded
brain, [rain.
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in

LXVII.

Show solace, vain relief!—thought came too
quick,
And whirl'd her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek.
Although her paroxysm drew towards its
close;—
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's
face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Avail'd for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for
ever.

LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; and
last:
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
And they who watch'd her nearest could not
know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

LXX

She died, but not alone; she held within
 A second principle of life, which might
 Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;
 But closed its little being without light,
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
 Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one
 blight;
 In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
 The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not
 made [bear,
 Through years or moons the inner weight to
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
 Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
 Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
 Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away;
 None but her own and father's grave is there,
 And nothing outward tells of human clay;
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
 No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
 What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
 Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
 With her sire's story makes the night less long;
 Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her:
 If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
 In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
 For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows
 too sad,
 And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;
 I don't much like describing people mad,
 For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself—
 Besides, I've no more on this head to add;
 And as my Muse is a capricious elf,
 We'll put about, and try another tack
 With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, con-
 fin'd,"
 Some days and nights elapsed before that he
 Could altogether call the past to mind;
 And when he did, he found himself at sea,

Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;
 The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee—
 Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
 But now was not much pleased with Cape
 Sigæum.

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
 (Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the sea)
 Entomb'd the bravest of the brave Achilles;
 They say so—(Bryant says the contrary):
 And further downward, tall and towering
 still, is [t may be
 The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows;
 Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus;
 All heroes, who if living still would slay us

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,
 A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain
 And Ida in the distance, still the same,
 And old Scamander, (if 't is he) remain,
 The situation seems still form'd for fame—
 A hundred thousand men might fight again
 With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's
 walls
 The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls,

LXXVIII

Troops of untended horses; here and there
 Some little hamlets, with new names un-
 couth;
 Some shepherds, (unlike Paris) led to stare
 A moment at the European youth
 Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings
 bear;
 A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in
 Extremely taken with his own religion,
 Are what I found there—but the devil a Phry-
 gian.

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
 From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;
 Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
 O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave;
 Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could
 urge
 A few brief questions; and the answers gave
 No very satisfactory information
 About his past or present situation

LXXX.

He saw some fellow captives, who appear'd
 To be Italians, as they were in fact;
 From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard
 Which was an odd one; a troop *voir*
 act

In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd

In their vocation; had not been attack'd
In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.

LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo of the party,
Juan was told about their curious case;
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,

And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, "Our Machiavelian impresario,
Making a signal off some promontory,
Hail'd a strange brig; Corpo di Caio Mario!
We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,
Without a single scudo of salario;
But if the Sultan has a taste for song,
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

'The prima donna, though a little old,
And haggard with a dissipated life,
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
Has some good notes; and then the tenor's
wife,

With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;

Last carnival she made a deal of strife
By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

"And then there are the dancer; there's the
Nini,

With more than one profession gains by all;
Then there's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
She, too, was fortunate last carnival,
And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
But spends so fast, she has not now a paul;
And then there's the Grottesca—such a
dancer! [answer.
Where men have souls or bodies she must

LXXXV.

"As for the figuranti, they are like
The rest of all that tribe; with here and there
A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
Yet has a sentimental kind of air
Which might go far, but she don't dance with
vigour;
The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

"As for the men, they are a middling set,

The musico is but a crack'd old basin,
But being qualified in one way yet,

May the seraglio do to set his face in,
And as a servant some preferment get:

His singing I no further trust can place in
From all the Pope makes yearly 't would perplese
To find three perfect pipes of the *third sex*

LXXXVII.

"The tenor's voice is spoil'd by affectation,
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;

In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow,

But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and
mellow, [believe

They hired him, though to hear him you'd
An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

"'T would not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young,—I see,
Sir—you

Have got a travell'd air, which speaks you one
To whom the opera is by no means new:

You've heard of Raucocauti?—I'm the man;
The time may come when you may hear
me too:

You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—
do go.

LXXXIX.

"Our baritone I almost had forgot,

A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit:
With graceful action, science not a jot,

A voice of not great compass, and not sweet,
He always is complaining of his lot,

Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

xc.

Here Raucocauti's eloquent recital

Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all
The captives back to their sad berths; each
threw [all

A rueful glance upon the waves, (which bright
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the sun.)
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

xcI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles
Waiting for his Sublimity's firman,

The most imperative of sovereign spells,
Which every body does without who can,

More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple
For the slave market of Constantinople.

XCII

It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd
female,

Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
If the soprano might be deem'd to be male,
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)
Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
Was Juan,—who, an awkward thing at his age,
Pair'd off with a Baechante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Rancocanti lucklessly was chain'd
The tenor; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pull'd different ways with many an
oath,

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
But bred within the march of old Ancona,
With eyes that look'd into the very soul
(And other chief points of a "bella donna"),
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
And through her clear brunette complexion
shone a

Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
For sorrow o'er each sense held stern com-
mand;

Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;
And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand
Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb
(And she had some not easy to withstand)
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel
brittle,

Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little

XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,
But facts are facts: no knight could be more
true,

And firmer faith no lady-love desire;
We will omit the proofs, save one or two:
'T is said no one in hand "can hold a fire
By thought of frosty Caucasus;" but few,
I really think; yet Juan's then ordeal
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth,
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship
soon,

Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through iteeldes' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'T is all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;
I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks which now it
shan't.

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble,
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble,
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease,
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
Or of some centuries to take a lease;
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through dis-
tance [Fame,
Of time and tongues, the foster-babe of
Life seems the smallest portion of existence,
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
'T is as a snowball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
But, after all, 't is nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than
nominal,
And love of glory 's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would as 't were identify their dust
From out the wide destruction, which entomb-
ing all, [just"—

Leaves nothing till "the coming of the
Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of
Rome.

CII.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled, [doom.
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's

Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
 Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral
 gloom [neath,
 Which once-named myriads nameless lie be-
 And lose their own in universal death.

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
 Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
 Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
 For human vanity, the young De Foix!
 A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
 But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
 Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
 While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

CIV

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:
 A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
 Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
 To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's
 column:
 The time must come, when both alike decay'd,
 The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
 Will sink where lie the songs and wars of
 earth,
 Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
 With human filth that column is defiled,
 As if the peasant's coarse contempt were
 vented
 To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd:
 Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
 Should ever be those bloodhounds, from
 whose wild
 Instinct of gore and glory earth has known
 Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards: though fame is
 smoke, [thought;
 Its fumes are frankincense to human
 And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
 Song in the world, will seek what then they
 sought;
 As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions
 brought
 Dash into poetry, which is our passion,
 Or at least was so ere it grew a passion.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
 At once adventurous and contemplative,
 Men who partake all passions as they pass,
 Acquire the deep and bitter power to give

Their images again as in a glass,
 And in such colours that they seem to live;
 You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
 But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!
 Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!
 Who advertise new poems by your looks,
 Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex?
 What! must I go to the oblivious cooks?
 Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian
 wrecks?
 Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,
 Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea!

CIX.

What! can I prove "a lion" then no more?
 A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press
 darling?
 To bear the compliments of many a bore,
 And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's
 starling;
 Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore,
 (Because the world won't read him, always
 snarling)
 That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,
 Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

CX.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
 And I, ye learned ladies say of you;
 They say your stockings are so—(Heaven
 knows why,
 I have examined few pair of that hue);
 Blue as the garters which serenely lie
 Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn
 The festal midnight, and the levee morn.

CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
 But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover
 You read my stanzas, and I read your features
 And—but no matter, all those things are
 over;
 Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
 For sometimes such a world of virtues cover.
 I knew one woman of that purple school,
 The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool

CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not
 The last, if late accounts be accurate,
 Invented, by some name I have forgot,
 As well as the sublime discovery's date,
 An airy instrument, with which he sought
 To ascertain the atmospheric state,
 By measuring "the intensity of blue;"
 Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!

CXIII.

But to the narrative:—The vessel bound
 With slaves to sell off in the capital,
 After the usual process, might be found.
 At anchor under the seraglio wall; [sound,
 Her cargo, from the plague being safe and
 Were landed in the market⁶¹, one and all,
 And there with Georgians, Russians, and
 Circassians,
 Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars
 For one Circassian; a sweet girl, were given,
 Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest colours
 Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven:
 Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
 Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd
 eleven;⁶²
 But when the offer went beyond, they knew
 'T was for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price
 Which the West Indian market scarce
 could bring; [twice
 Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it
 What 't was ere Abolition; and the thing
 Need not seem very wonderful, for vice
 Is always much more splendid than a king:
 The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
 Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
 How some were bought by pachas, some
 by Jews,
 How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
 And others rose to the command of crews
 As renegadoes; while in hapless group,
 Hoping no very old vizier might choose,
 The females stood, as one by one they pick'd
 'em,
 To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;
 Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant,
 (Because this Canto has become too long),
 Must be postponed discreetly for the present;
 I'm sensible redundancy is wrong, [in't:
 But could not for the muse of me put less
 And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
 Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
 In liquid lines mellifluously bland, [doves,
 And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her
 They little think what mischief is in hand,
 The greater their success the worse it proves,
 As Ovid's verse may give to understand;
 Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due
 severity,
 Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
 Except in such a way as not to attract;
 Plain—simple—short, and by no means
 inviting,

But with a moral to each error tack'd,
 Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,
 And with all passions in their turn attack'd:
 Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
 This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
 Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
 Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
 Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
 The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar,
 The twelve isles, and the more than I could
 dream,

Far less describe, present the very view
 Which charm'd the charming Mary Mon-
 tagu.⁶³

IV

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
 For once it was a magic sound to me;
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
 Where I beheld what never was to be;
 All feelings changed, but this was last to vary
 A spell from which even yet I am not quite
 free:

But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
 Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the
 wave

Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
 'Tis a grand sight from off "the Giant's
 Grave"⁶⁴

To watch the progress of those rolling seas

Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease ;
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the
Euxine.

VI.

'Twas a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
When nights are equal, but not so the days ;
The Parca then cut short the further spinning
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests
raise

The waters, and repentance for past sinning
In all, who o'er the great deep take their
ways : [don't ;

They vow to amend their lives, and yet they
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared,
they won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market
ranged ;

Each bevy with the merchant in his station :
Poor creatures ! their good looks were sadly
changed.

All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
From friends, and home, and freedom far
estranged ;

The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
Used to it, no doubt, as cels are to be flay'd.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
As most at his age are, of hope, and health ;
Yet I must own, he look'd a little dull,
And now and then a tear stole down
by stealth ;

Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
His spirit down ; and then the loss of wealth,
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

IX.

Were things to shake a stoic ; ne'ertheless,
Upon the whole his carriage was serene :
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
Of which some gilded remnants still were
seen,

Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
He was above the vulgar by his mien ;
And then, though pale, he was so very hand-
some ;

And then—they calculated on his ransom.

X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show
for sale,

Though rather more irregularly spotted :
Some bought the jet, while others chose
the pale.

It chanced amongst the other people lotted
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
With resolution in his dark grey eye,
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.

He had an English look ; that is, was square
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown
hair, [study.

And, it might be from thought, or toil, or
An open brow a little mark'd with care

One arm had on a bandage rather bloody ;
And there he stood with such *sang-froid*, that
greater

Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
Of a high spirit evidently, though
At present weigh'd down by a doom which had
O'erthrown even men, he soon began to
show

A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

XIII.

"My boy !"—said he, "amidst this motley
crew [not,

Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what
All ragamuffins differing but in hue,

With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
The only gentlemen seem I and you ;
So let us be acquainted, as we ought.

If I could yield you any consolation,
'T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is
your nation ?"

XIV.

When Juan answer'd—"Spanish !" he replied,
"I thought, in fact, you could not be a
Greek ;

Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed :
Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,
But that's her way with all men, till they're
tried ; [weck ;

But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next
She has served me also much the same as you,
Except that I have found it nothing new."

XV.

"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,
What brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing
very rare— [this doom

Six Tartars and a drag-chain—"To
But what conducted, if the question's fair,
Is that which I would learn.—"I served for
some [there,

Months with the Russian army here and
And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
A town, was ta'en myself instead of Wid-
din."65

XVI.

'Have you no friends?'—"I had—but, by
God's blessing, [Now
Have not been troubled with them lately.
I have answer'd all your questions without
pressing,

And you an equal courtesy should show."
Alas!" said Juan, "'t were a tale distressing,
And long besides."—"Oh! if 'tis really so,
You're right on both accounts to hold your
tongue;

A sad tale saddens doubly, when 'tis long.

XVII.

'But droop not: Fortune at your time of
life,

Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle.

To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the
sickle:

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

XVIII.

"'Tis not," said Juan, "for my present
doom [maid:—

I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of
gloom;

A single tear upon his eyelash staid
A moment, and then dropp'd; "but to resume,
'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
Hardships which have the hardest overworn,

XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—'
and here

He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his face.
"Av." quoth his friend, "I thought it would
appear

That there had been a lady in the case;

And these are things which ask a tender tear,
Such as I, too, would shed if in your place.
I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away:

XX.

"My third—"—"Your third!" quoth
Juan, turning round; [three?"

"You scarcely can be thirty: have you
"No—only two at present above ground:

Surely 'tis nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"

"Well, then, your third," said Juan;
"what did she?"

She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?"

"No, faith."—"What then?"—"I ran away
from her."

XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan
"Why,"

Replied the other, "what can a man do?
There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is
new, [high;

Commence with feelings warm, and prospects
But time strips our illusions of their hue,

And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake

XXII.

"'Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,
Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone
through,

This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,
Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—
Love's the first net which spreads its deadly
mesh;

Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

XXIII.

"All this is very fine, and may be true,"

Said Juan; "but I really don't see how
It betters present times with me or you."

"No?" quoth the other; "yet you will
allow

By setting things in their right point of view,
Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for instance,
now,

We know what slavery is, and our disasters
May teach us better to behave when masters."

XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try
Their present lessons on our Pagan friends
here,"

Said Juan,—swallowing a heart-burning sigh:
"Heaven help the scholar whom his for-
tune sends here!"

"Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,"
Rejoin'd the other, "when our bad luck
 mends here; [eye us]
Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to
I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us.

XXV.

'But after all, what is our present state?
'Tis bad, and may be better—all men's lot.
Most men are slaves, none more so than the
 great, [not;
To their own whims and passions, and what
Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
Of the third sex stept up, and peering over
The captives seem'd to mark their looks and
 age,
And capabilities, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage:
No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.⁶⁶
'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-crea-
 tures;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dextrous; some by
 features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
Some by a place—as tend their years or
 natures;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

XXVIII.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care
Turn'd to the merchant, and begun to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair:
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so
 they did!
As though they were in a mere Christian fair
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their
 hand,

And by mistake sequins⁶⁷ with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately seann'd,
And then the merchant giving change, and
 signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion?
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might
 intrude,
And conscience ask a curious sort of question:
About the right divine how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has
opprest one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four."

XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that Candide
Found life most tolerable after meals;
He's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed,
Repletion rather adds to what he feels,
Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's
 freed [reels.
From his own brain's oppression while it
Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather
Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and
 one father);

XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish, and soup, by some side dishes back'd,
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

XXXIII.

The other evening ('t was on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table
I heard a shot—'t was eight o'clock scarce
 past—
And, running out as fast as I was able,⁶⁸
I found the military commandant
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to
 pant.

XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs; and led
 him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house and up, the stair

And stripp'd, and look'd to,—But why
should I add

More circumstances? vain was every care;
The man was gone: in some Italian quarrel
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;
And though I have seen many corpses, never
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
So calm; though pierced through stomach,
heart, and liver,

He seem'd to sleep,—for you could scarcely tell
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead:
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

"Can this be death? then what is life or death?
Speak!" but he spoke not: "wake!" but
still he slept:—

"But yesterday and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,
'Go,' and he goeth; 'come, and forth he
stepp'd.

The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
And now nought left him but the muffled drum."

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp'd—
they [bed

With their rough faces throng'd about the
To gaze once more on the commanding clay
Which for the last, though not the first,
time bled:

And such an end! that he who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,—
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
Should now be butcher'd in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,
Those honourable scars which brought him
fame;

And horrid was the contrast to the view—
But let me quit the theme: as such things
claim

Perhaps even more attention than is due
From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the
same)

To try if I could wrench aught out of death
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a
faith;

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
And there we go:—but *where?* five bits of
lead,

Or three, or two, or one, send very far! [shed?
And is this blood, then, form'd but to be

Can every element our elements rear?

And air—earth—water—fire live—and we
dead? [more;
We, whose minds comprehend all things? No
But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went
thence

As fast as oars could pull and water float;
They look'd like persons being led to sentence,
Wondering what next, till the caïque⁶⁹ was
brought

Up in a little creek below a wall
O'ertopp'd with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, 't was open'd, and
He led them onward, first through a low thicket
Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on
either hand:

They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land.
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and
so forth:

(Of which I might have a good deal to say,
There being no such profusion in the North
Of oriental plants, "et cetera,"

But that of late your scribblers think it
worth [works,
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their*
Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the Turks:)

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
Whisper'd to his companion:—'t was the same
Which might have then occur'd to you or
me. [great shame

"Methinks,"—said he,—“it would be no
If we should strike a stroke to set us free;
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
And march away—'twere easier done than
said."

XLIV.

"Yes," said the other, "and when done, what
then?

How get out? how the devil got we in?
And when we once were fair'y out, and when
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved
our skin,⁷⁰

To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,

And worse off than we hitherto have been;
Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

"We must be near some place of man's
abode;—

For the old negro's confidence in creeping,
With his two captives, by so queer a road,
Shows that he thinks his friends have not
been sleeping;

A single cry would bring them all abroad:
'Tis therefore better looking before leaping—
And there, you see, this turn has brought us
through

By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too.

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
Which open'd on their view, and o'er the
front

Yaere seem'd to be besprent a deal of gilding
And various hues, as is the Turkish wont.—
A gaudy taste; for they are little skill'd in

The arts of which these lands were once the
font:

Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find
favour,

Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
And put himself upon his good behaviour:
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
Said, "In Heaven's name let's get some supper
now,

And then I'm with you, if you're for a row."

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;
The last of these was never much the fashion,

For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
But more or less continue still to tease on,
With arguments according to their "forte;"
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

L.

Turkey contains no belis, and yet men dine,
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
No Christian knoll to table, saw no line
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean arms
bared,

And gazed around them to the left and right,
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
They follow'd close behind their sable guide
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence
Was on the point of being set aside:

He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,
And knocking at the gate, 't was open'd wide,
And a magnificent large hall display'd
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade

LII.

I won't describe; description is my forte,
But every fool describes in these bright days
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your
praise—

Death to his publisher, to him 't is sport;
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illus-
trations.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
And some seem'd much in love with their
own dress,

And divers snok'd superb pipes decorated
With amber moulds of greater price or less
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.⁷¹

LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes:
A moment without slackening from their pace;
But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any wise:

One or two stared the captives in the face,
Just as one views a horse to guess his price;
Some nodded to the negro from their station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without
stopping,

On through a farther range of goodly rooms,
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, drop-
ping,⁷²

A marble fountain echoes through the gloom

Of night, which robe the chamber, or where
 popping
 Some female head most curiously presumes
 To thrust its black eyes through the door or
 lattice,
 As wondering what the devil noise that is.

LVI.

Some fain lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
 Gave light enough to hint their farther way,
 But not enough to show the imperial halls
 In all the flashing of their full array;
 Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say appals,
 But saddens more by night as well as day,
 Than an enormous room without a soul
 To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing.
 In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
 There solitude, we know, has her full growth in
 The spots which were her realms for ever-
 more;

But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
 More modern buildings and those built of
 yore,

A kind of death comes, 'er us all alone,
 Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,
 A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
 Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
 Are things which make an English evening
 pass;

Though *ceres* by no means so grand a sight
 As is a theatre lit up by gas.

I pass my evenings in long galleries solely;
 And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas! man makes that great which makes him
 little:

I grant you in a church 'tis very well:
 What speaks of Heaven should by no means
 be brittle,

But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
 Their names who rear'd it; but huge houses
 fit ill— [Adam fell:

And huge tombs worse—mankind, since
 Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
 Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then
 A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
 Where Nebuchadonosor, king of men,
 Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to
 grazing

And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
 The people's awe and admiration raising;
 'T was famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus
 And the calumniated queen Semiramis—

LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so coarse
 Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy,
 Of an improper friendship for her horse
 (Love, like religion, sometimes runs to excess).
 This monstrous tale had probably its source
 (For such exaggerations here and there I see,
 In writing "Coursur" by mistake for "Courier":
 I wish the case could come before a jury here

LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not
 Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't
 Because they can't find out the very spot
 Of that same Babel, or because they won't
 (Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks
 has got,

And written lately two memoirs upon 't,)
 Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
 Must be believed, though they believe not you

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has express'd
 Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
 Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
 Who give themselves to architecture wholly:
 We know where things and men must end at
 best:

A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
 And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"
 Shows that we build when we should but
 entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,
 Where echo woke as if from a long slumber,
 Though full of all things which could be desired
 One wonder'd what to do with such a number
 Of articles which nobody required;
 Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber
 With furniture an exquisite apartment,
 Which puzzled Nature much to know what
 Art meant.

LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on
 A range or suite of further chambers, which
 Might lead to heaven knows where; but in
 this one

The moveables were prodigally rich:
 Sofas 't was half a sin to sit upon,
 So costly were they; carpets every stitch
 Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
 You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
 A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in
 wonder, [ing,
 Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of stain-
 As if the milky way their feet was under
 With all its stars; and with a stretch attaining
 A certain press or cupboard niched in
 yonder—
 In that remote recess which you may see—
 Or if you don't the fault is not in me —

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous; and the black,
 I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth
 A quantity of clothes fit for the back
 Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;
 And of variety there was no lack— [dearth,—
 And yet, though I have said there was no
 He chose himself to point out what he thought
 Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
 Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
 A Candioté cloak, which to the knee might
 reach [burst,
 And trousers not so tight that they would
 But such as fit an Asiatic breech; [nurst,
 A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been
 Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;
 In short, all things which form a Turkish
 Dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
 Hinted the vast advantages which they
 Might probably attain both in the end,
 If they would but pursue the proper way
 Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend;
 And then he added that he needs must say,
 "T would greatly tend to better their condi-
 tion,
 If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

"For his own part, he really should re-
 joice
 To see them true believers, but no less
 Would leave his proposition to their choice.
 The other, thanking him for this excess
 Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
 In such a trifle, scarcely could express
 "Sufficiently" (he said) "his approbation
 Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

LXXI.

"For his own share — he saw but small
 objection
 To so respectable an ancient rite;
 And, after swallowing down a slight refection,
 For which he own'd a present appetite,
 He doubted not a few hours of reflection
 Would reconcile him to the business quite."
 "Will it?" said Juan, sharply: "Strike me
 dead,
 But they as soon shall circumcise my head!"

LXXII.

"Cut off a thousand heads, before——" —
 "Now, pray,"
 Replied the other, "do not interrupt;
 You put me out in what I had to say.
 Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supt.
 I shall perpend if your proposal may
 Be such as I can properly accept;
 Provided always your great goodness still
 Remits the matter to our own free-will."

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, "Be so good
 As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
 In which a Princess with great pleasure would
 Array her limbs: but Juan standing mute,
 As not being in a masquerading mood,
 Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;
 And when the old negro told him to "Get
 ready,"
 Replied, "Old gentleman, I'm not a lady."

LXXIV.

"What you may be, I neither know nor care."
 Said Baba; "but pray do as I desire;
 I have no more time nor many words to
 spare."
 "At least," said Juan, "sure I may inquire
 The cause of this odd travesty?"—"Forbear,"
 Said Baba, "to be curious; 't will transpire,
 No doubt, in proper place, and time, and
 season:
 I have no authority to tell the reason."

LXXV.

"Then if I do," said Juan, "I'll be——"
 —"Hold!" [voking;
 Rejoin'd the negro, "pray be not pro-
 This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
 And you will find us not too fond of joking."
 "What sir," said Juan, "shall it e'er be told
 That I unsex'd my dress?" But Baba
 stroking [call
 The things down, said, "Incense me, and I
 Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:
 A woman's, true; but then there is a cause
 Why you should wear them." — "What,
 though my soul loathes [pause,
 The effeminate garb?"—thus, after a short
 Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
 "What the devil shall I do with all this
 ganze?"

Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace
 Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face

LXXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipp'd
 A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk;
 Next with a virgin zone he was equipp'd,
 Which girt a slight chemise as white as
 milk;

But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,
 Which—as we say—or, as the Scotch say,
whilk,

(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
 Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—

LXXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was
 owing to [awkward:
 His garment's novelty, and his being
 And yet at last he managed to get through
 His toilet, though no doubt a little backward:
 The negro Baba help'd a little too, [hard;
 When some untoward part of raiment stuck
 And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
 He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair
 Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
 So many false long tresses all to spare,
 That soon his head was most completely
 crown'd,

After the manner then in fashion there;
 And this addition with such gems was
 bound

As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet, [oil it.
 While Baba made him comb his head and

LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,
 With some small aid from scissors, paint,
 and tweezers,

He look'd in almost all respects a maid, [sirs,
 And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, "You see,
 A perfect transformation here display'd;

And now, then, you must come along with
 me, sirs, [twice,

That is—the Lady:—clapping his hands
 Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
 "Will please to accompany those gentlemen
 To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,
 Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for when
 I say a thing, it must at once be done.
 What fear you? think you this a lion's den?
 Why, 'tis a palace; where the truly wise
 Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you
 harm." [them;
 "So much the better," Juan said, "for
 Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
 Which is not quite so light as you may
 deem.

I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm
 If any take me for that which I seem:
 So that I trust for every body's sake,
 That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

"Blockhead! come on, and see," quoth
 Baba; while
 Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who
 Though somewhat grieved, could scarce for-
 bear a smile

Upon the metamorphosis in view,—
 "Farewell!" they mutually exclaim'd: "this
 soil

Seems fertile in adventures strange and new,
 One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,
 By this old black enchanter's unsought aid.

LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan: "should we meet
 no more,

I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"
 Replied the other; "though it grieves me
 sore; [tell:

When we next meet, we'll have a tale to
 We needs must follow when Fate puts from
 shore, [once fell."

Keep your good name; though Eve herself
 "Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self
 shan't carry me,
 Unless his Highness promises to marry me."

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
 Baba led Juan onward room by room
 Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble
 floors,

Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
 Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers;
 And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
 It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine,
 For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
 Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
 Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd lies;
 There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
 And in perspective many a squadron flies;
 It seems the work of times before the line
 Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
 Of a huge hall, and on its either side
 Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
 Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
 In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
 O'er them in almost pyramidic pride:
 The gate so splendid was in all its features,⁷³
 You never thought about those little creatures,

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
 You started back in horror to survey
 The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
 Whose colour was not black, nor white,
 nor grey,
 But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
 Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;
 They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
 Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
 They look'd so little, did strong things at
 To ope this door, which they could really do,
 The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes;
 And now and then, with tough strings of the
 As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
 To give some rebel Pacha a cravat
 For mutes are generally used for that

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all;
 And looking like two incubi, they glared
 As Baba with his fingers made them fall
 To heaving back the portal folds: it scared
 Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
 With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;
 It was as if their little looks could poison
 Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCI.

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint
 To Juan some slight lessons as his guide.
 "If you could just contrive," he said "to stint
 That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
 'T would be as well, and,—though there's no much in't)
 To swing a little less from side to side,
 What has at times an aspect of the oddest;—
 And also could you look a little modest

XCII.

"'T would be convenient, for these mutes
 have eyes [tinfoats;
 Like needles, which may pierce those pet-
 And if they should discover your disguise,
 You know how near us the deep Bosphorus
 floats;
 And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
 To find our way to Marmora without boats,
 Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation
 A good deal practised here upon occasion."⁷⁴

XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way
 Into a room still nobler than the last;
 A rich confusion form'd a disarray
 In such sort, that the eye along it cast
 Could hardly carry any thing away,
 Object on object flash'd so bright and fast
 A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
 Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much;
 such things
 Occur in Orient palaces, and even
 In the more chaste'n'd domes of Western kings
 (Of which I have also seen some six or
 seven)
 Where I can't say of gold or diamond flings
 Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven;
 Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pic-
 tures,
 On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
 Under a canopy, and there reclined
 Quite in a confidential queenly way,
 A lady; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd
 To Juan, who though not much used to pray,
 Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his
 mind [bended
 What all this meant: while Baba bowed and
 His head until the ceremony ended.

xcvi.

The lady rising up with such an air
 As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
 Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
 Of eyes, which put out each surrounding
 gem;
 And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
 S'ae sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
 Of her deep purple robe, and speaking low,
 Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below

xcvii.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
 Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
 Whose force description only would abate:
 I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
 Than lessen it by what I could relate
 Of forms and features; it would strike you
 blind
 Could I do justice to the full detail;
 So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

xcviii.

Thus much however I may add,—her years
 Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty
 springs, [bears,
 But there are forms which Time to touch for—
 And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things,
 Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots; true—
 tears [wrings
 And love destroy; and sapping sorrow
 Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
 ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.

xcix.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
 Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
 And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,
 Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen;
 They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,
 Which might have call'd Diana's chorus
 "cousin,"
 As far as outward show may correspond;
 I won't be bail for any thing beyond.

c.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring
 But not by the same door through which
 came in
 Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
 At some small distance, all he saw within
 This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
 Marvel and praise; for both or none things
 win;
 And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
 Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."

ci.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
 (Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers
 of speech)
 To make men happy, or to keep them so;"
 (So take it in the very words of Creech).
 Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago;
 And thus Pope quotes the precept to re-teach
 From his translation; but had *none admired*,
 Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired

cii.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
 Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then
 A second time desired him to kneel down,
 And kiss the lady's foot; which maxim when
 He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
 Drew himself up to his full height again,
 And said, "It grieved him, but he could not stoop
 To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope"

ciii.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
 Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
 He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)
 About a bow-string—quite in vain; not yet
 Would Juan bend, though 't were to Mahomet's
 bride:

There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
 In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
 As also at the race and county balls.

civ.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
 About his ears, and natless would not bend;
 The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
 Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend
 To stain his pedigree a thousand swords
 A thousand times of him had made an end;
 At length perceiving the "foot" could not
 stand,

Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

cv.

Here was an honourable compromise,
 A half-way house of diplomatic rest.
 Where they might meet in much more peace-
 ful guise;

And Juan now his willingness exprest,
 To use all fit and proper courtesies,
 Adding, that this was commonest and best,
 For through the South, the custom still com-
 mands

The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

cvi.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
 Though on more *thorough-bred*⁷⁵ or fairer
 fingers
 No lips e'er left their transitory trace:
 On such as these the lip too fondly lingers

And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
 As you will see, if she you love shall bring
 hers [ger's
 In contact; and sometimes even a fair stran-
 An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
 Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,
 As if well used to the retreating trade;
 And taking hints in good part all the while,
 He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,
 And looking on him with a sort of smile,
 Took leave; with such a face of satisfaction,
 As good men wear who have done a virtuous
 action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change:
 I know not what might be the lady's thought,
 But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
 And into her clear cheek the blood was
 brought,
 Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
 The verge of Heaven: and in her large eyes
 wrought
 A mixture of sen sations, might be seem'd,
 Of half voluptuousness and half command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
 Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
 When he put on the cherub to perplex
 Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road
 to evil; [specks
 The sun himself was scarce more free from
 Than she from aught at which the eye could
 cavil; [where wanting,
 Yet, somehow, there was something some-
 As if she rather order'd than was granting.—

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
 A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
 Was thrown as 't were about the neck of you—
 And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
 With aught which looks like despotism in view:
 Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
 We would against them make the flesh obey—
 The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
 Her very nod was not an inclination;
 There was a self-will even in her small feet,
 As though they were quite conscious of her
 station—

They trod as upon necks; and to complete
 Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
 A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
 She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven, not
 mine!)

CXII.

'To hear and to obey' had been from birth
 The law of all around her: to fulfil
 All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
 Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her
 will;
 Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth
 Judge, then, if her caprices o'er stood still;
 Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
 We should have found out the "perpetual
 motion"

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;
 Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
 it might be seen, with diligence was sought,
 And when 't was found straightway the bar-
 gain closed:
 There was no end unto the things she bought.
 Nor 'o the trouble which her fancies caused;
 Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
 The women pardon'd all except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught,
 Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
 She order'd him directly to be bought,
 And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail
 In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
 At all such auctions knew how to prevail:
 She had no prudence, but he had; and this
 Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise
 And, should you ask how she, a sultan's
 bride,
 Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,
 This I must leave sultanas to decide:
 Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
 And kings and consorts oft are mystified,
 As we may ascertain with due precision,
 Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been
 tending:—
 She now conceived all difficulties past,
 And deem'd herself extremely condescending
 When, being made her property as last,

Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
 Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
 And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou
 love?" [move.]

Conceived that phrase was quite enough to
 CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
 But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
 With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,
 Felt the warm blood, which in his face was
 glowing,

Rush back upon his heart, which filled apace
 And left his cheeks as pale as snow-drops
 blowing: [spears,
 These words went through his soul like Arab-
 So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at
 tears,

For women shed and use them at their liking
 But there is something when man's eye appears
 Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
 A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
 Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
 His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
 To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not
 how:

Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
 Infected her with sympathy till now,
 And never having dreamt what 't was to bear
 Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
 There might arise some pointing petty care
 To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
 Her eye another's eyes could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,
 And when a *strong* although a strange sen-
 sation

Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
 For kinder feelings, whatso'er their nation,
 They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
 Samaritans in every situation;
 And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why
 Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
 Juan, who for an instant had been moved
 To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
 Of one who dared to ask if "he had loved,"
 Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone
 Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
 And although sensitive to beauty, he
 Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
 Was much embarrass'd, never having met
 In all her life with aught save prayers and praise;
 And as she also risk'd her life to get
 Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
 Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
 To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,
 And they had waited now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,
 To gentlemen in any such like case,
 That is to say—in a meridian clime,
 With us there is more law given to the chase.
 But here a small delay forms a great crime:
 So recollect that the extremest grace
 Is just two minutes for your declaration—
 A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good; and might have been still
 better,
 But he had got Haidée into his head:
 However strange, he could not yet forget her,
 Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
 Gulbeyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor
 For having had him to her palace led,
 Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
 Crow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
 Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes,
 Which needed not an empire to persuade,
 Look'd into his for love, where none replies:
 Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid;
 That being the last thing a proud woman tries.
 She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw
 Herself upon his breast, and there she grew

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
 But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride.
 With gentle force her white arms he unbound'
 And seated her all drooping by his side,
 Then rising haughtily he glanced around.
 And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
 "The prison'd eagle will not part, nor I
 Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy."

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
 How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee*.
 In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and wool,
 Were fitter for me. Love is for the free!

I am not dazzled by this splendid roof;
 Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be;
 Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a
 throne,
 And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

his was a truth to us extremely trite;
 Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things:
 She deem'd her least command must yield
 delight,

Earth being only made for queens and kings.
 If hearts lay on the left side or the right

She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
 Legitimacy its born votaries, when
 Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
 As even in a much humbler lot had made
 A kingdom or confusion any where,
 And also, as may be presumed, she laid
 Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if e'er,
 By their possessors thrown into the shade:
 She thought hers gave a double "right divine;"
 And half of that opinion's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,
 'Ye! who have kept your chastity when young,
 While some more desperate dowager has been
 waging [stung

Love with you, and been in the dog-days
 By your refusal, recollect her raging!

Or recollect all that was said or sung
 On such a subject; then suppose the face
 Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose,—but you already have supposed,
 The spouse of Pithphar, the Lady Booby,
 Phedra, and all which story has disclosed
 Of good examples; pity that so few by
 Poets and private tutors are exposed,
 To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!
 But when you have supposed the few we know,
 You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
 Or any interesting beast of prey,
 Are similes at hand for the distress
 Of ladies who can not have their own way;
 But though my turn will not be served withless,
 These don't express one half what I should
 say:

For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
 To cutting short their hopes of having any?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,
 From tigresses and cubs to ducks and duck-
 lings; [claw

There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the
 Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings
 And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
 How mothers love their children's squeal
 and chucklings;

This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
 Your patience) shows the cause must still be
 stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz' eyes,
 'T were nothing—for her eyes flash'd always
 fire;

Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes
 I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
 So supernatural was her passion's rise;

For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire:
 Even ye who know what a check'd woman is
 (Enough, God knows!) would much fall short
 of this.

CXXXV.

Ec'r rage was but a minute's, and 't was well—
 A moment's more had slain her; but the
 while

It lasted 't was like a short glimpse of hell:
 Nought's more sublime than energetic bile.

Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,
 Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
 And the deep passions flashing through her
 form

Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 't were to a typhoon
 To match a common fury with her rage,
 And yet she did not want to reach the moon,
 Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page,
 Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,

Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
 Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's.
 And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in
 tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
 Pass'd without words—in fact she could not
 speak;

And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
 A sentiment till then in her but weak,
 But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
 As water through an unexpected leak,

For she felt humbled—and humiliation
 Is sometimes good for people in her station

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
 It also gently hints to them that others,
 Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
 That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
 And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
 Though not all born of the same sires and
 mothers:
 It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
 But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
 Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;
 Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
 Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
 Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
 Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to
 sentence

The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource
 Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
 The dagger close at hand, which made it
 awkward;

For Eastern stays are little made to pad,
 So that a poniard pierces if 't is stuck hard:
 She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
 Though he deserved it well for being so
 backward,

The cutting off his head was not the art
 Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXXLI.

Juan was moved: he had made up his mind
 To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish
 For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
 Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
 And thus heroically stood resign'd,
 Rather than sin—except to his own wish:
 But all his great preparatives for dying
 Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,
 So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how;
 And first he wonder'd why he had refused;
 And then, if matters could be made up now;
 And next his savage virtue he accused,
 Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
 Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
 Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses;
 But words are not enough in such a matter,
 Although you borrow'd all that e'er the muses
 Have sung, or even a Dardy's daidiest
 chatter,

Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses:

Just as a languid smile began to flatter
 His peace was making, but before he ventured
 Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

CXLIV.

'Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!
 ('T was thus he spake,) "and Empress of
 the Earth!" [tune,
 Whose frown would put the spheres all out of
 Whose smile makes all the planets dance
 with mirth, [soon—
 Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too
 Which your sublime attention may be worth
 The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,
 To hint that he is coming up this way"

CXLV.

"Is it," exclaim'd Gulbeyaz, "as you say?
 I wish to heaven he would not shine to-day
 morning?
 But bid my women form the milky way.
 Hence, my old comet! give the stars due
 warning—
 And, Christian! mingle with them as you may
 And as you'd have me pardon your past
 scorning——"
 Here they were interrupted by a humming
 sound, and then by a cry, "The Sultan
 coming!"

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
 And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and
 white;
 The train might reach a quarter of a mile:
 His majesty was always so polite
 As to announce his visits a long while
 Before he came, especially at night;
 For being the last wife of the Emperour,
 She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
 Shav'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
 Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
 His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise
 He was as good a sovereign of the sort
 As any mention'd in the histories
 Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine
 Save Solyman, the glory of their line.

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
 With more than "Oriental scrupulosity;"
 He left to his vizier all state affairs,
 And show'd but little royal curiosity;

I know not if he had domestic cares—

No process proved connubial animosity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids,
unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

CXLIX.

I now and then there happen'd a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
he story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,
rom which the secret nobody could rip:
The public knew no more than does this
rhyme;

No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular any where;
His empire also was without a bound:
'T is true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
But then they never came to "the Seven
Towers;" 76

CLL.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To lodge there when a war broke out, ac-
cording
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
Those scoundrels, who have never had a
sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely
wording
Their lies, yclep'd despatches, without risk or
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,
Sometimes at six years old 77—though this
seems odd,
'T is true; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the fates alone;

Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always
shown.
So that the heir apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd,

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd
her brows,
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank:
To no men are such cordial greetings given,
As those whose wives have made them fit for
heaven.

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always look'd, perceived
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,
At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor
grieved,
But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,
While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved
"I see you've bought another girl; 'tis pity
That a mere Christian should behal'f so pretty."

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and
shake
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone;
Oh! Mahomet! that his Majesty should take
Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperial ever spake!
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, some
times—
The women up—because, in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
Which in the North, prevents precocious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our
morality;
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the same;
Excepting only when the former's pick'd
It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame;

Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when prick'd.

But then their own polygamy's to blame;
Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife?

CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle; and now we pause,

Though not for want of matter; but 'tis time,
According to the ancient epic laws,

To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,

The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, per-
haps

You'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.

Don Juan.

PREFACE TO
CANTOS VI. VII. AND VIII.

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i. e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from the French Work, entitled "Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie." Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa⁷⁸, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death⁷⁹ or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true; but with this the public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever

tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat he would have been buried in a cross-road with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the "carotid artery," (blessings on their learning! and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and "the syllables of dolour yelled forth" by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law*⁸⁰—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejan,⁸¹ of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind. Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—"La pudeur s'est ensuite enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres." . . . "Plus les mœurs sont dépravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, &c. are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on whom it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus

Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the "wretched infidel," as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience' sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heretodox,⁸² Prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or overpensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of "Holy!" I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

Pisa, July, 1822.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men
Which,—taken at the flood,"—you know
the rest⁸³,
And most of us have found it now and then;
At least we think so, though but few have
guess'd
The moment, till too late to come again.
But no doubt every thing is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end:
When things are at the worst they sometimes
mend.

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God
knows where.
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its current to a hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen⁸⁴
With its strange whirls and eddies can com-
pare:
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But wOMEN with their hearts on heaven knows
what!

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would
risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to be
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a she's a devil (if that there be
one),
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

IV.

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that when passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Anthony be well remember'd yet,
'T is not his conquests keep his name in
fashion,
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty;
I wish their years had been fifteen and
twenty, [sport—I
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a
Remember when, though I had no great
plenty
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart: as the world
went, I [could never
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

VI.

'T was the boy's "mite," and like the "widow's,"
may
Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not now;
But whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,
And Love's a God, or was before the brow
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
A kind of state more awkward than un-
common,
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman:
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong;
 I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;
 But I detest all fiction even in song,
 And so must tell the truth, howe'er you
 blame it. "
 Her reason being weak, her passions strong
 Shethought that her lord's heart (even could
 she claim it)
 Was scarce enough; for he had fifty-nine
 Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,"
 But by "the bookish theoretic" it appears,
 If 'tis summ'd up with feminine precision,
 That, adding to the account his Highness
 years,
 The fair Sultana err'd from inanition;
 For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,
 She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
 Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
 Upon all legal objects of possession,
 And not the least so when they are religious,
 Which doubles what they think of the
 transgression;
 With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,
 As the tribunals show through many a
 session.

When they suspect that any one goes shares
 In that to which the law makes them sole
 heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
 The heathen also, though with lesser lati-
 tude,
 Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
 And take, what kings call "an imposing
 attitude;"

And for their rights connubial make a stand,
 When their niege husbands treat them with
 ingratitude;
 And as four wives must have quadruple claims,
 The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
 The favourite; but what's favour amongst
 four?

Polygamy may well be held in dread,
 Not only as a sin, but as a bore:
 Most wise men with one moderate woman wed,
 Will scarcely find philosophy for more;
 And all (except Mahometans) forbear
 To make the nuptial couch a "Bed of
 Ware."⁸⁵

XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—
 So styled according to the usual forms
 Of every monarch, till they are consign'd.
 To those sad hungry jacobins the worms,
 Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—
 His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,
 Expecting all the welcome of a lover [over]
 (A "Highland welcome" all the wide world

XIV.

Now here we should distinguish; for howe'er
 Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,
 May look like what is—neither here nor there,
 They are put on as easily as a hat,
 Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,
 Triumf'd either heads or hearts to decorate
 Which form an ornament, but no more part
 Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
 Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
 More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
 Rather to hide what pleases most unknown
 Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
 Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne.
 A sincere woman's breast,—for over-warm,
 Or over-cold annihilates the charm.

XVI.

For over-warmth, if false, is worse than truth;
 If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire;
 For no one, save in very early youth,
 Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,
 Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,
 And apt to be transferr'd to the first buyer
 At a sad discount: while your over-chilly
 Women, on t'other hand, seem somewhat
 silly.

XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,
 For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
 Who fain would have a mutual flame confess'd,
 And see a sentimental passion glow,
 Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,
 In his monastic concubine of snow;—⁹¹
 In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is
 Horatian, "Medio tu tutissimus ibis."

XVIII.

The "tu" 's too much,—but let it stand,—the
 verse
 Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme
 And not the pink of old hexameters:
 But, after all, there's neither tune nor time

In the last line, which cannot well be worse,
And was thrust in to close the octave's
chime:

I own no prosody can ever rate it
As a rule, but *truth* may, if you translate it.

XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—it succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not less in the heart
Than other articles of female dress.
Self-love in man, too, beats all female art;
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less:
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whatever their dreams be, if of joys or woes:
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's
mounted,
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you
counted
As certain;—these are paltry things, and yet
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

XXII.

I'm a philosopher; confound them all!
Bills, beasts, and men, and — no! *not*
womankind!
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,
And then my stoicism leaves nought behind
Which it can either pain or evil call,
And I can give my whole soul up to mind;
Though what is soul or mind, their birth or
growth, [both!
Is more than I know—the deuce take them

XXIII.

So now all things are d—n'd one feels at ease,
As after reading Athanasius' curse,
Which doth your true believer so much please:
I doubt if any now could make it worse
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,
'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,
And decorates the book of Common Prayer,
As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or
At least one of them!—Oh, the heavy night
When wicked wives, who love some bachelor
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite—
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake
Let their too lawful bed-fellow should wake

XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,
Also beneath the canopy of beds,
Four-posted and silk curtain'd, which are given
For rich men and their brides to lay their
heads [“driven
Upon, in sheets white as what bards call
Snow.”⁸⁷ Well! 'tis all hap-hazard when
one weds.

Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been
Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's quean*.

XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,
With all the damsels in their long array,
Had bow'd themselves before th' imperial eyes
And at the usual signal ta'en their way
Back to their chambers, those long galleries
In the seraglio, where the ladies lay
Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms there
Beating for love, as the caged bird's for air.

XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's⁸⁸ wish, “that mankind only
had [“pierce”
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad
And much more tender on the whole than
fierce;
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South

XXVIII.

Oh, enviable Briareus! with thy hands
And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied
In such proportion!—But my Muse withstands
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,
Or travelling in Patagonian lands;
So let us back to Lilliput, and guide
Our hero through the labyrinth of love,
In which we left him several lines above.

XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalises,⁸⁹
At the given signal join'd to their array;
And though he certainly ran many risks,
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way

(Although the consequences of such frisks
Are worse than the worst damages men pay
In moral England, where the thing's a tax,)
From ogling all their charms from breasts to
backs.

XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise:—along
The galleries from room to room they walk'd,
A virgin-like and edifying throng, [stalk'd
By eunuchs flank'd; while at their head there
A dame who kept up discipline among [talk'd,
The female ranks, so that none stir'd or
Without her sanction on their she-parades:
Her title was "the Mother of the Maids."

XXXI.

Whether she was a "mother," I know not,
Or whether they were "maids" who call'd
her mother;
But this is her seraglio title, got
I know not how, but good as any other;
So Cantemir⁹⁰ can tell you, or De Tott.⁹¹
Her office was to keep aloof or smother
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred
Young women, and correct them when they
blunder'd.

XXXII.

A goodly sinecure, no doubt! but made
More easy by the absence of all men—
Except his majesty,—who, with her aid,
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now
and then
A slight example, just to cast a shade
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless—
how [will
Could you ask such a question?—but we
Continue. As I said, this goodly row
Of ladies of all countries at the will
Of one good man, with stately march and slow,
Like water-lilies floating down a rill—
Or rather lake—for *rills* do *not* run *slowly*,—
Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

XXXIV.

But when they reach'd their own apartments,
there,
Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where
When freed from bonds (which are of no
great use

After all), or like Irish at a fair, [truce
Their guards being gone, and as it were a
Establish'd between them and bondage, they
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

XXXV.

Their talk, of course, ran most on the new comer;
Her shape, her hair, her air, her everything:
Some thought her dress did not so much
become her,
Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring;
Some said her years were getting nigh the
summer,
Others contended they were but in spring;
Some thought her rather masculine in height,
While others wish'd that she had been so quite

XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair
And fresh, and "beautiful exceedingly,"
Who with the brightest Georgians⁹² might
compare:
They wonder'd how Gulbeyaz, too, could be
So silly as to buy slaves who might share
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)
Her throne and power, and every thing beside

XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,
Although her beauty was enough to vex,
After the first investigating view,
They all found out as few, or fewer, speck
In the fair form of their companion new,
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,
When they survey, with Christian eyes or
Heathen,
In a new face, "the ugliest creature breathing."

XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies,
Like all the rest: but upon this occasion,
Whether there are such things as sympathies
Without our knowledge or our approbation,
Although they could not see through his dis-
guise,
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,
Like magnetism, or devilism, or what
You please—we will not quarrel about that.

XXXIX.

But certain 't is they all felt for their new
Companion something newer still, as 't were
A sentimental friendship through and through,
Extremely pure, which made them all concur
In wishing her their sister, save a few
Who wish'd they had a brother just like her,
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,
They would prefer to Padisha⁹³ or Pacla.

XLI.

Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,
Lolah, Katinka⁹⁴, and Dudù; in short,

(To save description) fair as fair can be

Were they, according to the best report,

Though differing in stature and degree,

And clime and time, and country and complexion;

They all alike admired their new connection.

XLII.

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm;

Katinka was a Georgian⁹⁵, white and red,

With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,

And feet so small they scarce seem'd made
to tread,

But rather skim the earth; while Dudù's form

Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,

Being somewhat large, and languishing, and
lazy,

Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

XLIII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,

Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those

Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,

Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose:

Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,

Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce
lose;

Yet, after all, 't would puzzle to say where

It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but

Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;

Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,

They put beholders in a tender taking;

She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut

From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,

The mortal and the marble still at strife,

And timidly expanding into life.

XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—

"Juanna."—Well, a pretty name enough.

Katinka ask'd her also whence she came—

"From Spain."—"But where is Spain?"—

"Don't ask such stuff, [shame!]"

Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for

Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,

To poor Katinka: "Spain's an island near

Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

XLV.

Dudu said nothing, but sat down beside

Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;

And looking at her steadfastly, she sigh'd,

As if she pitied her for being there,

A pretty stranger without friend or guide,

And all aba-h'd, too, at the general stare

Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,

With kind remarks upon their mien and faces."

XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near.

With, "Ladies, it is time to go to rest.

I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,"

She added to Juanna, their new guest

"Your coming has been unexpected here.

And every couch is occupied; you had best

Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early

We will have all things settled for you fairly."

XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—"Mamma, you know

You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear

That any body should disturb you so;

I'll take Juanna; we're a slenderer pair

Than you would make the half of;—don't say
no: [care."

And I of your young charge will take due

But here Katinka interfered, and said,

"She also had compassion and a bed."

XLVIII.

"Besides, I hate to sleep alone," quoth she.

The matron frown'd: "Why so?"—"For
fear of ghosts,"

Replied Katinka; "I am sure I see

A phantom upon each of the four posts;

And then I have the worst dreams that can be,

Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls
in hosts." [you,

The dame replied, "Between your dreams and
I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

XLIX.

"You, Lolah, must continue still to lie

Alone, for reasons which don't matter; you

The same, Katinka, until by and by;

And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,

Who's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,

And will not toss and chatter the night
through.

What say you, child?—Dudù said nothing, as
Her talents were of the more silent class;

L.

But she rose up, and kiss'd the matron's brow

Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,

Katinka, too: and with a gentle bow

(Curt'sies are neither used by Turks nor
Greeks)

She took Juanna by the hand to show

Their place of rest, and left to both their
piques,

The others pouting at the matron's preferen:
Of Dudù, though they held their tongues fro

deference.

LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is
The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this
I might describe, as I have seen it all,
But it suffices—little was amiss :

'T was on the whole a nobly furnish'd hall,
With all things ladies want, save one or two,
And even those were nearer than they knew.

LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
With the most regulated charms of feature,
Which painters cannot catch like faces sin-
ning
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
And pleasing, or unpleasing, still are like.

LIII.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
Which, some call "the sublime:" I wish
they'd try it:

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive, and serene,
It may be, more than either—not unholy
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to
have been. [wholly
The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was
Unconscious, albeit turn'd of quick seventeen
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
She never thought about herself at all.

LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as
The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,
By which its nomenclature came to pass;
Thus most appropriately has been shown
"Lucus à non lucendo," not what was,
But what was not; a sort of style that's grown
Extremely common in this age, whose metal
The devil may decompose, but never settle:

LVI.

I think it may be of "Corinthian Brass,"⁹⁶
Which was a mixture of all metals, but
The brazen uppermost.) Kind reader! pass
This long parenthesis: I could not shut

It sooner for the son of me, and class

My faults even with your own, which
meaneth, Put
A kind construction upon them and me
But that you won't—then don't—I am not
less free.

LVII.

'T is time we should return to plain narration,
And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù,
With every kindness short of ostentation,
Show'd Juan, or Juanna, through and through
This labyrinth of females, and each station
Described—what's strange—in words ex-
tremely few:

I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,
For wordless woman, which is *silent* thunder

LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because
The gender still was epicene, at least
In outward show, which is a saving clause)
An outline of the customs of the East,
With all their chaste integrity of laws,
By which the more a harem is increased,
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties
Of any supernumerary beauties.

LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure
That nobody can ever take amiss.

Because 't is pleasant, so that it be pure,
And between females means no more than
this— [newer.

That they have nothing better near, or
'Kiss' rhymes to "bliss" in fact as well as
verse—

I wish it never led to something worse.

LX.

In perfect innocence she then unmade
Her toilet, which cost little, for she was
A child of Nature, carelessly array'd:
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,
'T was like the fawn, which, in the lake dis-
play'd,

Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,
When first she starts, and then returns to peep.
Admiring this new native of the deep.

XI.

And one by one her articles of dress
Were laid aside; but not before she offer'd
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
Of modesty declined the assistance proffer'd:
Which pass'd well off—as she could do no less;
Though by this politesse she rather suffer'd
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins
Which surely were invented for our sins,—

LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,
Not to be rashly touch'd But still more
dread,

Oh ye! whose fate it is, as once 't was mine,
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;—
I did my very boyish best to shine
In tricking her out for a masquerade:
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendency is to philosophise
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin *Knowledge* flies.
What are we? and whence came we? what
shall be
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our present?
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim
And distant from each other burn'd the lights,
And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb
Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,
They should have walk'd there in their spright-
liest trim,
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,
And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and
root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth induced
to shoot.
One with her anburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft
breath,
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

LXVI.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white
arm,
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through
a cloud [charm,
The moon breaks, half unveil'd each further
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of
night
All basely to struggle into light

LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for
'T was night, but there were lamps, as hath
been said.

A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd
Through the heaved breast the dream of some
far shore

Beloved and deplored; while slowly stray'd
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
The black bough), tear-drops through her eyes'
dark fringes

LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
Or Lot's wife done in salt.—or what you will:—
My similes are gather'd in a heap,
So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content
With a carved lady on a monument.

LXIX.

And lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?
A lady of a "certain age," which means
Certainly aged—what her years might be
I know not, never counting past their teens;
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,
As ere that awful period intervenes
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,
To meditate upon their sins and self.

LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dream'd, Dudù?
With strict inquiry I could ne'er discover.
And scorn to add a syllable untrue;
But ere the middle watch was hardly over
Just when the fading lamps waned dim and
blue, [hover,
And phantoms hover'd, or might seem to
To those who like their company, about
The apartment, on a sudden she scream'd out:

LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstart all
The Oda, in a general commotion:
Matron and maids, and those whom you may
call [ocean,
Neither, came crowding like the waves of
One on the other, throughout the whole hall,
All trembling, wondering, without the least
notion
More than I have myself of what could make
The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glancing bare

And bright as any meteor ever bred

By the North Pole,—they sought her cause
of care,

For she seem'd agitated, flush'd, and frighten'd,
Her eye dilated and her colour heighten'd.

LXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how
great

A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay
as fast as ever husband by his mate

In holy matrimony snores away.

Not all the clamour broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so they say
At least,—and then she, too, unclosed her eyes,
And yawn'd a good deal with discreet surprise.

LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than
once

Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce
To answer in a very clear oration.

Dudù had never pass'd for wanting sense,
But, being "no orator as Brutus is,"
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

LXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound
She dream'd a dream, of walking in a wood—
A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found
Himself in at the age when all grow good;
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue
crown'd

Run much less risk of lovers turning rinde;
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—
A most prodigious pippin—but it hung
Rather too high and distant; that she threw
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely
clung

To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,
But always at a most provoking height;—

LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
It fell down of its own accord before
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop
And pick it up, and bite it to the core,
That just as her young lip began to ope

Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,
A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,
And so—she awoke with a great scream and
start.

LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand
To expound their vain and visionary gleams,
I've known some odd ones which seem'd
really plann'd

Prophetically, or that which one deems
A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days?

LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great
harm,

Began, as is the consequence of fear,
To scold a little at the false alarm
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.
The matron, too, was wroth to leave her warm
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to
hear,

And chafed at poor Dudù, who only sigh'd,
And said, that she was sorry she had cried

LXXX.

"I've heard of stories of a cock and bull;
But visions of an apple and a bee,
To take us from our natural rest, and pull
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past
three,

Would make us think the moon is at its full.
You surely are unwell, child! we must see.
To-morrow, what his Highness's physician
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

"And poor Juanna, too, the child's first night
Within these walls, to be broke in upon
With such a clamour—I had thought it right
That the young strangers should not lie alone,
And, as the quietest of all, she might
With you, Dudù, a good night's rest have
known;

But now I must transfer her to the charge
Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large."

LXXXII.

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;
But poor Dudù, with large drops in her own,
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,
Implored that present pardon might be shown
For this first fault, and that on no condition
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)
Juanna should be taken from her, and
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand

LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,
At least to dream so loudly as just now;
She wonder'd at herself how she could scream—
'T was foolish, nervous, as she must allow

A fond hallucination, and a theme
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,
And begg'd they would excuse her; she'd get
over

This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,
And said she felt herself extremely well
Where she then was, as her sound sleep dis-
closed,

When all around rang like a tocsin bell;
She did not find herself the least disposed
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell
Apart from one who had no sin to show,
Save that of dreaming once "mal-à-propos.

LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turn'd round
And hid her face within Juanna's breast;
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found
The colour of a budding rose's crest.
I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can expound
The mystery of this rupture of their rest;
All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

LXXXVI.

And so good night to them,—or, if you will,
Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and
light
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,
And the mosque crescent struggled into sight
Of the long caravan, which in the chill
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each
height,
That stretches to the stony belt, which girds
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,
Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and pale
As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,
Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and veil.
The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
Which fable places in her breast of wail,
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
Whose headlong passions form their proper
woes.

LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,
If people would but see its real drift;—
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,
Because all gentle readers have the gift
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision;
While gentle writers also love to lift
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

LXXXIX.

Rose the sultana from a bed of splendour,
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried
Aloud because his feelings were too tender
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side,—
So beautiful that art could little mend her,
Though pale with conflicts between love
and pride;—
So agitated was she with her error,
She did not even look into the mirror.

XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,
And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd;
A thing of much less import in that clime—
At least to those of incomes which afford
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—
Than where two wives are under an embargo

XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor
Indeed on any other; as a man
He liked to have a handsome paramour
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,
And therefore of Circassians had good store,
As an amusement after the Divan;
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty

XCII.

And now he rose; and after due ablutions
Exacted by the customs of the East,
And prayers and other pious evolutions,
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians
Whose victories had recently increased
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores,
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend
Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes
wander
Almost as far as Petersburgh, and lend
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which
blend
Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be
Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim
Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,
That hater of mankind, would be a shame.
A libel, or what'er you please to rhyme on

But people's ancestors are history's game ;
 And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on
 All generations, I should like to know
 What pedigree the best would have to show ?

XCv.

Had Catherine and the sultan understood
 Their own true interests, which kings rarely
 know,
 'Til 't is taught by lessons rather rude,
 There was a way to end their strife, although
 'rhaps precarious, had they but thought
 good,
 Without the aid of prince or plenipo :
 She to dismiss her guards and he his harem,
 And for their other matters, meet and share
 'em.

XCVI.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold
 His daily council upon ways and means
 How to encounter with this martial scold,
 This modern Amazon and queen of queans ;
 And the perplexity could not be told
 Of all the pillars of the state, which leans
 Sometimes a little heavy on the backs
 Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

XCvII.

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was gone,
 Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place
 For love or breakfast ; private, pleasing, lone,
 And rich with all contrivances which grace
 Those gay recesses :—many a precious stone
 Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase
 Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers,
 Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

XCvIII.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,
 Vied with each other on this costly spot ;
 And singing birds without were heard to
 warble ; [grot
 And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair
 Varied each ray ;—but all descriptions garble
 The true effect, and so we had better not
 Be too minute ; an outline is the best,—
 A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

XCIX.

And here she summon'd Baba, and required
 Don Juan at his hands, and information
 Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,
 And whether he had occupied their station ;
 If matters had been managed as desired,
 And his disguise with due consideration
 Kept up ; and above all, the where and how
 He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd
 to know.

c.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied
 To this long catechism of questions, ask'd
 More easily than answer'd,—that he had tried
 His best to obey in what he had been task'd ;
 But there seem'd something that he wish'd to
 hide,
 Which hesitation more betray'd than mask'd ;
 He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource
 To which embarrass'd people have recourse

cI.

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,
 Nor much disposed to wait in word of
 deed ;
 She liked quick answers in all conversations,
 And when she saw him stumbling like a
 steed
 In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones ;
 And as his speech grew still more broken-
 kneed,
 Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,
 And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and
 darkle.

cII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he
 knew
 To bode him no great good, he deprecated
 Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him
 through— [lated :
 He could not help the thing which he re-
 Then out it came at length, that to Dudu
 Juan was given in charge, as hath been
 stated ;
 But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
 The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

cIII.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom
 The discipline of the whole harem bore,
 As soon as they re-enter'd their own room,
 For Baba's function stopt short at the door
 Had settled all ; nor could he then presume
 (The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,
 Without exciting such suspicion as
 Might make the matter still worse than it was.

cIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure
 Juan had not betray'd himself ; in fact
 'T was certain that his conduct had been pure,
 Because a foolish or imprudent act
 Would not alone have made him insecure
 But ended in his being found out and sack'd,
 And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke
 Of all save Dudu's dream, which was no joke

CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,
And talk'd away—and might have talk'd
till now,

For any further answer that he found,
So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow:
Her cheek turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain
whirl'd round,

As if she had received a sudden blow,
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and
chill;

O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,
Baba thought she would faint, but there he
err'd—

It was but a convulsion, which though short
Can never be described; we all have heard,
And some of us have felt thus "*all amort*,"
When things beyond the common have
occurr'd;—

Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony
What she could ne'er express—then how
should I?

CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
Stands on her tripod, agonised, and full
Of inspiration gather'd from distress, [pull
When all the heart-strings like wild horses
The heart asunder;—then, as more or less
Their speed abated or their strength grew
dull,

She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling
knees.

CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen; her hair
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
Or rather sofa, (for it was all pillow,
A low, soft ottoman,) and black despair
Stirr'd up and down her-bosom like a billow,
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles
check
its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in
stooping

Conceal'd her features better than a veil;
And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:
Would that I were a painter! to be grouping
All that a poet drags into detail!
Oh that my words were colours! but their tints
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk
And when to hold his tongue, now held it
till

This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk
Gulbeyaz taciturn or speaking will.

At length she rose up, and began to walk
Slowly along the room, but silent still,
And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye;
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

CXI.

She stopp'd, and raised her head to speak—
but paused,

And then moved on again with rapid pace;
Then slacken'd it, which is the march most
caused [trace

By deep emotion:—you may sometimes
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased
By all the demons of all passions, show'd
Their work even by the way in which he
trode.

CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopp'd and beckon'd Baba:—
"Slave!

Bring the two slaves!" she said in a low tone
But one which Baba did not like to brave,
And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather
prone
To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave
(Though he well knew the meaning) to be
shown

What slaves her highness wish'd to indicate,
For fear of any error, like the late.

CXIII.

"The Georgian and her paramour," replied
The imperial bride—and added, "Let the
boat

Be ready by the secret portal's side.
You know the rest." The words stuck in
her throat,

Despite her injured love and fiery pride;
And of this Baba willingly took note,
And begg'd by every hair of Mahomet's beard
She would revoke the order he had heard.

CXIV.

"To hear is to obey," he said; "but still,
Sultana, think upon the consequence:

It is not that I shall not all fulfil
Your orders, even in their severest sense;
But such precipitation may end ill,
Even at your own imperative expense:
I do not mean destruction and exposure,
In case of any premature disclosure;

CXV.

But your own feelings. Even should all
the rest

Be hidden by the rolling waves which hid
Already many a once love-beaten breast
Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—
You love this boyish, new, seraglio guest,
And if this violent remedy be tried—
Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
That killing him is not the way to cure you."

CXVI.

"What dost thou know of love or feeling?—
Wretch! [“and do
Begone!” she cried, with kindling eyes—
My bidding. Baba vanish'd, for to stretch
His own remonstrance further he well knew
Might end in acting as his own “Jack Ketch;”
And though he wish'd extremely to get
through

This awkward business without harm to others,
He still preferr'd his own neck to another's.

CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,
Growling and grumbling in good Turkish
phrase

Against all women of whate'er condition,
Especially sultanas and their ways;
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,
Their never knowing their own mind two
days,

The trouble that they gave, their immorality,
Which made him daily bless his own neutrality.

CXVIII.

And then he call'd his brethren to his aid,
And sent one on a summons to the pair
That they must instantly be well array'd,
And above all be comb'd even to a hair,
And brought before the empress, who had made
Inquiries after them with kindest care:
At which Dudu look'd strange, and Juan silly;
But go they must at once, and will I—nill I.

CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation
For the imperial presence, wherein whether
Galbeyaz show'd them both commiseration,
Or got rid of the parties altogether,
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—
Are things the turning of a hair or feather
May settle: but far be 't from me to anticipate
In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange
Another part of history; for the dishes
Of this our banquet we must sometimes
change;

And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,
Although his situation now seems strange,
And scarce secure, as such digressions are fair,
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

O LOVE! O Glory! what are ye who fly
Around us ever, rarely to alight?
There's not a meteor in the polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight,
Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;
A thousand and a thousand colours they
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is
A non-descript and ever-varying rhyme,
A versified Aurora Borealis,
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.
When we know what all are, we must bewail
us,

But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know
What, after *all*, are *all* things—but a *show*!

III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what—
A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
I say no more than hath been said in Danté's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato;
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
Who knew this life was not worth a potato
'T is not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die.
But which is best, you know no more than I

Socrates said, our only knowledge was
 "To know that nothing could be known ;"
 a pleasant
 Science enough, which levels to an ass
 Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.
 Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas !
 Declared, with all his grand discoveries
 recent,
 That he himself felt only "like a youth
 Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth."

VI.

Ecclesiastes said, "that all is vanity"—
 Most modern preachers say the same, or
 show it
 By their examples of true Christianity :
 In short, all know, or very soon may know it ;
 And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,
 By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
 Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
 From holding up the nothingness of life ?

VII.

Dogs, or men !—for I flatter you in saying
 That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may
 read, or read not, what I am now essaying
 To show ye what ye are in every way.
 As little as the moon stops for the baying
 Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw
 one ray
 From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath !
 While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

VIII.

"Fierce loves and faithless wars"—I am not
 sure
 If this be the right reading—'t is no matter ;
 The fact's about the same, I am secure ;
 I sing them both, and am about to batter
 A town which did a famous siege endure,
 And was beleaguer'd both by land and water
 By Soivaroff, or Anglicè Suwarrow,
 Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

IX.

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed
 Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank,
 With buildings in the Oriental taste,
 But still a fortress of the foremost rank,
 Or was at least, unless 'tis since defaced,
 Which with your conquerors is a common
 prank :

It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
 And measures round of toises thousand three.

X.

Within the extent of this fortification
 A borough is comprised along the height
 Upon the left, which from its loftier station
 Commands the city, and upon its site

A Greek had raised around this elevation
 A quantity of palisades upright,
 So placed as to impede the fire of those
 Who held the place, and to assist the foe's.

XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion
 Of the high talents of this new Vauban :
 But the town ditch below was deep as ocean,
 The rampart higher than you'd wish to
 hang

But then there was a great want of precaution
 (Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),
 Nor work advanced, nor cover'd way was there,
 To hint at least "Here is no thoroughfare."

XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,
 And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet ;
 Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,
 Case-mated⁹⁸ one, and t'other "a barbette."⁹⁹
 Of Danube's bank took formidable charge ;
 While two and twenty cannon duly set
 Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,
 Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,
 Because the Turks could never be persuaded
 A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight ;
 And such their creed was, till they were in
 vaded,
 When it grew rather late to set things right.

But as the Danube could not well be waded
 They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,
 And only shouted, "Allah !" and "Bis Millah !"

XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack ;
 But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory.
 How shall I spell the name of each Cossaque
 Who were immortal, could one tell their
 story ?

Alas ! what to their memory can lack ?
 Achilles' self was not more grim and gory
 Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,
 Whose names want nothing but — pronun-
 ciation.

XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase
 Our euphony : there was Strongenoff, and
 Strokonoff,

Meknop, Serge Low, Arsnew of modern Greece,
 And Tschitschakoff, and Roguenoff, and
 Chokenoff.

And others of twelve consonants apiece ;
 And more might be found out, if I could poke
 enough

Into gazettes ; but Fame (capricious strumpet
 It seems, has got an ear as we'l as trumpet,

XXVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,
Which may benames at Moscow, into rhyme;
Yet there were several worth commemoration,
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime;
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry drawling against time,
Ending in "ischskin," "ousckin," "ifskchy,"
"ouski,"

Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,

XXVII.

Scherematoff, and Chrematoff, Koklopti,
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scof'd high
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin:
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,
And no more handy substitute been near.

XXVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers:
Also to have the sacking of a town;
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen named
Smith.

XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest
Had been call'd "*Jemmy*," after the great bard;
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,
But such a godfather's as good a card.
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or
ward,

Was *he*, since so renown'd "in country quarters
At Halifax;" but now he served the Tartars.

XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and
Bills, [Smith
But when I've added that the elder Jack
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
I've said all I know of a name that fills
Three lines of the despatch in taking
"Schmacksmith,"

A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*
May make up for a *bullet* in his body?
I hope this little question is no sin,

Because, though I am but a simple nobby,
I think one Shakspeare puts the same thought
in

The mouth of some one in his plays so doting
Which many people pass for wits by quoting

XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young
and gay:

But I 'in too great a patriot to record
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;
I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word
Of truth;—such truths are treason; they betray
Their country; and as traitors are abhor'd
Who name the French in English, save to show
How Peace should make John Bull the French
man's foe.

XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view
The first was to bombard it, and knock down
The public buildings and the private too,
No matter what poor souls might be undone
The city's shape suggested this, 'tis true;
Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwelling
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

XXIV.

The second object was to profit by
The moment of the general consternation,
To attack the Turks' flotilla, which lay nigh
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its station
But a third motive was as probably
To frighten them into capitulation;
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,
Unless they are game a bulldogs and fox
terriers.

XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith
One of the valorous "Smiths" whom we shall
miss ["pith;"
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to
But 'tis a name so spread o'er "Sir" and
"Madam," ["Adam."
That one would think the first who bore it

XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,
Because they were constructed in a hurry,
Thus the same cause which makes a verse
want feet, [Murray,
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John

When the sale of new books is not so fleet

As they who print them think is necessary,
May likewise put off for a time what story
Sometimes calls "murder," and at others
"glory."

XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,
Their haste or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware
Of homicide, but there was no solidity
In the new batteries erected there;
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,
And added greatly to the missing list.

XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect;
Three freships lost their amiable existence
Before they reach'd a spot to take effect;
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance
Could remedy this lubberly defect;
They blew up in the middle of the river,
While, though 't was dawn, the Turks slept
fast as ever.

XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and survey'd
The Russ flotilla getting under way;
T was nine, when still advancing undismay'd,
Within a cable's length their vessels lay
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,
Which was return'd with interest, I may say,
And by a fire of musketry and grape,
And shells and shot of every size and shape.

XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission
The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own
Land batteries, work'd their guns with great
precision:
At length they found mere cannonade alone
By no means would produce the town's sub-
mission,
And made a signal to retreat at one.
One bark blew up, a second near the works
Bunning aground, was taken by the Turks.

XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men;
But when they saw the enemy retire,
Their Delhis¹⁰⁰ mann'd some boats, and sail'd
again,
And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,
And tried to make a landing on the main;
But here the effect fell short of their desire:
Count Damas drove them back into the water
Pell-mell and with a whole gazette of slaughter.

XXXII.

"If" (says the historian here) "I could report
All that the Russians did upon this day,
I think that several volumes would fall short,
And I should still have many things to say;
And so he says no more—but pays his court
To some distinguish'd strangers in that fray,
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.

XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what Fama
is: [how
For out of these three "*preux Chevaliers*,"
Many of common readers give a guess
That such existed? (and they may live now
For aught we know.) Renown's all hit or miss;
There's fortune even in fame, we must allow.
'T is true, the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne
Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's
screen.

XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,
But buried in the heap of such transactions
Their names are rarely found, nor often
sought. [tions
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contrac-
And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought:
Of all our modern battles, I will bet
You can't repeat nine names from each Ga-
zette.

XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,
Show'd that *somewhere, somehow*, there was
a fault,
And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)
Most strongly recommended an assault;
In which he was opposed by young and hoary,
Which made a long debate; but I must halt:
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the
breach.

XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man.
Not that his manhood could be call'd in
question,
For had he not been Hercules, his span
Had been as short in youth as indigestion
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

XXXVII.

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days
 When nomicide and harlotry made great;
 If stars and titles could entail long praise,
 His glory might half equal his estate.
 This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
 A kind of phantasy proportionate
 In the then sovereign of the Russian people,
 Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent
 A courier to the prince, and he succeeded
 In ordering matters after his own bent;
 I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,
 But shortly he had cause to be content.
 In the mean time, the batteries proceeded,
 And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border
 Were briskly fired and answer'd in due order.

XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part
 Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to
 raise,
 A courier on the spur inspired new heart
 Into all panters for newspaper praise,
 As well as dilettanti in war's art,
 By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;
 Announcing the appointment of that lover of
 Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Souva-
 roff.

XL.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal
 Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause
 Been one to which a good heart could be
 partial—
 Defence of freedom, country, or of laws,
 But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all
 With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,
 Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,
 "You will take Ismail at whatever price."

XLI.

"Let there be light!" said God, and there was
 light!" [a sea!
 "Let there be blood!" says man, and there's
 the fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night
 (For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree
 More evil in an hour, than thirty bright [be
 Summers could renovate, though they should
 Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit;
 For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

XLII.

Our friends the Turks, who with loud "Allahs"
 now
 Began to signalise the Russ retreat,
 Were damnably mistaken; few are slow
 In thinking that their enemy is beat,

(Or beaten, if you insist on grammar, though
 I never think about it in a heat);
 But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,
 Who hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon

XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew
 In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd
 Cossacques
 For some time, till they came in nearer view.
 They had but little baggage at their backs,
 For there were but three shirts between the two;
 But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks
 Till, in approaching, were at length descried
 In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.

XLIV.

"Great joy to London now!" says some great
 fool,
 When London had a grand illumination,
 Which to that bottle-conjuror, John Bull,
 Is of all dreams the first hallucination;
 So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,
 That Sage (said John) surrenders at discre-
 tion [nonsense,
 His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his
 To gratify, like a huge moth; this one sense.

XLV.

'T is strange that he should farther "damn his
 eyes," [oath
 For they are damn'd; that once all-famous
 Is to the devil now no farther prize,
 Since John has lately lost the use of both.
 Debt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise;
 And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,
 Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,
 Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

XLVI.

But to the tale;—great joy unto the camp.
 To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cos-
 sacque,
 O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,
 Presaging a most luminous attack;
 Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
 Which leads beholders on a boggy walk
 He flitted to and fro a dancing light,
 Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

XLVII.

But certes matters took a different face.
 There was enthusiasm and much applause
 The fleet and camp saluted with great grace
 And all presaged good fortune to their cause
 Within a cannon-shot length of the place
 They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd
 flaws
 In former works, made new, prepared fascines
 And all kinds of benevolent machines.

XLVIII.

It is thus the spirit of a single mind
 Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
 As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
 Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection;
 Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
 Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection
 By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual;
 Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy; you would
 have thought
 That they were going to a marriage feast
 (This metaphor, I think holds good as aught,
 Since there is discord after both at least).
 There was not now a luggage boy but sought
 Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;
 And why? because a little—odd—old man,
 Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

L.

But so it was; and every preparation
 Was made with all alacrity: the first
 Detachment of three columns took its station,
 And waited but the signal's voice to burst
 Upon the foe: the second's ordination
 Was also in three columns, with a thirst
 For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter:
 The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held
 A general council, in which unanimity,
 That stranger to most councils, here prevail'd,
 As sometimes happens in a great extremity;
 And every difficulty being dispell'd,
 Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,
 While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,
 Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.¹⁰¹

LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, commander
 In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill
 The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
 His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil;
 Just as you'd break a sucking salamander
 To swallow flame, and never take it ill:
 He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which
 Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

LIII.

Also he dress'd up, for the nonce, fa-cines
 Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,
 And made them charge with bayonet these
 machines,
 By way o' lesson against actual Turks,

And when well practised in these mimic scenes
 He judg'd them proper to assail the works,
 At which your wise men sneer'd in phrases
 witty:
 He made no answer; but he took the city.

LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve
 Of the assault, and all the camp was in
 A stern repose; which you would scarce conceive;
 [and thin
 Yet men resolved to dash through thick
 Are very silent when they once believe
 That all is settled:—there was little din,
 For some were thinking of their home and
 friends,
 And others of themselves and latter ends.

LV.

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert, [dering;
 Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pon-
 For the man was, we safely may assert, [ing:
 A thing to wonder at beyond most wonder-
 Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt.
 Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering;
 Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent to
 storm
 A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill—
 For this great conqueror play'd the corporal—
 Some Cossagues, hovering like hawks round
 a hill,
 Had met a party towards the twilight's fall,
 One of whom spoke their tongue—or well or ill.
 'T was much that he was understood at all,
 But whether from his voice, or speech, or
 manner, [banner
 They found that he had fought beneath their

LVII.

Whereon immediately at his request
 They brought him and his comrades to head-
 quarters; [guess'd
 Their dress were Moslem, but you might have
 That these were merely masquerading Tar-
 tars,
 And that beneath each Turkish-fashion'd vest
 Lurk'd Christianity; which sometimes bar-
 ters
 Her inward grace for outward show, and makes
 It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

LVIII.

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt
 Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,
 Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,
 And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—

For deeming human clay but common dirt,
This great philosopher was thus instilling
His maxims, which to martial comprehension
Proved death in battle equal to a pension;—

LIX.

Suwarrow, when he saw this company
Of Cossacques and their prey, turn'd round
and cast

Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—
“Whence come ye?”—“From Constanti-
nople last,

Captives just now escaped,” was the reply.
“What are ye?”—“What you see us.”
Briefly pass'd

This dialogue; for he who answer'd knew
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

LX.

“Your names?”—“Mine's Johnson, and my
comrade's Juan;

The other two are women, and the third
Is neither man nor woman.” The chief threw
on [heard

The party a slight glance, then said, “I have
Your name before, the second is a new one:

To bring the other three here was absurd:
But let that pass:—I think I have heard your
name

In the Nikolaiew regiment?”—“The same.”

LXI.

“You served at Widdin?”—“Yes.”—“You
led the attack?” [know.”

“I did.”—“What next?”—“I really hardly
“You were the first i' the breach?”—“I was
not slack

At least to follow those who might be so.”
“What follow'd?”—“A shot laid me on my
back,

And I became a prisoner to the foe.”
“You shall have vengeance, for the town
surrounded [wounded

Is twice as strong as that where you were

LXII.

“Where will you serve?”—“Where'er you
please.”—“I know

You like to be the hope of the forlorn,
And doubtless would be foremost on the foe
After the hardships you've already borne.

And this young fellow—say what can he do?
He with the beardless chin and garments
torn?”

“Why, general, if he hath no greater fault
In war than love, he had better lead the
assault.”

LXIII.

“He shall if that he dare.” Here Juan bow'd
Low as the compliment deserved. Su-
warrow

Continued: “Your old regiment's allow'd,
By special providence, to lead to-morrow,
Or it may be to-night, the assault: I have
vow'd [harrow

To several saints, that shortly plough or
Shall pass o'er what was Ismail, and its tusk
Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.

LXIV.

“So now, my lads, for glory!”—Here he
turn'd

And drill'd away in the most classic Russian,
Until each high, heroic bosom burn'd

For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion
A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurn'd
All earthly goods save tithes) and bade
them push on

To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering
The armies of the Christian Empress Cath-
arine

LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy
Himself a favourite, ventured to address
Suwarrow, though engaged with accents high
In his resumed amusement. “I confess
My debt in being thus allow'd to die

Among the foremost; but if you'd express
Explicitly our several posts, my friend
And self would know what duty to attend.”

LXVI.

“Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you
Will join your former regiment, which
should be

Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to—
(Here he call'd up a Polish orderly)

His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiew:
The stranger stripling may remain with me;
He's a fine boy. The women may be sent
To the other baggage, or to the sick tent.”

LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
The ladies,—who by no means had been
bred

To be disposed of in a way so new,
Although their harem education led

Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true,
Passive obedience,—now raised up the head,
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and
flung [young

Their arms, as hens their wings about

LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men,
 Who were thus honour'd by the greatest
 chief
 That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
 Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
 Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in vain!
 Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf
 Of thine imaginary deathless tree, [sea,
 Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing

LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,
 And not much sympathy for blood, survey'd
 The women with their hair about their ears
 And natural agonies, with a slight shade
 Of feeling: for however habit sears
 Men's hearts against whole millions, when
 their trade
 Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow
 Will touch even heroes—and such was Su-
 warrow.

LXX.

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck tone,—
 “Why, Johnson, what the devil do you
 mean
 By bringing women here? They shall be
 shown
 All the attention possible, and seen
 In safety to the waggons, where alone
 In fact they can be safe. You should
 have been
 Aware this kind of baggage never thrives:
 Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.”

LXXI.

“May I please your excellency,” thus re-
 quired [of others,
 Our British friend, “these are the wives
 And not our own. I am too qualified
 By service with my military brothers
 To break the rules by bringing one's own
 bride
 Into a camp: I know that nought so bothers
 The hearts of the heroic on a charge,
 As leaving a small family at large.

LXXII.

“But these are but two Turkish ladies, who
 With their attendant aided our escape,
 And afterwards accompanied us through
 A thousand perils in this dubious shape.
 To me this kind of life is not so new;
 To them, poor things it is an awkward
 scrape.
 I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,
 Request that they may both be used genteely.”

LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with swim-
 ming eyes,
 Look'd on as if in doubt if they could trust
 Their own protectors; nor was their surprise
 Less than their grief (and truly not less
 just)
 To see an old man, rather wild than wise
 In aspect, plainly clad, besmear'd with dust,
 Strip to his waistcoat, and that not too clean,
 More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

LXXIV.

For every thing seem'd resting on his nod,
 As they could read in all eyes. Now to
 them,
 Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,
 To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,
 Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
 (That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem.)
 With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt
 How power could condescend to do without.

LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,
 Though little versed in feelings oriental,
 Suggested some slight comfort in his way:
 Don Juan, who was much more senti-
 mental, [day,
 Swore they should see him by the dawn of
 Or that the Russian army should repent all:
 And, strange to say, they found some conso-
 lation
 In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some
 slight kisses,
 They parted for the present—these to await,
 According to the artillery's hits or misses,
 What sages call Chance, Providence, or
 Fate—
 (Uncertainty is one of many blisses,
 A mortgage on Humanity's estate)—
 While their beloved friends began to arm,
 To burn a town which never did them harm

LXXVII.

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the gross,
 Being much too gross to see them in detail
 Who calculated life as so much dross,
 And as the wind a widow'd nation's wail,
 And cared as little for his army's loss [wail
 (So that their efforts should at length pre-
 As wife and friends did for the boils of Job,—
 What was't t him to hear two women sob?

LXXVIII.

Nothing.—The work of glory still went on
 In preparations for a cannonade
 As terrible as that of Ilion,
 If Homer had found mortars ready made ;
 But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,
 We only can but talk of escalade,
 Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries,
 bayonets, bullets ; [gullets.
 Hard words, which stick in the soft Muses'

LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm
 All ears, though long ; all ages, though so
 short,
 By merely wielding with poetic arm
 Arms to which men will never more resort,
 Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
 Much less than is the hope of every court,
 Which now is leagued young Freedom to
 annoy ;
 But they will not find Liberty a Troy :—

LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! I have now
 To paint a siege, wherein more men were
 slain,
 With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
 Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign ;
 And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
 To vie with thee would be about as vain
 As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood ;
 But still we moderns equal you in blood ;

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact ;
 And fact is truth, the grand desideratum !
 Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each
 act, [stratum.
 There should be ne'ertheless a slight sub-
 But now the town is going to be attack'd ;
 Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate
 'em ?
 Souls of immortal generals ! Phœbus watches
 To colour up his rays from your despatches.

LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte !
 Oh, ye less grand long lists of kill'd and
 wounded !
 Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,
 When my poor Greece was once, as now,
 surrounded !
 Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries ! now impart, ye
 Shadows of glory ! (lest I be confounded)
 A portion of your fading twilight hues,
 So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

LXXXIII.

When I call " fading " martial immortality,
 I mean, that every age and every year,
 And almost every day, in sad reality
 Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,
 Who, when we come to sum up the totality
 Of deeds to human happiness most dear,
 Turns out to be a butcher in great business,
 Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.

LXXXIV.

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
 Are things immortal to immortal man,
 As purple to the Babylonian harlot :
 An uniform to boys is like a fan
 To women ; there is scarce a crimson varlet
 But deems himself the first in Glory's van.
 But Glory's glory ; and if you would find
 What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind !

LXXXV.

At least *he feels it*, and some say *he sees*,
 Because he runs before it like a pig ;
 Or, if that simple sentence should displease,
 Say, that he scuds before it like a brig,
 A schooner, or—but it is time to ease
 This Canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue
 The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,
 Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

LXXXVI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold, dull
 night,
 The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !
 Lo ! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
 Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
 Of the arm'd river, while with straggling light
 The stars peep through the vapours dim and
 dank, [the smoke
 Which curl in curious wreaths :—how soon
 Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak.

LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then
 That awful pause, dividing life from death,
 Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
 Thousands of whom were drawing their last
 breath !
 A moment—and all will be life again !
 The march ! the charge ! the shouts of either
 faith !
 Hurra ! and Allah ! and—one moment more—
 The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE EIGHTH

I.

Oh blood and thunder! and oh blood and wounds! [deem,

These are but vulgar oaths, as you may
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:
And so they are; yet this is Glory's dream
Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds

At present such things, since they are her
theme,
So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.

The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent
to slay.—

A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
Immediately in others grew again.

III.

History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,

War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

IV.

And why? because it brings self-approbation;
Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,

Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,
A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make Corruption gape or
stare,

Yet, in the end, except in Freedom's battles,
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

V.

And such they are,—and such they will be
found:

Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds

How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victor's may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchward till the future shall be free.

VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,
And in the Danube's waters shone the
same—

A mirror'd hell! the volleying roar, and loud
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's
flashes [ashew!
Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions

VII.

The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,

Answering the Christian thunders with like
voices: [braced,
Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream em
Which rock'd as 'twere beneath the mighty
noises; [when

While the whole rampart blazed like Etna,
The restless Titan hiccups in his den.

VIII.

And one enormous shout of "Allah!" rose
In the same moment, loud as even the roar
Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore
Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds which
close

With thickening canopy the conflict o'er,
Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark! through
All sounds it pierceth "Allah! Allah! Hu!" 103

IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,
But of the portion which attack'd by water,
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall.

Though led by Arseniew, that great son of
slaughter,
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.
"Carnage" (so Wordsworth tells you) "is
God's daughter:"

If he speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;
Count Chapeau-Bras, too, had a ball between
His cap and head, which proves the head to be
Aristocratic as was ever seen

Because it then received no injury
 More than the cap; in fact, the ball could
 nean

No harm unto a right legitimate head.
 "Ashes to ashes"—why not lead to lead?

XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
 Insisting on removal of *the prince*
 Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—
 All common fellows, who might writhe and
 wince,

And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—
 The General Markow, who could thus evince
 His sympathy for rank, by the same token,
 To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.

XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
 And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
 Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.

Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills;
 Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet
 tick, [ills

Like the death-watch, within our ears the
 Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
 To the true portrait of one battle-field.

XIII.

There the still varying pangs, which multiply
 Until their very number makes men hard
 By the infinities of agony,

Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may re-
 gard—

The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
 Turn'd back within its socket,—these reward
 Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
 May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

XIV.

Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing:—
 Think what it is to be in your old age
 Maintain'd at the expense of your good king:
 A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
 And heroes are but made for bards to sing,
 Which is still better; thus in verse to wage
 Your wars eternally, besides enjoying
 Half-pay for life, make mankind worth de-
 stroying.

XV.

The troops, already disembark'd, push'd on
 To take a battery on the right; the others,
 Who landed lower down, their landing done,
 Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
 Being grenadiers, they mounted one by one,
 Cheerful as children climb the breasts of
 mothers,

O'er the entrenchment and the palisade,
 Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

XVI.

And this was admirable; for so hot
 The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded
 Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot
 And shells or hells, it could not more have
 goaded.

Of officers a third fell on the spot,
 A thing which victory by no means boded
 To gentlemen engaged in the assault.
 Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at
 fault.

XVII.

But here I leave the general concern,
 To track our hero on his path of fame:
 He must his laurels separately earn;
 For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,
 Though all deserving equally to turn
 A couplet, or an elegy to claim,
 Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,
 And what is worse still, a much longer story

XVIII.

And therefore we must give the greater number
 To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly deal
 By the deceased, who lie in famous slumber
 In ditches, fields, or where'er they fell
 Their lay for the last time their souls encum-
 ber;— [spelt

Thrice happy he whose name has been well
 In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
 Was printed *Grove*, although his name was
 Grose.¹⁰³

XIX.

Juan and Johnson joined a certain corps,
 And fought away with might and main, not
 knowing
 The way which they had never trod before,
 And still less guessing where they might be
 going; [o'er,
 But on they march'd, dead bodies trampling
 Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating,
 glowing,
 But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,
 To their *two* selves, one whole bright bulletin.

XX.

Thus on they wallow'd in the bloody mire
 Of dead and dying thousands,—sometimes
 gaining [night
 A yard or two of ground, which brought them
 To some odd angle for which all were
 straining;

At other times, repulsed by the close fire,
 Which really pour'd as if all hell were raining,
 Instead of heaven, they stumbled backward o'er
 A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

XXI.

Though 't was Don Juan's first of fields, and
 though
 The nightly muster and the silent march
 In the chill dark, when courage does not glow
 So much as under a triumphal arch,
 Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw
 A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as
 starch, [day;—
 Which stiffen'd heaven) as if he wish'd for
 Yet for all this he did not run away.

XXII.

Indeed he could not. But what if he had?
 There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun
 With something not much better, or as bad:
 Frederic the Great from Molwitz deign'd to
 run
 For the first and last time; for, like a pad,
 Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after one
 Warm bout are broken into their new tricks,
 And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

XXIII.

He was what Erin calls, in her suolime
 Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic*;—
 (The antiquarians¹⁰⁴ who can settle time,
 Which settles all things, Roman, Greek, or
 Runic, [same clime
 Swear that Pat's language sprung from the
 With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian tunic
 Of Dido's alphabet; and this is rational
 As any other notion, and not national);—

XXIV.

But Juan was quite "a broth of a boy,"
 A thing of impulse and a child of song;
 Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,
 Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem wrong),
 And afterward, if he must needs destroy,
 In such good company as always throng
 To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,
 No less delighted to employ his leisure;

XXV.

But always without malice: if he warr'd
 Or loved, it was with what we call "the
 best [card,
 Intentions," which form all mankind's *trump*
 To be produced when brought up to the test.
 The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer—ward
 Off each attack, when people are in quest
 Of their designs, by saying they *meant well*;
 'Tis pity "that such meaning should pave
 hell."¹⁰⁵

XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt
 Whether hell's pavement—if it be so *paved*—
 Must not have latterly been quite worn out,
 Not by the numbers good intent hath saved,
 But by the mass who go below without
 Those ancient good intentions, which once
 shaved [hell,
 And smooth'd the brimstone of that street of
 Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall
 Mall.

XXVII

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides
 Warrior from warrior in their grim career,
 Like chastest wives from constant husbands'
 sides
 Just at the close of the first bridal year.
 By one of those odd turns of Fortune's tides,
 Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,
 When, after a good deal of heavy firing,
 He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

XXVIII

I don't know how the thing occur'd—it might
 Be that the greater part were kill'd or
 wounded,
 And that the rest had faced unto the right
 About; a circumstance which has con
 founded
 Cæsar himself, who, in the very sight
 Of his whole army, which so much abounded
 In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,
 And rally back his Romans to the field.

XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was
 No Cæsar, but a fine young lad, who fought
 He knew not why, arriving at this pass,
 Stopp'd for a minute, as perhaps he ought
 For a much longer time; then, like an ass—
 (Start not, kind reader, since great Homer
 thought
 This simile enough for Ajax, Juan
 Perhaps may find it better than a new one);—

XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,
 And, what was stranger, never look'd be
 hind;
 But seeing, flashing forward, like the day
 Over the hills, a fire enough to blind
 Those who dislike to look upon a fray,
 He stumbled on, to try if he could find
 A path, to add his own slight arm and forces
 To corps, the greater part of which were
 corses.

XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant
Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which
had
Quite disappear'd—the gods know how! (I can't
Account for every thing which may look
bad
a history; but we at least may grant
It was not marvellous that a mere lad,
In search of glory, should look on before,
Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps:—)

XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,
And left at large, like a young heir, to make
His way to—where he knew not—single
handed;
As travellers follow over bog and brake
An "ignis fatuus;" or as sailors stranded
Unto the nearest hut themselves betake;
So Juan, following honour and his nose,
Rush'd where the thickest fire announced
most foes.

XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,
For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins
Fill'd as with lightning—for his spirit shared
The hour, as is the case with lively brains;
And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
And the loud cannon peal'd his hoarsest
strains, [shaken
He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly
By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!¹⁰⁶

XXXIV.

And as he rush'd along, it came to pass he
Fell in with what was late the second
column,
Under the orders of the General Lascy,
But now reduced, as is a bulky volume
Into an elegant extract (much less massy)
Of heroism, and took his place with solemn
Air 'midst the rest, who kept their valiant
faces
And levell'd weapons still against the glacis.

XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,
Who had "retreated," as the phrase is
when
Men run away much rather than go through
Destruction's jaws into the devil's den;
But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
Knew when and how "to cut and come
again,"
And never ran away, except when running
Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying
Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose
More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,
From ignorance of danger, which induces
Its votaries, like innocence relying
On its own strength, with careless nerves
and thews,—
Johnson retired a little, just to rally
Those who catch cold in "shadows of Death's
valley."

XXXVII.

And there, a little shelter'd from the shot,
Which rain'd from bastion, battery, parapet,
Rampart, wall, casement, house — for there
was not
In this extensive city, sore beset
By Christian soldiery, a single spot [yet.—
Which did not combat like the devil, as
He found a number of Chasseurs, all scatter'd
By the resistance of the chase they batter'd.

XXXVIII.

And these he call'd on; and, what's strange,
they came
Unto his call, unlike "the spirits from
The vasty deep," to whom you may exclaim,
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave
their home.
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame
At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,
And that odd impulse, which in wars or creeds
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

XXXIX.

By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,
And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles,
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun
soon kill his
We shall not see his likeness: he could
Man quite as quietly as blows the monsoon
Her steady breath (which some months the
same still is):
Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,
And could be very busy without bustle;

XL

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so
Upon reflection, knowing that behind
He would find others who would fain be rid so
Of idle apprehensions, which like wind
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,
But when they light upon immediate death,
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI.

But Johnson only ran off, to return

With many other warriors, as we said,

Unto that rather somewhat misty bourn,

Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.
To Jack, however, this gave but slight concern:

His soul (like galvanism upon the dead)
Acted upon the living as on wire,
And led them back into the heaviest fire.

XLII.

Egad! they found the second time what they

The first time thought quite terrible enough

To fly from, malgré all which people say

Of glory, and all that immortal stuff

Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,

That daily shilling which makes warriors
tough)— [welcome,

They found on their return the self-same
Which made some *think*, and others *know* a
hell come.

XLIII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,

Grass before scythes, or corn below the
sickle,

Proving that trite old truth, that life's as flail,

As any other boon for which men stickle.

The Turkish batteries thrash'd them like a flail,

Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle

Putting the very bravest, who were knock'd

Upon the head, before their guns were cock'd.

XLIV.

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks

Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,

And swept, as gales sweep foam away, whole
ranks: [levels

However, Heaven knows how, the Fate who
Towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving
pranks,

So order'd it, amidst these sulphury revels,
That Johnson and some few who had not
scamper'd,

Reach'd the interior talus¹⁰⁷ of the rampart.

XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen

Came mounting quickly up, for it was now

All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,

Flame was shower'd forth above, as well's
below, [chosen,

So that you scarce could say who best had

The gentlemen that were the first to show

Their martial faces on the parapet,

Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

XLVI.

But those who scaled, found out that their
advance

Was favour'd by an accident or blunder

The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignorance

Had pallisado'd in a way you'd wonder

To see in forts of Netherlands or France—
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock
under)—

Right in the middle of the parapet

Just named, these palisades were primly set

XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten

Paces were left, whereon you could contrive

To march; a great convenience to our men,

At least to all those who were left alive;

Who thus could form a line and fight again;

And that which farther aided them to strive

Was, that they could kick down the palisades,

Which scarcely rose much higher than grass
blades.

XLVIII.

Among the first,—I will not say the *first*,

For such precedence upon such occasions

Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst

Out between friends as well as allied nations:

The Briton must be bold who really durst

Put to such trial John Bull's partial
patience,

As say that Wellington at Waterloo

Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so
too;—

XLIX.

And that if Blucher, Bulow, Gneisenau,

And God knows who besides in "au"
and "ow,"

Had not come up in time to cast an awe¹⁰⁸

Into the hearts of those who fought till now

As tigers combat with an empty craw,

The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show

His orders, also to receive his pensions:

Which are the heaviest that our history
mentions.

L.

But never mind;—"God save the king!" and
kings!

For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer—

I think I hear a little bird, who sings

The people by and by will be the stronger.

The veriest jade will wince whose harness
wrings

So much into the raw as quite to wrong her

Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob

At last fall sick of imitating Job.

LII.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a
giant;

At last it takes to weapons such as men
Snatch when despair makes human hearts
less pliant.

Then comes "the tug of war;"—'t will come
again, [ou't,"

I rather doubt; and I would fain say "fie
If I had not perceived that revolution
Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution

LIII.

But to continue:—I say not *the* first,
But of the first, our little friend Don Juan
Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed
Amidst such scenes—though this was quite
a new one [thirst

To him, and I should hope to *most*. The
Of glory, which so pierces through and
through one,

Pervaded him,—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

LIII.

And here he was—who upon woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child;
howe'er

The man in all the rest might be confest,
To him it was Elysium to be there; [test
And he could even withstand that awkward
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious
fair, [arms;"

'Observe your lover when he *leaves* your
But Juan never left them, while they had
charms,

LIV.

Unless compell'd by fate, or wave, or wind,
Or near relations, who are much the same.
But *here* he was!—where each tie that can
bind

Humanity must yield to steel and flame:
And *he* whose very body was all mind, [tame
Flung here by fate or circumstance, which
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,
Dash'd on like a spur'd blood-horse in a race.

LV.

So was his blood stirr'd while he found re-
sistance,

As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,
Or double post and rail, where the existence
Of Britain's youth depends upon their
weight,

The lightest 'being the safest: at a distance
He hated cruelty, as all men hate
Blood, until heated—and even then his own
A. comes would curdle o'er some heavy groan.

LVI.

The General Lasey, who had been hard
press'd,

Seeing arrive an aid so opportune
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,
Who came as if just dropp'd down from the
moon,

To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,
Not reckoning him to be a "base *Scythian*,"
(As Pistol calls it) but a young Livonian.

LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew
As much of German as of Sanscrit, and
In answer made an inclination to
The general who held him in command;
For seeing one with ribands, black and blue,
Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,
Addressing him in tones which seem'd to
thank,
He recognised an officer of rank.

LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who
speak
No common language: and besides, in time
Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime
Is perpetrated ere a word can break
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime
In like church-bells, with sigh, howl, groan,
yell, prayer,
There cannot be much conversation there.

LIX.

And therefore all we have related in
Two long octaves, pass'd in a little minute;
But in the same small minute, every sin
Contrived to get itself comprised within it.
The very cannon, deafened by the din, [linnet,
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise
Of human nature's agonising voice!

LX.

The town was enter'd. Oh eternity!—
"God made the country, and man made
the town,"
So Cowper says—and I begin to be
Of his opinion, when I see cast down
Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,
All walls men know, and many never known;
And pondering on the present and the past,
To deem the woods shall be our home at last.—

LXI.

Of all men saving Sylla the man-slayer,
 Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
 Of the great names which in our faces stare,
 The General Boon, back-woodsman of
 Kentucky,
 Was happiest among mortals any where ;
 For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
 Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
 Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the
 child [for
 Of solitude; Health shrank not from him—
 Her home is in the rarely trodden wild, [more
 Where if men seek her not, and death be
 Their choice than life, forgive them, as be-
 guiled
 By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
 In cities caged. The present case in point I
 Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety ;

LXIII.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name
 For which men vainly decimate the throng,
 Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
 Without which glory's but a tavern song—
 Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
 Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with
 wrong ;
 An active hermit, even in age the child
 Of Nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

LXIV.

'T is true he shrank from men even of his
 nation, [trees,—
 When they built up unto his darling
 He moved some hundred miles off, for a
 station [ease ;
 Where there were fewer houses and more
 The inconvenience of civilisation [please ;
 Is, that you neither can be pleased nor
 But where he met the individual man,
 He show'd himself as kind as mortal can

LXV.

He was *ex. a.* alone: around him grew
 A sylvan tribe of children of the cha-e,
 Whose young, unawaken'd world was ever new,
 Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
 On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
 A frown on Nature's or on human face ;—
 The free-born 'orest found and kept them free,
 And fresh as is a torrent or a tree

LXVI.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were
 they,
 Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
 Because their thoughts had never been the prey
 Of care or gain; the green woods were
 their portions ;
 No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
 No fashion made them apes of her distor-
 tions ;
 Simple they were, not savage: and their rifles,
 Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

LXVII.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slum-
 bers, [toil,
 And cheerfulness the handmaid of their
 Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
 Corruption could not make their hearts her
 soil; [cumbers ;
 The lust which stings, the splendour which en-
 With the free foresters divide no spoil ;
 Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
 Of this unsighing people of the woods.

LXVIII.

So much for Nature:—by way of variety,
 Now back to thy great joys, Civilisation :
 And the sweet consequence of large society.
 War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,
 The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,
 The millions slain by soldiers for their
 ration, [score,
 The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at three
 With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

LXIX.

The town was enter'd: first one column made
 Its sanguinary way good—then another ;
 The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
 Clash'd 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and
 mother, [braid:—
 With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to up-
 Still closer sulphury clouds began to
 smother [foot
 The breath of morn and man, where foot by
 The madden'd Turks their city still dispute.

LXX.

Koutousow, he who afterward beat back [snow]
 (With some assistance from the frost and
 Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,
 It happen'd was himself beat back just now:
 He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
 His jest alike in face of friend or foe, [stake,
 Though life, and death, and victory were at
 But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to take

LXXI.

Having thrown himself into a ditch,
Follow'd in haste by various grenadiers,
Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,
He climb'd to where the parapet appears;
But there his project reach'd its utmost pitch
(Amongst other deaths the General Ribau-
pierre's
Was much regretted), for the Moslem men
Threw them all down into the ditch again.

LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops
landing [stream
They knew not where, being carried by the
To some spot, where they lost their under-
standing,
And wander'd up and down as in a dream,
Until they reach'd, as daybreak was expanding,
That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

LXXIII.

And scrambling round the rampart, these same
troops,
After the taking of the "Cavalier,"¹⁰⁹
Just as Koutousow's most "forlorn" of "hopes"
Took, like chameleons, some slight tinge of
fear,
Open'd the gate call'd "Kilia," to the groups
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cos-
sacques— [graphy,
(I don't much pique myself upon ortho-
So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography)—
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,
And no great dilettanti in topography
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.

LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries
thunder'd [rampart,
Upon them, ne'ertheless had reach'd the
And naturally thought they could have plun-
der'd
The city, without being farther hamper'd;
But as it happens to brave men, they blunder'd—
The Turks at first pretended to have scam-
per'd,
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,
From whence they sallied on those Christian
corners.

LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking
Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these
Cossacques were all cutoff as day was breaking
And found their lives were let at a short
lease—
But perish'd without shivering or shaking,
Leaving as ladders their heap'd carcases,
O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi
March'd with the brave battalion of Polenzki. —

LXXVII.

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,
But could not eat them, being in his turn
Slain by some Mussulmans, who would not yet
Without resistance, see their city burn.
The walls were won, but 't was an even bet
Which of the armies would have cause to
mourn:
'T was blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t' other flinch.

LXXVIII.

Another column also suffer'd much:—
And here we may remark with the historian,
You should but give few cartridges to such
Troops as are meant to march with greatest
glory on:
When matters must be carried by the touch
Of the bright bayonet, and they all should
hurry on,
They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

LXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men
(Without the General, who had fallen some
time
Before, being badly seconded just then)
Was made at length with those who dared
to climb
The death disgoring rampart once again;
And though the Turk's resistance was sublime
They took the bastion, which the Seraskier
Defended at a price extremely dear.

LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers
Among the foremost, offer'd him good quarter
A word which little suits with Seraskiers,
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.
He died, deserving well his country's tears,
A savage sort of military martyr.
An English naval officer, who wish'd
'To make him prisoner, was also dish'd:

LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition
 Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead;
 On which the rest, without more intermission,
 Began to lay about with steel and lead—
 The pious metals most in requisition
 On such occasions: not a single head
 Was spared;—three thousand Moslems perish'd
 here,
 And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—
 And Death is drunk with gore: there's not
 a street
 Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,
 For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.
 Here War forgot his own destructive art
 In more destroying Nature; and the heat
 Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
 Engender'd monstrous shapes of every crime.

LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread
 Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
 Seized fast, as if 't were by the serpent's head
 Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed
 to feel; [bled,
 In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed, and
 And howl'd for help as wolves do for a meal—
 The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
 As do the subtle snakes described of old.

LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
 Of a foe o'er him, snatch'd at it, and bit
 The very tendon which is most acute—
 (That which some ancient Muse or modern
 wit
 Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through 't
 He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it
 Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis said
 To the live leg still clung the sever'd head.

LXXXV.

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure
 The Russian officer for life was lamed,
 For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,
 And left him 'midst the invalid and maim'd:
 The regimental surgeon could not cure
 His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed
 More than the head of the inveterate foe,
 Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—and 'tis the part
 Of a true poet to escape from fiction
 Whene'er he can; for there is little art
 In leaving verse more free from the restriction

Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
 For what is sometimes called poetic diction
 And that outrageous appetite for lies
 Which Satan angles with for souls, like flies.

LXXXVII.

The city's taken, but not render'd!—No!
 There's not a Moslem that hath yielded
 sword:
 The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
 Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word
 Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe,
 In vain the yell of victory is roar'd
 By the advancing Muscovite—the groan
 Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

LXXXVIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,
 And human lives are lavish'd every where
 As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves
 When the stripp'd forest bows to the bleak air
 And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves
 Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare,
 But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,
 As oaks blown down with all their thousand
 winters.

LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 'tis not
 My cue for any time to be terrific.
 For checker'd as is seen our human lot
 With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific
 Of melancholy merriment, to quote
 Too much of one sort would be soporific;—
 Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
 I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes
 Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase
 Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,
 With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
 And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes
 A little scorch'd at present with the blaze
 Of conquest and its consequences, which
 Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

XCI.

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
 Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm
 group
 Of murder'd women, who had found their way
 To this vain refuge, mad the good heart droop
 And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
 A female child of ten years tried to stoop
 And hide her little palpitating breast
 Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.

XCII.

Two villainous Cossacques pursued the child
 With flashing eyes and weapons: match'd
 with them,
 The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
 Has feelings pure and polish'd as a gem,—
 The bear is civilised, the wolf is mild:
 And whom for this at last must we condemn?
 Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ
 All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

XCIII.

Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,
 Whence her fair hair rose twining with
 affright,
 Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:
 When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad
 sight,
 I shall not say exactly what he said,
 Because it might not solace "ears polite;"
 But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,
 The readiest way of reasoning with Cos-
 sacques.

XCIV.

One's hip he slash'd, and split the other's
 shoulder, [seek,
 And drove them with their brutal yells to
 If there might be chirurgeons who could solder
 The wounds they richly merited, and
 shriek [colder
 Their baffled rage and pain; while waxing
 As he turn'd o'er each pale and gory cheek,
 Don Juan raised his little captive from
 The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

XCV.

And she was chill as they, and on her face
 A slender streak of blood announced how
 near
 Her fate had been to that of all her race;
 For the same blow which laid her mother
 here [trace,
 Had scarr'd her brow, and left its crimson
 As the last link with all she had held dear—
 But else unhurt, she open'd her large eyes,
 And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fix'd
 Upon each other, with dilated glance,
 In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear,
 mix'd [chance
 With joy to save, and dread of some mis-
 Unto his protégée; while hers, transfixed
 With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
 A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
 Like to a lighted alabaster vase;—

XCVII.

Up came John Johnson (I will not say
 "Jack," [place
 For that were vulgar, cold, and common—
 On great occasions, such as an attack
 On cities, as hath been the present case):
 Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,
 Exclaiming:—"Juan! Juan! On, boy!
 brace
 Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,
 That you and I will win St. George's collar!"

XCVIII.

"The Seraskier is knock'd upon the head,
 But the stone bastion still remains, where'd
 The old Pacha sits among some hundreds
 dead, [din
 Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the
 Of our artillery and his own: 'tis said
 Our kill'd, already piled up to the chin,
 Lie round the battery; but still it batters,
 And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

XCIX.

"Then up with me!"—But Juan answer'd,
 "Look
 Upon this child—I saved her—must not
 leave [nook
 Her life to chance; but point me out some
 Of safety, where she less may shrink and
 grieve, [took
 And I am with you."—Whereon Johnson
 A glance around—and shrugg'd, and twitch'd
 his sleeve "You're right;
 And black silk neckcloth — and replied,
 Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm puz-
 zled quite."

C.

Said Juan—"Whatsoever is to be [cure
 Done, I'll not quit her till she seems se-
 Of present life a good deal more than we."—
 Quoth Johnson—"Neither will I quite
 ensure;
 But at the least you may die gloriously."—
 Juan replied—"At least I will endure
 What'er is to be borne—& not resign
 This child, who is parentless, and therefore
 mine."

CI.

Johnson said—"Juan, we've no time to lose;
 The child's a pretty child—a very pretty—
 I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose
 Between your fame and feelings, pride and
 pity;—

Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse
Will serve when there is plunder in a
city;—

I should be loath to march without you, but,
By God! we'll be too late for the first cut."

CII.

But Juan was immoveable; until
Johnson, who really loved him in his way,
Pick'd out amongst his followers with some
skill [prey;

Such as he thought the least given up to
And swearing if the infant came to ill [day;

That they should all be shot on the next
But if she were depriv'd safe and sound,
They should at least have fifty rubles round,

CIII.

And all allowances besides of plunder, [then
In fair proportion with their comrades;—

Juan consented to march on through thunder,
Which thinn'd at every step their ranks of
III 11;

And yet the rest rush'd eagerly—no wonder

For they were heated by the hope of gain,
A thing which happens every where each day—
No hero trusteth wholly to half pay.

CIV.

And such is victory, and such is man! [God
At least nine-tenths of what we call so;—

May have another name for half we scan
As human beings, or his ways are odd.

But to our subject: a brave Tartar khan—

Or "sultan," as the author (to whose nod
In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call
This chieftain—somehow would not yield at
all:

CV.

But flank'd by five brave sons (such is poly-
gamy, [where none

That she spawns warriors by the score,
Are prosecuted for that false crime bigamy),

He never would believe the city won [Am I
While courage clung out to a single twig.—

Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son?
Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate
man,

Who fought with his five children in the van.

CVI.

To take him was the point.—The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd

with odds, [save;—
Are touch'd with a desire to shield and
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods

Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity: even as sometimes
nods

The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind

CVII.

But he would *not* be taken, and replied
To all the propositions of surrender

By mowing Christians down on every side,
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at
Bender.^{III}

His five brave boys no less the foe defied;
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less
tender,

As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

CVIII.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
Expended all their Eastern phraseology
In begging him, for God's sake, just to show
So much less fight as might form an apo-
logy

For them in saving such a desperate foe—

He hew'd away, like doctors of theology
When they dispute with sceptics; and with
curses [nurses.

Struck at his friends, as babies beat their

CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly,
both

Juan and Johnson; whereupon they fell,
The first with sighs, the second with an oath,

Upon his angry sultanship, pell-mell,
And all around were grown exceeding wroth

At such a pertinacious infidel,
And pour'd upon him and his sons like rain,
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

CX.

That drinks and still is dry. At last they
perish'd—

His second son was levell'd by a shot;
His third was sabred; and the fourth, most
cherish'd

Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot;
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother now
rish'd,

Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,
Because deform'd, yet died all game and
bottom,

To save a sire who blush'd that he begot him.

CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,
As great a scorner of the Nazarene

As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr,
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,

Who make the beds of those who won't take
quarter

On earth, in Paradise; and when once seen,
Those houris, like all other pretty creatures,
Do just whate'er they please, by dint of fea-
tures.

CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young
khan

In heaven I know not, nor pretend to guess;
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man
To tough old heroes, and can do no less;
And that's the cause no doubt why, if we
scan

A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,
You'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs
bloody.

CXIII.

Your houris also have a natural pleasure
In lopping off your lately married men,
Before the bridal hours have danced their
measure,

And the sad, second moon grows dim again,
Or dull repentance hath had dreary leisure
To wish him back a bachelor now and then.
And thus your houri (it may be) disputes
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

CXIV.

Thus the young khan, with houris in his
sight, [brides,

Thought not upon the charms of four young
But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly night.

In short, howe'er *our* better faith derides,
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems
fight, [besides,—

As though there were one heaven and none
Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven
And hell, there must at least be six or seven.

CXV.

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,
That when the very lance was in his heart,
He shouted "Allah!" and saw Paradise

With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,
And bright eternity without disguise

On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart:—
With prophets, houris, angels, saints, desier'd
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died:

CXVI.

But with a heavenly rapture on his face,
The good old khan, who long had ceased
to see

Houris, or aught except his florid race
Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—

When he beheld his latest hero grace

The earth, which he became like a fell'd tree,
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,
Stopp'd as if once more willing to concede
Quarter, in case he bade them not "aroynt!"
As he before had done. He did not heed
Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of
joint,

And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,
As he look'd down upon his children gone,
And felt—though done with life—he was
alone.

CXVIII.

But 'twas a transient tremor:—with a spring
Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung.
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies: he
clung

Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his
young;
And throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at
once.

CXIX.

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers,
who

Spared neither sex nor age in their career
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced
through,

And lay before them with his children near,
Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,

Were melted for a moment: though no tear
Flow'd from their bloodshot eyes, all red with
strife,

They honour'd such determined scorn of life.

CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,
Where the chief pacha calmly held his post.

Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,
And baffled the assaults of all their host:

At length he condescended to inquire
If yet the city's rest were won or lost;

And being told the latter, sent a bey
To answer Ribas' summons to give way.

CXXI.

In the mean time, cross-legg'd, with great sang
froid,

Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking
Tobacco on a little carpet;—Troy

Saw nothing like the scene around;—yet
loking

With martial stoicism, nought seem'd to annoy
His stern philosophy; but gently stroking
His beard, he puff'd his pipe's ambrosial gales,
As if he had three lives, as well as tails.

CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield
Himself or bastion, little matter'd now:
His stubborn valour was no future shield.

Ismail's no more! The crescent's silver bow
Sunk, and the crimson cross glared o'er the
field,

But red with no *redeeming* gore: the glow
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.

CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;
All that the body perpetrates of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;
All that the devil would do if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses;
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

CXXIV.

If here and there some transient trait of pity
Was shown, and some more noble heart
broke through
Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some pretty
Child, or an aged, helpless man or two—
What's this in one annihilated city, [grew?
Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.

CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette
Are purchased by all agonies and crimes:
Or if these do not move you, don't forget
Such doom may be your own in after-times.
Meantime the Taxes, Castlereagh, and Debt,
Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes.
Read your own hearts and Ireland's present
story.
Then feed her famine fat with Wellesley's glory.

CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,
Which loves so well its country and its king,
A subject of sublimest exultation—
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!
Howe'er the mighty locust, Desolation,
Strip your green fields, and to your harvests
cling,
Gaunt famine never shall approach the throne—
Though Ireland starve, great George weighs
twenty stone.

CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme:
There was an end of Ismail—hapless town?
Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Danube's
stream,

And redly ran his blushing waters down.
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders
grown:

Of forty thousand who had mann'd the wall,
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent
all!

CXXVIII.

In one thing nevertheless 't is fit to praise
The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration:
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long
station
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them then chaste;—they ravish'd very
little.

CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line;—but not to such excess
As when the French, that dissipated nation
Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess,
Except cold weather and commiseration;
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

CXXX.

Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,
Which show'd a want of lanterns, or of
taste— [mark
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could
Their friends from foes,—besides such things
from haste
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
Of light to save the venerably chaste:
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

CXXXI.

But on the whole their continence was great—
So that some disappointment there ensued
To those who had felt the inconvenient state
Of "single blessedness," and thought it good
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,
To bear these crosses) for each waning prud
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expense and the suspense of bed
ding

CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
Were also heard to wonder in the din
(Widows of forty were these birds long caged)
"Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!"
But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
In darkness—I can only hope they did.

CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes,
like thatch [lay'd,
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce al-
With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;
And here exactly follows what he said:—
"Glory to God and to the Empress!" (*Powers
Eternal! such names mingled!*) "Ismail's ours."

CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
Since "Menè, Menè, Tekel," and "Upharsin,"
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.
Heaven help me! I'm but little of a parson:
What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,
Severe, sublime; the prophet wrote no farce
on
The fate of nations:—but this Russ so witty
Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget
it—
For I will teach, if possible, the stones
To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it
Be said that we still truckle unto thrones:—
But ye—our children's children! think how we
Show'd *what things were* before the world was
free:

CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but tis for you:
And as, in the great joy of your millennium,
You hardly will believe such things were true
As now occur, I thought that I would pen
you 'em;
But may their very memory perish too!—
Yet if perchance remember'd, still disdain
you 'em
More than you scorn the savages of yore,
Who painted their bare limbs, but not with gore.

CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,
And those that sate upon them, let it be
As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones,
And wonder what old world such things
could see,
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
Th: pleasant riddles of futurity—
Guessing at what shall happily be hid,
As the real purpose of a pyramid.

CXXXVIII.

Reader! I have kept my word,—at least so far
As the first Canto promised. You have now
Had sketches of love, tempest, travel, war—
All very accurate, you must allow,
And *epic*, if plain truth should prove no bar;
For I have drawn much less with along bow
Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,
But Phoebus lends me now and then a string,

CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and
fiddle.
What farther hath befallen or may befall
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
I by and by may tell you, if at all:
But now I choose to break off in the middle,
Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn
wall,
While Juan is sent off with the despatch,
For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

CXL.

This special honour was conferr'd, because
He had behaved with courage and hu-
manity— [pause
Which *last* men like, when they have time to
From their ferocities produced by vanity.
His little captive gain'd him some applause
For saving her amidst the wild insanity
Of carnage,—and I think he was more glad
in her
Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
For she was homeless, houseless, helpless; and
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
Had perish'd in the field or by the wall,
Her very place of birth was but a spectre
Of what it had been; there the Mnezzin's call
To prayer was heard no more!—and Juan wept,
And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

OH, Wellington! (or "Villainton"—for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punn'd it down to this facetious phrase—
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same.)
You have obtain'd great pensions and much
praise:

Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder "Nay!"

II.

I don't think that you used Kinnaird quite well
In Marinèt's affair—in fact, 't was shabby,
And like some other things won't do to tell
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old abbey.
Upon the rest 't is not worth while to dwell,
Such tales being for the tea-hours of some
tabby;

But though your years as *man* tend fast to zero,
In fact your grace is still but a *young hero*.

III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more:
You have repair'd Legitimacy's crutch,
A prop not quite so certain as before;
The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore*;
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor
(I wish your bards would sing it rather better).

IV.

You are "the best of cut-throats:"—do not
start; [applied:—
The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not mis-
War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
If you have acted *once* a generous part,
The world, not the world's masters, will decide,
And I shall be delighted to learn who,
Save you and yours, have gain'd by Waterloo?

V.

I am no flatterer—you've supp'd full of flattery:
They say you like it too—'t is no great wonder.
He whose whole life has been assault and bat-
tery,
At last may get a little tired of thunder;

And swallowing eulogy much more than *sacre*,
he
[Cer,
May like being praised for every lucky blam
Call'd "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,
And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved.

VI.

I've done. Now go and dine from off the plate
Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,
And send the sentinel before your gate
A slice or two from your luxurious meals:
He fought, but has not fed so well of late.
Some hunger, too, they say the people feels:—
There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,
But pray give back a little to the nation.

VII.

I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as
You, my lord duke! is far above reflection:
The high Roman fashion, too, of Cincinnatus,
With modern history has but small connec-
tion:
Though as an Irishman you love potatoes,
You need not take them under your direction,
And half a million for your Sabine farm
Is rather dear!—I'm sure I mean no harm.

VIII.

Great men have always scorn'd great recom-
pences:
Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses:
George Washington had thanks and nought
beside, [is]
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's
To free his country: Pitt too had his pride,
And as a high-soul'd minister of state is
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.

IX.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, or abused it more:
You might have freed fallen Europe from the
unity
Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore.
And *now*—what's your fame? Shall the Muse
tune it ye? [o'er?
Now—that the rabble's first vain shouts are
Go! hear it in your famish'd country's cries
Behold the world! and curse your victories!

X.

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,
To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to
inscribe
Truths, that you will not read in the *Gazettes*,
But which 't is time to teach the hireling *trib*

Who fatten on their country's gore, and debts,
Must be recited, and—without a bribe.
You *did* great things; but not being *great* in
mind,
Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

XI.

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton
With which men image out the unknown
thing
That hides the past world, like to a set sun
Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter
spring—
Death laughs at all you weep for:—look upon
This hourly dread of all! whose *threaten'd*
sting
Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath:
Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without
breath!

XII.

Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you are!
And yet *was* what you are: from *ear* to *ear*
It *laughs not*—there is now no fleshy bar
So call'd; the Antic long hath ceased to *hear*,
But still he *smiles*; and whether near or far,
He strips from man that mantle (far more dear
Than even the tailors), his incarnate skin,
White, black, or copper—the dead bones will
grin.

XIII.

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,
But still it *is* so; and with such example
Why should not Life be equally content
With his superior, in a smile to trample
Upon the nothings which are daily spent
Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample
Than the eternal deluge, which devours
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like
hours?

XIV.

"To be, or not to be?" that is the question,"
Says Shakspeare, who just now is much in
fashion.
I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion,
Nor ever had for *abstract* fame much passion;
But would much rather have a sound digestion
Than Buonaparte's cancer:—could I dash on
Through fifty victories to shame or fame,
Without a stomach—what were a good name?

XV.

"Oh dura ilia messorum!"—"Oh
Ye rigid guts of reapers!" I translate
For the great benefit of those who know
What indigestion is—that inward fate

Which makes all Styx through one small liver
flow.

A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:
Let *this* one toil for bread—that rack for rent,
He who sleeps best may be the most content

XVI.

"To be, or not to be?"—Ere I decide,
I should be glad to know that which *is being*
Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing*
For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,
Until I see both sides for once agreeing.
For me, I sometimes think that life is death,
Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

XVII.

"Que sais-je?" was the motto of Montaigne,
As also of the first academicians;
That all is dubious which man may attain,
Was one of their most favourite positions.
There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
As any of Mortality's conditions;
So little do we know what we're about in
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting

XVIII.

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
Your wise men don't know much of navi-
gation;
And swimming long in the abyss of thought
Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station
Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down
and gathers
Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers

XIX.

"But heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all—
No more of this, then,—let us pray!" We
have
Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,
Which tumbled all mankind into the grave,
Besides fish, beasts, and birds. "The spar-
row's fall
Is special providence," though how it gave
Offence, we know not; probably it perch'd
Upon the tree which Eve so fondly search'd.

XX.

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is theogony?
Oh! thou, too, mortal man! what is philan-
thropy? [mogony?
Oh! world, which was and is, what is eos
Some people have accused me of misad-
thropy;

And yet I know no more than the manogany
That forms this desk, of what they mean;
*lykanthropy*¹¹²

I comprehend, for without transformation
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,
Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er
Done any thing exceedingly unkind,— [bear
And (though I could not now and then for-
Following the bent of body or of mind)

Have always had a tendency to spare,—
Why do they call me misanthrope? Because
They hate me, not I them:—and here we'll
pause.

XXII.

'T is time we should proceed with our good
poem,—

For I maintain that it is really good,
Not only in the body but the poem,
However little both are understood
Just now,—but by and by the Truth will
show 'em

Herself in her sublimest attitude:
And till she doth, I fain must be content
To share her beauty and her banishment

XXIII.

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader! yours—)
Was left upon his way to the chief city
Of the immortal Peter's polish'd boors,
Who still have shown themselves more brave
than witty.

I know its mighty empire now allures
Much flattery—even Voltaire's, and that's
a pity.

For me, I deem an absolute autocrat
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should
My chance so happen—deeds), with all who
war [far most rude,
With Thought;—and of Thought's foes by
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.

I know not who may conquer: if I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation.

XXV.

It is not that I adulate the people:
Without me, there are demagogues enough,
And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
I do not know;—I wish men to be free
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me

XXVI.

The consequence is, being of no party
I shall offend all parties:—never mind!
My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty
Than if I sought to sail before the wind.
He who has nought to gain can have small
art: he

Who neither wishes to be bound or bind,
May still expatiate freely, as will I,
Nor give my voice to slavery's jackall cry.

XXVII.

That's an appropriate simile, *that jackall*,—
I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl
By night, as do that mercenary pack all,
Power's base purveyors, who for pickings
prowl, [all
And scent the prey their masters would attack
However, the poor jackalls are less foul
(As being the brave lion's keen providers)
Than human insects, catering for spiders.

XXVIII.

Raise but an arm! 't will brush their web away,
And without *that*, their poison and their
claws [say—
Are useless. Mind, good people! what I
(Or rather peoples)—*go on* without pause!
The web of these tarantulas each day
Increases, till you shall make common cause—
None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,
As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

XXIX.

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
Was left upon his way with the despatch,
Where blood was talk'd of as we would of
water;
And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch
O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter
Fair Catherine's pastime—who look'd on
the match
Between these nations as a main of cocks,
Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.

And there in a *kibitka* he roll'd on
(A cursed sort of carriage without springs,
Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole
bone.)

Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,
And orders, and on all that he had done—
And wishing that post-horses had the wings
Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises
Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is

XXXI.

At every jolt—and they were many—still
 He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,
 As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill
 Than he, in these sad highways left at large
 To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,
 Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge
 On her canals, where God takes sea and land,
 Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

XXXII.

At least he pays no rent, and has best right
 To be the first of what we used to call
 "Gentlemen farmers"—a race worn out quite,
 Since lately there have been no rents at all,
 And "gentlemen" are in a piteous plight,
 And "farmers" can't raise Ceres from her
 fall: [thoughts
 She fell with Buonaparte—What strange
 Arise, when we see emperors fall with oats!

XXXIII.

But Juan turn'd his eyes on the sweet child
 Whom he had saved from slaughter—what
 a trophy!
 Oh! ye who built up monuments, defiled
 With gore, like Nadir Shah, that costive
 sophy,
 Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,
 And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee
 To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the sinner!
 Because he could no more digest his din-
 ner: 113—

XXXIV.

Oh ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,
 That *one* life saved, especially if young
 Or pretty, is a thing to recollect
 Far sweeter than the greenest laurels sprung
 From the manure of human clay, though deck'd
 With all the praises ever said or sung:
 Though hymn'd by every harp, unless within
 our heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din.

XXXV.

Oh! ye great authors luminous, voluminous!
 Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes!
 Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers, il-
 lumine us! [bribes,
 Whether you're paid by government in
 To prove the public debt is not consuming us—
 Or, roughly treading on the "courtier's
 kibes,"
 With clownish heel, your popular circulation
 Feeds you by printing half the realm's starva-
 tion;—

XXXVI.

Oh, ye great authors!—"Apropos des bottes,"—
 I have forgotten what I meant to say,
 As sometimes have been greater sags' lots;—
 'T was something calculated to allay
 All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots:
 Certes it would have been but thrown away
 And that's one comfort for my lost advice,
 Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

XXXVII.

But let it go:—it will one day be found
 With other relics of "a former world,"
 When this world shall be *former*, underground.
 Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd, and
 curl'd, [drown'd,
 Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside-out, or
 Like all the worlds before, which have been
 hurl'd
 First out of, and then back again to chaos,
 The superstratum which will overlay us.

XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says;—and then shall come again
 Unto the new creation, rising out
 From our old crash, some mystic, ancient strain
 Of things destroy'd and left in airy doubt;
 Like to the notions we now entertain
 Of Titans, giants, fellows of about
 Som. hundred feet in height, *not to say miles*.
 And mammoths, and your winged crocodiles.

XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be
 dug up! [East
 How the new worldlings of the then new
 Will wonder where such animals could sup!
 (For they themselves will be but of the least:
 Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pup,
 And every new creation hath decreased
 In size, from overworking the material—
 Men are but maggots of some huge Earth's
 burial.)

XL.

How will—to these young people, just thrust
 out
 From some fresh Paradise, and set to plough
 And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about
 And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind
 and sow,
 Till all the arts at length are brought about,
 Especially of war and taxing—how,
 I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em
 Look like the monsters of a new museum?

XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:
 "The time is out of joint,"—and so am I,
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,
 And deviate into matters rather dry,

I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call
 Much too poetical: men should know why
 They write, and for what end; but note or text,
 I never know the word which will come next.

XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
 Now pondering:—it is time we should
 narrate.

I left Don Juan, with his horses baiting—
 Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.
 I shall not be particular in stating
 His journey, we've so many tours of late:
 Suppose him then at Petersburgh; suppose
 That pleasant capital of painted snows;

XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;
 A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,
 Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,
 Over a cock'd hat in a crowded room,
 And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn
 Gorme,¹¹⁴

Of yellow casimire we may presume,
 White stockings drawn uncurled as new milk
 O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk;

XLIV.

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,
 Made up by youth, fame, and an army
 tailor—
 That great enchanter, at whose rod's command
 Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns
 paler,
 Seeing how Art can make her work more grand
 (When she don't pin men's limbs in like a
 gaoler),—
 Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He
 Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery.

XLV.

His bandage slipp'd down into a cravat;
 His wings subdued to epaulettes; his quiver
 Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
 His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever;
 His bow converted into a cock'd hat;
 But still so like, that Psyche were more
 clever [stupid],
 Than some wives (who make blunders no less
 If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd, and
 The empress smiled: the reigning favourite
 frown'd—
 I quite forget which of them was in hand
 'Tis then; as they are rather numerous
 found,

Who took by turns that difficult command,
 Since first her majesty was singly crown'd
 But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
 All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
 Blushing and beardless; and yet ne'ertheless
 There was a something in his turn of limb,
 And still more in his eye, which seem'd to
 express,
 That though he look'd like one of the seraphim,
 There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's dress.
 Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy,
 And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoj.¹¹⁵

XLVIII.

No wonder then that Yermoloff, or Momonoff,
 Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*
 Or *on*, might dread her majesty had not roar
 enough
 Within her bosom (which was not too tough)
 For a new flame; a thought to cast of gloom
 enough
 Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough
 Of him who, in the language of his station
 Then held that "high official situation."

XLIX.

O, gentle ladies! should you seek to know
 The import of this diplomatic phrase,
 Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess¹¹⁶ show
 His parts of speech; and in the strange
 displays
 Of that odd string of words, all in a row,
 Which none divine, and every one obeys,
 Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no*
 meaning,
 Of that weak wordy harvest the sole gleaner.

L.

I think I can explain myself without
 That sad inexplicable beast of prey—
 That Sphinx, whose words would ever be a
 doubt,
 Did not his deeds unriddle them each day—
 That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spout
 Of blood and water, leaden Castlereagh!
 And here I must an anecdote relate,
 But luckily of no great length or weight.

LI.

An English lady ask'd of an Italian,
 What were the actual and official duties
 Of the strange thing, some women set a value
 on,
 Which hovers oft about some married *beast*.

Called "Cavaier servente?" a Pygmalion
 Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true
 'tis) [them,
 Beneath his art. The dame, press'd to disclose
 Said—"Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them.*"

LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,
 And mildest, matron-like interpretation,
 Of the imperial favourite's condition.
 'Twas a high place, the highest in the nation
 In fact, if not in rank; and the suspicion
 Of any one's attaining to his station,
 No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of
 shoulders, [holders.
 If rather broad, made stocks rise and their

LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,
 And had retain'd his boyish look beyond
 The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,
 With beards and whiskers, and the like, the
 fond
Parisian aspect, which upset old Troy
 And founded Doctors' Commons:—I have
 conn'd [quer'd,
 The history of divorces, which, though che-
 Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

LIV.

And Catherine, who loved all things, (save her
 lord, [much,
 Who was gone to his place,) and pass'd for
 Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorr'd)
 Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch
 Of sentiment; and he she most adored
 Was the lamented Lanskoï, who was such
 A lover as had cost her many a tear,
 And yet but made a middling grenadier.

LV.

Oh thou "teterrima causa" of all "belli"—
 Thou gate of life and death—thou nonde-
 script!
 Whence is our exit and our entrance,—well I
 May pause in pondering how all souls are dipt
 In thy perennial fountain:—how man fell, I
 Know not, since knowledge saw her branches
 stript
 Of her first fruit; but how he falls and rises
 Since, thou hast settled beyond all surmises.

LVI.

Some call thee "the worst cause of war," but I
 Maintain thou art the *best*: for after all
 From thee we come, to thee we go, and why
 To get at thee not batter down a wall,

Or waste a world? since no one can deny
 Thou dost replenish worlds both great and
 small:
 With, or without thee, all things at a stand
 Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry land!

LVII.

Catherine, who was the grand epitome
 Of that great cause of war, or peace, or what
 You please (it causes all the things which be,
 So you may take your choice of this or that)—
 Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
 The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
 Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
 With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.

LVIII.

Then recollecting the whole empress, nor
 Forgetting quite the woman (which com-
 posed [tore
 At least three parts of this great whole), she
 The letter open with an air which posed
 The court, that watch'd each look her visage
 wore,
 Until a royal smile at length disclosed
 Fair weather for the day. Though rather
 spacious, [cious.
 Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gra-

LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joys: the first
 Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain.
 Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
 As an East Indian sunrise on the main.
 These quench'd a moment her ambition's
 thirst—
 So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain.
 In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless
 sands,
 Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!

LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful;
 She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who
 threw
 Into a Russian couplet rather dull [slew. 117
 The whole gazette of thousands whom he
 Her third was feminine enough to annul
 The shudder which runs naturally through
 Our veins, when things call'd sovereigns think
 it best
 To kill, and generals turn it into jest.

LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,
 And lighted first her eye, and then her
 mouth:
 The whole court look'd immediately most sweet,
 Like flowers well water'd after a long
 drouth—

ut when on the lieutenant at her feet
 Her majesty, who liked to gaze on youth
 Almost as much as on a new despatch,
 Glanced mildly, all the world was on the watch.

LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and truculent,
 [a figure

When *wroth*—while *pleas'd*, she was as fine
 As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,
 [vigour.

Would wish to look on, while they are in
 She could repay each amatory look you lent
 With interest, and in turn was wont with
 rigour

To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount
 At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,
 Was not so necessary; for they tell
 That she was handsome, and though fierce
look'd lenient,

And always used her favourites too well.
 If once beyond her boudoir's precincts in ye
 went,

Your "fortune" was in a fair way "to swell
 A man" (as Giles says); for though she would
 widow all

Nations, she liked man as an individual.

LXIV.

What a strange thing is man! and what a
 stranger

Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
 And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
 Is all the rest about her! Whether wed,
 Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her

Mind like the wind: whatever she has said
 Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;—
 The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

LXV.

Oh Catherine! (for of all interjections,
 To thee both *oh!* and *ah!* belong of right
 In love and war) how odd are the connections
 Of human thoughts, which jostle in their
 fight! [tions:

Just now *yours* were cut out in different sec-
First Ismail's capture caught your fancy
 quite; [batch:

Next of new knights, the fresh and glorious
 And *thirdly* he who brought you the despatch!

LXVI.

Shakspeare talks of "the herald Mercury
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"
 And some such visions cross'd her majesty,
 While her young herald knelt before her still.

'Tis very true the hill seem'd rather high,
 For a lieutenant to climb up; but skill
 Smooth'd even the Simplon's steep, and by
 God's blessing, [kissing."
 With youth and health all kisses are "heaven-

LXVII.

Her majesty look'd down, the youth look'd up—
 And so they fell in love;—~~she~~ with his face,
 His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's

^{cup}
 With the first draught intoxicates apace,
 A quintessential laudanum or "black drop,"
 Which makes one drunk at once, without
 the base

Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye
 In love drinks all life's fountains, (save tears) dry

LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
 Fell into that no less imperious passion,
 Self-love—which, when some sort of thing
 above

Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
 Or duchess, princess, empress, "deigns to
 prove" [a rash one,

('Tis Pope's phrase) a great longing, though
 For one especial person out of many,
 Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age
 Which makes all female ages equal—when
 We don't much care with whom we may
 engage,

As bold as Daniel in the lion's den,
 So that we can our native sun assuage

In the next ocean, which may flow just then,
 To make a twilight in, just as Sol's heat is
 Quench'd in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

LXX.

And Catherine (we must say thus much for
 Catherine), [thing

Though bold and bloody, was the kind of
 Whose temporary passion was quite flattering,
 Because each lover look'd a sort of king,

Made up upon an amatory pattern,
 A royal husband in all save the *ring*—
 Which, being the damn'dest part of matrimony,
 Seem'd taking out the sting to leave the honey

LXXI.

And when you add to this, her womanhood
 In its meridian, her blue eyes or gray—
 (The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,
 Or better, as the best examples say

Napoleon's, Mary's (queen of Scotland),
should

Lend to that colour a transcendent ray ;
And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,
Too wise to look through optics black or
blue—

LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,
Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,
Her preference of a boy to men much bigger
(Fellows whom Messalina's self would
pension),

Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,
With other *extras*, which we need not
mention,—

All these, or any one of these, explain
Enough to make a stripling very vain.

LXXIII.

And that's enough, for love is vanity,
Selfish in its beginning as its end,
Except where 'tis a mere insanity, [blend
A maddening spirit which would strive to
Itself with beauty's frail inanity,

On which the passion's self seems to depend :
And hence some heathenish philosophers
Make love the main-spring of the universe.

LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love
Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving
Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme with
dove, [verses moving

That good old steam-boat which keeps
Gainst reason—Reason ne'er was hand-and-
glove [proving

With rhyme, but always leant less to im-
The sound than sense)—besides all these
pretences [name senses ;

To love, there are those things which words

LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our
bodies

Which make all bodies anxious to get out
Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a goddess,
For such all women are at first no doubt.

How beautiful that moment! and how odd is
That fever which precedes the languid rout
Of our sensations! What a curious way

The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay!

LXXVI.

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,
To end or to begin with; the next grand
Is that which may be christen'd love canon-
ical,

Because the clergy take the thing in hand;

The third sort to be noted in our chronicle
As flourishing in every Christian land,
Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties
Add what may be call'd *marriage in disguise*

LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyse—our story must
Tell for itself: the sovereign was smitten,
Nan much flatter'd by her love, or lust;—
I cannot stop to alter words once written,
And the two are so mix'd with human dust,
That he who *names one*, both perchance
may hit on :

But in such matters Russia's mighty empress
Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
And all lips were applied unto all ears!

The elder ladies' wrinkles curl'd much crispier
As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
On one another, and each lovely lisper
Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er; but
tears

Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army who stood by

LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers
Inquired, Who was this very new young
man,

Who promised to be great in some few hours?
Which is full soon (though life is but a
span).

Already they beheld the silver showers
Of rubles rain, as fast as specie can,
Upon his cabinet, besides the presents
Of several ribands, and some thousand pea-
sants.¹¹⁸

LXXX.

Catherine was generous,—all such ladies are:

Love, that great opener of the heart and all
The ways that lead there, be they near or far,
Above, below, by turnpikes great or small,—
Love—(though she had a cursed taste for war,

And was not the best wife, unless we call
Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 'tis better
That one should die, than two drag on the
fetter)—

LXXXI.

Love had made Catherine make each lover's
fortune,

Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth,
Whose avarice all disbursements did impos-
sible,

If history, the grand liar, ever saith

The truth; and though grief her old age
might shorten,

Because she put a favourite to death,
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

LXXXII.

But when the levee rose, and all was bustle

In the dissolving circle, all the nations'
Ambassadors began as 'twere to hustle
Round the young man with their congratula-
tions.

Also the softer silks were heard to rustle
Of gentle dames; among whose recreations
It is to speculate on handsome faces,
Especially when such lead to high places,

LXXXIII.

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,

A general object of attention, made
His answers with a very graceful bow,

As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

LXXXIV.

An order from her majesty consign'd
Our young lieutenant to the genial care
Of those in office: all the world look'd kind,
(As it will look sometimes with the first
stare, [mind,])

Which youth would not act ill to keep in

As also did Miss Protasoff then there,
Named from her mystic office "l'Eprouveuse,"
A term inexplicable to the Muse.

LXXXV.

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,

Juan retired,—and so will I, until
My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground.

We have just lit on a "heaven-kissing hill,"
So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,
And all my fancies whirling like a mill;
Which is a signal to my nerves and brain
To take a quiet ride in some green lane.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startle from his contempla-
tion—

'Tis said (for I'll not answer above ground
For any sage's creed or calculation)—

A mode of proving that the earth turn'd round
In a most natural whirl, call'd "gravita-
tion;"

And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,
Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.¹¹⁹

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,
If this be true; for we must deem the mod
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose
Through the then unpaved stars the turn
pike road,

A thing to counterbalance human woes:

For ever since immortal man hath glow'd
With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon

III.

And wherefore this exordium?—Why, just
now,

In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,
My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper:

And though so much inferior, as I know,
To those who, by the dint of glass and wa-
pour,

Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,
I wish to do as much by poesy.

IV.

In the wind's eye I have sail'd, and sail; but
for

The stars, I own my telescope is dim;
But at the least I have shunn'd the common
shore, [skim

And leaving land far out of sight, would
"he ocean of eternity: the roar

Of breakers has not daunted my slight, trim,
But *still* sea-worthy skiff; and she may float
Where ships have founder'd, as doth many
boat.

V.

We left our hero, Juan, in the *bloom*
Of favouritism, but not yet in the *blush*;—
And far be it from my *Muses* to presume
(For I have more than one Muse at a push)
To follow him beyond the drawing-room:

It is enough that Fortune found him flush
Of youth, and vigour, beauty, and those things
Which for an instant clip enjoyment's wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again and leave their nest.
"Oh!" saith the Psalmist, "that I had a
dove's

Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!"

And who that recollects young years and
loves,—

Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,
 And palsied fancy; which no longer roves
 Beyond its dimm'd eye's sphere,—but would
 much rather [father?
 Sigh like his son, than cough like his grand-

VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows')
 shrink,

Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow,
 So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
 Which threatens inundations deep and
 yellow! [You'd think
 Such difference doth a few months make.
 Grief a rich field which never would lie
 fallow; [boys,
 No more it doth, its ploughs but change their
 Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.

VIII.

But coughs will come when sighs depart—
 and now

And then before sighs cease; for oft the one
 Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow
 Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun
 Of life reach'd ten o'clock: and while a glow,
 Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh done,
 O'erspreads the cheek which seems too pure
 for clay, [they!—
 Thousands blaze, love, hope, die,—how happy

IX.

But Juan was not meant to die so soon.
 We left him in the focus of such glory
 As may be won by favour of the moon
 Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory
 Perhaps; but who would scorn the month of
 June,

Because December, with his breath so hoary,
 Must come? Much rather should he court the
 ray,

To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

X.

Besides, he had some qualities which fix
 Middle-aged ladies even more than young:
 The former know what's what; while new-
 fledged chicks

Know little more of love than what is sung
 in rhymes, or dreaunt (for fancy will play tricks)
 In visions of those skies from whence Love
 sprung.

Some reckon women by their suns or years,
 I rather think the moon should date the dears

XI.

And why? because she's changeable and
 chaste.

I know no other reason, whatsoever

Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,
 May choose to tax me with: which is not
 fair,

Nor flattering to "their temper or their taste,"
 As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air
 However, I forgive him, and I trust
 He will forgive himself;—if not, I must.

XII.

Old enemies who have become new friends
 Should so continue—'t is a point of honour,
 And I know nothing which could make amends
 For a return to hatred: I would shun her
 Like garlic, howsoever she extends
 Her hundred arms and legs, and fain out
 run her [foes—
 Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest
 Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

XIII.

This were the worst desertion:—renegadoes,
 Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,
 Would scarcely join again the "reforma-
 does,"¹²⁰

Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's sty;
 And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,
 Whether in Caledon or Italy,
 Should not veer round with every breath, nor
 seize

To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

XIV.

The lawyer and the critic but behold
 The baser sides of literature and life,
 And nought remains unseen, but much untold.
 By those who scour those double vales of strife
 While common men grow ignorantly old,
 The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
 Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
 And with it all the process of digestion.

XV.

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
 And that's the reason he himself's so dirty,
 The endless soot¹²¹ bestows a tint far deeper
 Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he
 Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,
 At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
 In all their habits;—not so *you*, I own;
 As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your gown.

XVI.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
 Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe
 (As far as rhyme and criticism combine
 To make such puppets of us things below),
 Are over: Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne!"
 I do not know you, and may never know
 Your face—but you have acted on the whole
 Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

XVII.

And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne!"

It is not address'd to you—the more 's the pity
For me, for I would rather take my wine

With you, than aught (save Scott) in your
proud city. [whine,

But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—

XVIII.

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one
and all, [and clear streams,

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black
wall*,¹²²

All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me
seems

My childhood in this childishness of mine
I care not—'t is a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

XIX.

And though, as you remember, in a fit

Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,

Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,

They cannot quench young feelings fresh
and early: [blood,

I "*scotch'd* not kill'd" the Scotchman in my
And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

XX.

Don Juan, who was real, or ideal,—

For both are much the same, since what men
think

Exists when the once thinkers are less real
Than what they thought for mind can never
sink,

And gainst the body makes a strong appeal;
And yet 't is very puzzling on the brink

Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,
And know no more of what is here, than there;—

XXI.

Don Juan grew a very polish'd Russian—

How we won't mention, *why* we need not say:
Few youthful minds can stand the strong con-
cession

Of any slight temptation in their way;
But *his* just now were spread as is a cushion
Smooth'd for a monarch's seat of honour: gay
Damsels, and dances, revels, ready money,
Made ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

XXII.

The favour of the empress was agreeable;
And though the duty wax'd a little hard,
Young people at his time of l'ce should be able
To come off handsomely in that regard.
He was now growing up like a green tree, able
For love, war, or ambition, which reward
Their luckier votaries, till old age's tedium
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

XXIII.

About this time, as might have been anticipated,
Seduced by youth and dangerous examples
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated
With all kinds of incorrigible samples
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us like a shell-fish

XXIV.

This we pass over. We will also pass
The usual progress of intrigues between
Unequal matches, such as are, alas!
A young lieutenant's with a *not old* queen,
But one who is not so youthful as she was
In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter
And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won't
flatter.

XXV.

And Death, the sovereign's sovereign, though
the great
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels.
With his *Agrarian* laws¹²³, the high estate
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and
revels, [await
To one small grass-grown patch (which mus-
Corruption for its crop) with the poor devil
Who never had a foot of land till now,—
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

XXVI.

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss
and glitter, [fury,—
In this gay clime of bear-skins black and
Which (though I hate to say a thing that's
bitter) [flurry,
Peep out sometimes, when things are in a
Through all the "purple and fine linen,"
fitter
For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—
And neutralise her outward show of scarlet.

XXVII.

And this same state we won't describe: we would

Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection;
But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood,"
That horrid equinox, that hateful section
Of human years, that half-way house, that rude
Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circum-
spection

Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier,
Of age, and looking back to youth, give *one*
tear;—

XXVIII.

I won't describe, —that is, if I can help
Description; and I won't reflect—that is,
If I can stave off thought, which—as a whelp
Clings to its teat—sticks to me through the
abyss

Of this odd labyrinth; or as the kelp
Holds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss
Drains its first draught of lips:—but, as I said,
I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read,

XXIX.

Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,—
A thing which happens rarely: this he owed
Much to his youth, and much to his reported
Valour; much also to the blood he show'd,
Like a race-horse; much to each dress he
sport'd,

Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,
As purple clouds beiringe the sun; but most
He owed to an old woman and his post.

XXX.

He wrote to Spain:—and all his near relations,
Perceiving he was in a handsome way
Of getting on himself, and finding stations
For cousins also, answer'd the same day.
Several prepared themselves for emigrations;
And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,
That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

XXXI.

His mother, Doana Inez, finding, too,
That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,
Where his assets were waxing rather few,
He had brought his spending to a handsome
anchor,—

Replied, "that she was glad to see him through
Those pleasures after which wild youth will
hanker;
As the sole sign of man's being in his senses
Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

XXXII.

"She also recommended him to God,
And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother.
Warn'd him against Greek worship, which
looks odd smother
In Catholic eyes; but told him, too, to
Outward dislike, which don't look well abroad;
Inform'd him that he had a little brother
Born in a second wedlock; and above
All, praised the empress's *maternal* love.

XXXIII.

'She could not too much give her approbation
Unto an empress, who prefer'd young men
Whose age, and what was better still, whose
nation [then]:—
And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now and
At home it might have given her some vexation;
But where thermometers sunk down to ten,
Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
Believe that virtue thaw'd before the river."

XXXIV.

Oh for a *forty-parson* power to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
Not practise! Oh for trumps of cherubim
Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,
Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
Drew quiet consolation through its hint,
When she no more could read the pious print.

XXXV.

She was no hypocrite at least, poor soul
But went to heaven in as sincere a way
As any body on the elected roll,
Which portions out upon the judgment day
Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of doomsday
scroll,

Such as the conqueror William did repay
His knights with, lotting others' properties
Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

XXXVI.

I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,
Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty manors
If that my memory doth not greatly err)
Were their reward for following Billy's
banners; [fair
And though I can't help thinking 't was scarce
To strip the Saxons of their *hides*¹²⁴, like
tanners;
Yet as they founded churches with the produce
You'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.

XXXVII.

The gentle Juan flourish'd, though at times
He felt like other plants call'd sensitive,
Which shrink from touch, as monarchs do
from rhymes,
Save such as *Southey* can afford to give.

Perhaps he long'd in bitter frosts for climes
In which the Neva's ice would cease to live
Before May-day: perhaps, despite his duty,
In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty:

XXXVIII.

Perhaps—but, sans perhaps, we need not seek
For causes young or old: the canker-worm
Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
As well as further drain the wither'd form:
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
His bills in, and however we may storm,
They must be paid: though six days smoothly
run,
The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

XXXIX.

I don't know how it was, but he grew sick:
The empress was alarm'd, and her physician
(The same who physick'd Peter) found the tick
Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
Which augur'd of the dead, however *quick*
Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition;
At which the whole court was extremely
troubled, [doubled.
The sovereign shock'd, and all his medicines

XL.

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours:
Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkin;
Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,
Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin;
Some said 't was a concoction of the humours
Which with the blood too readily will claim
kin;
Others again were ready to maintain,
" 'T was only the fatigue of last campaign."

XLI.

But here is one prescription out of many:
" Sodæ sulphat. ʒss. Mannæ optim.
Aq. fervent. f. ʒiſs. ʒij. tinct. Sennæ
Haustus " (And here the surgeon came and
cupp'd him)
" R Pulv. Com. gr. iij. Ipecacuanhæ " ('em),
(With more beside if Juan had not stopp'd
' Bolus Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,
Et haustus ter in die capiendus."

XLII.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer:
While that " liatus maxime defendus "
' To be fill'd up by spade or mattock's near
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy.

XLIII.

Juan demurr'd at 'his first notice to
Quit; and though death had threaten'd an
ejection,
His youth and constitution bore him through,
And sent the doctor in a new direction.
But still his state was delicate: the hue
Of health but flicker'd with a faint reflection
Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to gravel
The faculty—who said that he must travel.

XLIV.

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,
Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion
Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,
Who did not like at first to lose her minion:
But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,
And drooping like an eagle's with clipt pinion,
She then resolv'd to send him on a mission,
But in a style becoming his condition.

XLV.

There was just then a kind of a discussion,
A sort of treaty or negotiation,
Between the British cabinet and Russian,
Maintain'd with all the due prevarication
With which great states such things are apt
to push on;
Something about the Baltic's navigation,
Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
Which Britons deem their " uti passidetis."

XLVI.

So Catherine, who had a handsome way
Of fitting out her favourites, conferr'd
This secret charge on Juan, to display
At once her royal splendour, and reward
His services. He kiss'd hands the next day,
Received instructions how to play his card
Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,
Which show'd what great discernment was
the donor's.

XLVII.

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens
Are generally prosperous in reigning;
Which puzzles us to know what Fortune means:
But to continue: though her years were
waning,
Her climacteric teased her like her teens;
And though her dignity brook'd no complain
ing,
So much did Juan's setting off distress her,
She could not find at first a fit successor.

XLVIII.

But time, the comforter, will come at last;
And four-and-twenty hours, and twice the
number

Of candidates requesting to be placed,
 Made Catherine taste next night a quiet
 slumber:—
 Not that she meant to fix again in haste,
 Nor did she find the quantity enumber,
 But always choosing with deliberation,
 Kept the place open for their emulation.

XLIX.

While this high post of honour's in abeyance,
 For one or two days, reader, we request
 You'll mount with our young hero the convey-
 ance
 Which wafted him from Petersburg: the best
 Barouche, which had the glory to display once
 The fair czarina's autocratic crest,
 When, a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,
 Was given to her favourite, and now bore his

L.

A bull-dog, and a bullfinch, and an ermine,
 All private favourites of Don Juan;—for
 (Let deeper sages the true cause determine)
 He had a kind of inclination, or
 Weakness, for what most people deem mere
 vermin,

Live animals: an old maid of threescore
 For cats and birds more penchant ne'er display'd,
 Although he was not old, nor even a maid;—

LI.

The animals aforesaid occupied
 Their station: there were valets, secretaries
 In other vehicles; but at his side
 Sat little Leila, who survived the parries
 He made 'gainst Cossacque sabres, in the wide
 Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild Muse
 varies
 Her note, she don't forget the infant girl
 Whom he preserved a pure and living pearl.

LII.

Poor little thing! she was as fair as docile,
 And with that gentle, serious character,
 As rare in living beings as a fossible
 Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths, "grand
 Cuvier!"
 Ill fitted was her ignorance to jostle
 With this o'erwhelming world, where all
 must err.
 But she was yet but ten years old, and therefor
 Was tranquil, though she knew not why or
 wherefore.

LIII.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as
 Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.
 I cannot tell exactly what it was;
 He was not yet quite old enough to prove

Parental feelings, and the other class.
 Call'd brotherly affection, could not move
 His bosom,—for he never had a sister:
 Ah! if he had, how much he would have
 miss'd her!

LIV.

And still less was it sensual; for besides
 That he was not an ancient debauchee,
 (Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins' salt
 tides,
 As acids rouse a dormant alkali.)
 Although ('t will happen as our planet guides)
 His youth was not the chastest that might be,
 There was the purest Platonism at bottom
 Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation;
 He loved the infant orphan he had saved,
 As patriots (now and then) may love a nation;
 His pride, too, felt that she was not enslaved
 Owing to him;—as also her salvation
 Through his means and the church's might
 be paved. [serted,
 But one thing's odd, which here must be in
 The little Turk refused to be converted.

LVI.

'T was strange enough she should retain the
 impression
 Through such a scene of change, and dread,
 and slaughter; [gression,
 But though three bishops told her the trans-
 She show'd a great dislike to holy water:
 She also had no passion for confession;
 Perhaps she had nothing to confess:—no
 matter [it—
 Whate'er the cause, the church made little of
 She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet

LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear
 Was Juan; whom she seem'd to have
 selected [were.
 In place of what her home and friends once
 He naturally loved what he protected:
 And thus they form'd a rather curious pair,
 A guardian green in years, a ward connected
 In neither clime, time, blood, with her defender;
 And yet this want of ties made theirs more
 tender.

LVIII.

They journey'd on through Poland and through
 Warsaw,
 Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron:
 Through Courland also, which that famous
 farce saw ["Biron." 25
 Which gave her duke the graceless name of

T is the same landscape which the modern
Mars saw, [the siren!
Who march'd to Moscow, led by Fame,
To lose by one month's frost some twenty years
Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

LIX.

Let this not seem an anti-climax:—"Oh!
My guard! my old guard!"¹²⁶ exclaim'd
that god of clay.
Think of the Thunderer's falling down below
Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh!
Alas! that glory should be chill'd by snow!
But should we wish to warm us on our way
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name
Might scatter fire throu' ghice, like Hecla's
flame.

LX.

From Poland, they came on through Prussia
Proper,
And Königsberg the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.¹²
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their pos-
silians.

LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the
like,
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine:—
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine;
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.

LXII.

But Juan posted on through Manheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels frowns over like a spectre
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lec-
ture.
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne
A city which presents to the inspector
Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone,
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.¹²⁸

LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoet-
sluys,
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.

Senates and sages have condemn'd its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them, seems but
cruel.

LXIV.

Here he embark'd, and with a flowing sail
Went bounding for the island of the fr
Towards which the impatient wind blew ha
a gale; [the se
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale;
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the
cliffs.

LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall along
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly
dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

LXVI.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,
Which holds what *might have been* the no-
blest nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country's going to the devil.

LXVII.

Alas! could she but fully, truly, know
How her great name is now throughout ab-
hor'd;
How eager all the earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once
adored
False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,
And now would chain them, to the very
mind:—

LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free
Who is but first of slaves? The nations are
In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.

Is the poor privilege to turn the key

Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far
From the enjoyment of the earth and air
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

LXXIX.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, dear Dover! harbour, and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties,
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
To those who upon land or water dwell;
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LXXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnifique,
And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,
Who did not limit much his bills per week,
Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it,—
His *Maggior Duomo*, a smart, subtle Greek,
Before him summ'd the awful scroll and
read it:)

But doubtless as the air, though seldom sunny,
Is free, the respiration's worth the money.

LXXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash
through puddle;
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
along the road, as if they went to bury
Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle,
With "schnapps"—sad dogs! whom "Hunds-
fot," or "Verflucker,"
Affect no more than lightning a conductor.

LXXXII.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 't is but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits;
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

LXXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;
Black Edward's helm,¹²⁹ and Becket's bloody
stone,¹³⁰
Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,
In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—
There's glory again for you, gentle reader! Al
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,
Half-solved into these sodas or magnesias,
Which form that bitter draught, the human
species.

LXXXIV.

The effect on Juan was of course sublime:
He breathed a thousand Cressys, as he saw
That casque, which never stoop'd except to Time
Even the bold Churchman's tomb excited awe
Who died in the then great attempt to climb
O'er kings, who *now* at least *must talk* of law
Before they butcher. Little Leila gazed,
And asked why such a structure had been rais-

LXXXV.

And being told it was "God's nouse," she said
He was well lodged, but only wonder'd how
He suffer'd Infidels in his homestead,
The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low
His holy temples in the lands which bred
The true Believers;—and her infant brow
Was bent with grief that Mahomet should resign
A mosque so noble, flung like pearls to swine

LXXXVI.

On. on! through meadows, managed like a
garden,
A paradise of hops and high production;
For after years of travel by a bard in
Countries of greater heat, but lesser suction
A green field is a sight which makes him pardor
The absence of that more sublime construc-
tion;
Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.

LXXXVII.

And when I think upon a pot of beer—
But I won't weep!—and so drive on, pustil
lions!
As the smart boys spur'd fast in their career,
Juan admired these highways of free millions:
A country in all senses the most dear
To foreigner or native, save some silly ones
Who "kick against the pricks" just at this
juncture,
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.

LXXXVIII.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wing
waving.

Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god
Had told his son to satisfy his craving
With the York mail;—but onward as we roll
"Surgit amari aliquid"—the toll!

LXXXIX.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!
Take lives, take wives, take aught excep
men's purses.
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest way to general curses.

They hate a murderer much less than a claimant
On that sweet ore which every body nurses.—
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket :

LXXX.

So said the Florentine : ye monarchs, hearken
To your instructor. Juan now was borne,
Just as the day began to wane and darken,
O'er the high hill, which looks with pride
or scorn [in
Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark
Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or
mourn
According as you take things well or ill ;—
Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill!

LXXXI.

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as
from
A half-unquench'd volcano, o'er a space
Which well beseem'd the " Devil's drawing-
room."
As some have qualified that wondrous place ;
But Juan felt, though not approaching *home*,
As one who, though he were not of the race,
Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,
Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied
t' other.¹³¹

LXXXII

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and
shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just
skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!

LXXXIII.

But Juan saw not this : each wreath of smoke
Appear'd to him but as the magic vapour
Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke
The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and
paper) :
The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke
Are bow'd, and put the sun out like a taper,
Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,
Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV.

He paused—and so will I ; as doth a crew
Before they give their broadside. By and by,
My gentle countrymen, we will renew
Our old acquaintance ; and at least I'll try

To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,
Because they are so ;—a male Mrs. Fry,
With a soft besom will I sweep your halls
And brush a web or two from off the walls

LXXXV.

Oh Mrs. Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why
Preach to poor rogues? And wherefore
not begin
With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.
To mend the people's an absurdity,
A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
Unless you make their betters better :—Fy!
I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI.

Teach them the decencies of good threescore ;
Cure them of tours, hussar and highland
dresses ;
Tell them that youth once gone returns no
more, [tresses ;
That hired huzzas redeem no land's dis-
Tell them Sir Wilm. am Curtis is a bore,
Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,
The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,
A fool whose bells have ceased .o ring at all.

LXXXVII.

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late
On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated
To set up vain pretences of being great,
'Tis not so to be good ; and be it stated,
The worthiest kings have ever loved leas-
state : [prated
And tell them—But you won't, and I have
Just now enough ; but by and by I'll prattle
Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle

Don Juan.

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said " there was no
matter,"¹³² [said
And proved it—'t was no matter what he
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head ;
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it

II.

What a sublime discovery 't was to make the
 Universe universal egotism,
 That all's ideal—all *ourselves*· I'll stake the
 World (be it what you will) that *that's* no
 schism. [some take thee,
 Oh Doubt!—if thou be'st Doubt, for which
 But which I doubt extremely—thou sole
 prism [spirit!
 Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of
 Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly
 bear it.

III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion,
 (Not the most "dainty Ariel") and per-
 plexes
 Our soarings with another sort of question :
 And that which after all my spirit vexes,
 Is, that I find no spot where man can rest
 eye on,
 Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
 Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,
 The world, which at the worst's a glorious
 blunder—

IV.

If it be chance; or if it be according
 To the old text, still better:—lest it should
 Turn 'out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the
 wording,
 As several people think such hazards rude.
 They're right; our days are too brief for
 affording
 Space to dispute what *no one* ever could
 Decide, and *every body one day* will
 Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
 Discussion, which is neither here nor there :
 If I agree that what is, is; then this I call
 Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair;
 The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthi-
 sical;
 I don't know what the reason is—the air
 Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks
 Of illness, I grow much more orthodox

VI.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity
 (But *hat* I never doubted, nor the Devil),
 The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity;
 The third, the usual Origin of Evil;
 The fourth at once established the whole
 Trinity
 On so uncontrovertible a level,
 That I devoutly wish'd the three were four,
 On purpose to believe so much the more.

VII.

To our theme.—The man who has stood on
 the Acropolis,
 And look'd down over Attica; or he
 Who has sail'd where picturesque Constan-
 tinople is,
 Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea [lis
 In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropc
 Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,
 May not think much of London's first ap-
 pearance— hence?
 But ask him what he thinks of it a year

VIII.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill; [ivy
 Sunset the time, the place the same decli-
 Which looks along that vale of good and ill
 Where London streets ferment in full ac-
 tivity;
 While every thing around was calm and still,
 Except the creak of wheels, which on their
 pivot he [hum
 Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy
 Of cities, that boil over with their scum:—

IX.

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
 Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the
 summit,
 And lost in wonder of so great a nation,
 Gave way to't, since he could not over-
 come it. [station;
 "And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen
 Here peals the people's voice, nor can en-
 tomb it
 Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
 Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

X.

"Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here
 people pay [dear,
 But what they please; and if that things be
 'T is only that they live to throw away
 Their cash, to show how much they have
 a-year.
 Here laws are all inviolate; none lay [clear.
 Traps for the traveller; every highway's
 Here—" he was interrupted by a knife,
 With—"Damn your eyes! your money or
 your life!"—

XI.

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four
 pads [loiter
 In ambush laid, who had perceived him
 Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,
 Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,

In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself within that isle of riches
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

XII.

Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth, "God
damn!"
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 'twas only their
"Salam."
Or "God be with you!"—and 't is not absurd
To think so: for half English as I am
'To my misfortune) never can I say
' heard them wish "God with you," save
that way;—

XIII.

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Drew forth a pocket pistol from his vesture,
And fired it into one assailant's pudding—
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
And roard out, as he writhed his native
mud in,
Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that 'ere bloody
Frenchman!"

XIV.

In which Jack and his train set off at speed'
And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,
Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
And offering, as usual, late assistance.
Juan, who saw the moon's late minion bleed
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and lint, [flint.
And wish'd he had been less hasty with his

XV.

"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's
wont
To welcome foreigners in this way: now
I recollect some innkeepers who don't
Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
But what is to be done? I can't allow
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
So take him up; I'll help you with the load."

XVI.

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my
gruel! [booty;
Oh! for a glass of *max*! We've miss'd our
"Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel

Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and
he drew ill
His breath,—Le from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying, "Give Sal that."—and
died.

XVII.

The cravat stain'd with bloody drops fell down
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell
Poor Tom was once a kiddy¹³³ upon town
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,¹³⁴
Full flash¹³⁵, all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first and then his body riddled

XVIII.

Don Juan, having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as "Crowner's quest" allow'd, pursuad
His travels to the capital apace;—
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a freeborn native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

XIX.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken¹³⁶, or at the spellken¹³⁷
hustle? [street's ban)
Who queer a flat?¹³⁸ Who (spite of Bow-
On the high toby-spice¹³⁹ so flash the
muzzle? [blowing),¹⁴¹
Who on a lark¹⁴⁰ with black-eyed Sal (his
So prime, so swell¹⁴², so nutty¹⁴³, and so
knowing?

XX.

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
Heroes must die; and by God's blessing 'tis
Not long before the most of them go home.
Hail! Themis, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum
In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
Through Kennington and all the other "tons,"
Which make us wish ourselves in town at
once;—

XXI.

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees,
(Like *lucus* from *no* light); through prospects
named
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes
framed

Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,
 With "To be let," upon their doors pro-
 claim'd; [dise,"
 Through "Rows" most modestly call'd "Para-
 Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;—

XXII.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and
 a whirl
 Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
 Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"¹⁴⁴
 There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
 There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
 In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
 Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
 (For in those days we had not got to gas—);¹⁴⁵

XXIII.

Through this, and much, and more, is the ap-
 proach
 Of travellers to mighty Babylon
 Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
 With slight exceptions, all the ways seem
 one. [croach
 I could say more, but do not choose to en-
 Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The sun
 Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
 Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

XXIV.

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thamis—
 Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—
 Though hardly heard through multifarious
 "damme's." [gleam,
 The lamps of Westminster's more regular
 The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine
 where fame is
 A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
 In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
 Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

XXV.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the
 better. [it?—
 Stone-Henge is not—but what the devil is
 But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,
 That madmen may not bite you on a visit;
 The Bench too seats or suits full many a debtor;
 The Mansion House too (though some people
 quiz it)
 To me appears a stiff yet grand erection;
 But then the Abbey's worth the whole collec-
 tion.

XXVI.

The line of lights too up to Charing Cross,
 Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
 Like gold as in comparison to dross,
 March'd with the Continent's illumination,

Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss
 The French were not yet a lamp-lighting
 nation, [lantern,
 And when they grew so—on their new-found
 Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

XXVII.

A row of gentlemen along the streets
 Suspended may illuminate mankind,
 As also bonfires made of country seats;
 But the old way is best for the purblind:
 The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,
 A sort of ignis fatuus to the mind,
 Which, though 'tis certain to perplex and
 frighten,
 Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

XXVIII.

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes
 Could reconnoitre to hunt his *honest man*
 And found him not amidst the various proge-
 nies
 Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,
 'T were not for want of lamps to aid his dodg-
 ing his
 Yet undiscover'd treasure. What I can,
 I've done to find the same throughout life's
 journey,
 But see the world is only one attorney.

XXIX.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,
 Through crowds and carriages, but waxing
 thinner [spell
 As thunder'd knockers broke the long seal'd
 Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner
 Admitted a small party as night fell,—
 Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
 Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels
 St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells."¹⁴⁶

XXX.

They reach'd the hotel: forth stream'd from
 the front door
 A tide of well-clad waiters, and around
 The mob stood, and as usual several score
 Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound
 In decent London when the daylight's o'er;
 Commodious but immoral, they are found
 Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage—
 But Juan now is stepping from his carriage

XXXI.

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,
 Especially for foreigners—and mostly
 For those whom favour or whom fortune swells,
 And cannot find a bill's small items costly.
 There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells
 (The den of many a diplomatic lost lie),
 Until to some conspicuous square they pass,
 And blazon o'er the door their names in brass

XXXII.

uan, whose was a delicate commission,
Private, though publicly important, bore
No title to point out with due precision

The exact affair on which he was sent o'er,
T'was merely known, that on a secret mission
A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,
Young, handsome, and accomplish'd, who was
said [head.
(In whispers) to have turn'd his sovereign's

XXXIII.

Some rumour also of some strange adventures
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves;
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
And, above all, an Englishwoman's roves
Into the excursive, breaking the indentures
Of sober reason, wheresoe'er it moves,
He found himself extremely in the fashion,
Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

XXXIV.

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite
The contrary; but then 'tis in the head;
Yet as the consequences are as bright
As if they acted with the heart instead,
What after all can signify the site
Of ladies' lubrications? So they lead
In safety to the place for which you start,
What matters if the road be head or heart?

XXXV.

Juan presented in the proper place,
To proper placemen, every Russ credential;
And was received with all the due grimace,
By those who govern in the mood potential,
Who, seeing a handsome stripling with smooth
face, [tial
Thought (what in state affairs is most essen-
That they as easily might *do* the youngster,
As hawks may pounce upon a woodland song-
ster.

XXXVI.

They err'd, as aged men will do; but by
And by we'll talk of that; and if we don't
T'will be because our notion is not high
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie:—
Now what I love in women is, they won't
Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it
So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.

XXXVII.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some leaven of a lie.

The very shadow of true Truth would shun
Up annals, revelations, poesy,
And prophecy—except it should be dated
Some years before the incidents related.

XXXVIII.

Praised be all fars and all lies! Who now
Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy?
She rings the world's "Te Deum," and her brow
Blushes for those who will not:—but to sigh
Is idle; let us like most others bow,
Kiss hands, feet, any part of majesty,
After the good example of "Green Erin,"
Whose shanrock now seems rather worse for
wearing.

XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress
And mien excited general admiration—
I don't know which was more admired or
less; [viation,
One monstrous diamond drew much obser-
Which Catherine in a moment of "ivresse"
(In love or brandy's fervent fermentation)
Bestow'd upon him, as the public learn'd;
And, to say truth, it had been fairly earn'd.

XL.

Besides the ministers and underlings,
Who must be courteous to the accredited
Diplomatists of rather wavering kings,
Until their royal riddle's fully read, [springs
The very clerks, — those somewhat dirty
Of office, or the house of office, fed
By foul corruption into streams,—even they
Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

XLI.

And insolence no doubt is what they are
Employ'd for, since it is their daily labour,
In the dear offices of peace or war;
And should you doubt, pray ask of your
next neighbour,
When for a passport, or some other bar
To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore),
If he found not this spawn of taxborn riches,
Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b——s.

XLII.

But Juan was received with much "em-
pressement:"—
These phrases of refinement I must borrow
From our next neighbours' land, where, like
a chessman,
There is a move set down for joy or sorrow
Not only in mere talking, but the press. Man
In islands is, it seems, downright and
thorough,
More than on continents—as if the sea [free.
(See Billingsgate) made even the tongue more

XLIII

And yet the British "Damme" 's rather Attic,
Your continental oaths are but incontinent,
And turn on things which no aristocratic
Spirit would name, and therefore even I
won't anent!¹⁴⁷

This subject quote; as it would be schismatic
In politesse, and have a sound affronting
in 't: [daring—
But "Damme"'s quite ethereal, though too
Platonic blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

XLIV.

For downright rudeness, ye may stay at home;
For true or false politeness (and scarce *that*
Nou) you may cross the blue deep and white
foam—

The first the emblem (rarely though) of what
You leave behind, the next of much you come
To meet. However, 't is no time to chat
On general topics: poets must confine
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.

XLV.

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,
Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the universe with pity,—
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,
Was well received by persons of condition.

XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,
The former's hymeneal hopes to flutter;
And (should she not hold fast by love or
pride)
'T is also of some moment to the latter;
A rib's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,
Requires decorum, and is apt to double
The horrid sin—and what's still worse, the
trouble.

XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts, [and had
And parts, and hearts: he danced and sung,
An air as sentimental as Mozart's
Softest of melodies; and could be sad
Or cheerful, without any "flaws or starts,"
Just at the proper time; and though a lad,
Had scen the world—which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write.

XLVIII.

Fair virgins blush'd upon him; wedded dames
Bloom'd also in less transitory hues;
For both commodities dwell by the Thames,
The painting and the painted; youth, of course,

Against his heart prefer'd their usual claims,
Such as no gentleman can quite refuse:
Daughters admir'd his dress, and pious
mothers
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

XLIX.

The milliners who furnish "drapery misses"⁴⁸
Throughout the season, upon speculation
Of payment ere the honey-moon's last kisses
Have waned into a crescent's coruscation.
Thought such an opportunity as this is,
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
Not to be overlook'd—and gave such credit,
That future bridegrooms swore, and sigh'd,
and paid it.

L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er
sonnets
And with the pages of the last Review
Like the interior of their heads or bonnets,
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue:
They talk'd bad French or Spanish, and
upon its
Late authors ask'd him for a hint or two;
And which was softest, Russian or Castilian?
And whether in his travels he saw Iliou?

LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,
Examined by this learned and especial [swear;
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to an-
His duties warlike, loving or official,
His steady application as a dancer,
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
Which now he found was blue instead of
green.

LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with
A modest confidence and calm assurance.
Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,
And pass'd for arguments of good endurance.
That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith
(Who at sixteen translated "Hercules
Furens"
Into as furious English), with her best look,
Set down his sayings in her common-place
book.

LIII.

Juan knew several languages—as well
He might—and brought them up with skill,
in time
To save his fame with each accomplish'd belle,
Who still regretted that he did not rhyme

There wanted but this requisite to swell
 His qualities (with them) into sublime :
 Lady Fitz-Friskey, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
 Both long'd extremely to be sung in Spanish.

LIV.

However, he did pretty well, and was
 Admitted as an aspirant to all
 The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
 At great assemblies or in parties small,
 He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
 That being about their average numeral ;
 Also the eighty " greatest living poets,"
 As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

LV.

In twice five years the " greatest living poet,"
 Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
 Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
 Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
 Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—
 Was reckon'd a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

LVI.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
 My Leipsic, and my Mount Saint Jean
 seems Cain :
 " La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,
 Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise again ;
 But I will fall at least as fell my hero ;
 Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;
 Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,
 With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

LVII.

Sir Walter reign'd before me ; Moore and
 Campbel. [holy,
 Before and after ; but now grown more
 The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
 With poets almost Clergymen, or wholly ;
 And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,
 A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts !

LVIII.

Still he excels that artificial hard [vine
 Labourer in the same vineyard, though the
 Yields him but vinegar for his reward,—
 That neutralised dull Dorus of the Nine ;
 That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard !
 That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every
 line :—
 Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest

LIX.

Then there's my gentle Euphuus ; v'ho, they
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;
 He'll find it rather difficult some day
 To turn out both, or either, it may be.
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway,
 And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three
 And that deep-mouth'd Bœotian " Savag
 Landor"
 Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander

LX.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique
 Just as he really promised something great
 If not intelligible, without Greek
 Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
 Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate ;
 T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

LXI.

The list grows long of live and dead pretenders
 To that which none will gain—or none will
 know
 The conqueror at least ; who ere Time renders
 His last award, will have the long grass grow
 Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders
 If I might augur, I should rate but low
 Their chances ;—they're too numerous, like
 the thirty [dirty.
 Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but

LXII.

This is the literary *lower* empire,
 Where the pratorian bands take up the
 matter ;— [phire,"
 A " dreadful trade," like his who " gathers sam-
 The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,
 With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.
 Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
 I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
 And show them *what* an intellectual war is

LXIII.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
 Their flanks ;—but it is hardly worth my
 while,
 With such small gear to give myself concern
 Indeed I've not the necessary bile ;
 My natural temper's really aught but stern,
 And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile ;
 And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy
 And glides away, assured she never hurts y^e

LXIV.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril
 Amongst live poets and blue ladies, past
 With some small profit through that field so
 sterile [last,
 Being tired in time, and neither least nor
 Left it before he had been treated very ill;
 And henceforth found himself more gaily
 class'd

Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
 The sun's true son, no vapour, but a ray.

LXV.

His morns he pass'd in business—which dis
 sected,

Was like all business, a laborious nothing
 That leads to lassitude, the most infected
 And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing
 And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
 And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
 All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
 Which grows no better, though 't is time it
 should.

LXVI.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons
 Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight
 hour

In riding round those vegetable puncheons
 Call'd "Parks," where their is neither fruit
 nor flower

Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
 But after all it is the only "bower,"
 (In Moor's phrase) where the fashionable fair
 Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

LXVII.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
 Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels,
 then roar [riots hurl'd
 Through street and square fast flashing cha-
 Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor
 Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are
 twirl'd;

Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
 Which opens to the thousand happy few
 An earthly paradise of "Or Molu."

LXVIII

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
 Wit the three-thousandth curtsy; there the
 waltz,

The only dance which teaches girls to think,
 Makes one in love even with its very faults.
 Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,
 Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to
 climb,

And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

LXIX.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
 Of the good company, can win a corner,
 A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,
 Where he may fix himself like small "Jack
 Horner,"

And let the Babel round run as it may,
 And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
 Or an approver, or a mere spectator
 Yawning a little as the night grows later.

LXX.

But this won't do, save by and by; and he
 Who like Don Juan, takes an active share
 Must steer with care through all that glittering
 sea [where
 Of gems and plumes and pearls and silks, &c.
 He deems it is his proper place to be;
 Dissolving in the wait to some soft air,
 Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill,
 Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille

LXXI.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
 Upon an heiress or his neighbour's bride,
 Let him take care that that which he pursues
 Is not at once too palpably described.
 Full many an eager gentleman oft rues
 His haste: impatience is a blundering guide,
 Amongst a people famous for reflection,
 Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

LXXII.

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper;
 Or if, forestall'd, get opposite and ogle:—
 Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper
 In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,¹⁴⁹
 Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper
 The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in
 vogue! Ill

Can tender souls relate the rise and fall
 Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball

LXXIII.

But these precautionary hints can touch
 Only the common run, who must pursue,
 And watch, and ward; whose plans a word too
 much

Or little overturns; and not the few
 Or many (for the number's sometimes such)
 Whom a good mien, especially if new,
 Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or non
 sense, [since
 Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long

LXXIV.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
 Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
 Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom
 Before he can escape from so much dange.

s will environ a conspicuous man. Some
Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"
And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

LXXV.

They are young, but know not youth—it is
anticipated;

Handsome but wasted, rich without a son;
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to*
a Jew;

Both senates see their nightly votes participated
Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;
And having voted, dined, drank, gamed, and
whored,
The family vault receives another lord.

LXXVI.

'Where is the world?' cries Young, at
eighty—"Where

The world in which a man was born?" Alas.
Where is the world of *eight* years past? 'Twas
there—

I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!
Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gazed on,
ere

A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots,
kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

LXXVII.

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:

Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?

Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
And where the Daughter, whom the Isles
loved well? [Cents?

Where are those martyr'd saints the Five per
And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents?

LXXVIII.

Where's Brummel? Dish'd. Where's Long
Pole Wellesley? Diddled.

Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's
George the Third? [riddled.]

Where is his will? ¹⁵⁰ (That's not so soon un-
And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our
"royal bird?")

Fore down, it seems, to Scotland to be fiddled
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard:
Caw me, caw thee"—for six month's hath
been hatching

This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching

LXXIX.

Where is Lord This? And where my Lady
That?

The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,
Married, unmarried, and remarried: (this is
An evolution oft perform'd of late.)

Where are the Dublin shouts—and London
hisses? [Where
Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they
were

LXXX.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses?
Divorced or doing thereabout. Ye annals
So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances
is,—

Thou Morning Post, sole record of the panels
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies

Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those
channels? [tinent,

Some die, some fly, some languish on the Con-
Because the times have hardly left them *one*
tenant.

LXXXI.

Some who once set their caps at cautious dukes,
Have taken up at length with younger
brothers:

Some heiresses have bit at sharpers' hooks:
Some maids have been made wives, some
merely mothers;

Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks:
In short, the list of alterations bothers.

There's little strange in this, but something
strange is [changes.

The unusual quickness of these common

LXXXII.

Talk not of seventy years as age; in seven
I have seen more changes, down from
monarchs to

The humblest individual under heaven,
Than might suffice a moderate century
through.

I knew that nought was lasting, but now even
Change grows too changeable, without being
new:

Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

LXXXIII.

I have seen Napoleon, who seem'd *quits*
Jupiter;

Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a Duke
(No matter which) turn politician stupider.

If that can well be, than his wooden look

But it is time that I should hoist my "blue Peter," [and shook

And sail for a new theme:—I have seen—
To see it—the king hiss'd, and then carest;
But don't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.

I have seen the Landholders without a rap—
I have seen Joanna Southcote—I have seen
The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap—
I have seen that sad affair of the late Queen—
I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's
cap— [mean—

I have seen a Congress¹⁵¹ doing all that's
I have seen some nations like o'erloaded asses,
Kick off their burthens—meaning the high
classes.

LXXXV.

I have seen small poets, and great prosers, and
Interminable—not *eternal*—speakers—

I have seen the funds at war with house and
land— [squeakers—

I have seen the country gentlemen turn
I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand
By slaves on horseback—I have seen malt
liquors [Bull—

Exchanged for "thin potations" by John
I have seen John half detect himself a fool.—

LXXXVI.

But "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, carpe!"

To-morrow sees another race as gay
And transient, and devour'd by the same harpy.
"Life is a poor player,"—then "play out
the play,

Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye
Much less on what you do than what you say:
Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

LXXXVII.

But how shall I relate in other cantos
Of what befell our hero in the land,
Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as
A moral country? But I hold my hand—
For I disdain to write an Atalantis;

But 'tis as well at once to understand
You are *not* a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with of course the due restriction
Which is required by proper courtesy;

And recollect the work is only fiction,
A id that I sing of neither mine nor me,
Though every scribe, in some slight turn of
diction,

Will not allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

LXXXIX.

Whether he married with the third or fourth
Offspring of some sage husband-hunting
countess,

Or whether with some virgin of more worth
(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties)
He took to regularly peopling Earth,
Of which your lawful awful wedlock found
is,—

Or whether he was taken in for damages,
For being too excursive in his homages,—

XC.

Is yet within the unread events of time.

Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back
Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
For being as much the subject of attack
As ever yet was any work sublime,

By those who love to say that white is black
So much the better!—I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for
throne.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.¹⁵²

I.

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man: it is—I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage.
And don't know justly what we would be at—
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we
were;—

II.

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good
threescore,—
I wonder people should be left alive;
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 't were late to wive;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

O Gold! Why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower anchor the chain
cable [small
Which holds fast other pleasures great and

Ye who but see the saving man at table,
 And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
 And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
 Know not what visions spring from each
 cheese-paring.

IV

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much
 sicker;

Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
 But making money, slowly first, then quicker
 And adding still a little through each cross
 (Which *will* come over things), beats love or
 liquor, [dross.

The gamester's counter, or the statesman's
 O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
 Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

V

Who hold the balance of the world? Who
 reign

O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal?
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?
 (That make old Europe's journals squeak
 and gibber all.)

Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
 Or pleasure? Who make politics run glib-
 ber all?

The shade of Buonaparte's noble daring?—
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian,
 Baring.

VI

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,
 Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
 Is not a merely speculative hit,
 But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
 Republics also get involved a bit;
 Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
 On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru,
 Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII

Why call the miser miserable? as
 I said before: the frugal life is his
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was
 The theme of praise: a hermit would not
 miss
 Canonization for the self-same cause
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's au-
 sterities? [trial;—
 Because, you'll say, nought eails for such a
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII

He is your only poet;—passion, pure,
 And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
 Possess'd, the ore, of which mere hopes allure,
 Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays

Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure;
 On him the diamond pours its brilliant
 blaze; [the dies
 While the mild emerald's beam shades down
 Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX

The lands on either side are his: the shi,
 From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay¹⁵³, unload
 For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
 Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
 And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;
 His very cellars might be kings' abodes;
 While he, despising every sensual call,
 Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

X

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
 To build a college, or to found a race,
 A hospital, a church,—and leave behind
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face.
 Perhaps he 'ain would liberate mankind
 Even with the very ore which makes them
 base;
 Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
 Or revel in the joys of calculation.

XI

But whether all, or each, or none of these
 May be the hoarder's principle of action,
 The fool will call such mania a disease:—
 What is his *own*? Go—look at each trans-
 action, [ease
 Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more
 Than the mere plodding through each
 “vulgar fraction?”
 Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!
 Let spend thrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's
 wiser?

XII

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming
 chests
 Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
 (Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
 Weigh not the thin ore where their visage
 shines,
 But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
 Some likeness, which the glittering cirque
 confines,
 Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp:—
 Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

XIII

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,—
 for love [the bard;
 Is heaven, and heaven is love:—so sings
 Which it were rather difficult to prove
 (A thing with poetry in general hard).

Perhaps there may be something in "the grove," [pared

At least it rhymes to "love:" but I'm pre-
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "courts" and "camps" be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and *Cash* alone:
Cash rules the grove, and tells it too besides;
Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were
none; [brides."

Without cash, Malthus tells you—"take no
So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
High ground, as virgin Cynthia sways the
tides: [say honey

And as for "Heaven being Love," why not
Is wax? Heaven is not Love, 't is Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibited whatever,
Excepting marriage? which is love, no doubt,
After a sort; but somehow people never
With the same thought the two words have
help'd out:

Love may exist *with* marriage, and *should* ever,
And marriage also may exist without;
But love *sans* bans is both a sin and shame,
And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the "court," and "camp," and "grove,"
be not

Recruited all with constant married men,
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say *that* line's a lapsus of the pen;—
Strange too in my "buon camerado" Scott,

So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example
To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed:
And my success produced what I, in sooth,
Cared most about; it need not now be
pleaded— [truth,

Whate'er it was, 't was mine; I've paid, in
Of late, the penalty of such success,
But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,—which some persons
plead

In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their procreative creed,
Baptize posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed

To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow.

XIX.

Why, I'm posterity—and so are you:
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but
blunder'd;

Even Plutarch's Lives have but pick'd out a few
And 'gainst those few your annalists have
thunder'd;

And Mitford in the nineteenth century
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek
the lie.

XX.

Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
In this twelfth Canto 't is my wish to be
As serious as if I had for inditers
Malthus and Wilberforce:—the last set free
The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters;
While Wellington has but enslaved the Whites,
And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which he
writes.

XXI.

I'm serious—so are all men upon paper;
And why should I not form my speculation,
And hold up to the sun my little taper?
Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation
On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour;
While sages write against all procreation,
Unless a man can calculate his means
Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

XXII.

That's noble! That's romantic! For my part
I think that "Philo-genitiveness" is—
(Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,
If that politeness set it not apart;
But I'm resolved to say nought that's amiss)—
I say, methinks that "Philo-genitiveness"¹⁵⁴
Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

XXIII.

And now to business.—O my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,
Which can await warm youth in its wild race.
'T is true, that thy career is not a new one;
Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
Of early life; but this is a new land,
Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
I could send forth my mandate like a *prima*
Upon the rest of Europe's social state;

But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate.

All countries have their "Lions," but in thee
There is but one superb menagerie.

XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin,
"Paulo Majora." Juan, undecided
Amongst the paths of being "taken in,"
Above the ice had like a skater glided:
When tired of play, he fluted without sin
With some of those fair creatures who have
prided
Themselves on innocent tantalisation,
And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
That even the purest people may mistake
Their way through virtue's primrose paths
of snows;
And then men stare, as if a new ass spake
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'er-
flows
Quicksilver small talk, ending (if you note it)
With the kind world's amen—"Who would
Have thought it?"

XXVII.

The little Leila, with her orient eyes,
And taciturn Asiatic disposition, (surprise,
(Which saw all western things with small
To the surprise of people of condition,
Who think that novelties are butterflies,
To be pursued as food for inanition.)
Her charming figure and romantic history
Became a kind of fashionable mystery

XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual
Amongst the sex in little things or great.
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to
abuse you all—
I have always liked you better than I state:
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse
you all
Of being apt to talk at a great rate,
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
You had reason; 'twas that a young child
of grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
And far away, the last bud of her race,

How'er our friend Don Juan might command
Himself for five, four, three, or two years
space,

Would be much better taught beneath the eye
Of peresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition
To undertake the orphan's education.
As Juan was a person of condition,
It had been an affront on this occasion
To talk of a subscription or petition,
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,
Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle
Ages,"

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
A fruit to bloom upon their withering
bough—
Begged to bring up the little girl, and "out,"—
For that's the phrase that settles all things
now,
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
And all her pets as thorough-bred to show.
And I assure you, that like virgin honey
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have
money).

XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more
handy [glisters,"
At making matches, where "'tis gold that
Than their *he* relatives,) like flies o'er candy
Buzz round "the Fortune" with their busy
battery, [tery'
To turn her head with waltzing and with flat

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her speculation;
Nay, married dames will now and then
discover
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
I've known them court an heiress for their
lover. [tion,
'Tantene!' Such the virtues of high sta
Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's
"Dover!" [cares!
While the poor rich wretch, object of these
Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs

XXXIV.

Some are soon bagg'd, and some reject three
dozen.
'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals

And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
(Friends of the party), who begin accusals,
Such as—"Unless Miss (Blank) meant to
have chosen

For Frederick, why did she accord perusals
To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why,
I pray,
Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?

XXXV.

"Why?—Why?—Besides, Fred really was
attach'd;

['without:
'T was not her fortune—he has 'nough
The time will come she'll wish that she had
snatch'd

So good an opportunity, no doubt:—
But the old marchioness some plan had
hatch'd,

As I'll tell Anrea at to-morrow's rout:
And after all poor Frederick may do better—
Pray did you see her answer to his letter?"

XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
Are spurn'd in turn, until her turn arrives,
After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets

Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives;
And when at last the pretty creature gets
Some gentleman, who fights, or writes, or
drives,

It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
To find how very badly she selected.

XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,
Worn out with importunity; or fall

(But here perhaps the instances are fewer)
To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure
(If 't is not vain examples to recall)

To draw a high prize: now, how'er he got her, I
See nought more strange in this than t' other
lottery.

XXXVIII.

I, for my part—(one "modern instance" more,
"True, 't is a pity—pity 't is, 't is true")
Was chosen from out an amatory score,

Albeit my years were less discreet than few;
But though I also had reform'd before

Those became one who soon were to be two,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.

Oh, pardon my digression—or at least
Peruse! 'T is always with a moral end

That I dissert, like grace before a feast:
For like an aged aunt or tiresome friend,

A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces

XL.

But now I'm going to be immoral; now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be: for I avow,
That till we see what's what in fact, we're far
From much improvement with that virtuous
plough

Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scaw
Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;
For like a day-dawn she was young and pure
Or like the old comparison of snows,

Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure
Like many people every body knows,
Don Juan was delighted to secure
A goodly guardian for his infant charge,
Who might not profit much by being at large

XLII.

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor
(I wish that others would find out the same);
And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter
For silly wards will bring their guardians
blame:

So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
Consulting "the Society for Vice
Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young;
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe
Although the world has such an evil tongue
That—but my chaster ear will not receive
An echo of a syllable that's wrong:

In fact, there's nothing makes me so much
grieve,
As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle

XLIV.

Moreover I've remark'd (and I was once
A slight observer in a modest way),
And so may every one except a dunce,
That ladies in their youth a little gay,
Besides their knowledge of the world, and
sense

Of the sad consequence of going astray,
Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
Which the mere passionless can never know.

XLV

While the harsh prude indemnifies her virtue
 By railing at the unknown and envied
 passion,
 Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
 Or, what's still worse, to put you out of
 fashion,— [you,
 The kinder veteran with calm words will court
 Entreating you to pause before you dash on;
 Expounding and illustrating the riddle
 Of epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

XLVI.

Now whether it be thus, or that they are
 stricter,
 As better knowing why they should be so,
 I think you'll find from many a family picture,
 That daughters of such mothers as may know
 The world by experience rather than by lect-
 ture, [Show
 Turn out much better for the Smithfield
 Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,
 Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd
 about— [pretty?
 As who has not, if female, young, and
 But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalk'd
 about;
 She merely was deem'd amiable and witty
 And several of her best bon-mots were hawk'd
 about:

Then she was given to charity and pity,
 And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)
 For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
 She was the mild reprover of the young,
 Whenever—which means every day—they'd
 shown

An awkward inclination to go wrong,
 The quantity of good she did's unknown,
 Or at the least would lengthen out my song:
 In brief, the little orphan of the East
 Had raised an interest in her which increased.

XLIX.

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,
 Because she thought him a good heart at
 bottom,
 A little spoil'd, but not so altogether; [him,
 Which was a wonder, if you think who got
 And how he had been toss'd, he scarce knew
 whither:

Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him
 At least entirely—for he had seen too many
 Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
 For when they happen at a riper age,
 People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
 And wonder Providence is not more sage.
 Adversity is the first path to truth:
 He who hath proved war, storm, or
 woman's rage,
 Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
 Hath won the experience which is deem'd so
 weighty.

LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—
 Our hero gladly saw his little charge [ter
 Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daugh-
 ter
 Being long married, and thus set at large,
 Had left all the accomplishments she taught her
 To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge,
 To the next comer; or—as it will tell
 More Muse-like—like to Cytherea's shell.

LII.

I call such things transmission; for there is
 A floating balance of accomplishment,
 Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
 According as their minds or backs are bent.
 Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss
 Of metaphysics; others are content
 With music; the most moderate shine as wits;
 While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,
 Theology, fine arts, or finer stays,
 May be the baits for gentlemen or lords
 With regular descent, in these our days,
 The last year to the new transfers its hoards;
 New vestals claim men's eyes with the same
 praise
 Of "elegant" *et cætera*, in fresh batches—
 All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
 Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
 That from the first of Cantos up to this
 I've not begun what we have to go through.
 These first twelve books are merely flourishes
 Preludios, trying just a string or two
 Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure;
 And when so, you shall have the overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
 About what's called success, or not succeeding.
 Such thoughts are quite below the strain they
 have chosen;
 'Tis a "great moral lesson" they are reading

I thought, at setting off, about two dozen

Cantos would do; but at Apollo's pleading,
if that my Pegasus should not be founder'd,
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,
Yeapt the Great World; for it is the least,
Although the highest: but as swords have hilts
By which their power of mischief is increased,
When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
Thus the low world, north, south, or west,
or east,

Must still obey the high—which is their handle,
Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing
candle.

LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives,
and was

Well look'd upon by both, to that extent
Of friendship which you may accept or pass,
It does nor good nor harm; being merely
meant

To keep the wheels going of the higher class,
And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent:
And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,
For the first season such a life scarce palls.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;
For good society is but a game,
"The royal game of Goose," as I may say,
Where every body has some separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
The single ladies wishing to be double,
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
Examples may be found of such pursuits:
Though several also keep their perpendicular
Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
"Fishers for men," like sirens with soft lutes:
For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
To say her daughter's feelings are trepann'd;
Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
What "your intentions are?"—One way or other
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand:
And between pity for her case and yours,
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cure.

LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
And some of them high names: I have also
known

Young men who—though they hated to discuss
Pretensions which they never dream'd to
have shown—

Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuss,
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
But not the less for this to be depreciated:

It is—I meant and mean not to disparage
The show of virtue even in the vitiated—

It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
"Couleur de rose," who's neither white nor
scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on
and off-ing

On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—

Then sees your heart wreck'd, with an inward
scoffing.

This works a world of sentimental woe,
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

"Ye gods, I grow a talker!" Let us prate.
The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,
Is when, without regard to "church or state,"

A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
Abroad, such things decide few women's fate—
(Such, early traveller! is the truth thou
learnest)—

But in old England, when a young bride errs,
Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to hers.

LXV.

For 'tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
Country, where a young couple of the same
ages

Can't form a friendship, but the world o'erawes it.
Then there's the vulgar trick of those d—d
damages!

A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it!—
Forms a sad climax to romantic homages:
Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders
And evidences which regale all readers

LXVI.

But they who blunder thus are raw beginners ;

A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy

Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,

The loveliest oligarchs of our gynocracy ;

You may see such at all the balls and dinners,

Among the proudest of our aristocracy,

So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—

And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament

Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more ;

For he was sick—no, 't was not the word *sick* ;

I meant—

But he had seen so much good love before,

That he was not in heart so very weak ;—I

meant

But thus much, and no sneer against the shore

Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer

stockings, [knockings,

Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double

LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes ro-

matic, [Passion,

Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for

And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,

Into a country where 't is half a fashion,

Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,

Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation :

Besides (alas ! his taste—forgive and pity !)

At first he did not think the women pretty.

LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,

But by degrees, that they were fairer far

Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast

Beneath the influence of the eastern star.

A further proof we should not judge in haste ;

Yet inexperience could not be his bar

To taste :—the truth is, if men would confess,

That novelties *please* less than they *impress*.

LXX.

Though travell'd, I have never had the luck to

Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or

Niger,

To that impracticable place, Timbuctoo,

Where Geography finds no one to oblige her

With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—

For Europe ploughs in Afric like "bos piger :"

But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there

No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white ;

But I suspect in fact that white is black,

And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight.

Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll

attack

Perhaps this new position—but I'm right ;

Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback :—

He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark

Within ; and what seest thou ? A dubious spark

LXXII.

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,

That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same

Construction as your cures forhæctic pithisics

Those bright moths fluttering round a dying

flame ;

And this reflection brings me to plain physics ;—

And to the beauties of a foreign dame,

Compared with those of our pure pearls of

price,

Those polar summers, *all* sun, and some ice

LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose

Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes ;—

Not that there's not a quantity of those

Who have a due respect for their own wishes.

Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows

Are they, at bottom virtuous even when

vicious :

They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,

As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.

I said that Juan did not think them pretty

At the first blush ; for a fair Briton hides

Half her attractions—probably from pity—

And rather calmly into the heart glides,

Than storms it as a foe would take a city ;

But once there (if you doubt this, prithee try)

She keeps it for you like a true ally.

LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,

Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,

Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,

Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning ;

Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warb-

le those bravuras (which I still am learning

To like, though I have been seven years in

Italy, [tily) ;—

And have, or had, an ear that served me pret-

LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two

Others, in that off-hand and dashing style

Which takes so much—to give the devil his

due ;

Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,

Nor settles all things in one interview.

(A thing approved as saving time and

toil ;— [trouble,

But though the soil may give you time and

Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a "grande passion,"
It is a very serious thing indeed:
Nine times in ten 't is but caprice or fashion,
Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed:
But the tenth instance will be a tornado,
For there 's no saying what they will or may do.

LXXVIII.

The reason 's obvious; if there 's an éclat,
They lose their caste at once, as do the
Parias;
And when the delicacies of the law
Have fill'd their papers with their comments
various,

Society, that china without flaw, [Marius,
(The hypocrite!) will banish them like
To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:
For Fame's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be;—it is
A comment on the Gospel's "Sin no more,
And be thy sins forgiven:"—but upon this
I leave the saints to settle their own score.
Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,
An erring woman finds an opener door
For her return to Virtue—as they call
That lady, who should be at home to all.

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,
Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads
People some ten times less in fact to mind it,
And care but for discoveries and not deeds.
And as for chastity, you 'll never bind it
By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,
But aggravate the crime you have not pre-
vented, [repented.
By rendering desperate those who had else

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd
Upon the moral lessons of mankind:
Besides, he had not seen of several hundred
A lady altogether to his mind.
A little "blasé"—'t is not to be wonder'd
At, that his heart had got a tougher rind:
And though not vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—
The Parliament and all the other houses;
Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder roused (not
rouses)

The world to gaze upon those northern lights,
Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bul-
browses;
He had also stood at times behind the throne—
But Grey¹⁵⁵ was not arrived, and Chathan
gone.¹⁵⁶

LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session,
That noble sight, when *really* free the nation
A king in constitutional possession
Of such a throne as is the proudest station,
Though despots know it not—till the progression
Of freedom shall complete their education.
'T is not mere splendour makes the show august
To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

LXXXIV.

There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)
A Prince, the prince of princes at the time,
With fascination in his very bow,
And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
Though royalty was written on his brow,
He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
Into the best society: and there
Occur'd what often happens, I'm afraid,
However disciplin'd and debonnaire:—
The talent and good humour he display'd,
Besides the mark'd distinction of his air,
Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when,
and why,
Is not to be put hastily together;
And as my object is morality
(Whatever people say), I don't know whether
I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
But harrow up his feelings, till they wither,
And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth canto of our introduction
Ends. When the body of the book's begun,
You 'll find it of a different construction
From what some people say 't will be when
done:
The plan at present's simply in concoction.
I can't oblige you, reader, to read on;
That's your affair, not mine: a real spirit
Should neither court neglect, nor dread to be
it.

LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
Remember, reader! you have had before,
The worst of tempests and the best of battles,
That'er were brew'd from elements or gore,
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows
what else:

An usurer could scarce expect much more—
But my best canto, save one on astronomy,
Will turn upon "political economy."

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity.

Now that the public hedge hath scarce a
stake,

It grows an act of patriotic charity,
To show the people the best way to break.

My plan (but I, if but for singularity,

Reserve it) will be very sure to take.

Meantime, read all the national-debt sinkers,
And tell me what you think of our great
thinkers.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

I now mean to be serious;—it is time,
Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd too
serious.

A jest at Vice by Virtue's call'd a crime,
And critically held as deleterious:
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime,
Although when long a little apt to weary us;
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville
('T is an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees, by those who wander still
Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
And bateous, even where beauties most
abound,

In Britain—which of course true patriots find
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

III.

I'll not gainsay them; it is not my cue;
I'll leave them to their taste, no doubt the
best:
An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request,

'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue—

The kindest may be taken as a test. [maa,
The fair sex should be always fair; and no
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain
woman.

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull
Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd for days
More quiet, when our moon's no more at full,
We may presume to criticise or praise;
Because indifference begins to lull [ways;
Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's
Also because the figure and the face
Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,
Reluctant as all placements to resign
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,
For they have pass'd life's equinoctial line;
But then they have their claret and Madeira,
To irrigate the dryness of decline;
And county meetings, and the parliament,
And debt, and what not, for their solace sent.

VI.

And is there not religion, and reform,
Peace, war, the taxes, and what's call'd the
"Nation?"

The struggle to be pilots in a storm?
The landed and the monied speculation?
The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
Instead of love, that mere hallucination?
Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure;

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,
Right honestly, "he liked an honest
hater!"—
The only truth that yet has been confest
Within these latest thousand years or later
Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest:—
For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephisto-
topheles;¹⁵⁷

VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess;
Though 't was not once so. If I sneer some
times,
It is because I cannot well do less,
And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than
punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.

Of all tales tis the saddest—and more sad,
 Because it makes us smile: his hero's right,
 And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad
 His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight
 His guerdon: 'tis his virtue makes him mad!
 But his adventures form a sorry sight;—
 A sorrier still is the great moral taught
 By that real epic unto all who have thought.

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
 To aid the damsel and destroy the catiff;
 Opposing singly the united strong, [tive:—
 From foreign yoke to free the helpless na-
 Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
 Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative,
 A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and thin
 sought!
 And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
 A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
 Of his own country;—seldom since that day
 Has Spain had heroes. While Romance
 could charm,
 The world gave ground before her bright array;
 And therefore have his volumes done such
 harm,
 That all their glory, as a composition,
 Was dearly purchased by this land's perdition.

XII

I'm "at my old lunes"—digression, and forget
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville:
 The fair most fatal Juan ever met,
 Although she was not evil nor meant ill;
 But Destiny and Passion spread the net
 (Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
 And caught them;—what do they *not* catch,
 methinks?
 But I'm not Œdipus, and life's a Sphinx.

XIII

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
 To venture a solution: "Davus sum!"
 And now I will proceed upon the pair.
 Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,
 Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that's fair:
 Whose charms made all men speak, and
 women dumb.
 The last's a miracle, and such was reckon'd,
 And since that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Chaste was she, to detraction's desperation,
 And wedded unto one she had loved well—
 A man known in the councils of the nation,
 'Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,

Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
 Proud of himself and her: the world could
 tell [cure—
 Nought against either, and both seem'd se
 She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,
 Arising out of business, often brought
 Himself and Juan in their mutual station.
 Into close contact. Though reserved, nor
 caught [patience.
 By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and
 And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,
 And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends
 In making men what courtesy calls friends.

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
 Reserve and pride could make him, and
 full slow [was
 In judging men—when once his judgment
 Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,
 Had all the pertinacity pride has,
 Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow
 And loves or hates, disdain'ing to be guided,
 Because its own good pleasure hath decided

XVII.

His friendships, therefore, and no less aver-
 sions, [but more
 Though oft well founded, which confirm'd
 His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians
 And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went
 before. [tertians.
 His feelings had not those strange fits, like
 Of common likings, which make some
 deplore [still
 What they should laugh at—the mere ague
 Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

"Tis not in mortals to command success:
 But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* de-
 serve it."
 And take my word, you won't have any less.
 Be wary, watch the time, and always
 serve it; [press;
 Give gently way, when there's too great a
 And for your conscience, only learn to
 nerve it;
 For, like a racer, or a boxer training,
 'T will make, if proved, vast efforts without
 paining.

XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
 As most men do, the little or the great;
 The very lowest find out an inferior,
 At least they think so, to exert their *state*

Upon: for there are very few things wearier
Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,
Which mortals generously would divide,
By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim;
In years he had the advantage of time's
sequel; [same—

And, as he thought, in country much the
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free
quill,

At which all modern nations vainly aim;
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
So that few members kept the house up later.

XXI.

These were advantages: and then he thought—

It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
That few or none more than himself had caught
Court mysteries, having been himself a
minister: [taught,

He liked to teach that which he had been
And greatly shone whenever there had been
a stir;

And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity;
He almost honour'd him for his docility,
Because, though young, he acquiesced with
savauy,

Or contradicted but with proud humility.
He knew the world, and would not see depravity
In faults which sometimes show the soil's
fertility,

If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop—
For then they are very difficult to stop.

XXIII

And then he talk'd with him about Madrid,
Constantinople, and such distant places;
Where people always did as they were bid,
Or did what they should not with foreign
graces.

Of coursers always spake they. Henry rid
Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the
races;

And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
Could back a horse, as despoth ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
And diplomatic dinners, or at other—
For Juan stood well, both with Ins and Outs,
As in freemasonry a higher brother.

Upon his talent Henry had no doubts;
His manner show'd him sprung from a high
mother;
And all men like to show their hospitality
To him whose breeding matches with his
quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will bread
no squares, [serious
By naming streets: since men are so cer-
And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
Reaping allusions private and inglorious,
Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,
That therefore do I previously declare,
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank
Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin another pious reason
For making squares and streets anonymous;
Which is, that there is scarce a single season
Which doth not shake some very splendid
house [son—
With some slight heart-quake of domestic trea-
A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:
Such I might stumble over unawares,
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

XXVII.

'T is true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,
A place where peccadillos are unknown;
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
Therefore I name not square, street, place,
until I [shown,
Find one where nothing naughty can be
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart.
Such are—but I have lost the London
Chart.

XXVIII

At Henry's mansion, then, in Blank-Blank
Square,
Was Juan a recherché, welcome guest,
As many other noble scions were;
And some who had but talent for their crest;
Or wealth, which is a passport every where;
Or even mere fashion, which indeed's the
best
Recommendation; and to be well drest
Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since "there's safety in a multitude
Of counsellors," as Solomon has said,
Or some one for him, in some sage, grave
mood;—
Indeed we see the daily proof display'd

In senates, at the bar, in wordy feud,
Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
Which is the only cause that we can guess
Britain's present wealth and happiness;—

XXX.

But as "there's safety" grafted in the number
"Of counsellors," for men,—thus for the sex
A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber;
Or should it shake, the choice will more
perplex—

Variety itself will more encumber.

'Midst many rocks we guard more against
wrecks; [some's
And thus with women: howsoe'er it shocks
Self love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
For such a shield, which leaves but little
merit

To virtue proper, or good education.

Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
Which judged mankind at their due estimation;
And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear it:
Secure of admiration, its impression
Was faint, as of an every-day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite without parade;
To some she show'd attention of that kind
Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd
In such a sort as cannot leave behind
A trace unworthy either wife or maid;—
A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,
To those who were, or pass'd for meritorious,
Just to console sad glory for being glorious;

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
Upon the shades of those distinguish'd men,
Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,
The praise of persecution. Gaze again
On the most favour'd; and amidst the blaze
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,
What can ye recognise?—a gilded cloud.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline:
That calm patrician polish in the address,
Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
Of any thing which nature would express;
Just as a mandarin finds nothing fine,—

At least his manner suffers not to guess,
That any thing he views can greatly please.
Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the Chi
nese—

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace: his "*Nil admirari*!"
Was what he call'd the 'Art of Happiness';
An art on which the artists greatly vary,
And have not yet attain'd to much suc
However, 'tis expedient to be wary:
Indifference certes don't produce distr
And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inbriety.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferent: for [snow
(Now for a common-place!) beneath the
As a volcano holds the lava more
Within—*et cetera*. Shall I go on?—No
I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,
So let the often-used volcano go.
Poor thing! How frequently, by me and others,
It hath been stirr'd up till its smoke quits
smothers.

XXXVII.

I'll have another figure in a trice:—
What say you to a bottle of champagne?
Frozen into a very vinous ice, [rain,
Which leaves few drops of that immortal
Yet in the very centre, past all price,
About a liquid glassful will remain;
And this is stronger than the strongest grape
Could e'er express in its expanded shape:

XXXVIII.

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence;
And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
A hidden nectar under a cold presence.
And such are many—though I only meant
her
From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,
On which the Muse has always sought to
enter.

And your cold people are beyond all price,
When once you have broken their confounde
ice.

XXXIX.

But after all they are a North-West Passage
Unto the glowing India of the soul;
And as the good ships sent upon that mess
Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole
(Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presa
Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal;
For if the Pole's not open, but all frost
(A chance still), 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young beginners may as well commence
With quiet cruising o'er the ocean woman;
While those who are not beginners should
have sense [mon
Enough to make for port, ere time shall sum-

With his grey signal-flag; and the past tense,
The dreary "*Fuimus*" of all things human,
Must be declined, while life's thin thread's
spun out

Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout

XLI.

But heaven must be diverted; its diversion
Is sometimes truculent—but never mind:
The world upon the whole is worth the assertion
(If but for comfort) that all things are kind:
And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,
Of the two principles, but leaves behind
As many doubts as any other doctrine
Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

XLII.

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August—now was done.
'T is the postilion's paradise: wheels fly;
On roads, east, south, north, west, there is
a run.

But for post-horses who finds sympathy?
Man's pity 's for himself, or for his son,
Always promising that said son at college
Has not contracted much more debt than
knowledge.

XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—
Sometimes a little later. I don't err
In this: whatever other blunders lie
Upon my shoulders, here I must aver
My Muse a glass of weatherology;
For parliament is our barometer:
Let radicals its other acts attack,
Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver's down at zero,—lo!
Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho,
And happiest they who horses can engage;
The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row
Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
Sigh—as the postboys faster on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, "Arcadians both," are left
To the Greek kalends of another session.
Alas! to them of ready cash bereft.
What hope remains? Of *hope* the full pos-
session,

Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,
At a long date—till they can get a fresh one—
Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large;
Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.

But these are trifles Downward flies my lord,
Nodding beside my lady in his carriage.
Away! away! "Fresh horses!" are the word,
And changed as quickly as hearts after mar-
riage; [stored;
The obsequious landlord hath the change re-
The postboys have no reason to disparage
Their fee; but ere the water'd wheels may his
hence,
The ostler pleads too for a reminiscence

XLVII.

'T is granted; and the vallet mounts the dickey—
That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;
Also my lady's gentlewoman, tricky,
Trick'd out, but modest more than poet's pen
Can paint,—"*Così viaggino i Riechi!*"¹⁵⁸
(Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
If but to show I've travell'd; and what's travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer
Were well nigh over. 'T is perhaps a pity,
When nature wears the gown that doth become
her,
To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,
Listening debates not very wise or witty,
Ere patriots their true *country* can remember;—
But there's no shooting (save grouse) till Sep-
tember.

XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone;
The twice two thousand, for whom earth
was made,
Were vanish'd to be what they call alone—
That is, with thirty servants for parade,
As many guests, or more; before whom groap
As many covers, duly, daily laid.
Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
Departed like the rest of their compeers,
The peerage, to a mansion very fine;
The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
None than themselves could boast a longer line
Where time through heroes and through
beauties steers;
And oaks as olden as their pedigree
Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
Of their departure: such is modern fame;
'T is pity that it takes no farther hold
Than an advertisement, or much the same;

When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
'Departure, for his country seat, to-day
Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

"We understand the splendid host intends
To entertain, this autumn, a select
And numerous party of his noble friends;
Midst whom we have heard, from sources
quite correct,
The Duke of D—the shooting season spends,
With many more by rank and fashion deck'd;
Also a foreigner of high condition,
The envoy of the secret Russian mission."

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning
Post?

(Whose articles are like the "Thirty-nine,"
Which those most swear to who believe them
most)— [shine,

Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain'd to
Deck'd by the rays reflected from his host,
With those who, Pope says, "greatly daring
dine."—

'Tis odd, but true,—last war the News abounded
More with these dinners than the kill'd or
wounded;—

LIV.

As thus: "On Thursday there was a grand
dinner; [name
Present, Lords A. B. C."—Earls, dukes, by
Announced with no less pomp than victory's
winner:

Then underneath, and in the very same
Column; date, "Falmouth. There has lately
been here [to fame;

The Slap-dash regiment, so well known
Whose loss in the late action we regret:
The vacancies are fill'd up—see Gazette.'

LV.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks prefer'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the
Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thun-
der-stroke;

And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his
herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and
stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shrilling echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and
now hiding [now blue
Its windings through the woods; now clear
According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood
half apart [at aisle.
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the rougher heart,
Which mourn'd, the power of time's tem-
pest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle, 'twas
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell
But in the war which struck Charles from
his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms look'd
round, [fill'd:
Spared by some chance when all be'd to woe.

She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepen'd glories once
 could enter, [wings,
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's
 Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now
 fainter, [oft sings
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of
 heaven. [which then
 There moans a strange unearthly sound,
 Is musical—a dying accent driven [again,
 Though the huge arch, which soars and sinks
 Some deem it but the distant echo given
 Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
 And harmonised by the old choral wall:

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given
 the power [warm
 [Though less than that of Memnon's statue,
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
 To this grey ruin with a voice to charm
 Sad, but serene, it sweeps overtree or tower;
 The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
 The fact.—I've heard it,—once perhaps too
 much.

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
 Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings
 quaint—
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
 And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
 The spring gush'd through grim mouths of
 granite made,
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
 Like man's vain glo'y, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were
 stable,
 The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:

An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;
 The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers
 join'd
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
 Might shock a connoisseur; but when com-
 bined,
 Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes are in their
 hearts;
 We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
 Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

LXVIII.

Steel barons, molten the next generation
 To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,
 Ganced from the walls in goodly preservation:
 And Lady Marys blooming into girls,
 With fair long locks, had also kept their
 station:
 And countesses mature in robes and pearls:
 Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
 Whose drapery hints we may admire them
 freely.

LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine [invite
 Were there, with brows that did not much
 The accused to think their lordships would
 determine [right.
 His cause by leaning much from might to
 Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;
 Attorneys-general, awful to the sight, [us)
 As hinting more (unless our judgments warp
 Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas
 Corpus."

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
 And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead;
 Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
 Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed:
 Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of
 gold: [the steed;
 Nimrods, whose canvass scarce contain'd
 And here and there some stern high patriot
 stood,
 Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
 Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
 There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
 Or wilder group of savage Salvator's: 100

Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea
shone [stories
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal
light,

Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—
But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a lovelier sight:
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite
Danish [Rhenish.
Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of

LXXIII.

O reader! if that thou canst read,—and know,
'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,
To constitute a reader; there must go
Virtues of which both you and I have need.
Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though
That clause is hard); and secondly, proceed;
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or,
sinning
In this sort, end at least with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.
That poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's "catalogue of ships" is clear;
But a mere modern must be moderate—
I spare you then the furniture and plate.

LXXV.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket:—lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—"Tis no sport for pea-

LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;
The claret light, and the Madeira strong.
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
Which makes the southern autumn's day
appear
As if 't would to a second spring resign
The season, rather than to winter drear,—
Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—
The sea-coal fires, the "earliest of the year;"
Without doors, too, she may compete in mellow;
As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—
Rife with more horns than hounds—she
hath the chase,
So animated that it might allure a
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race:
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of
Dura,¹⁶¹

And wear the Melton jacket for a space.
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.

LXXIX.

The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey,
Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess
Crabby;
The Ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclat,
Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss
O'Tabby,

And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw:
Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep, [sheep:
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black

LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank:
At once the "lie" and the "élite" of crowds;
Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,
All purged and pious from their native clouds;
Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank:
No matter how or why, the passport shrouds
The "passée" and the past; for good society
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety,—

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point; which point
Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
Appearances appear to form the joint
On which it hinges in a higher station;
And so that no explosion cry "Aroint
Thee, witch!" or each Medea has her Jason
Or (to the point with Horace and the Pulci)
"Omne tulit punctum, quæ miscuit utile dulci."

LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
By the mere combination of a coterie;

Also a so-so matron boldly fight
Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,
And shine like the very *Siria*¹⁶² of the spheres,
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I'll say:—but we will
see

How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
The party might consist of thirty-three
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these,
There also were some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly
He shows more appetite for words than war
There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who
had newly [star.
Come out and glimmer'd as a six weeks'
There was Lord Pyrro, too, the great free-
thinker;
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—
duke, [twelve peers
“Ay, every inch a” duke; there were
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in
book
And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears
For commoners had ever them mistook.
There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty
dears! [set
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were
Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
Honour was more before their names than
after;
There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to
waft here,
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
Because—such was his magic power to please—
The dice seem'd charm'd, too, with his repartees.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysician,
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;
Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner

There was the Reverend Rodomont Precious,
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guards-
man;
And General Fireface, famous in the field,
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he
kill'd. [Hardsman,
There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies
In his grave office so completely skill'd,
That when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are
kings, [world's a game,
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns; the
Save that the puppets pull at their own strings,
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the
same.
My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,
Not stings, and flits through ether without
aim,
Alighting rarely:—were she but a hornet,
Perhaps there might be vices which would
mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had deliver'd well a very set
Smooth speech, his first and maidenly trans-
gression
Upon debate: the papers echoed yet
With his debut, which made a strong im-
pression,
And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
“The best first speech that ever yet was made.”

XCI.

Proud of his “Hear him!” proud, too, of his
vote
And lost virginity of oratory,
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory.
With memory excellent to get by rote,
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Graced with some merit, and with more effron-
tery, [country
“His country's pride,” he came down to the

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the
Tweed,¹⁶³

Both lawyers and both men of education;
But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd
breed:

Longbow was rich in an imagination
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—
While Strongbow's best things might have
come from Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
With which the winds of heaven can claim
accord,

And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a
word: [carp:

At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes
Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,
This by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all these seem an heterogeneous mass
To be assembled at a country seat,
Yet think, a specimen of every class
Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.

The days of Comedy are gone, alas!
When Congreve's fool could vie with *Mo-*
lière's bete;

Society is smooth'd to that excess,
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the back-ground—
Ridiculous enough, but also dull;

Professions, too, are no more to be found
Professional; and there is nought to cull
Of folly's fruit: for though your fools abound,
They're barren, and not worth the pains to
pull.

Society is now one polish'd horde [Bored.
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bored* and

XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners,
gleaning [truth;

The scanty but right-well thresh'd ears of
And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning
You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.

Farther I'd quote, but Scripture intervening
Forbids. A great impression in my youth
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries,
"That Scriptures out of church are blas-
phemies."

XCVII.

But what we can we glean in this vile age
Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.
! must not quite omit the talking sage,
Kit-Cat, the famous Conversationist,

Who, in his common-place book, had a page
Prepared each morn for evenings. "List,
oh list!"—

"Alas, poor ghost!"—What unexpected woe
Await those who have studied their bons-mots!

XCIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation,
By many windings to their clever clinch;
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,
But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
When some smart talker puts them to the test,
But seize the last word, which no doubt's the
best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
The party we have touch'd on were the
guests.

Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.
I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Ève ate apples, much depends on dinner.

c.

Witness the lands which "flow'd with milk
and honey,"

Held out unto the hungry Israelites;
To this we have added since, the love of money,
The only sort of pleasure which requites.
Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer
sunny;

We tire of mistresses and parasites;
But oh, ambrosial cash! Ah! who would
lose thee?

When we no more can use, or even abuse thee!

ci.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt: the young, because they liked
the sport—

The first thing boys like, after play and fruit;
The middle-aged, to make the day more
short;

For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language!—we
retort

The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.

CII.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
Or saunter'd through the gardens piously,
And made upon the hot-house several *stric-*
tres,

Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Lounging at sixty for the hour of six.

CIII.

But none were "géné:" the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion,
Or solitary, as they chose to bear
The hours, which how to pass is but to few
known.

Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his
fast

[past.

When, where, and how he chose for that. re-

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they
rode,

Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;
Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
And settled bonnets by the newest code,
Or cram'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.
The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but *no*
dice;—

Save in the clubs no man of honour plays;—
Boats when 'twas water, skating when 't was ice,
And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days:
And angling, too, that solitary vice,

Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory
yet).

The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and
arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze;
Then there was small-talk ready when re-
quired;

Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be ad-
mired,

The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
And then retreated soberly—at ten.

CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discuss'd the world, and settled all the
spheres:

The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,
To introduce a bon-mot head and ears;
Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
A moment's good thing may have cost them
years,

Before they find an hour to introduce it;
And then, even *then*, some bore may make
them lose it

CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
In this our party; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.

There now are no Squire Westerns as of old,
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
But fair as then, or fairer to behold.

We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like
Tom Jones,

But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
That is, ere midnight—which is London's
noon:

But in the country ladies seek their bower
A little earlier than the waning moon.
Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
May the rose call back its true colour soon!
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tints,
And lower the price of rouge—at least some
winters.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

I

If from great nature's or our own abyss
Of thought we could but snatch a certainty,

Perhaps mankind might find the path they
miss—

But then 't would spoil much good philosophy.
One system eats another up, and this

Much as old Saturn ate his progeny ;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?

Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some mode the
best one.

Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses,
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought ; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn ; and what know *you*.
Except perhaps that you were born to die ?
And both may after all turn out untrue.

An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men
weep,

And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most ; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent
clay !

The very Suicide that pays his debt
At once without instalments (an old way
Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

T is round him, near him, here, there, every
where ;

And there 's a courage which grows out of
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *know* it :—when the moun-
tains rear

Their peaks beneath your human foot, and
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a
minute,

Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

T is true, you don't—but, pale and struck with
terror,

Retire : but look into your past impression.
And you will find, though shuddering at the
mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-con-

The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the *unknown* ; a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your tears—but where ?
You know not,
And that 's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what 's this to the purpose? you will say,
Gent. reader, nothing ; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is—'t is my way,
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without
occasion

I write what 's uppermost without delay ;
This narrative is not meant for narration,
But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
To build up common things with common
places.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon
saith, [wind blows ;"
"Fling up a straw, 't will show the way the
And such a straw, borne on by human breath
Is poesy, according as the mind glows ;
A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death,
A shadow which the onward soul behind
throws :

And mine's a bubble, not blown up for praise,
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind ;
For I have seen a portion of that same,
And quite enough for me to keep in mind :—
Of passions, too, I have proved enough to
blame,

To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame ;
For I was rather famous in my time,
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
The other : that 's to say, the clergy—who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
In pious libel by no means a few.
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But " why then publish ?"—There are no
rewards [weary.
Of fame or profit when the world grows
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards ?
Why drink ? Why read ?—To make some
hour less dreary.

It occupies me to turn back regards

On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,

I hardly could compose another line:
So long I've battled either more or less,
That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
This feeling 't is not easy to express,
And yet 't is not affected, I opine.

In play, there are two pleasures for you
choosing—

The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight re-
striction,

But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contra-
diction; [attracts;

For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's eye view, too, of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every sta-
tion.

If you have nought else, here's at least satiety,
Both in performance and in preparation;
And though these lines should only line port-
manteaus,

Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
is one of which there's no description recent:
The reason why, is easy to determine:

Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;
A sort of varnish over every fault;

A kind of common-place, even in their crimes;
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,

A want of that true nature which sublimates
Whatever it shows with truth; a smooth mo-
notony [any

Of character, in those at least who have got

XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the
drill;

But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were: still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade
But when of the first sight you have had
your fill,

It palls—at least it did so upon me,
This paradise of pleasure and *ennui*.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed
our gaming, [more;

Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, something
With dandies dined; heard senators declaiming;
Seen beauties brought to market by the score,
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming;
There's little left but to be bored or bore.

Witness those "*ci-devant jeunes hommes*" who
stem [them.

The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth

XIX.

'T is said—indeed a general complaint—
That no one has succeeded in describing
The monde, exactly as they ought to paint:

Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing,
The porter, some slight scandals strange and
quaint,

To furnish matter for their moral gibing;
And that their books have but one style in
common—

My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now; for writers
Are grown of the beau monde a part potential:
I've seen them balance even the scale with
fighters,

Especially when young, for that's essential.
Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
Of what they deem themselves most conse-
quential,

The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?

'T is that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XXI.

"*Haud ignara loquor;*" these are *Nugæ*,
"quarum

Pars parva fui," but still art and part.
Now I could much more easily sketch a *harem*,
A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
Than these things; and besides, I wish to
spare 'em,

For reasons which I choose to keep apart.
"*Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgari*"—

Which means that vulgar people must not
share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—
Lower'd, heaven'd, like a history of free-
masons;

Which bears the same relation to the real,
As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's.
The grand arcanum's not for men to see all;
My music has some mystic diapasons;
And there is much which could not be appreci-
ated

In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd
The world (as, since that history, less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held)
Has not yet given up the practice quite.
Poor thing of usages! coerced, compell'd,
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when
right,

Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins
Have shaving too entail'd upon their chins,—

XXIV.

A daily plague, which in the aggregate
May average on the whole with parturition
But as to women, who can penetrate
The real sufferings of their she condition?
Man's very sympathy with their estate
Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,
But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well, and can't be better;
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,
So many troubles from her birth beset her,
Such small distinction between friends and
foes,
The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
That—but ask any woman if she'd choose
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
Female or male? a schoolboy or a queen?

XXVI.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,
Which even those who obey would fain be
thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But since beneath it upon earth we are
brought,
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity

XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal,
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
With a sirocco, for example, blowing,
When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,
And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—
'T is pleasant, if *then* any thing is pleasant,
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
In that fair clime which don't depend on
climate,
Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
Because the sun, and stars, and aught that shines,
Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—
Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

XXX.

An in-door life is less poetical;
And out of door hath showers, and mists,
and sleet,
With which I could not brew a pastoral.
But be it as it may, a bard must meet
All difficulties, whether great or small,
To spoil his undertaking or complete,
And work away like spirit upon matter.
Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect, at least, like saints—
Was all things unto people of all sorts.
And lived contentedly, without complaints,
In camps, in ships, in cottages or courts—
Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
And mingling modestly in toils or sports.
He likewise could be most things to all women,
Without the coxcomby of certain *she* men.

XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange;
'T is also subject to the double danger
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
Some pleasant jesting at the awkward
stranger

But Juan had been early taught to range

The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd avenger,
So that his horse, or charger, Lunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause.

He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post,
and rail, [pas,"

And never *craned*, and made but few "*faux*
And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But on the whole, to general admiration

He acquitted both himself and horse: the
squires

Marvell'd at merit of another nation;

The boors cried "Dang it! who'd have
thought it?"—Sires,

The Nestors of the sporting generation,

Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires;
The huntsman's self relented to a grin,
And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes'
brushes;

Yet I must own,—although in this I yield

To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—

He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,

Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,

And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted *twice*?"

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon

To early risers after a long chase,

Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon

December's drowsy day to his dull race,—

A quality agreeable to woman,

When her soft, liquid words run on apace,

Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—

He did not fall asleep just after dinner;

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,

And shone in the best part of dialogue,

By humouring always what they might assert,

And listening to the topics most in vogue;

Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;

And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!

He ne'er presumed to make an error clear:—

In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced;—all foreigners excel

The serious Angles in the eloquence

Of pantomime;—he danced, I say, right well

With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable;

He danced without theatrical pretence,

Not like a ballet-master in the var:

Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due
bound,

And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;

Like swift Camilla, he scarce skim'd the ground,

And rather held in than put forth his vigour;

And then he had an ear for music's sound,

Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigour.

Such classic pas—sans flaws—set off our hero

He glanced like a personified Bolero;¹⁶⁴

XL.

Or like a flying Hour before Aurora

In Guido's famous fresco¹⁶⁵, which alone

Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a

Remnant were there of the old world's sole

throne,

The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a

Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,

And e'er to be described; for to the dour

Of bards and proser, words are void of colour.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;

A full-grown Cupid, very much admired;

A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;

At least he kept his vanity retired.

Such was his tact, he could alike delight

The chaste, and those who are not so much
inspired. [seric.

The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*tracass*
Began to treat him with some small "*agacerie*."

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,

Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated

For several winters in the grand, *grand monde*.

I'd rather not say what might be related

Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;

Besides there might be falsehood in what 's
stated:

Her late performance had been a dead set

At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look

A little black upon this new flirtation;

But such small licences must lovers brook,

Mere freedoms of the female corporation.

Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke !

'T will but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators, when they count on woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then
sneer'd ;

The Misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd ;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they
fear'd ; [be found ;

Some would not deem such women could
Some ne'er believed one half of what they
heard ; [profound :

Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd
And several pitied with sincere regret,
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the duke,
Who, one might think, was something in
the affair :

True, he was absent, and 't was rumour'd, took
But small concern about the when, or where,
Or what his consort did : if he could brook

Her gaieties, none had a right to stare :
Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt
Which never meets, and therefore can't fal-
out.

XLVI.

But, oh ! that I should ever pen so sad a line
Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
Began to think the duchess' conduct free.
Regretting much that she had chosen so bad
a line,

And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's
fragility, [bility.

For which most friends reserve their sensi-

XLVII.

There's nought in this bad world like sym-
pathy :

'T is so becoming to the soul and face,
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh, [laee.

And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels
Without a friend, what were humanity,

To hunt our errors up with a good grace ?
Consoling us with—" Would you had thought
twice !

Ah ! if you had but follow'd my advice !"

XLVIII.

O Job ! you had two friends : one's quite
enough,

Especially when we are ill at ease ; [rough,
They are but bad pilots when the weather's
Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.

Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
As they will do like leaves at the first breeze :
When your affairs come round, one way or
t' other,

Go to the coffee-house, and take another.

XLIX.

But this is not my maxim : had it been,
Some heart-aches had been spared me : yet
I care not—

I would not be a tortoise in his screen
Of stubborn shell, which waves and wea-
ther wear not.

'T is better on the whole to have felt and seen
That which humanity may bear, or bear not :
'T will teach discernment to the sensitive,
And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, " I told you so,"

Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the
past, [do,

Who, 'stead of saying what you now should
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos
mores,*"

With a long memorandum of old stories.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
Unless her habits should begin to mend :

But Juan also shared in her austerity,
But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was
penn'd :

His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

LII.

These forty days' advantage of her years
And hers were those which can face calcu-
lation,

Boldly referring to the list of peers [tio-
And noble births, nor dread the enu-
mera
Gave her a right to have maternal fears

For a young gentleman's fit education,
Though she was far from that leap year
whose leap,

In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

LIII.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—
Say seven-and-twenty ; for I never knew

The strictest in chronology and virtue [new
Advance beyond, while they could pass for

O Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe,
 so dirty [hew.
 With rust, should surely cease to hack and
 Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,
 If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
 Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best.
 'T was rather her experience made her sage,
 For she had seen the world and stood its
 test,
 As I have said in—I forget what page;
 My Muse despises reference, as you have
 guess'd [twenty,
 By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-
 And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

LV.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,
 She put all coronets into commotion:
 At seventeen, too, the world was still en-
 charmed
 With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean:
 At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
 A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,
 She had consented to create again
 That Adam, called "The happiest of men."

LVI.

Since then she had sparkled through three
 glowing winters,
 Admired, adored; but also so correct,
 That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,
 Without the apparel of being circumspect:
 They could not even glean the slightest splinters
 From off the marble, which had no defect.
 She had also snatch'd a moment since her
 marriage,
 To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
 Those little glitterers of the London night,
 But none of these possess'd a sting to wound
 her—
 She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.
 Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder;
 But whatsoe'er she wish'd, she acted right;
 And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
 A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?

LVIII.

I have a motive, like a lingering bottle
 Which with the landlord makes too long a
 stand,
 Leaving all-claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,
 Especially with politics on hand;

I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle, [sand;
 Who whirl the dust as simooms whirl the
 I hate it as I hate an argument,
 A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "content"

LIX.

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,
 They are so much intertwined with the
 earth;
 So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
 I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.
 To trace all actions to their secret springs
 Would make indeed some melancholy mirth;
 But this is not at present my concern,
 And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.

LX.

With the kind view of saving an éclat,
 Both to the duchess and diplomatist,
 The Lady Adeline, as soon 's she saw
 That Juan was unlikely to resist—
 (For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*
 In England ranks quite on a different list.)
 From those of other lands unblest with injuries,
 Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is;—)

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take [impede
 Such measures as she thought might best
 The farther progress of this sad mistake.
 She thought with some simplicity indeed;
 But innocence is bold even at the stake,
 And simple in the world, and doth not need
 Nor use those palisades by dames erected,
 Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst:
 His Grace was an enduring, married man,
 And was not likely all at once to burst
 Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan
 Of Doctors' Commons: but she dreaded first
 The magic of her Grace's talisman,
 And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)
 With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace, too, pass'd for being an intrigante,
 And somewhat *mechante* in her amorous
 sphere; [haunt
 One of those pretty, pre-ious plagues, which
 A lover with caprices soft and dear,
 That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can
 Find one, each day of the delightful year:
 Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow
 And—what is worst of all—won't let you go

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
Or make a Werter of him in the end.
No wonder then a purer soul should dread
This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend ;
It were much better to be wed or dead,
Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.
Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
If that a "*bonne fortune*" be really "*bonne*."

LXV.

And first, in the overflowing of her heart,
Which really knew or thought it knew no
guile,
She call'd her husband now and then apart,
And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile
Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art
To wean Don Juan from the siren's wile ;
And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
In such guise that she could make nothing
of it.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, "he never interfered
In anybody's business but the king's :"
Next, that "he never judged from what ap-
pear'd, [things ;"
Without strong reason, of those sort of
Thirdly, that "Juan had more brain than
beard,
And was not to be held in leading strings ;"
And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
"That good but rarely came from good advice."

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth—
At least as far as *bienseance* allows :
That time would temper Juan's faults of youth ;
That young men rarely made monastic vows ;
That opposition only more attaches—
But here a messenger brought in despatches :

LXVIII.

And being of the council call'd "the Privy,"
Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,
To furnish matter for some future Livy,
To tell how he reduced the nation's debt ;
And if their full contents I do not give ye,
It is because I do not know them yet ;
But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
To come between mine epic and its index.

LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
Another gentle common-place o' two,
Such as are coin'd in conversation ; mint,
And pass, for want of better, though not new :

Then broke his packet, to see what was in 't,
And having casually glanced it through,
Retired ; and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd her
Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
Proud of his birth, and proud of every thing ;
A goodly spirit for a state divan,
A figure fit to walk before a king ;
Tall, statelily, form'd to lead the courtly van
On birthdays, glorious with a star and string ;
The very model of a chamberlain—
And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the
whole— [tell—
I don't know what, and therefore cannot
Which pretty women—the sweet souls !—call
soul.

Certes it was not body ; he was well
Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,
A handsome man, that human miracle ;
And in each circumstance of love or war,
Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I've
said—
That undefinable "*Je ne sais quoi*,"
Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy
The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed ;
Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan
boy
Was much inferior to King Menelaüs :—
But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much per-
plexes,
Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved
By turns the difference of the several sexes ;
Neither can show quite *how* they would be
loved.
The sensual for a short time but connects us—
The sentimental boasts to be unmoved ;
But both together form a kind of centaur,
Upon whose back 't is better not to venture.

LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
Is that for which the sex are always seeking
But how to fill up that same vacant part ?
There lies the rub—and this they are but
weak in.

Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
They run before the wind through high seas
breaking ; [every shock,
And when they have made the shore through
T is odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

Here is a flower call'd "Love in Idleness,"
For which see Shakspeare's ever blooming
garden ;—

will not make his great description less,
And beg his British godship's humble pardon,
If in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
I touch a single leaf where he is warden ;—
But through the flower is different, with the
French

Or Swiss Rousseau, cry "*Voila la Pervenche!*"

LXXVI

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean
To say is, not that love is idleness,
But that in love such idleness has been
An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
Hard labour's an indifferent go-between ;
Your men of business are not apt to express
Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the
Argo,
Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

LXXVII.

"*Beatus ille procul!*" from "*negotiiis,*"
Said Horace; the great little poet's wrong;
His other maxim, "*Noscitur a sociis,*"
Is much more to the purpose of his song;
Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
Unless good company be kept too long;
But, in his teeth, what'er their state or station,
Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation!

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,
Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—
The earliest knowledge from the trees so knowing,
As far as I know, that the church receives:
And since that time it need not cost much
showing,

That many of theills o'er which man grieves,
Lad still more women, spring from not em-
ploying joying.
Some hours to make the remnant worth en-

LXXIX.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
A rack of pleasures, where we must invent
A something wherewithal to be annoy'd.
Bards may sing what they please about
Content ;

Contented, when translated, means but cloy'd ;
And hence arise the woes of sentiment.
Blue devils, and blue-stockings, and romances
Reduced to practice, and perform'd like dances

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,
Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen,
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
Would some believe that such a tale had
been ;

But such intent I never had, nor have it ;
Some truths are better kept behind a screen
Especially when they would look like lies ;
I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI

"An oyster may be cross'd in love,"—and
why ?

Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
Much as a monk may do within his cell :
And *a-propos* of monks, their piety
With sloth bath found it difficult to dwell,
Those vegetables of the Catholic creed
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
Thou moral Washington of Africa!
But there's another little thing, I own,
Which you should perpetrate some summer's
day,
And set the other half of earth to rights ;
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up
the whites.

LXXXIII.

Shut up the bald-coot!¹⁶⁵ bully Alexander!
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal ;
Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for
gander,"

And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?
Shut up each high heroic salamander,
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but
small) ;

Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,¹⁶⁷
Or else 't will cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out ;
And you will be perhaps surpris'd to find
All things pursue exactly the same route,
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
Where there a jot of sense among mankind,
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 't was.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
Her heart was vacant, though a splendid
mansion ;

Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.

A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd
Because it is frailer, doubtless, than a sturdier
one;

But when the latter works its own undoing,
Its inner crash is like an earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that* love
Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil.

The stone of Sisyphus, if once we move
Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:
Their union was a model to behold,
Serene and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
Though much in temper; but they never
clash'd:

They moved like stars united in their spheres
Or like the Rhone by Lemman's waters wash'd,
Where mingled and yet separate appears
The river from the lake, all blueely dash'd
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.

Now when she once had ta'en an interest
In any thing, however she might flatter
Herself that her intentions were the best,
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter:
Impressions were much stronger than she
guess'd,

And gather'd as they run like growing water
Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast
Was not at first too readily impress'd.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon
Of double nature, and thus doubly named—
Finness yeapt in heroes, kings, and captains,
That is, when they succeed; but greatly
blamed

As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,
Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is
tamed:—

And 't will perplex the casuist in morality
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,
It had been firmness; now 't is pertinacity;
Must the event decide between the two?
I leave it to your people of sagacity

To draw the line between the false and true
If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity
My business is with Lady Adeline,
Who in her way too was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart; then how
should I?

I think not she was *then* in love with Juan
If so, she would have had the strength to fly
The wild sensation, unto her a new one:
She merely felt a common sympathy
(I will not say it was a false or true one)
In him, because she thought he was in dan-
ger,— [stranger,
Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and
this

Without the farce of friendship, or romance
Platonism, which leads so oft amiss
Ladies who have studied friendship but in
France,

Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.

To thus much Adeline would not advance;
But of such friendship as man's may to man be
She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
An innocent predominance annex,
And tune the concord to a finer mood.
If free from passion, which all friendship
checks,

And your true feelings fully understood,
No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
So that you have not been nor will be lovers

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
Of change; and how should this be otherwise
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shown through nature's whole analogies
And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
Would you have endless lightnings in the
skies?

Methinks Love's very title says enough:
How should the *tender* passion ere be *tough*?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet [many
(I merely quote what I have heard from
Had lovers not some reason to regret
The passion which made Solomon a zany.

I've also seen some wives (not to forget
The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
Who were the very paragons of wives,
Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

xcvi

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,
But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
That faithful were through thick and thin
abroad,

At home, far more than ever yet was Love—
Who did not quit me when Oppression trod—
Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;
Who fought, and fight, in absence, too, my
battles,
Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

xcvii

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
Grew friends in this or any other sense,
Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:
At present I am glad of a pretence
To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*:
The surest way for ladies and for books
To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

xcviii

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied
Spanish

To read Don Quixote in the original,
A pleasure before which all others vanish;
Whether their talk was of the kind call'd
"small,"

Or serious, are the topics I must banish
To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall
Say something to the purpose, and display
Considerable talent in my way.

xcix

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
Anticipating aught about the matter.
They'll only make mistakes about the fair
And Juan too, especially the latter.
And I shall take a much more serious air,
Than I have yet done, in this epic satire.
It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
Will fall; but if they do, 'twill be their ruin.

c.

But great things spring from little:—Would
you think,

That in our youth, as dangerous a passion
As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
As few would ever dream could form the link
Of such a sentimental situation?
You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions,
milliards—

It all springing from a harmless game at billiards.

ci.

'Tis strange,—but true; for truth is always
strange;

Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the ex-
change! [hold!

How differently the world would men be-
How oft would vice and virtue places change!
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

cii.

What "antres vast and deserts idle" then
Would be discover'd in the human soul!
What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
With self-love in the centre as their pole!
What Anthropophagi are nine of ten
Of those who hold the kingdoms in control:
Were things but only call'd by their right name,
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

Don Juan.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.¹⁶⁸

i.

AH!—What should follow slips from my re-
flection;

Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
As à-propos of hope or retrospection,
As though the lurking thought had follow'd
free.

All present life is but an interjection,
An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of joy or misery,
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or
"Pooh!"

Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

ii.

But, more or less, the whole's a syncope
Or a singultus—emblems of emotion,
The grand antithesis to great ennui,
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the
ocean,

That watery outline of eternity,
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

iii.

But all are better than the sigh suppress,
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,
Making the countenance a masque of rest,
And turning human nature to an art.

Few men dare show their thoughts of worse
or best;

Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not
Remember, without telling, passion's errors?
The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,

Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors:
What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors:

The ruby glass that shakes within his hand
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for love—O love!—We will proceed.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville,
A pretty name as one would wish to read,
Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.
There's music in the sighing of a reed;

There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,
And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so;
For few of the soft sex are very stable [so!

In their resolves—alas! that I should say
They differ as wine differs from its label, [so,

When once decanted:—I presume to guess
But will not swear: yet both upon occasion,
Till old, may undergo adulteration.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,

The unmingled essence of the grape; and yet
Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,
Or glorious as a diamond richly set;

A page where Time should hesitate to print age,
And for which Nature might forego her
debt—

Sole creditor whose process doth involve in't
The luck of finding every body solvent.

VIII.

O Death! thou dunnest of all duns! thou daily
Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,
Like a meek tradesman when, approaching
solely,

Some splendid debtor he would take by sap:
But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he
Advances with exasperated rap,

And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
On ready money, or 'a draft on Ransom."

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare a while poor
Beauty!

She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
What though she now and then may slip from
duty,

The more's the reason why you ought to stay.
Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for your
booty,

You should be civil in a modest way:
Suppress, then, some slight feminine disease,
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases

X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous
Where she was interested (as was said),
Because she was not apt, like some of us,

To like too readily, or too high bred
To show it—(points we need not now discuss)—
Would give up artlessly both heart and head

Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

XI.

Some part of Juan's history, which Rumour,
That live gazette, had scatter'd to disfigure,
She had heard; but women hear with more
good humour

Such aberrations than we men of rigour:
Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew
more [vigour

Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier
Because he had, like Alcibiades,
The art of living in all climes with ease.

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;

Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective

To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,
And seem to say, "Resist us if you can"—
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to see
about it;

As, if they told the truth, could well be shown
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it

In fact, his manner was his own alone;
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it
In listening merely to his voice's tone.

The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off
Suspicion: though not timid, his regard

Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,
 To shield himself than put you on your
 guard :
 Perhaps 't was hardly quite assured enough,
 But modesty's at times its own reward,
 Like virtue: and the absence of pretension
 Will go much farther than there's need to
 mention.

xv.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;
 Insinuating without insinuation;
 Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
 Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;
 Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
 So as to make them feel he knew his station
 And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,
 He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.

xvi

That is, with men: with women he was what
 They please to make or take him for; and
 their

Imagination's quite enough for that:
 So that the outline's tolerably fair,
 They fill the canvass up—and “*verbum sat.*”
 If once their phantasies be brought to bear
 Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
 They can transfigure brighter than a Ra-
 phael.¹⁶⁹

xvii.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,
 Was apt to add a colouring from her own:
 'Tis thus the good will amiably err,
 And eke the wise, as has been often shown.
 Experience is the chief philosopher,
 But saddest when his science is well known:
 And persecuted sages teach the schools
 Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

xviii.

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater
 Bacon?

Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still,
 Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
 And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?
 Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,
 How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill
 Volumes with similar sad illustrations,
 But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

xix.

I perch upon a humbler promontory,
 Amidst life's infinite variety: [glory,
 With no great care for what is nicknamed
 But speculating as I cast mine eye
 On what may suit or may not suit my story,
 And never straining hard to versify,
 I rattle on exactly as I'd talk
 With any body in a ride or walk

xx

I don't know that there may be much ability
 Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme;
 But there's a conversational facility,
 Which may round off an hour upon a time
 Of this I'm sure at least, there's no servility,
 In mine irregularity of chime,
 Which rings what's uppermost of new or hoary
 Just as I feel the “*Improvvisatore.*”

xxi.

“*Omnia vult belle Matho dicere—dic ali-
 quando
 Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.*”
 The first is rather more than mortal can do;
 The second may be sadly done or gaily;
 The third is still more difficult to stand to;
 The fourth we hear, and see, and say too,
 daily;

The whole together is what I could wish
 To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

xxii.

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,
 And pride my feeble:—let us ramble on.
 I meant to make this poem very short,
 But now I can't tell where it may not run.
 No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court
 To critics, or to hail the *setting sun*
 Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision
 Were more;—but I was born for opposition.

xxiii.

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side;
 So that I verily believe if they
 Who now are basking in their full-blown pride
 Were shaken down, and “*dogs had had
 their day.*”
 Though at the first I might perchance deride
 Their tumble, I should turn the other way,
 And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,
 Because I hate even democratic royalty

xxiv.

I think I should have made a decent sponse,
 If I had never proved the soft condition;
 I think I should have made monastic vows,
 But for my own peculiar superstition:
 'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd
 my brows, [Priscian,
 Nor broken my own head, nor that of
 Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,
 If some one had not told me to forego it

xxv.

But “*laissez aller*”—knights and dames I sing,
 Such as the times may furnish. 'Tis a flight
 Which seems at first to need no lofty wing
 Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrite:

The difficulty lies in colouring
 (Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
 With nature manners which are artificial,
 And rend'ring general that which is especial.

XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old
 Men made the manners; manners now
 make men— [fold,
 Pinn'd like a flock, and fleeced too in their
 At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten.
 Now this at all events must render cold
 Your writers, who must either draw again
 Days better drawn before, or else assume
 The present, with their common place costume.

XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best on't:—
 March! [flutter;
 March, my Muse! If you cannot fly, yet
 And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
 Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.
 We surely may find something worth research:
 Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
 Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
 While yet America was in her non-age.

XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense
 Of Juan's merits and his situation,
 Felt on the whole an interest intense,—
 Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
 Or that he had an air of innocence,
 Which is for innocence a sad temptation,—
 As women hate half measures, on the whole,
 She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,
 Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
 For which small thanks are still the market
 price,
 Even where the article at highest rate is:
 She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
 And morally decided, the best state is [ried,
 For morals, marriage; and this question car-
 She seriously advised him to get married.

XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,
 He had a predilection for that tie;
 But that, at present, with immediate reference
 To his own circumstances, there might lie
 Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
 Or that of her to whom he might apply,
 That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,
 If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,
 And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin
 Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
 There's nothing women love to dabble in
 More (like a stock-holder in growing peif)
 Than match-making in general: 'tis no sin
 Certes, but a preventative, and therefore
 That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore

XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss
 Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
 Or wed already, who object to this) [head
 Was there chaste dame who had not in her
 Some drama of the marriage unities,
 Observed as strictly both at board and bed,
 As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
 They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,
 Some heir to a large property, some friend
 Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
 Or grave Lord George, with whom per-
 haps might end
 A line, and leave posterity undone,
 Unless a marriage was applied to mend
 The prospect and their morals; and besides,
 They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,
 For this an heiress, and for that a beauty,
 For one a songstress who hath no defect,
 For t' other one who promises much duty;
 For this a lady no one can reject, [booty;
 Whose sole accomplishments were quite a
 A second for her excellent connections;
 A third, because there can be no objections.

XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd mar-
 riage [flourishes
 In his harmonious settlement—(which
 Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
 Because it breeds no more mouths than it
 nourishes,
 Without those sad expenses which disparage
 What Nature naturally most encourages)—
 Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans
 wedlock?

Now here I've got the preacher at a dead lock

XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony
 Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.
 But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in
 Germany
 Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,

Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
Of ours, although they propagate more
broadly.

My objection's to his title, not his ritual,
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—
Professors of that genial art, and patrons
Of all the modest part of propagation;
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
That half its produce tends to emigration,
That sad result of passions and potatoes—
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;
I wish she had; his book's the eleventh
commandment, [less well:

Which says, "Thou shalt not marry," un-
This he (as far as I can understand) meant.
'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,
Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand"
meant;

But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed
That Juan had enough of maintenance,
Or *separate* maintenance, in case 't was
doom'd—

As on the whole it is an even chance
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groom'd*,
May retrograde a little in the dance [same,
Of marriage—(which might form a painter's
Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 'tis
the same);—

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding
In her own mind, and that's enough for
woman: [Miss Reading,

But then, with whom? There was the sage
Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and
Miss Knowman,

And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding,
She deem'd his merits something more than
common:

All these were unobjectionable matches,
And might go on, if well wound up, like
watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Millpond smooth as sum-
mer's sea,

That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,
Till skim'd—and then there was some
milk and water,

With a slight shade of blue too, it might be
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoo-
string,

A dashing demoiselle of good estate,
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or blue string
But whether English dakes grew rare of late
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true
string,

By which such sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger
brother,

A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t' other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,

Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves, yet folded;

XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan; le^e an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!

Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which over-
thrown lie

By death, when we are left alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces a home
Is wanting, and our best tier in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet mor^e infantine

In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime.
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more

XLVI.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear
Perhaps because 't was fallen: her sires were
proud

Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast

XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.
 There was awe in the homage which she drew;
 Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
 In its own strength—most strange in one so
 young!

XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue
 Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,
 Although her birth and wealth had given her
 vogue,

Beyond the charmers we have already cited;
 Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog
 Against her being mention'd as well fitted
 By many virtues, to be worth the trouble
 Of single gentlemen who would be double.

XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust
 Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,
 Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.
 This he express'd half smiling and half
 serious;

When Adeline replied with some disgust,
 And with an air, to say the least, imperious,
 She marvel'd "what he saw in such a baby
 As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?"

L.

Juan rejoin'd—"She was a Catholic,
 And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;
 Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,
 And the Pope thunder excommunication,
 If—" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique
 Herself extremely on the inoculation
 Of others with her own opinions, stated—
 As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,
 If good, is none the worse for repetition;
 If bad, the best way 's certainly to tease on,
 And amplify: you lose much by concision,
 Whereas insisting in or out of season
 Convinces all men, even a politician;
 Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.
 So the end 's gain'd, what signifies the route?

LII.

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—
 For prejudice it was—against a creature
 As pure as sanctity itself from vice,
 With all the added charm of form and fea-
 ture,

For me appears a question far too nice,
 Since Adeline was liberal by nature;
 But nature's nature, and has more capricious
 Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
 With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,
 Which charm most people in their earlier day,
 For there are few things by mankind less
 brook'd,

And womankind too, if we so may say,
 Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,
 Like "Anthony's by Cæsar," by the few
 Who look upon them as they ought to do

LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none;
 Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.
 It was not scorn—which could not light on one
 Whose greatest fault was leaving few to find.
 It was not jealousy, I think: but shun
 Following the "ignes fatui" of mankind.
 It was not—but 'tis easier far, alas!
 To say what it was not than what it was.

LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme
 Of such discussion. She was there a guest;
 A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream
 Of rank and youth, though purer than the
 rest,

Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam
 Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling
 crest. smiled—
 Had she known this, she would have calmly
 She had so much, or little, of the child.

LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline
 Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze
 Much as she would have seen a glow-worm
 shine,

Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.
 Juan was something she could not divine,
 Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;
 Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor
 Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame
 Which sometimes plays the deuce with
 womankind,

A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
 Half virtues and whole vices being combined,
 Faults which attract because they are not tamé;
 Follies triek'd out so brightly that they
 blind:—

These seals upon her wax made no impression,
 Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—

High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée ;
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere :
The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
Was Nature's all : Aurora could not be
Nor would be thus :—the difference in them
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
Methinks we may proceed upon our narra-
tive, [warison ;"
And, as my friend Scott says, I sound my
Scott, the superlative of my comparative—
Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or
Saracen,
Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none
would share it, if
There had not been one Shakspeare and Voltaire,
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed
To play upon the surface of humanity.
I write the world, nor care if the world read,
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.
My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may
breed [it, I
More foes by this same scroll ; when I began
Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I
know it,
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended
As congresses of late do) of the Lady
Adeline and Don Juan rather blended
Some acids with the sweets—for she was
heady ;
But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,
The silvery bell rang, not for "dinner ready,"
But for that hour, call'd *half-hour*, given to
dress,
Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table
With massy plate for armour, knives and
forks [able
For weapons ; but what Muse since Homer's
(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
To draw up in array a single day-bill
Of modern dinners ? where more mystery
lurks,
In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût,
Than witches, b—ches, or physicians, brew.

LXIII.

There was a goodly "soupe à la bonne *fen. mc.*"
Though God knows whence it came from
there was, too,
A turbot for relief of those who cram,
Relieved with "dindon à la Parigoux ;
There also was— the sinner that I am !
How shall I get this gourmand stanz
through?—
"Soupe à la Beauveau," whose relief was dory
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess
Or mass, for should I stretch into detail,
My Muse would run much more into excess,
Than when some squeamish people deem
her frail ;
But though a "bonne vivante," I must confess
Her stomach's not her peccant part ; this tale
However doth require some slight refection,
Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

LXV.

Fowls "à la Condé," slices eke of salmon,
With "sauces Gênévoises," and haunch of
venison ; [young Ammon—
Wines, too, which might again have slain
A man like whom I hope we sha'n't see
many soon ;
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison ;
And then there was champagne with foaming
whirls,
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

LXVI.

Then there was God knows what "à l'Alle
mande," [con"—
"A l'Espagnole," "timballe," and "salpi-
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallow'd with much zest upon the
whole ;
And "entremets" to piddle with at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul ;
While great Lucullus' *Robe triumphal* mus-
files— [with truffles
(*There's fame*)—young partridge filets, deck'd

LXVII.

What are the *filets* on the victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is
the arch
Which nodded to the nation's spoils beow ?
Where the triumphal chariots' haughty
march ?

Gone to where victories must like dinners go.

Farther I shall not follow the research :
But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre e'en to
partridges?

LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessor'es,
Follow'd by "petits puits d'amour"—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
So every one may dress it to his wish,
According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish ;
But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."

LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
Of intellect expanded on two courses ;
And indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
That cookery could have call'd forth such
resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of nature?

LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled ;
The diners of celebrity dined well ;
The ladies with more moderation mingled
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell :
Also the younger men too : for a springald
Can't, like ripe age, in gormandize excel,
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
{When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibier,
The salmi, the consommé, the purée,
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
Than could roast beef in our rough John
Bull way :
I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
"Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid
lay,
But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
The chaste description even of a "bécasse ;"

LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
From nature for the service of the goût—
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French
will do ;

But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
Which prove plain English truer of the two.
Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—
But I may have, and you too, reader, dread it.

LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?
I must, although a favourite "plat" of mine
In Spain, and Laeca, Athens, every where
On them and bread 'twas oft my luck to dine
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is

LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,
And vegetables, all in masquerade,
The guests were placed according to their roll,
But various as the various meats display'd ;
Don Juan sat next an "à l'Espagnole"—
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said ;
But so far like a lady, that 'twas drest
Superbly, and contain'd a world of zest.

LXXV.

By some odd chance too, he was placed between
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I ween,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.
Also the conference which we have seen
Was not such as to encourage him to shine,
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With two transcendent eyes seem'd to look
through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears :
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge
springs.
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears, so loudly though it rings,
'T is wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues—which pass'd without a word!

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a preux chevalier—as it ought :
Of all offences that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a
thought.
Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught ;
Like a good ship entangled among ice,
And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII.

To his *gay* nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity
Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.

The devil was in the girl! Could it be pride?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

LXXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, "I said it;"
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,
Because it sometimes, as I have seen or read it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,
And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than
less.

Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet
prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering she began to question: this
With her was rare; and Adeline, who as yet
Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is
To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
In motion; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which show'd such deference to what females
say,

As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flatterers, though she deem'd he had more
sense [loud—
Than whispering fophngs, or than wifings
Commenced (from such slight things will great
commence)

To feel that flattery which attracts the proud,
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks;—that point was
carried

Nem. con. amongst the women, which I grieve
To say leads off to *crim. con.* with the married—
A case which to the juries we may leave,
Since with digressions we too long have tarried,
Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
And always have done, somehow these good
looks
Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Own'd to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty.

LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,
But innocently so, as Socrates;
And really, if the sage sublime and Attic
At seventy years had phantasies like these,
Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
Has shown, I know not why they should
displease

In virgins—always in a modest way,
Observe; for that with me's a "sine qua." 170

LXXXVII.

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke
(See Littleton), whenever I have express'd
Opinions two, which at first sight may look
Twin opposites, the second is the best.
Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,
Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest:
But if a writer should be quite consistent,
How could he possibly show things existent?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
Help contradicting them, and every body,
Even my veracious self?—But that's a lie:
I never did so, never will—how should I?
He who doubts all things nothing can deny:
Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams
are muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,
Are false, but may be render'd also true,
By those who sow them in a land that's arable
'Tis wonderful what fable will not do!

It is said it makes reality more bearable:

But what's reality? Who has its clue?
Philosophy? No: she too much rejects.
Religion? *Yes*; but which of all her sects?

XC.

So millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear;
Perhaps it may turn out that all were right,
Go! help us! Since we have need on our career
To keep our holy beacons always bright,
T'is time that some new prophet should appear,
Or old indulge man with a second sight.
Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
Myself with metaphysics? None can hate
So much as I do any kind of wrangle;
And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,
I always knock my head against some angle
About the present, past, or future state:
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

XCII.

But though I am a temperate theologian,
And also meek as a metaphysician,
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan
As Eldon on a lunatic commission,—
In politics my duty is to show John
Bull something of the lower world's condition.
It makes my blood boil like the springs of
Hecla,¹⁷¹ [law.]
To see men let these scoundrel sovereigns break

XCIII.

But politics, and policy, and piety,
Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
Not only for the sake of their variety,
But as subservient to a moral use;
Because my business is to dress society,
And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.
And now, that we may furnish with some
matter all
Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural.

XCIV.

And now I will give up all argument;
And positively henceforth no temptation
Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent."—
Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.
Indeed, I never knew what people meant
By deeming that my Muse's conversation
Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless
As some who labour more and yet may charm
less.

XCV.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
No; but you have heard—I understand—
be dumb!
And don't regret the time you may have lost,
For you have got that pleasure still to come
And do not think I mean to sneer at most
Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
That source of the sublime and the mysterious:—
For certain reasons my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious? You laugh;—you may: that will I not,
My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
I say I do believe a haunted spot
Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,
Because I'd rather it should be forgot,
"Shadows the soul of Richard" may appal.
In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
Like those of the philosopher of Malmesbury.

XCVII.

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes an owl,
And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl
Rattles around me her discordant hymn:
Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
I wish to heaven they would not look so grim;
The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sate up too late:

XCVIII.

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my
way [things]
To rhyme at noon—when I have other
To think of, if I ever think—I say
I feel some chilly midnight shuddering's,
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,
Treating a topic which, alas! but brings
Shadows;—but you must be in my condition
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'T wixt night and morn, upon the horizon's
verge
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal
surge
On time and tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the
graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves

Don Juan.

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things, [truth.

To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth.

Bows have they, generally with two strings ;

Horses they ride without remorse or ruth ;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—
“For this effect defective comes by cause,”—
Is what I have not leisure to inspect ;

But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollect,

Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws
In some things, mine's beyond all contradic-
tion

The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
From any thing, this epic will contain

A wilderness of the most rare conceits, [vain.

Which you might elsewhere hope to find in
'Tis true there be some bitter with the sweets,
Yet mix'd so slightly, that you can't com-
plain,

But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
'De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis."

IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the mos'
True is that which she is about to tell

I said it was a story of a ghost—

What then? I only know it so befell.

Have you explored the limits of the coast,

Where all the dwellers of the earth must
dwell? [as

'Tis time to strike such puny doubters dumb
The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

V.

Some people would impose now with authority,

Tuzin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle ;

Men whose historical superiority

Is a vays greatest at a miracle.

But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
Who bids all men believe the impossible.
Because 'tis so. Who nibble scribble, quib-
ble, he

Quiets at once with " *quia impossibile.*"

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all ;

Believe:—if 'tis improbable, you *must*,
And if it is impossible, you *shall* :

'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
I do not speak profanely, to recall [just

Those holier mysteries which the wise and
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
As all truths must, the more they are disputed :

VII.

I merely meant to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand
years,

All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears ;
And what is strangest upon this strange head,
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears [still
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,
The supper too discuss'd, the dames admired,
The banqueteers had dropp'd off one by one—
The song was silent, and the dance expired :

The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the
saloon

Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay .
Or like a system coupled with a doubt ;

Or like a soda bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out ;
Or like a bilow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind ;

X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,
Or none ; or like—like nothing that I
know

Except itself:—such is the human breast ;

A thing, of which similitudes can show
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest
Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,
If from a shell-fish or from cochmeal.¹⁷²
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal !

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a woe; our robe de chambre
May sit like that of Nessus, and recall
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear
than amber.

Titus exclaim'd, "I've lost a day!" Of all
The nights and days most people can re-
member,
(I have had of both, some not to be disdain'd
I wish they'd state how many they have gain'd).

XVI.

And Juan, on retiring for the night, [I said:
Felt restless, and perplex'd, and impro-
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
Than Adeline (such is advice) advis'd.
If he had known exactly his own plight...

A great resource to all and ne'er denied
Till wanted; the more Juan only sigh'd.

XIII.

He sigh'd;—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone
As clear as such a climate will allow;
And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
To hail her with the apostrophe—"O thou!"
Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,
Which further to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her:
Great thoughts we catch from thence (be-
sides a cold
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err);
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;
The ocean's tides and mortals' brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
For contemplation rather than his pillow:
The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
With all the mystery by midnight caused:
Below this window waved (of course) a
willow;
And he stood gazing out on the cascade
That flash'd and after darken'd in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*
Of these is not exactly ascertain'd,—
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
Of nicety, where a fact is to be gain'd.)

A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a
niche,

Where many a Gothic ornament remain'd
In obscur'd stone and painted glass, and all
The time has left our fathers of their hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he
threw [forth
His chamber door wide open—and went
Into a gallery, of a sombre hue [worth,
Long, furnish'd with old pictures of great
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread

XVIII.

The forms of the grim knight and pictured
saint
Look living in the moon; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which fence their
aspects stern,
As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep

XIX.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave.
The charms of other days, in starlight
gleams,
Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave
Along the canvass; their eyes glance like
dreams
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,
But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on mutability
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique
house;
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh
A supernatural agent—or a mouse:
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

XXI.

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, array'd
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, ap-
pear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and nowapsed in shade
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;

His garments only a slight murmur made ;
 He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
 But slowly ; and as he passed Juan by,
 Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified ; he had heard a hint
 Of such a spirit in these halls of old, [in't
 But thought, like most men, there was nothing
 Beyond the rumour which such spots en-
 fold,

Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,
 Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
 But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
 And did he see this ? or was it a vapour ?

XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing
 of air,

Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place :
 And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,
 Yet could not speak or move ; but, on its base
 As stands a statue, stood : he felt his hair

Twine like a knot of snakes around his face ;
 He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not
 granted,
 To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
 The shadow pass'd away—but where ? the
 hall

Was long, and thus far there was no great cause ;
 To think his vanishing unnatural : [laws
 Doors there were many, through which, by the
 Of physies, bodies whether short or tall
 Might come or go ; but Juan could not state
 Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it
 seem'd [eyes'

An age—expectant, powerless, with his
 Strain'd on the spot where first the figure
 gleam'd ;

Then by degrees recall'd his energies,
 And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,
 But could not wake ; he was, he did surmise,
 Waking already, and return'd at length
 Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it : still his taper
 Burnt, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,
 Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour ;
 He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse
 Their office : he took up an old newspaper ;
 The paper was right easy to peruse ;
 He read an article the king attacking,
 And a long eulogy of " patent blacking."

XXVII.

This savour'd of this world ; but his hand shook
 He shut his door, and after having read
 A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
 Undrest, and rather slowly went to bed.
 There, couch'd all snugly on his pillow's nook,
 With what he had seen his phantasy he fed ;
 And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
 Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He wore *belines* ; and, as may be supposed,
 Ponder'd on his visitant or vision,
 And whether ought not to be disclosed,
 At risk of being quizz'd for superstition
 The more he thought, the more his mind was
 posed :

In the mean time, his valet, whose precision
 Was great, because his master brook'd no less,
 Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dress'd ; and like young people he was wont
 To take some trouble with his toilet, but
 This morning rather spent less time upon't ;
 Aside his very mirror soon was put ;
 His curls fell negligently o'er his front, [cut.
 His clothes were not curb'd to their usual
 His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied
 Almost an hair's breath too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,
 He sat him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
 Which he perhaps had not discover'd soon,
 Had it not happen'd scalding hot to be,
 Which made him have recourse unto his spoon ;
 So much distract he was, that all could see
 That something was the matter—Adeline
 The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd as
 pale [mutter'd
 Herself ; then hastily look'd down, and
 Something, but what's not stated in my tale.
 Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill butter'd
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke play'd with her veil,
 And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing utter'd
 Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes
 Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
 And every body wondering more or less,
 Fair Adeline inquired, " If he were ill ?"
 He started, and said, " Yes—no—rather—
 yes."

The family physician had great skill,
 And being present, now began to express
 His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
 The cause, but Juan said, "He was quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes,—no."—These answers were
 mysterious,
 And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both,
 However they might savour of delirious;
 Something like illness of a sudden growth
 Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means
 serious:

But for the rest, as he himself seem'd loth
 To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted,
 It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his chocolate,

Also the muffin whereof he complain'd,
 Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,
 At which he marvel'd, since it had not
 rain'd;

Then ask'd her Grace what news were of the
 duke of late? [pain'd

Her Grace replied, his Grace was rather
 With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
 Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turn'd to Juan, and address'd
 A few words of condolence on his state:
 "You look," quoth he, "as if you had had
 your rest

Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."
 "What friar?" said Juan; and he did his best
 To put the question with an air sedate,
 Or careless; but the effort was not valid
 To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

"Oh; have you never heard of the Black
 Friar?"

The spirit of these walls?"—"In truth not I."
 "Why Fame—but Fame you know's some-
 times a liar—

Tells an odd story, of which by and by:
 Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,
 Or that our sires had a more gifted eye
 For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
 The friar of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

"The last time was——"—"I pray," said
 Adeline—

(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's
 brow,
 And from its context thought she could divine
 Connections stronger than he chose to avow

With this same legend)—"If you but design
 To jest, you'll choose some other theme—
 now,
 Because the present tale has oft been told,
 And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.

"Jest!" quoth Milor; "why, Adeline, you
 know [moon—
 That we ourselves—'t was in the hono'y
 Saw——"—"Well, no matter, 't was so long
 ago;

But, come, I'll set your story to a tune."
 Graceful as Dian, when she draws her bow,
 She seized her harp, whose strings were
 kindled soon

As touch'd, and plaintively began to play
 The air of "'T was a Friar of Orders Gray."

XXXIX.

"But add the words," cried Henry, "which
 you made;

For Adeline is half a poetess,"
 Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
 Of course the others could not but express
 In courtesy their wish to see display'd

By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
 The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once
 Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
 The charming of these charmers, who seem
 bound,

I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—
 Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground
 At first, then kindling into animation,
 Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
 And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
 Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it

I.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
 Who sitteth by Norman stone,
 For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air
 And his mass of the days that are gone.
 When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville
 Made Norman Church his prey,
 And expell'd the friars, one friar still
 Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his night, w'ch King
 Henry's right,
 To turn church lands to lay,
 With sword in hand, and torch to light
 Their walls, if they said nay;

A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,
 And he did not seem form'd of clay,
 For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in
 the church,
 Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
 It is not mine to say;
 But still with the house of Amundeville
 He abideth night and day.
 By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
 He flits on the bridal eve;
 And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
 He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
 And when aught is to befall
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
 He walks from hall to hall.
 His form you may trace, but not his face,
 'Tis shadow'd by his cowl: [tween,
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds be-
 And they seem of a parted soul.

5

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway,
 For he is yet the church's heir
 Whoever may be the lay.
 Amundeville is lord by day,
 But the monk is lord by night;
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friar's right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
 And he'll say nought to you;
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
 As o'er the grass the dew.
 Then grammerey! for the Black Friar;
 Heaven sain him! fair or foul,
 And whatso'er may be his prayer,
 Let ours be for his soul.

XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
 Died from the touch that kindled them to
 sound; [pires
 And the pause follow'd, which when song ex-
 Per-vades a moment those who listen round;
 And then of course the circle much admires,
 Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
 The tone, the feelings, and the execution,
 To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
 As if she rated such accomplishment
 As the mere pastime of an idle day,
 Pursued an instant for her own content,
 Would now and then as 't were *without display*.
 Yet *with display* in fact, at times relent
 To such performances with haughty smile,
 To show she *could*, if it were worth her while

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
 Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
 Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride
 As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
 Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
 Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
 For a spoilt carpet—but the "Attic Bee"
 Was much consoled by his own repartee.

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
 (By doing easily, whene'er she chose,
 What dilettanti do with vast parade)
 Their sort of *half profession*; for it grows
 To something like this when too oft display'd
 And that it is so every body knows,
 Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady
 T'other,
 Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
 The admirations and the speculations;
 The "Mamma Mia's!" and the "Amor Mio's!"
 The "Tanti palpiti's" on such occasions:
 The "Lasciami's," and quavering "Addio's!"
 Amongst our own most musical of nations.
 With "Tu mi chamas's" from Portingale,
 To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.

XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home
 Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray High-
 lands,
 That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
 O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
 The caleutures of music which o'ercome
 All mountaineers with dreams that they are
 nigh lands,
 No more to be beheld but in such visions—
 Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of "*Blue*,"
 Could write rhymes, and compose more than
 she wrote,
 Made epigrams occasionally too
 Upon her friends, as every body ought.

But still from that sublimer azure hue,
 So much the present dye, she was remote :
 Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
 And what was worse, was not ashamed to
 show it.

XLVII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
 Which now-a-days is the thermometer
 By whose degrees all characters are class'd—
 Was more Shakspearian, if I do not err.
 The worlds beyond this world's perplexing
 waste

Had more of her existence, for in her .
 There was a depth of feeling to embrace
 Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as
 Space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace
 The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose
 mind,

If she had any, was upon her face,
 And that was of a fascinating kind.
 A little turn for mischief you might trace
 Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find
 Few females without some such gentle leaven,
 For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
 Though once she was seen reading the "Bath
 Guide," [pathetic,
 And "Hayley's Triumphs," which she deem'd
 Because she said *her temper* had been tried
 So much, the bard had really been prophetic
 Of what she had gone through with—since
 a bride.

But of all verse, what most ensured her praise
 Were sonnets to herself, or "bouts rimés."

LI.

'T were difficult to say what was the object
 Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
 To bear on what appear'd to her the subject
 Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day
 Perhaps she merely had the simple project
 To laugh him out of his supposed dismay ;
 Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
 Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
 Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
 A thing quite necessary to the elect,
 Who wish to take the tone of their society;
 In which you cannot be too circumspect,
 Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
 But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
 On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy. 174

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
 His spirits, and without more explanation
 To jest upon such theimes in many a sally.
 Her Grace too, also seized the same occasion,
 With various similar remarks to tally,
 But wish'd for a still more detail'd narratio
 Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
 About the present family's deaths and wooings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been
 said ; [stition
 They pass'd as such things do, for super-
 With some, while others, who had more in
 dread [dition ;
 The theme, half credited the strange tra-
 And much was talk'd on all sides on that head :
 But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision
 Which some supposed (though he had no
 avow'd it)
 Had stirr'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
 The company prepared to separate ;
 Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
 Some wondering 't was so early, some so late.
 There was a goodly match too, to be run
 Between some greyhounds on my lord's
 estate,
 And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
 Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
 A special Titian, warranted original,
 So precious that it was not to be bought,
 Though princes the possessor were besieging
 all.
 The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
 The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all
 His subjects by his gracious acceptance)—
 Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—
 The friend of artists, if not arts,—the owner,
 With motives the most classical and pure,
 So that he would have been the very donor,
 Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
 So much he deem'd his patronage an honour,
 Had brought the *capo d'opera*¹⁷⁵, not for sale,
 But for his judgment—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
 Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,

Brought to survey these grey walls, which
though so thick [defect;

Might have from time acquired some slight
Who a ter rummaging the Abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old, which he call'd *restora-*
tion.

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an "old song,"
Set to some thousands ('t is the usual barden
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would
go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new pur-
chase ;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's
torches,

Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
"Untying" squires "to fight against the
churches ;" [man,
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and plough-
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,
Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence ;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see,
since—

Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):
That scarlet cloak, alas ! unclosed with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out ;
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt ;
And merely state, though not for the consistory,
Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a licence for the same ;

And of all things, excepting tithes and peas
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame :
Preserving partridges and pretty ~~wasps~~
Are puzzles to the most precautions benches

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so ; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
'T is white, at least when they just rise from
bed.

Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul ! for she was country born and
bred,
And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet espiègle eye,
Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry.
For she was not a sentimental mourner
Parading all her sensibility,
Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
To be call'd up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd here and
there,
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.
The lawyers in the study ; and in air
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers ; the
men sent

From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a general in his tent
Writing despatches) in their several stations,
Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frai,
Discuss'd (he hated beer yecept the "small")
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
She waited until Justice could recall

Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and
horses.

There was much bustle too, and preparation
Below stairs on the score of second courses
Because, as suits their rank and situation.

Those who in counties have great land
resources
Have "public days," when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what's call'd "open
house."

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*,
 (Thus we translate a *general invitation*)
 All country gentlemen, esquire'd or knighted,
 May drop in without cards, and take their
 station
 At the full board, and sit alike delighted
 With fashionable wines and conversation;
 And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
 Talk o'er themselves the past and next elec-
 tion.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
 Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.
 But county contests cost him rather dearer,
 Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of
 Giftgabbit [here;
 Had English influence, in the self-same sphere
 His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbitt,
 Was member for the "other interest" (meaning
 The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
 He was all things to all men, and dispensed
 To some civility, to others bounty, [menced
 And promises to all — which last com-
 To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
 Not calculating how much they condensed;
 But what with keeping some, and breaking
 others,
 His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet
 No less a friend to government—he held,
 That he exactly the just medium hit [pell'd,
 'Twixt place and patriotism—albeit com-
 Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though
 unfit,
 He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,
 To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,
 But that with them all law would be demo-
 lish'd.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes
 this phrase?
 Is't English? No—'t is only parliamentary)
 That innovation's spirit now-a-days [century.
 Had made more progress than for the last
 He would not tread a factious path to praise,
 Though for the public weal disposed to
 venture high;
 As for his place, he could but say this of it,
 That the fatigue was greater than the profit

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private
 life
 Had ever been his sole and whole ambition;
 But could he quit his king in times of strife,
 Which threaten'd the whole country with
 perdition? [knife
 When demagogues would with a butcher's
 Cut through and through 'er' damnable
 incision! [strings
 The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose
 Have tied together commons, lords, and kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come place into the civil list
 And champion him to the utmost"—he
 would keep it,
 Will duly disappointed or dismiss'd;
 Profit he cared not for, let others reap it;
 But should the day come when place ceased
 to exist, [weep it:
 The country would have far more cause to
 For how could it go on? Explain who can.
 He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.

He was as independent—ay, much more—
 Than those who were not paid for inde-
 pendence,
 As common soldiers, or a common—shore,
 Have in their several arts or parts ascend-
 ance
 O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
 Who do not give professional attendance.
 Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
 To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
 And thought. I say no more—I've said
 too much;
 For all of us have either heard or read—
 Off—or upon the hustings—some slight such
 Hints from the independent heart or head
 Of the official candidate. I'll touch
 No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,
 And grace is said; the grace I *should* have
sung—

LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make
 play.
 'T was a great banquet, such as Albion old
 Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
 Were something very glorious to behold.
 But 't was a public feast: and public day,—
 Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes
 cold,
 Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
 And every body out of their own sphere.

LXXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
My lords and ladies proudly condescending ;
The very servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates—without it might be too much
bending [stand—
From their high places by the sideboard's
Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending.
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both man and master too—their
places.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers
keen, [deign'd to lurch ;
Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds
Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search
Of the poor partridge through his stubble
screen. [church
There were some massy members of the
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches
And several who sung fewer psalms than
catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and, alas
Some exiles from the town, who had been
driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.
And lo! upon that day it came to pass,
I sat next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,
The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
A brilliant diner out, though but a curate ;
And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,
Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,
(O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!
Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes
obdurate?) [Lincoln
Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er
A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes ;
But both were thrown away amongst the
fens ;
For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.
No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
Imoibed the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax.
The poor priest was reduced to common
sense,
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick
throng

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song "between
A beggar and a queen," or *was* (of late
The latter worse used of the two we've seen—
But we'll say nothing of affairs of state)
A difference "twixt a bishop and a dean."
A difference between crockery ware and plate,
As between English beef and Spartan broth—
And yet great heroes have been bred by both

LXXXV.

But of all nature's discrepancies, none
Upon the whole is greater than the difference
Beheld between the country and the town,
Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who have few resources of their own
And only think, or act, or feel, with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition—
Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although
A slight repast makes people love much more,
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of
yore

With vivifying Venus, who doth owe
To these the invention of champagne and
truffles: [truffles.
Temperance delights her, but long fasting

LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day ;
And Juan took his place, he knew not where.
Confused, in the confusion, and distraight,
And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair
Though knives and forks clank'd round as in
a fray,

He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one, with a groan, express a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the bans,
He started; and perceiving smiles around
Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than
once,

And hastily—as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry, that ere he could curb it,
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with hal-
a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,
The supplicator being an amateur ;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure,

They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
 Lord Henry at his table should endure
 And this, and his not knowing how much oats
 Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,
 That he the night before had seen a ghost,
 A prologue which but slightly harmonised
 With the substantial company engross'd
 By matter, and so much materialised,
 That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
 Of two things—how (the question rather odd is)
 Such bodies could have souls, or souls such
 bodies.

XC1.

But what confused him more than smile or stare,
 From all the 'squires and squires around,
 Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
 Especially as he had been renown'd
 For some vivacity among the fair,
 Even in the country circle's narrow bound—
 For little things upon my lord's estate
 Were good small talk for others still less
 great)—

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
 And something like a smile upon her cheek.
 Now this he really rather took amiss:
 In those who rarely smile, their smile be-
 speaks
 A strong external motive; and in this
 Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique
 Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles
 Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'T was a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
 Indicative of some surprise and pity;
 And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
 Which was not very wise, and still less witty,
 Since he had gain'd at least her observation,
 A most important outwork of the city—
 As Juan should have known, had not his senses
 By last night's ghost been driven from their
 defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
 Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the contrary;
 Her aspect was as usual, still—not stern—
 And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
 Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
 I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—
 Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always
 clear,
 As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
 This day; and watching, witching, ou-
 descending
 To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
 And dignity with courtesy so blending,
 As all must blend whose part it is to aim
 (Especially as the sixth year is ending)
 At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
 Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
 On Adeline while playing her grand rôle,
 Which she went through as though it were
 a dance,
 Betraying only now and then her soul
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance
 (Of weariness or scorn, began to feel
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
 Which many people take for want of heart.
 They err—'t is merely what is call'd mobility,
 A thing of temperament and not of art,
 Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
 And false—though true; for surely they're
 sincerest,
 Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
 Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages
 never:
 But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
 Little that's great, but much of what is clever;
 Most orators, but very few financiers,
 Though all Exchequer chancellors endeavour,
 Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
 And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they
 Who, though they prove not two and two
 to be
 Five, as they might do in a modest way,
 Have plainly made it out that four are three,
 Judging by what they take, and what they
 pay.
 The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
 That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
 The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at
ease;
Thought too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could
seize
The ridicules of people in all places—
That honey of your fashionable bees—
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment;
And this at present was her kind employment.

CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close;
The evening also waned—and coffee came,
Each carriage was announced, and ladies
rose,
And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
Retired: with most unfashionable bows
Their docile esquires also did the same,
Delighted with their dinner and their Lost,
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty: others her great grace,
The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
Whose traits were radiant with the rays of
verity,
Yes; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!
No one could envy her deserved prosperity.
And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Draperied her form with curious felicity!

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
In a most edifying conversation,
Which turn'd upon their late guests' miens and
faces,
And families, even to the last relation;
Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and
dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'t was the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram;
But then 't was to the purpose what she spoke:
Like Addison's "faint praise," so went to
damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melodrame.
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend!
I ask but this of mine, to — not defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed; one
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien;
And Juan, too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone:
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe
But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
Farther; it might or it might not be so.
But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverie,
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,
In making him as silent as a ghost,
If in the circumstances which ensued
He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most.
And certainly Aurora had renew'd
In him some feelings he had lately lost,
Or harden'd; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine, that I must deem them real:—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is call'd the world, and the world's
ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er en-
trance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh *Αἶμα τῶν Κυβερνήτων*
That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?
Alas! *her* star must fade like that of Dian:
Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart
Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros: but though thou hast play'd us many
tricks,
Still we respect thee, "Alma Venus Genetrix!"

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as omens
Heaving between this world and worlds be-
yond,

Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
 Arrived, retired to his; but to despond
 Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
 Waved o'er his couch; he meditated, fond
 Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish
 sleep, [weep,
 And make the worldling sneer, the youngling

CXI.

The night was as before; he was undrest,
 Saving his night-gown, which is an undress;
 Completely "sans culotte," and without vest;
 In short, he hardly could be clothed with less;
 But apprehensive of his spectral guest,
 He sat with feelings awkward to express
 (By those who have not had such visitations),
 Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listen'd;—Hush! what's
 that?
 I see—I see—Ah, no!—'t is not—yet 't is—
 Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! 'he cat!
 The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!
 So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
 Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,
 Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
 And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is 't? The wind? No, no.—*this*
time
 It is the sable friar as before,
 With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
 Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much
 more.
 Again through shadows of the night sublime
 When deep sleep fell on men, and the world
 wore
 The starry darkness round her like a girdle
 Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood
 curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,¹⁷⁶
 Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight
 clatter, [pass,
 Like showers which on the midnight gusts will
 Sounding like very supernatural water,
 Came over Juan's ear, which throbb'd, alas!
 For immaterialism's a serious matter;
 So that even those whose faith is the most great
 In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth too.
 Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
 Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through
 As wide as if a long speech were to come

Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
 Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:
 His eyes were open, and (as was before
 Stated) his mouth. What open'd next?—the
 door

CXVI.

It open'd with a most infernal creak,
 Like that of hell. "Lasciate ogni speranza
 Voi che entrate!" The hinge seem'd to speak,
 Dreadful as Dante's rhima, or this stanza;
 Or—but all words upon such themes are
 weak:
 A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
 Hero—for what is substance to a spirit?
 Or how is 't *matter* trembles to come near it?

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as fly
 The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
 And then swung back; nor close—but stood
 awry,
 Half letting in long shadows on the light,
 Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd
 high,
 For he had two, both tolerably bright,
 And in the door-way, darkening darkness,
 stood
 The sable friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
 The night before; but being sick of shaking,
 He first inclined to think he had been mis-
 taken;
 And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
 His own internal ghost began to awaken
 Within him, and to quell his corporal qua-
 lity—
 Hinting that soul and body on the whole
 Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath
 fierce,
 And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated;
 But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
 Follow'd, his veins no longer cold, but heated,
 Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and
 tierce,
 At whatsoever risk of being defeated;
 The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired,
 until
 He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone
 still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers !
 It touch'd no soul, no body, but the wall,
 On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers,
 Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall ;
 He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
 When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.
 How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity
 Should cause more fear than a whole host's
 identity.

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd: the blue eyes
 glared,
 And rather variably for stony death ;
 Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,
 The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath :
 A straggling curl show'd he had been fair-hair'd ;
 A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
 Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy
 shroud
 The moon peep'd, just escaped from a grey
 cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
 His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder
 It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,
 Which beat as if there was a warm heart
 under.
 He found, as people on most trials must,
 That he had made at first a silly blunder,
 And that in his confusion he had caught
 Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet
 soul
 As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood ;
 A dumpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
 Forth into something much like flesh and
 blood ;
 Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
 And they reveal'd—alas! that e'er they
 should !
 In full, voluptuous, but *not o'er*grown bulk,
 The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke

NOTES.

Notes to The Giaour.

NOTE 1, p. 1.—The material upon which the tale of the Giaour is founded, is more or less attributable to the adventure of Lord Byron's own servant; an adventure which indirectly implicated the noble author himself.

NOTE 2, p. 1.—A tomb, alleged to be the resting-place of the great Themistocles. It is situated above the rocks on the promontory.

NOTE 3, p. 1.—The Persians have a current and popular notion, that the nightingale has a peculiar partiality for the rose.

NOTE 4, p. 1.—Amongst the Greek sailors, the song and dance by night, accompanied by the tinkle of the guitar, form a favourite pastime.

NOTE 5, p. 2.—There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and almost oppressive character, in this extraordinary passage; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect of the once busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry.—JEFFREY.

NOTE 6, p. 2.—At the period when this poem was written, Athens was in the hands of Kislak Aga, the eunuch-superintendent of the seraglio.

NOTE 7, p. 3.—The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat in the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted

for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem.—GEORGE ELLIS.

NOTE 8, p. 3.—The word Giaour, (or in fidel), is thus spelt by the Italians and by the Christians of the Levant. The English pronunciation is hardly so soft, and were better rendered by *Djour*.

NOTE 9, p. 3.—A musket. The discharge of fire-arms is the signal which summons the faithful Mussulman to his duties.

NOTE 10, p. 3.—A species of javelin with a blunted point, which is hurled with unerring aim, from on horseback.

NOTE 11, p. 3.—Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrup, surveys, with a look of agonising impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm, as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance or passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears.—GEORGE ELLIS.

NOTE 12, p. 4.—The wind peculiar to the deserts in tropical climates, and in the east, which is known to blight animals as well as vegetable productions.

NOTE 13, p. 4.—The fact of having eaten at a Mohammedan's table, especially the use of salt.

NOTE 14, p. 4.—The Mohammedans are proverbial for the exercise of charity and hospitality, which constitute two cardinal virtues in their creed. Their proudest boast is to be distinguished for munificence; and second to that, they pride themselves on their bravery and skill in the field.

NOTE 15, p. 4.—This is a dagger of more

than usual length, which is carried with the pistols in the metal belt peculiar to the costume of the Turks. The material of the belt distinguishes the rank of the wearer.

NOTE 16, p. 4.—All those who wear green in their costume, particularly in the cap or turban, are claimants to the honour of being descended from Mahomet himself.

NOTE 17, p. 4.—This is a courteous address offered to disciples of Mahomet alone.

NOTE 18, p. 5.—A butterfly with blue wings indigenous to Cashmere, and especially remarkable for its beauty, and the brilliancy of its hues.

NOTE 19, p. 5.—An allusion to the hypothesis that the scorpion destroys itself when it turns its sting towards its head.

NOTE 20, p. 5.—The salute at dusk closes the Rhamazan.

NOTE 21, p. 5.—The moon.

NOTE 22, p. 6.—The ruby of the Sultan Gianschid, of fabulous celebrity.

NOTE 23, p. 6.—Al-Sirat. This is the bridge over which the disciples of Mahomet are taught to believe that they must pass to secure access to beatitude. According to their creed, this bridge passes over the abyss of eternal darkness, and the passage is rendered doubly hazardous by its inconceivable narrowness. The most attenuated thread of the silkworm is not so fine, and the keenest edge of a Damascus blade offers a fairer footing.

NOTE 24, p. 6.—The houris, it is known, are the damsels whose charms are to illustrate the eternal happiness of the faithful. The fable is in every way consistent with the tastes, inclinations, and prepossessions of Oriental climates and customs. The houris, whose large, dark, and glowing eyes have obtained for them this distinctive name, are supposed to last for ever in the freshness and beauty of youth.

NOTE 25, p. 6.—This is a mistake which has been commonly adopted by the Christians from want of a clear knowledge of the institutions, or the creed expounded in the Koran. A fair portion of eternal bliss is assigned to the gentler sex.

NOTE 26, p. 6.—This is a metaphor peculiar to the east.

NOTE 27, p. 6.—The Oriental bards are not singular in this idea; it is constantly met with in the more ancient lore of Greece.

NOTE 28, p. 6.—Circassia.

NOTE 29, p. 6.—This word is to be construed "In the name of God." The expres-

sion is of almost constant recurrence in the Koran, and is ever repeated in all devotional passages.

NOTE 30, p. 7.—This is said to be more common with the Moslems in their wrath, than it would be believed to be in more sober Europe.

NOTE 31, p. 7.—The word signifies forgiveness, or mercy.

NOTE 32, p. 7.—This notion is prevalent wherever Islamism predominates.

NOTE 33, p. 7.—The Shawls or Wrappers embroidered with flowers, and distinctively worn by those who are of high rank.

NOTE 34, p. 8.—An allusion to the passage in Holy Writ, referring to the mother of Siscra.

NOTE 35, p. 8.—This is the skull-cap which forms the centre of the turban, and which protrudes above the wrapping.

NOTE 36, p. 8.—The sepulchre of the Osmanlies is invariably adorned with the special insignia of their calling, order, and creed.

NOTE 37, p. 8.—This is the summons uttered by the Muezzin to congregate the faithful at the hour of devotion. The Muezzin or Officer, upon whom this duty devolves, stations himself for this purpose upon the upper balcony surrounding the Minaret of the Mosque in which he officiates.

NOTE 38, p. 8.—The passage has a parallel in one of the Turkish war songs.

NOTE 39, p. 8.—To elucidate the allusion in this passage, it were as well to refer the reader to Sale's Koran. The supposititious duties of the officers of Eternal Justice according to the Moslem notions cannot be well understood, without some insight into the peculiar tenor of their Religious Ceremonial, and into the eccentricities of their Creed.

NOTE 40, p. 8.—The Satan of the Mohammedans.

NOTE 41, p. 8.—Tournefort D'Herbelot, and others, should be consulted on the subject of many of the Oriental superstitions and prejudices. There are many anecdotes which will be found illustrative of this passage. In fact it is not so clear but that Lord Byron borrowed this suggestion from Tournefort, whom he has somewhere quoted as his authority. We have not been able to find any explanation of his own, however.

NOTE 42, p. 8.—An allusion to the received notion in the South-east of Europe, respecting the symptoms exhibited by those

who have been attacked by the Vampire, amongst the peasantry of those regions, the belief in the habits of that indescribable animal; and in the effects of its strange nurture.

NOTE 43, p. 10.—An allusion to the current fable concerning the Pelican.

NOTE 44, p. 11.—Lord Byron has afforded an interesting anecdote explanatory of the Oriental superstition of prophetic or second hearing. This tale is the more remarkable, that he was notoriously sceptical on these subjects. He relates an incident which occurred to him in the Morea, in 1811, and in which the prescient alarm of an Albanian who accompanied him, is strongly illustrated.

NOTE 45, p. 13.—The Romaic word signifying "a Shroud" or "a Winding Sheet."

NOTE 46, p. 14.—The story of the Giaour is not, as we have already explained in the advertisement, without foundation in fact; for Lord Byron had founded the incidents of his poem upon a local tale, which was cur-

rent in Turkey, and the substance of which was thoroughly within the recollection of many living persons. He was moreover assisted by the matter furnished in the songs or laments to which it had given birth. Thus far the history and fate of the heroine had been furnished, and those of the hero were gathered from the adventures of a Venetian currently and traditionally known and believed. Nor can it be doubted but that the substance was in all important points true, even had a few of the details been embellished before they were handled by the poet. It can also be added in favour of the Giaour as a poem and a story, that its greatest charm consists in the reality and life-like accuracy of its incidents and descriptions. Lord Byron was always remarkably happy in adapting the salient points of a story, and equally so in the vividness, truth, aptitude, and colour, if it may be so called, of his descriptions.

Notes to *The Bride of Abydos*.

NOTE 1, p. 15.—This poem was first published at the close of the year 1813, after but a very short lapse of time employed in its composition. Lord Byron was proverbially rapid in his writing, and this remark is especially applicable to the pieces he wrote about this period. There appears to have been a dreary sense of a want of something to busy him, and prevent his mind from brooding over its sorrows, which gave birth to some of his most brilliant poems. On the other hand, it was in writing these works from time to time that he filled the void which seemed to hang about him. They were thus the effect and the solace of his desolate satiety. Once in the vein for writing, he appears to have rattled on, and completed whatever work or portion he had undertaken, whilst the humour lasted.

NOTE 2, p. 15.—The title of this poem appears to have afforded some material for cavil. The "Bride" is, in fact, a somewhat questionable denomination for the heroine. But the criticism is, nevertheless, as unjust as the quibble is paitry; for, after all, the question resolves itself merely into one of words

or interpretations. The meaning remains the same.

NOTE 3, p. 15.—The Romaic word signifying Rose, is "Gül."

NOTE 4, p. 16.—The Romeos and Juliets of romance are no such uncommon personages—Mejnoun and Leila, we are told, are those who represent Shakespere's hero and heroine, in the Levant. Sadi is the bard and sage, or moralist, of Persia.

NOTE 5, p. 16.—In Turkey, the three periods of the day, the rising, zenith, and the setting of the sun, are announced by the rolling of a drum bearing that designation.

NOTE 6, p. 16.—There is no love lost between the schismatical tribes of Arabia and the Mussulmans of Turkey. The enmity which exists between these branches of the followers of Mahomet is, in fact, more bitter than that which severs the Moslems from any other religious sect.

NOTE 7, p. 17.—An allusion to one of the principal feudal vassals of Turkey.

NOTE 8, p. 17.—The fatal warrant by which a subject of the Porte is condemned to death, by the prevailing instrument of

strangulation, is not always obeyed without resistance; instances are not wanting in which the messenger who conveyed the order, or notice of condemnation, has been submitted to the punishment by the culprit. In other cases, however, the mandate is religiously obeyed.

NOTE 9, p. 17.—In Turkey the only method of calling attendants, is by clapping the hands or stamping with the foot.

NOTE 10, p. 17.—The prevalence of smoking has almost rendered it unnecessary to translate the word "Chibouque." The Turks, Arabs, Persians, and the people of the Levant, generally adopt this shape of pipe only. It consists of a small bowl, generally of red clay; but in some cases, of ivory, metal, or other material adorned with jewels, and a long cherry tube, tipped with a round and attenuating piece of amber, which forms the mouthpiece. There is frequently a ring of gold, sometimes set with jewels round the joint, between the amber and the stem.

NOTE 11, p. 17.—The denomination by which the stipendiary troops in the Turkish service are distinguished.

NOTE 12, p. 17. This term is applied to those to whom conduct of dangerous services is entrusted. They are generally engaged in the first charge, and are almost invariably placed at the head of bodies of cavalry.

NOTE 13, p. 17.—The Turks in sword-practice protect themselves with a thick and tough covering, which is generally proof against any single blow.

NOTE 14, p. 17.—This is an ejaculation which is very prevalent amongst the Turks, when they are excited either by sport or action. At other times their taciturnity is as proverbial as their indolence, if indeed it be not a part of it.

NOTE 15, p. 18.—A scent in high favour in the Levant, and very generally used in Europe. Ottar of roses was, however, far more in use formerly than it is now.

NOTE 16, p. 18.—The Mohammedans are particularly fond of decorating their walls and ceilings with dazzling views of Constantinople, in which the Chinese taste and judgment of art are most apparent.

NOTE 17, p. 18.—"Azrael," amongst the Mohammedans is an impersonation of death.

NOTE 18, p. 18.—An allusion to the traditional antiquities of the Sultans.

NOTE 19, p. 19.—The "musselim" is an

officer of the government, whose station is second to that of a Pacha.

NOTE 20, p. 19.—The Turkish name for Negropont. The inhabitants of this province are despised like those of Athens.

NOTE 21, p. 19.—"Tchocadar," an usher

NOTE 22, p. 20.—An allusion to the well known story of antiquity.

NOTE 23, p. 20.—Amber, like all resinous substances, may be quickened by friction: it is well known to be strongly charged with electricity by this operation, and emits a slight aroma. When burnt, the scent is very powerful and by no means disagreeable.

NOTE 24, p. 20.—Amulets are deeply revered by the Mohammedans, who have the greatest confidence in their efficacy. It is by no means uncommon to see a small piece of some venerated relic worn about the person, enased in gold and jewels. Extracts from their sacred writ are generally engraved on the case. The most ignorant peasantry in Roman Catholic countries are not now so much attached to this venerative prejudice as many of the wealthiest and best educated Mussulmen.

NOTE 25, p. 20.—An appendage which may be held to represent the Rosary of the Roman Catholics amongst the Mohammedans.

NOTE 26, p. 21.—The designation of a seaman amongst the Turks; by which also the person so called is distinguished from the Greek or other subject in the service. The description here given by Lord Byron, is accurate enough. There are, however, a few little additions which are attributable to the particular costume of some individual who personally served as the model.

NOTE 27, p. 22.—The majority of the swords or scimitars used by Mohammedans bear some verse of the Koran as an inscription. The patterns vary considerably, and Lord Byron had in his possession more than one specimen of this oriental article of manufacture. The steel is remarkable for being very highly tempered, and the edge of an oriental weapon is always far more keen than that of any in use amongst us.

NOTE 28, p. 22.—The traditions of the Jews are far from being unknown amongst the Mohammedans. It is well known that Mahomet himself was careful in impugning the revelation of the Hebrew writ; and the same traditions therefore appear in Mussulman Sacred History as in that of the Jews, with this difference only, that they are clothed in other

language, and that the names are adapted to their own fancy or version. Zuleika is the name attributed to Potiphar's wife. The same incident as that related of her in the Old Testament has been reproduced with all the lustre of oriental imagery.

NOTE 29, p. 22.—An allusion to one of the insurgent vassals who defied the utmost power of the government.

NOTE 30, p. 22.—This is the distinguishing pennon of a Pacha, whose rank and command are marked by this standard.

NOTE 31, p. 22.—An allusion to one of those crimes or romantic enterprises so common in the East.—The victim in this instance was a Pacha of the name of Giaffir, of whom, as of the coincidence, Lord Byron has given a detailed account. He had occasion, at a later period, to know more of the hero and perpetrator, who was no less a personage than Ali the Pacha of Albania.

NOTE 32, p. 23.—When a Turk speaks of *the Island* or *the Sea*, he must be understood to indicate the Archipelago, for beyond that, few amongst his nation have any idea of insular conformation.

NOTE 33, p. 23.—This passage alludes to one of the most remarkable leaders of the Greek revolts. Lord Byron, from the interest he took in the regeneration and independence of Greece, and from his active participation in the struggle, had become intimately acquainted with all the details of its history and had had occasion to meet with the principal personages who figured in the melancholy annals of the Morea before the battle of Navarino.

NOTE 34, p. 23.—Amongst the Turks, all those who are subject to the capitation tax, are distinguished by the denomination of "Rayahs."

NOTE 35, p. 24.—An allusion to the peculiar habits and prepossessions of Mohammedans.

NOTE 36, p. 24.—Lord Byron has unnecessarily apologized for the tenor of this passage. It is perfectly true, not only of the indigenous population or wandering tribes of the East, but also of Europeans, who are by accident or design, cast into a similar career, that the

wild and uncontrolled freedom of the broad expanse of desert inspires them with a species of elevated spirit of independence. There is a pleasure in the impressions which crowd upon the mind in such a situation, which none can properly understand but those who have thoroughly entered into this peculiar mode of life.

NOTE 37, p. 24.—One of the terms signifying the place of eternal bliss.

NOTE 38, p. 26.—The following passage will be the most explanatory of the allusion and we therefore take the liberty to extract it as it stands. "While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream to and fro with the trembling of the water, which gave to its arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident has been strikingly depicted."—GALT.

NOTE 39, p. 26.—The burial-place of Mohammedan women is left without any distinctive mark: that of the men is adorned with a sculptured turban above the inscription (if there be any). The inscription generally consists of some of the most admired verses of the Koran.

NOTE 40, p. 26.—The funeral chant uttered by the women. The term "*silent slaves*" is applied to the male portion of such melancholy ceremonies, because it is one of the points of delicacy amongst the Mohammedans not to betray any emotion before strangers.

NOTE 41, p. 26.—This passage will be better understood by referring to a note on the subject attached to the "Pleasures of Memory."—It is an adaptation of a passage in oriental poetry.

NOTE 42, p. 27.—This notion is peculiarly prevalent in the East, but it should be added, that it is by no means confined to those regions. We are not in our own country without many remarkable instances of similar delusions. There are some anecdotes illustrative of this question to be found in the Correspondence of Horace Walpole, whose taste appears to have inclined him to seek out such, and similar fantasies.

Notes to the Corsair.

NOTE 1, p. 28.—This poem is another example of the facility and fertility of Lord Byron's genius. The beauty of his writing would almost appear to have been enhanced by rapidity; a phenomenon which is somewhat explained by the evidence borne by his poems themselves, that he wrote from impulse and not from reflection. He "wreaked his thoughts upon expression," he did not wait to chill a thought by studying its diction. Hence all the vigour, freshness, energy, power, and acrimony of his productions. "The Corsair" was begun and completed in the course of thirteen days, and at a period almost contemporary with the completion of the "Bride of Abydos."

NOTE 2, p. 23.—It may not be superfluous to remind the reader of "The Corsair," that the islands selected as the scene of this little drama are all of them but a short distance from one another and from the main land. There is therefore no inaccuracy or anachronism in the quick succession of incidents as they are related;—far from it:—to those who are well acquainted with the locality and the impetuous temperament of the people, they will appear but the more probable and truthful.

NOTE 3, p. 30.—The author has been at some pains to excuse himself from having strained the privileges of poetry or fiction in drawing the character of Conrad in this poem. And there can be no harm in adding the citations adduced by him from history in support of the portraiture produced by his imagination. It would seem from the following quotations, that characters, no less strange to the everyday life ideas of a London reader, have actually figured in reality.

"Eccelin prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son regard feroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes parts cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes parts. * * * * *
"Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille: mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe—et par son

seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis."
—*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, "Gisericus staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ, contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus," &c. &c.—*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

NOTE 4, p. 34.—The phosphoric sparkling of the sea about the prow, sides, and wake of a boat or vessel, or at each dip of the oars or break of the water, is perhaps far better known and more frequently observed in the Mediterranean and in more central latitudes than on our own coasts. It is, moreover, far more intense in brilliancy, owing to the dark and profound blue of the sky and water, upon which this flashing breaks like an aurora. But we have also not unfrequently observed the same sparkling about Portsmouth and round the Isle of Wight, even very late in the season, and when a cold westerly breeze has been blowing hard; nor in one instance do we recollect to have seen it exceeded in the South.

NOTE 5, p. 35.—Coffee.

NOTE 6, p. 35.—A Turkish pipe, (see note ante).

NOTE 7, p. 35.—Dancing girls. One of the chief entertainments of a wealthy Mohammedan after his banquet, and during the lazy enjoyment of his pipe and coffee, is the performance of girls maintained for the especial purpose of dancing in his presence. They are generally selected from his harem.

NOTE 8, p. 35.—There is an instance of a similar incident in history. It is recorded as follows by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi., p. 180). "Anxious to explore with his own eye, the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero."

NOTE 9, p. 36.—The Dervises are a class who resemble the monks of Roman Catholicism.

NOTE 10, p. 37.—Satan.

NOTE 11, p. 37.—A similar exhibition of wrath has more than once been historically recorded.

NOTE 12, p. 37.—A woman's name. Almost all female names, in particular amongst the people of the east, are words signifying birds, flowers, scents, or other ornaments or luxuries which abound in their hyperbolic poetry. *Gulnare*, means the blossom of the pomegranate.

NOTE 13, p. 40.—Lord Byron appears to have alluded to the case of Sir Thomas More and to that of Anna Boleyn. There are many other historical instances of similar *ouffoonery*.

NOTE 14, p. 41.—It is well known that the disciples of Socrates were very urgent

with their great master not to swallow the poison until after sunset. The philosopher, nevertheless, obeyed the mandate of his condemnation, and took the potion before the sun went down.

NOTE 15, p. 41.—The further we go to the southward, the less the twilight, and the more equal the distribution of time between night and day; so that the winter's day is longer than that in our latitude, and the summer's day is shorter. It is so in Greece (as a matter of course) where the scene is laid.

NOTE 16, p. 41.—The summer-houses of the Turks are called *Kiosks*.

NOTE 17, p. 43.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 18, p. 48.—It is the prevalent fashion in the East, to adorn the bodies of the dead with flowers.

Note to Lara.

NOTE 1, p. 50.—There appears to have been no specific period or locality assigned to the incidents related in the poem of Lara. Lord Byron at different times gave different accounts of his own arrangements of the

scene, and contented himself with attributing entirely to fiction, to avoid the inconsistency of some of the personages with the country and customs.

Notes to the Siege of Corinth.

NOTE 1, p. 64.—It should be observed that since Tripolitza became the seat of the Pacha of the Province, *Napoli di Romania* ceased to be the chief town in the Morea. Lord Byron had at various times overrun the whole of the Grecian provinces, and was well acquainted with all the roads and by-roads, as well as with the towns of the Morea, of Attica, Albania, &c. &c.

NOTE 2, p. 64.—An allusion to *Dervioli*, one of the *Arnaouts*, who had accompanied the author. He appears to have retired to the mountains, and to have raised the standard of revolt against the vice-royal government.

NOTE 3, p. 65.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 4, p. 65.—The Turcomans resemble the *Bedouin* Arabs in their method of living. They are an erratic people—who wander from place to place, pitching their tents at convenience, and removing them at pleasure.

NOTE 5, p. 65.—An allusion to *Ali Cournourgi*, who had driven the Venetians from the Morea, and who was afterwards killed at *Peterwardein*.

NOTE 6, p. 69.—A description which has unfortunately but too much of reality. It is not at all uncommon for dead bodies to be observed floating on the Bosphorus. The following quotation from *Hobhouse's Travels* will serve to attest the truth of the picture:—"The sensations produced by the state of the weather, and leaving a comfortable cabin, were in unison with the impressions which we felt, when passing under the palace of the sultans, and gazing at the gloomy cypresses which rise above the walls, we saw two dogs gnawing a dead body."—*Hobhouse*.

NOTE 7, p. 69.—The Mohammedans entertain a superstitious belief with respect to the tuft of hair worn by them, to the effect that it will serve as a handle to the prophet

wherewithal to hoist them into the region of the Houris.

NOTE 8, p. 70.—An allusion to the author's visits to Annesley when a boy.

NOTE 9, p. 72.—This passage refers to the occasion of an action by sea, which was fought at the mouth of the Dardanelles by the Turks against the Venetians.

NOTE 10, p. 75.—The jackal is not known

in Europe. In all parts of Asia Minor, however, that animal abounds. They make an especial retreat of old ruins, and Lord Byron has adapted the creature to another soil, without much violation to its habits. The jackal is known to follow bodies of men as the sea-birds follow a ship, to secure whatever refuse may be cast out.

Notes to *Parasina*.

NOTE 1, p. 76.—The subject matter of this Poem was somewhat too voluptuous for the precise but maudlin modesty of Lord Byron's Critics. The ostentatious prudery of the nation almost set aside *Parasina*, and though far from an inferior work even for such an author, it has not been so generally known or noticed, as many of the others. Lord Byron's Critics were in general envious, malignant opponents, and they were very fond of twisting all his productions into immoral constructions: but the fact is, that the drift of the most condemned is quite the contrary. It were just as fair to condemn "Joseph Andrews," as

immoral in its tendency, as "Don Juan," or any poem of Lord Byron's. The satire or vice can never be interpreted into its exaltation. Whether or not, "*Parasina*" is open to more equivocal translation is another question. But we are perfectly assured that the author never intended to celebrate and eulogise a crime.

NOTE 2, p. 79.—The word "haught" is very commonly used for "haughty," and more especially in the earlier writers of our language. It may be found in Spencer, Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, &c. &c.

Notes to the *Prisoner of Chillon*.

NOTE 1, p. 82.—The Castle of Chillon, which juts out into the lake of Geneva, on the north shore, and at the eastern end, is celebrated as having been the prison of François de Bonnavard, the hero of Genevan independence. It is known that until the year 1535, Geneva was a dependency of the Duke of Savoy: and as by its situation, and for other reasons, it was a place of no mean importance, it was very jealously retained by the Princes of that House. On the other hand the Genevese entertained an hereditary hatred for the Savoyards, and have continued since their emancipation to detest their former masters. The Genevese had made several efforts to liberate themselves from the yoke of the Duke of Savoy, and Bonnavard, who flourished just at the period that the struggle was assuming a decided aspect, warmly participated in the contest. He was not a

Genevan, but became possessed of a wealthy benefice at that place in 1510. He was born in 1496, and had been educated in the capital of Piedmont itself. All his associations were more likely to have bound him to the interests of the Savoyards. But a lofty spirit of independence, the purest integrity and sense of justice, and an affectionate regard for the people with whom he had become incorporated, and whose character at that period was congenial to the enlightened and progressive intelligence of such a man, had completely enlisted him in the cause of the Genevese. In 1519 he became a prisoner on the occasion of the occupation of Geneva by the Duke of Savoy. He was closely confined for two years at Grolee, to which dungeon he had been despatched by the Duke. He afterwards contrived to effect his escape, but in 1530 was once more betrayed into the hands of his ene-

mies, and was sent a close prisoner to the vaults of the Castle of Chillon, whence he was finally liberated in 1536, when the people of Berne occupied the Canton of Vaud. Bonnivard, whose name is still held in high veneration by the Genevese, was not left unrewarded by the grateful towns-people. Upon his final return, when Geneva had already adopted the motto of "*Post tenebras Lux*," the country of his adoption had become protestant and free. He was provided with a handsome residence and pension, and became a member of the Republican Government.

NOTE 2, p. 82.—An allusion to the effect which grief is reported to have had upon many eminent personages in history.

NOTE 3, p. 83.—The Castle of Chillon (see note *ante*.) is situated in one of the more picturesque retreats of that most picturesque and beautiful part of the lake of Geneva. It consists of blank loop-holed and very heavy white walls, abutting at the corners in round towers of the same character, with circular pointed roofs. In itself, it is by no means a handsome specimen of architecture, but the structure appears to be admirably adapted to the nature of the spot. The glistening white towers show with exquisite effect in the midst of the deep blue and tranquil water of the Lake, and before the dark background, formed by the wooded declivities of the mountains. On the land side, the entrance to the Castle opens into the road from Lausanne to Villeneuve. It is not far either from Vevey or the latter place; and apart from its own celebrity as having been the dungeon in which the great Bonnivard was so long confined, another charm has since been attached to its immediate vicinity by the rhapsodies of Jean Jacques Rousseau—Clarens is very near at hand amongst the vintaged hills. "It is said that Charles the Fifth, Duke of Savoy, stormed and took it in 1536; that he there found great hidden treasures, and many wretched beings pining away their lives in these frightful dungeons, amongst whom was Bonnivard. On the pillar to which this unfortunate man is said to have been chained, I observed, cut out of the stone, the name of one whose beautiful poem has done much to heighten the interest of this dreary spot, and will, perhaps, do more towards rescuing from oblivion the names of 'Chillon' and 'Bonnivard,' than all the cruel sufferings which

that injured man endured within its damp and gloomy walls."—TENNANT.

NOTE 4, p. 85.—An allusion to a very small island which is situated near Villeneuve.

NOTE 5, p. 86.—"It has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact; at least, in the Low Countries, where solitude for life is substituted for capital punishments, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye, upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition: with matted hair, wild looks, and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time we are assured they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal for even the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings: yet, as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Notes to *Manfred*.

NOTE 1, p. 87.—Lord Byron, who treated *Manfred* somewhat coldly, gives a half-humorous sketch of it in one of his letters to Mr. Murray. The extract has been published, and might serve as a species of reference on the subject, but there is little information in it which may not be gathered from the work itself.

The following are two extracts from the criticisms of contemporary writers on this strange but very beautiful production:—

“In *Manfred* we recognise at once the gloom and potency of that soul which burned and blasted and fed upon itself, in Harold, and Conrad, and Lara.—and which comes again in this piece, more in sorrow than in anger—more proud, perhaps, and more awful than ever—but with the fiercer traits of its misanthropy subdued, as it were, and quenched in the gloom of a deeper despondency. This piece is properly entitled a dramatic poem—for it is merely poetical, and is not at all a drama or play in the modern acceptance of the term. It has no action, no plot, and no characters; *Manfred* merely muses and suffers from the beginning to the end. His distresses are the same at the opening of the scene and at its closing, and the temper in which they are borne is the same. A hunter and a priest, and some domestics, are indeed introduced, but they have no connection with the passions or sufferings on which the interest depends; and *Manfred* is substantially alone throughout the whole piece. He holds no communion but with the memory of the Being he had loved; and the immortal Spirits whom he evokes to reproach with his misery, and their inability to relieve it. These unearthly beings approach nearer to the character of persons of the drama—but still they are but clerical accompaniments to the performance; and *Manfred* is, in reality, the only actor and sufferer on the scene. To delineate his character indeed—to render conceivable his feelings—is plainly the whole scope and design of the poem; and the conception and execution are, in this respect, equally admirable. It is a grand and terrific vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that he may be capable of more than human sufferings, and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride.”—**JEF-FREY.**

“In this very extraordinary poem, Lord Byron has pursued the same course as in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and put out his strength upon the same objects. The action is laid among the mountains of the Alps—the characters are all, more or less, formed and swayed by the operations of the magnificent scenery around them, and every page of the poem teems with imagery and passion, though, at the same time, the mind of the poet is often overborne, as it were, by the strength and novelty of its own conceptions. But there is a still more novel exhibition of Lord Byron's powers in this remarkable drama. He has here burst into the world of spirits, and, in the wild delight with which the elements of nature seem to have inspired him, he has endeavoured to embody and call up before him their ministering agents, and to employ these wild personifications, as he formerly employed the feelings and passions of man.”—**PROFESSOR WILSON.**

NOTE 2, p. 89.—The period at which these lines were written may explain the tenor of Lord Byron's thought in writing them, and the allusion which they contain. It was just about the time that the final endeavour to reconcile the dispositions of his family had proved abortive, that the author abandoned himself to the peculiarly beautiful view of despondency, which is distinguishable in the colouring of all his finest productions.

NOTE 3, p. 91.—See note *ante*. See also Clarendon's History of the Rebellion for an account of Charles the First's appearance at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, when the negotiation was commenced after his confinement in Carisbrooke Castle. Again, the memoir of “Marie Antoinette,” &c. &c.

NOTE 4, p. 91.—A sight not uncommon in Switzerland.

NOTE 5, p. 91.—The mountains which Lord Byron ascended or visited in person. The allusion here, is specially directed to the Wengen, the Jungfrau, the Dent D'Argent, the Great and Little Giant, and the Wetterhorn. In this part of the mountains at particular seasons, the fall of Avalanches is of constant occurrence.

NOTE 6, p. 91.—A sight peculiar to very mountainous regions, but not to Switzerland alone. The same effects, with the additional splendour lent by a tropical sun, are observable

the Andes. But there is a peculiar appearance in the mist, as it rolls along the deep gulleys and ravines, and precipitate valleys of the Alps. Standing far above the cloud which mantles the plain below, and yourself under the brightest and most spotless summer sky, you look down, not upon a varied expanse of landscape in panoramic view, but upon an impenetrable ocean of vapour. The sensation produced by this appearance is strange enough; you seem detached from the world, and planted alone upon your bright, but solitary elevation.

NOTE 7, p. 93.—This is perfectly true of the appearance of an Alpine water-fall, on a bright sunny day. The Stanbach has a constant rainbow at its base. The fine spray fluttering about is tinted with all the glowing hues of the prism, and when you are actually in the midst of it, you still see it all around you.

NOTE 8, p. 93.—An allusion to the most striking objects about the Jungfrau.

NOTE 9, p. 94.—Lord Byron here refers to Jamblius the philosopher, and adopts the anecdote told of him by Eunapius.

NOTE 10, p. 95.—For the circumstances here alluded to, we must refer the reader to the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Cimon*, (LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*, vol. iii. p. 179.) in which the story of Pausanias and Cleonice is detailed.—"It is related, that when Pausanias was at Byzantium, he cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice of a noble family there, and insisted on having her for a mistress. The parents, intimidated by his power, were under the hard necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman begged that the light might be taken out of his apartments, that she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence. When she entered he was asleep, and she unfortunately stumbled upon the candlestick and threw it down. The noise waked him suddenly, and he, in his confusion, thinking it was an enemy coming to assassinate him, unsheathed a dagger that lay by him, and plunged it into the virgin's heart. After this he could never rest. Her image appeared to him every night, and with a menacing tone repeated this heroic verse,—

'Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare!'

The allies, highly incensed at this infamous action, joined Cimon to besiege him in Byzantium. But he found means to escape thence; and as he was still haunted by the spectre, he

is said to have applied to a temple at Heraclea, where the manes of the dead were consulted. There he invoked the spirit of Cleonice, and entreated her pardon. She appeared, and told him 'he would soon be delivered from all his troubles, after his return to Sparta:' in which, it seems, his death was enigmatically foretold. These particulars we have from many historians."

NOTE 11, p. 95.—An allusion to some incident which occurred to Lord Byron on his approach to the Grindenwald.

NOTE 12, p. 98.—Over this fine drama, a moral feeling hangs like a sombrous thunder cloud. No other guilt but that so darkly shadowed out could have furnished so dreadful an illustration of the hideous aberrations of human nature, however noble and majestic, when left a prey to its desires, its passions, and its imagination. The beauty, at one time so innocently adored, is at last soiled, profaned, and violated. Affection, love, guilt, horror, remorse, and death, come in terrible succession, yet all darkly linked together. We think of Astarte as young, beautiful, innocent—guilty—lost—murdered—buried—judged—pardoned; but still, in her permitted visit to earth, speaking in a voice of sorrow and with a countenance yet pale with mortal trouble. We had but a glimpse of her in her beauty and innocence; but, at last, she rises up before us in all the mortal silence of a ghost, with fixed, glazed, and passionless eyes, revealing death, judgment, and eternity. The moral breathes and burns in every word,—in sadness, misery, insanity, desolation, and death. The work is "instinct with spirit,"—and in the agony and distraction, and all its dimly imagined causes, we behold, though broken up, confused, and shattered, the elements of a purer existence.—WILSON.

NOTE 13, p. 99.—An allusion to the suicide of Otho after his discomfiture at Brixellum. (See *Plutarch's Lives*.) Also the *Elegy of Martial* on this event.

NOTE 14, p. 100.—An expression and sentiment which abounds in the lighter or in the more serious writings of Lord Byron. That he was haunted by a dreary sense of desolation, is evident from some, even of the earliest fragments which he has left to the world. His kind of intellect was not easily satisfied with ordinary society; there was nothing congenial in the every-day converse of the world, so that he was driven to brood within himself, and as he could find no real

associate beyond the pale of his own imagination, it is not to be wondered at, if he gave evidence of a desolate species of being.

NOTE 15, p. 100.—Lord Byron has fairly acknowledged, that, although he began by being sceptical on the subject of the immortality of the soul, he was cured of that scepticism. There is therefore an inconsistency between some expressions in his earlier writings and this, but the inconsistency is one which is occasioned by an avowed change of opinion.

NOTE 16, p. 100.—There are three only, even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of those nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goethe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious Faustus. Schiller, with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty, and heroic bosom of Wallenstein. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world, and all that it inherits, for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times, there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confiding faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we, his readers, always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated, even by his melancholy, not to be

confirmed in our own belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. There is neither philosophy nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away; the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination *may once have disturbed our own*;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness which to him is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine.—WILSON.

NOTE 17, p. 100.—An allusion to the matter of the second and fourth verses of the sixth chapter of Genesis.—“And it came to pass that the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair.”—“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.”

NOTE 18, p. 101.—“But what can I say of the Coliseum? It must be *seen*; to describe it I should have thought impossible, if I had not read ‘*Munfred*.’ To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one ‘must see it by the pale moonlight.’ The stillness of night, the whispering, echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone could describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself.”—MATTHEWS’S *Diary of an Invalid*.

Notes to Cain.

NOTE 1, p. 104.—That the Old Testament contains repeated passages which directly allude to a future being, is incontestable, and it is as certain also that the drift of the whole history of Abraham and his descendants bears a similar interpretation. So constant, in fact, and so often reiterated, are the positive indications of futurity, that it were quite supererogatory to cite any here.

NOTE 2, p. 105.—“Prayer,” said Lord

Byron, at Cephalonia, “does not consist in the act of kneeling, nor in repeating certain words in a solemn manner. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of heaven; and when I feel the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed these upon me.”—KENNEDY’S *Conversations* p. 135.

NOTE 3, p. 105.—This passage affords a key to the temper and frame of mind of Cain throughout the piece. He disdains the limited existence allotted to him; he has a rooted horror of death, attended with a vehement curiosity as to his nature; and he nourishes a sullen anger against his parents, to whose misconduct he ascribes his degraded state. Added to this, he has an insatiable thirst for knowledge beyond the bounds prescribed to mortality; and this part of the poem bears a strong resemblance to Manfred, whose counterpart, indeed, in the main points of character, Cain seems to be.—CAMPBELL.

NOTE 4, p. 106.—Cain's description of the approach of Lucifer would have shone in the "Paradise Lost." There is something spiritually fine in this conception of the terror of presentiment of coming evil.—JEFFREY.

NOTE 5, p. 107.—"In this long dialogue, the tempter tells Cain (who is thus far supposed to be ignorant of the fact) that the soul is immortal, and that "souls who dare use their immortality" are condemned by God to be wretched everlastingly. This sentiment, which is the pervading *moral* (if we may call it so) of the play, is developed in the lines which follow."—HEBER. The criticism is neither true nor just, and Lord Byron repudiates the inuendo with great reason. It were absurd to represent Cain and Satan like two archangels of light.

NOTE 6, p. 107.—The tree of life was doubtless a material tree, producing material fruit, proper as such for the nourishment of the body; but was it not also set apart to be partaken of as a symbol or sacrament of that celestial principle which nourishes the soul to immortality?—BISHOP HORNE.

NOTE 7, p. 108.—It may appear a very prosaic, but it is certainly a very obvious criticism on these passages, that the young family of mankind had, long ere this, been quite familiar with the *death of animals*—some of whom Abel was in the habit of offering up as sacrifices; so that it is not quite conceivable that they should be so much at a loss to conjecture what *death* was.—JEFFREY.

NOTE 8, p. 115.—It is not very easy to perceive what natural or rational object the Devil proposes to himself in carrying his disciple through the abyss of space, to show him that repository of which we remember hearing something in our infant days, "where the old moons are hung up to dry." To

prove that there is a life beyond the grave, was surely no part of his business when he was engaged in fostering the indignation of one who repined at the necessity of dying. And, though it would seem, that entire Hades is, in Lord Byron's picture, a place of suffering, yet, when Lucifer himself had promised that these sufferings were the lot of those spirits who had sided with him against Jehovah, is it likely that a more accurate knowledge of them would increase Cain's eagerness for the alliance, or that he would not rather have inquired whether a better fortune did not await the adherents of the triumphant side? At all events, the spectacle of many ruined worlds was more likely to awe a mortal into submission, than to rouse him to hopeless resistance; and, even if it made him a hater of God, had no natural tendency to render him furious against a brother who was to be his fellow-sufferer.—HEBER.

NOTE 9, p. 115.—"Death, the last and most dreadful of all evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others—

'To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests
roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis
o'er.

But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is, by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable as a species of immortal men. We have no reason, therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life: but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still improving states (for which we have the strongest reasons), it will then appear a new favour from the divine munificence; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road. The instability of human life, or of the changes of its successive periods, of which we

so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion; and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual successions of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and, like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life, the gilding of the sunshine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the eyes of infants at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal. The heat and vigour of the succeeding summer of youth ripen for us new pleasures,—the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chase: the serene autumn of complete manhood feasts us with the golden harvest of our worldly pursuits; nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us.—JENYNS.—“*These,*” says Dr. Johnson, “*are sentiments which, though not new, may be read with pleasure and profit, in the thousandth repetition.*”

NOTE 10, p. 116.—A speculation of Lord Byron's, which is not without much of reason, although it might be sneered at by the over accurate men of science on the one hand, as by the straight-laced minions of orthodoxy on the other. There is at least this comfort in admitting the origin of mankind as it is recorded in Genesis, that it saves one the trouble of an endless and profitless research. And, after all, the matter is not of the remotest consequence to mankind. One hypothesis is just as good as another. The only difference is, that some are more consoling and satisfactory than others. The whole matter, after all, resolves itself into the idea which has always prevailed, and which alone is accommodated to the intelligence of man, that the world (our world,) in its present construction, had a beginning; and that the

simplest way of accounting for its origin, (apart from any imperative dogma or revelation,) is to attribute it at once to the master-hand of a Creator.

NOTE 11, p. 116.—Hades is a place, in Lord Byron's description, very different from all that we had anticipated. He supposes that the world which we now inhabit had been preceded by many successive worlds, which had each, in turn, been created and ruined; and the inhabitants of which he describes, on grounds sufficiently probable for poetry, as proportioned, in bodily and intellectual strength, to those gigantic specimens of animal existence whose remains still perplex the naturalist. But he not only places the pre-Adamite giants in Hades, but the ghosts of the Mammoth and Megatherian, their contemporaries, and, above all, the phantoms of the worlds themselves which these beings inhabited, with their mountains, oceans, and forests, all gloomy and sad together, and (we suppose he means) in a state of eternal suffering. We really think that this belongs to that species of sublime, which is considerably less than a single step removed from the ridiculous.—HEBER.

NOTE 12, p. 120.—“It would be to no purpose to suppose two such opposite principles. For, admit that a being infinitely mischievous were infinitely cunning, and infinitely powerful, yet it could do no evil, because the opposite principle, of infinite goodness, being also infinitely wise and powerful, they would tie up one another's hands: so that upon this supposition, the notion of a deity would signify just nothing; and, by virtue of the eternal opposition and equality of these principles, they would keep one another at perpetual bay; and, being an equal match for one another, instead of being two deities, they would be two idols, able to do neither good nor evil.”—TILLOTSON.

NOTE 13, p. 120.—“Whatever we enjoy is purely a free gift from our Creator; but that we enjoy no more, can never, sure, be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves; that is to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all.”—JENYNS.

NOTE 14, p. 127.—The names of the rivers which enclosed the region of man's first purity and happiness.

Notes to Hours of Idleness.

NOTE 1, p. 130.—The Earl of Carlisle is here indicated.

NOTE 2, p. 530.—See BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, vol. viii., p. 91. London: 1835.

NOTE 3, p. 530.—This was at least one of the first productions of the greatest of modern poets, and with the natural love which every author bears towards his literary offspring, Lord Byron was very jealous of lacerating it afterwards. He was only fourteen years old when this piece was written, and much as his first productions were abused, it might pass muster in collections of greater pretensions than was the first volume which was issued from the press under his name.

NOTE 4, p. 130.—This fragment refers to the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants on the Newstead Estate, with whom the author contracted a very early and warm friendship.

NOTE 5, p. 131.—This piece is addressed to Lord Delawarr.

NOTE 6, p. 131.—See note *ante*.

NOTE 7, p. 131.—Lord Byron had a peculiar antipathy to elaborate inscriptions and pompous sepulchres, from his earliest years. He always indicated his wish that whoever performed the last duties for himself would be as brief and simple as possible in marking his final resting place. He left directions of the same kind in a will.

NOTE 8, p. 131.—The antiquity of Newstead Abbey is undoubted. It dates back to the latter end of the twelfth century, and passed from its monastic possessions into the hands of Lord Byron's ancestors at the period when all establishments of the kind were wrested from ecclesiastical corporations.

NOTE 9, p. 131.—The part taken in the Holy Wars by the ancestors of Lord Byron is more than problematical—indeed it be at least, attained no historical celebrity, and the name does not appear very prominently until much later in the records of this country itself. Mr. Moore has endeavoured to account for it, by explaining some piece of decoration in Newstead Abbey. But it must be borne in mind either that this symbol is of modern construction, or that it had no connection whatever with the family of the author,

who did not become possessors of the Abbey until the reign of Henry VIII., if not later.

NOTE 10, p. 131.—“In the park of Horstley, there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Buron's successors.”—THOROTON.

NOTE 11, p. 132.—Some of the ancestors of Lord Byron are recorded to have served at the siege of Calais, *temp.* Edward III. as well as at Cressy.

NOTE 12, p. 132.—The field of Marston Moor, so fatal to the royalists in the civil wars.

NOTE 13, p. 132.—See CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*.

NOTE 14, p. 132.—See the same: in which Sir Nicholas Byron is frequently mentioned with honour amongst the most zealous partisans of Charles I.

NOTE 15, p. 132.—This piece as well as some others which are inserted here, appears to have been written during Lord Byron's pupilage at Harrow; but whether as a portion of his class-work or not, is not apparent.

NOTE 16, p. 133.—An allusion to the seeming inequality in the fate of individuals.

NOTE 17, p. 134.—Lord Byron somewhere relates that some of his earliest effusions in the shape of school exercises, were not by any means flatteringly received by Dr. Drury, then head master at Harrow. The reason it would seem was, that most of these were written against the inclination and as tasks, and it must be admitted, that it was not until the publication of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” that he had signalised his pre-eminent talents. No one dreamt of his becoming an illustrious Poet during his school career.

NOTE 18, p. 137.—Lord Byron took great delight in the translations of the minor works of Camoëns published by Lord Strangford about this period.

NOTE 19, p. 137.—“The latter years of Camoëns present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the

proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoens sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1579."—STRANGFORD.

NOTE 20, p. 137.—Dr. Drury resigned his place of head-master at Harrow, in the month of March, 1805. He was succeeded by Dr. Butler.

NOTE 21, p. 137.—Lord Byron ever preserved a very great regard for Dr. Drury, and has frequently expressed himself to that effect at later periods.

NOTE 22, p. 137.—The Author has himself stated, what he must have felt, that he was by no means a general favourite amongst his school-fellows—not but that he contracted friendships at Harrow, which did not cease with his school-days.

NOTE 23, p. 137.—The Duke of Dorset, who was killed whilst hunting in Ireland. He was thrown from his horse and did not long survive the accident.

NOTE 24, p. 137.—An allusion to the fagging system at public schools.

NOTE 25, p. 138.—It does not appear that the remark is levelled at any person in particular.

NOTE 26, p. 131.—"Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, was born in 1527. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of 'Gorboduc,' which was played before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. His tragedy, and his contribution of the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the "Mirror for Magistrates," comprise the poetical history of Sackville. The rest of it was poetical. In 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset by James I. He died suddenly at the council table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain."—CAMPBELL.

NOTE 27, p. 138.—Charles Sackville, Earl

of Dorset, who flourished *temp.* Charles I. and William III. and who was as remarkable for his valour, as for his talent, taste, and patronage of literature. See the casual poems of Dryden, Prior, Pope, Congreve, and others of that period.

NOTE 28, p. 139.—Suggested by the receipt of intelligence reporting the death of the young Duke of Dorset, who had been one of Lord Byron's most constant and attached associates.

NOTE 29, p. 139.—It is well and generally known that the peculiar temper and tenor of Lord Byron's after life was attributable to his early disappointment at Annesley. According to Mr. Moore, Miss Chaworth was worthy of the esteem and admiration of her hopeless suitor. It was about the year 1804, that the passion which proved so fatal to his happiness was conceived or confirmed. It does not appear that Miss Chaworth ever entertained any reciprocal attachment for the poet; and but a year after he had avowed his passion, she was married to Mr. Musters.

NOTE 30, p. 139.—An allusion to the "Devil on two Sticks,"—the "Diable Boiteux," one of the clever satires of Le Sage.

NOTE 31, p. 139.—Referring to the candidates who appeared to contest the election for the University of Cambridge after the death of Pitt. Lord Henry Petty, and Lord Palmerston were the persons.

NOTE 32, p. 139.—Edward Harvey, third Lord Hawke.

NOTE 33, p. 139.—Alluding to the criticism on Greek metres, by Seale.

NOTE 34, p. 139.—A very fair satire on the spurious Latin of schoolmen.

NOTE 35, p. 139.—The discovery of the fact illustrated by the forty-seventh Proposition of the first book of Euclid, which has been attributed to Pythagoras.

NOTE 36, p. 140.—Alluding to the chapel gown worn by the boys on saints'-days.

NOTE 37, p. 140.—Lord Byron's character was as fervid and impetuous in his boyhood as it ever was—a thing which is well illustrated by the warmth and brevity of his school associations. He generally spoke of them afterwards to this effect.

NOTE 38, p. 140.—Referring to his pugilistic success at Harrow.

NOTE 39, p. 140.—To this day, one of the tombs in the church-yard at Harrow is pointed out, as having been Lord Byron's favourite retreat. Here, with the beautiful view to the

south-westward, and with Windsor in the distance before him, would he sit for hours, indulging his meditative inclinations.

NOTE 40, p. 140.—He was remarkably fond of selecting pieces of passionate vehemence for declamation on the Speech Days.

NOTE 41, p. 140.—The person indicated, is Mossop, who was contemporary on the stage with Garrick.

NOTE 42, p. 140.—Dr. Drury appears to have had more idea of Lord Byron's declamatory powers than of his literary abilities. Lord Byron himself mentions the fact with something approaching to a gentle sarcasm on Dr. Drury's lack of judgment.

NOTE 43, p. 141.—There is a proverb in Spanish, of which this is an accurate paraphrase or rather translation.

NOTE 44, p. 141.—Lord Byron refers to one of those casual and equivocal attachments, of which there were many in his youth. It has not transpired who the heroine was, but enough has been gathered to determine that her station and circumstances subjected her to some scandal in her intercourse with a young peer.

NOTE 45, p. 142.—These lines which relate to a circumstance which seems to have exercised a considerable effect upon Lord Byron, were directed to Miss Houson.

NOTE 46, p. 142.—For the use of this expression, see *Gray's Ode* :

“Hurtle through the darken'd air.”

NOTE 47, p. 143.—The legal denomination of a person under age—a minor.

NOTE 48, p. 143.—Alluding to the state of his mind at the time of his matriculation at the University of Cambridge. Lord Byron had a predilection for Oxford, and was not best pleased at being sent to the other University, and moreover, he would according to his own account have preferred remaining at Harrow, to either. In addition to these little vexations, his temper was at the time very much ruffled by the circumstances attending his passionate attachment for Miss Chaworth, who was married in the same year (1805.) It is not to be wondered at, that a person of such keen and deep sensibility as Lord Byron should have been soured by this combination of contingencies, more especially when it is remembered that he was left absolutely without a home to attract him, or, which was endeared to him, and without any one apparently to evince the slightest solicitude re-

specting his career or his well-being. He describes himself in his *Diary* as having been at this period “about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop.”

NOTE 49, p. 145.—The *piibroch* is not the instrument, as here indicated, but the air which is such a favourite amongst the ‘bag pipe players of Scotland.

NOTE 50, p. 149.—An allusion to a fête amongst the Highlanders.

NOTE 51, p. 150.—Creusa, who perished in the conflagration of Troy.

NOTE 52, p. 153.—The fable of Medea and Jason is far too well known to need animadversion here. This is a translation of one of the Choruses in the celebrated play of Euripides; and although it be correct as a paraphrase, it is rather that than a translation.

NOTE 53, p. 153.—Refer to the passage in the original.

NOTE 54, p. 153.—The intention of this piece is not to censure the person, but the office.

NOTE 55, p. 153.—Alluding to Demosthenes.

NOTE 55*, p. 153.—An allusion to the denomination of the dignitaries, who act as supervisors of the Chapels at the University.

NOTE 56, p. 154.—Given to the Author by Eddlestone, a chorister at Cambridge, to whom Lord Byron was particularly partial.

NOTE 57, p. 155.—An allusion to his participation in several private Theatrical performances, which he has recorded as so many boyish triumphs.

NOTE 58, p. 156.—The fragment to which Lord Byron replied through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle*, had been published in the columns of the *Morning Post*.

NOTE 59, p. 156.—Harrow.

NOTE 60, p. 157.—Miss E. Pigot.

NOTE 61, p. 158.—One of the most lofty and strikingly beautiful of the mountains of Scotland. Lord Byron's residence in the neighbourhood during his childhood had furnished him with some pleasing and wild recollections on the subject.

NOTE 62, p. 158.—The Scotch are not so fond of perverting the pronunciation of their words as the English; the word in Scotch is pronounced as it is spelt.

NOTE 63, p. 158.—It is well known that Lord Byron was descended, through his mother's family, from the branch of the house of Gordon, which by marriage had become con-

nected with the royal race of Stuart. The Gordons were, many of them, amongst the most zealous adherents of that ill-fated family after its final expulsion from Great Britain, and were involved in the luckless campaign of 1745.

NOTE 64, p. 158.—It is merely by conjecture, or by poetical analogy, that Lord Byron attributes to some of his forefathers a grave on Culloden Muir.

NOTE 65, p. 158.—A part of the highlands of Scotland.

NOTE 66, p. 158.—An allusion to the fabulous friendship of antiquity.

NOTE 67, p. 159.—Alluding to Mr. Becher, who signalled himself by several projects for the improvement of the condition of the working classes.

NOTE 69, p. 159.—This is the second piece on the same subject.

NOTE 70, p. 159.—An allusion to the foundation of the priory of Newstead by Henry II., which was one of his acts of atonement for the assassination of Thomas à Becket, according to the tradition. It is, at all events, ascertained that this institution took its rise very shortly after the above related event.

NOTE 71, p. 160.—The Badge of the Crusaders.

NOTE 72, p. 160.—The Scotch term for twilight.

NOTE 73, p. 160.—The religious establishment of Newstead Abbey was consecrated to the Holy Virgin.

NOTE 74, p. 160.—(See note *ante*).

NOTE 75, p. 160.—An allusion to a siege, of which Newstead became the scene, during the civil wars.

NOTE 76, p. 160.—See CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*, and other contemporary royalist accounts, for the services rendered by the members of the family of Byron to the royal cause.

NOTE 77, p. 160.—An allusion to the fate of Lord Falkland, who was killed at one of the battles of Newbury and who was at that time accompanying the regiment raised and commanded by one of the Byrons.

NOTE 78, p. 161.—It is recorded amongst the old wives' tales of that period that a portentous storm accompanied the passing breath of the Great Protector. Such was the superstition of either party that the fact (which is probable enough in itself) was converted into an omen of vast consequence to the fate of the realm and the people. It was conve-

niently interpreted by the one party, and fearfully understood by the other.

NOTE 79, p. 162.—Charles II.

NOTE 80, p. 162.—An allusion to the discovery of a brass eagle in the water which adorns the grounds at Newstead, which was reported to have belonged to the ecclesiastical occupants of the domain in olden time.

NOTE 81, p. 163.—Dr. Drury, (see note *ante*).

NOTE 82, p. 163.—This passage refers to the method adopted by Lord Byron to preserve the school-room at Harrow during the "barring out," which occurred in his pupilage at that college.

NOTE 83, p. 163.—We need not search the records of the school, or seek for information from other sources than from Lord Byron's own writings (from his Diary, Correspondence, &c.) to gather an idea of his course of life whilst at Harrow. He must certainly have been as troublesome and mischievous a pupil as ever wearied a master.

NOTE 84, p. 164.—Lord Byron was deeply and acutely sensitive. The recurrence of some old association to his mind; the sudden and unexpected meeting with some former companion, ever occasioned uncontrollable emotion within him. We have very many remarkable anecdotes illustrative of this trait of tenderness in his character. He has himself ingeniously recorded several instances of the kind in his private memoranda; and those of his acquaintances who have afforded their tribute to the literature of the age have enriched his own accounts with many interesting details. It is evident enough from a multitude of incidents and circumstances of this kind that if he appeared selfish or acted selfishly, the failing had been induced by his most unpropitious introduction into the world and by the variety of embittering casualties which accompanied it: to all of which, most likely, the world owes the most beautiful of poetry.

NOTE 85, p. 164.—It has been reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description: afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling, which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weak-

ness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara :

"Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTE 86, p. 164.—The Honourable John Wingfield, an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and brother to Lord Powerscourt.

NOTE 87, p. 164.—Mr. Cecil Tattersall.

NOTE 88, p. 164.—Alluding to an incident which had well-nigh cost Lord Byron his life.

NOTE 89, p. 164.—The Nobleman referred to, is the second Earl of Clare, who was a schoolfellow of Lord Byron's, at Harrow.

NOTE 90, p. 164.—The fifth Earl of Delawarr, who was also an old associate of the author's.

NOTE 91, p. 165.—Mr. Edward Long.

NOTE 92, p. 165.—The speeches at Harrow.

NOTE 93, p. 165.—Alluding to some complimentary expressions elicited from Dr. Drury by Lord Byron's first recital.

NOTE 94, p. 166.—There is a French proverb to the following effect:—

"L'amitié c'est l'amour sans ailes."

NOTE 95, p. 166.—The work of James Montgomery.

NOTE 96, p. 166.—A general allusion to the indistinct notion which is commonly possessed, concerning the heroes of history, whose names are in everybody's mouth. It is the prevailing habit of many persons to be perpetually citing examples of illustrious historical personages, without the least idea of their origin, &c. &c.

NOTE 97, p. 167.—Lord Byron was particularly alive to the smallness of his means, compared to the rank which he held; and being conscious of his own superiority, he was very tender of being slighted by the vulgar pomp and ostentation of wealth, and consequently preferred to keep aloof from the society which he felt would submit him to indignities which were unworthy of him. He thus saved society the humiliation of having discarded so great a man.

The same sentiment is expressed in a far more recent anonymous poem:—

"Some men 'tis true, however great their soul,
Were born, and have been suckled in
contempt ;

But, as the mighty floods of fortune roll,

May they not make one prosperous attempt?

Those floods are far beyond the wide control
Of which some little magnates have e'er
dreamt ;

And if the scorn'd ones should once chance
to float,

How will the scorners' spleen then scald
their throat."

NOTE 98, p. 167.—An adaptation of Virgil's beautiful episode, of which Nisus and Euryalus are the heroes.

NOTE 99, p. 169.—Harrow.

NOTE 100, p. 170.—Lord Clare.

NOTE 101, p. 170.—An allusion to an accidental coldness, which seems to have arisen between Lord Byron and the Earl of Clare.

NOTE 102, p. 171.—Mr. Long, who was a companion of Lord Byron's at Harrow, and also a fellow student with him at Cambridge.

NOTE 103, p. 172.—Miss Chaworth, or as she then had become, Mrs. Musters.

NOTE 104, p. 172.—A term synonymous with Saxon, and applied by the highlanders to the people of the lowlands, or of England.

NOTE 105, p. 173.—The passage of the Psalm lv. 6, "And I said, Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest," is readily suggested to the reader.

NOTE 106, p. 173.—Morven, a mountain in the county of Aberdeen, in Scotland. It is of very considerable elevation. The expression here applied to it is of frequent use in the poems of Ossian.

NOTE 107, p. 173.—A phenomenon which has already been spoken of in the notes to "Manfred," (which see). In Scotland, as in the Alps, especially on the loftier mountains, it very often happens that a thunder-storm will be observable below, whilst all is as clear as can be above. The whirl of the clouds, as if driven by an impetuous current of wind, may be observed beneath one in this manner when the atmosphere is perfectly undisturbed where one is stationed.

NOTE 108, p. 173.—Miss Duff—since Mrs. Cockburn.

NOTE 109, p. 174.—Colbleen; the name of a mountain in Scotland.

NOTE 110, p. 175.—Alluding to the criticism which appeared upon an Edition of the "British Atræcon."

NOTE 111, p. 175.—Alluding to a threat.

cned hostile meeting between a certain author and his critic.

NOTE 112, p. 176.—Allegra, the illegiti-

mate daughter of Lord Byron, was buried in the church at Harrow, according to his special request.

Notes to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

NOTE 1, p. 177.—Hobhouse is here referred to.

NOTE 2, p. 178.—See the passage in Juvenal, Sat. 1.

“Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamve
reponam,
Vexatus toties ranci Theseide Codri?”

NOTE 3, p. 178.—The epithet is peculiarly illustrative of Fitzgerald's caste of literary productions; but it was really more than that worthy deserved, to be even thus severely noticed.

NOTE 4, p. 178.—A further allusion to the nature of Fitzgerald's celebrity.

NOTE 5, p. 178.—See the concluding chapter of Don Quixote.

NOTE 6, p. 178.—See Juvenal, Sat. i. for the parallel passage—

“Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
—— occurras peritura parcere chartæ.”

NOTE 7, p. 179.—See the same—

“Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere
campo

Per quem magnos equos Auruncæ flexit
alumnus:

Si vavat, et placidi rationem admittitis,
sedan.”—

NOTE 8, p. 179.—It was whilst Lord Byron was engaged in the composition of this incomparable satire that he turned his attention especially to the works of Pope, the most polished writer of the English Augustan age; and hence our author's subsequent admiration for this, his tacit master.

NOTE 9, p. 179.—An allusion to one Stott, of Morning Post celebrity. His literary designation, however, was generally known as that of Huff.

NOTE 10, p. 179.—“When Lord Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of degeneration among my betters. My crime

was having written a poem for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copyright for that sum.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTE 11, p. 179.—It is well known that Lord Byron had a delicate and scrupulous objection to realise money by his works. Notwithstanding the original scantiness of his fortune, which had, moreover, been very materially lessened by the want of providence, which was by no means extraordinary in a person of his inclinations and habits, and by the wanton extravagance which attended one portion of his career, and which was more especially attributable to Lady Byron, he long sternly refused the handsome remittances of Mr. Murray; and it was not without great difficulty that he was induced to accept the sum of one thousand guineas awarded as the price of the “Siege of Corinth.” Circumstances afterwards compelled him to accept various sums from his publisher which, great as they may appear, have left an ample margin to Mr. Murray; and although the gross amount paid by the latter was no less than £23,500, there can be no doubt but that he had very liberally rewarded his own share in the production of these works.

NOTE 12, p. 180.—The poem, entitled “Thalaba,” by Southey, is certainly of an exceptional character. Lord Byron, who can never be said to have been too severe toward his contemporary, considering the gratuitous and unmeasured manner in which Southey assailed him, has withered this production.

NOTE 13, p. 180.—There is a slight incongruity here, (see Southey's preface)

NOTE 14, p. 180.—An allusion to a ballad of Southey's, bearing the facetious title of “The Old Woman of Berkeley,” which is remarkable for some of that author's quaint but meagre conceptions.

NOTE 15, p. 180.—An allusion to Gifford's

parody on "SOUTHEY'S *Dactyls*," which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, especially referring to the expression "God help thee."—

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling book;
Dilworth and Dyeche are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactyls, call'st thou 'em?—'God help thee,'
silly one."

NOTE 16, p. 180.—An allusion to the tenor of the preface to the works of that writer.

NOTE 17, p. 180.—An allusion to some poems by Coleridge.

NOTE 18, p. 180.—This line originally stood thus:—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."

NOTE 19, p. 180.—Mr Matthew Lewis, who was a member of the House of Commons at the time.

NOTE 20, p. 180.—This contains an allusion to a passage in a piece, which appeared in "the Statesman," and which is attributed to Jekyll. It was addressed to Mr. Lewis.

NOTE 21, p. 181.—See Lord STRANGFORD'S *Translation of CAMOENS* at page 127, and note; also the criticism on this work, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* at the time of its publication.

NOTE 22, p. 181.—An allusion to the quantities of spurious poems, which have been thrust by his translators and commentators upon the shoulders of Camoens, and of which he was purely guiltless.

NOTE 23, p. 181.—"The Triumph of Temper," and "the Triumph of Music," are amongst the poetical productions of Hayley.

NOTE 24, p. 181.—An allusion to Grahame, the author of a wretched production entitled "Sabbath Walks," "Biblical Pictures," and of other similar stuff. Lord Byron had dignified him by the censure. His poems are far beneath it, and would probably have never been dreamt of but for the satire. At all events this precious writer richly deserved the lash.

NOTE 25, p. 181.—Alluding in particular to two productions of Mr. Bowles, the "Sonnet to Oxford," and the "Stanzas on hearing the bells of Ostend. The last is truly a poetical subject.

NOTE 26, p. 181.—An allusion to a precious anatory episode.

NOTE 27, p. 181.—Lord Byron latterly severely regretted the publication of English

Bards and Scotch Reviewers, in which he was conscious that he had abandoned himself to the utmost acrimony awakened by his censors, but it does not appear that he ever regretted the figure which Bowles was made to cut in that satire.

NOTE 28, p. 181.—See POPE'S *Dunciad*. Curll was a Bookseller. The sobriquet of Lord Fanny will be in like manner explained.

NOTE 29, p. 182.—An allusion to the employment of Mallet by Lord Bellingbroke, in the exemplary service of aspersing against the memory of Pope.

NOTE 30, p. 182.—Dennis and Ralph, who figure in the "*Dunciad*" of Pope:—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
howls,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!"

NOTE 31, p. 182.—An error, see the "Antiquities of Greece" or "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary," under the head of Helicon.

NOTE 32, p. 182.—An allusion to Messieurs Cottle, of whom Lord Byron says, that they were "once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell." They signalized themselves by the production, of two Epic poems, as they were pleased to call them.

NOTE 33, p. 182.—An allusion to the author, of a species of didactic, respecting "Richmond Hill," "Westminster Abbey," and other poems, and who crowned all by one of the most self-sufficient autobiographies that ever stamped a man for conceit.

NOTE 34, p. 182.—An allusion to the manner in which the poems of Montgomery were received in England and in Scotland, in each of which he was very differently handled. Lord Byron does not treat him very harshly.

NOTE 35, p. 182.—Mr. Crowe's Criticism on the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was so just, as far as literary acumen was concerned, that it induced Lord Byron to alter many words in the original text, particularly referred to by the Critic.

NOTE 36, p. 182.—The elevation which overlooks the Capital of Scotland.

NOTE 37, p. 182.—Sydney Smith only retained the conduct of the *Edinburgh Review* for a few numbers. It was subsequently edited by Jeffrey, who has since been Lord Advocate of Scotland, and a Lord of the Session.

NOTE 38, p. 182.—An allusion to the notable meeting between Jeffrey and Moore, and

to the tattle which became current respecting it in the papers concerning the interference of the authorities, and the harmless manner in which the arms were found to have been loaded.

NOTE 39, p. 183.—A bantering sally, involving the question of national rivalry.

NOTE 40, p. 183.—The sarcasm is too local to be of much interest now. Yet it is certainly well pointed at the *virtuoso* and antiquarian affectation of that nobleman, and was well understood by himself and by those who were acquainted with his pretensions and pursuits.

NOTE 41, p. 183.—A writer who was occupied especially with the study and translation of the literature of Iceland and Norway.

NOTE 42, p. 183.—Sydney Smith.

NOTE 43, p. 183.—An allusion to one of Hallam's criticisms.

NOTE 44, p. 183.—A tutor at Eton.

NOTE 45, p. 183.—An allusion to critical and dramatical works by that author.

NOTE 46, p. 183.—Referring to the consequences of some of Brougham's articles in the Edinburgh Review.

NOTE 47, p. 183.—Refer to the cover of that periodical.

NOTE 48, p. 183.—Lord Henry Petty, one of the great wits of his day, since better known as Marquis of Lansdowne.

NOTE 49, p. 183.—Alluding to some translations by Lord Holland.

NOTE 50, p. 183.—A remark touching her critical supremacy.

NOTE 51, p. 183.—See the play of Tekeli.

NOTE 52, p. 183.—Adapting that author's prevailing phrases.

NOTE 53, p. 184.—Kenny, whose dramatical productions had secured him so high a reputation, and who it will be remembered died very suddenly on the eve of a benefit which had been very liberally got up in his behalf in the course of the present summer (1849).

NOTE 54, p. 184.—Alluding to some tricks played by that gentleman during his management of Drury Lane.

NOTE 55, p. 184.—The exceeding hilarity and joyous wit of Colman rendered him very eminent as a boon companion.

NOTE 56, p. 184.—Cumberland, whose works were so popular in their day.

NOTE 57, p. 184.—Alluding to the success of a pantomime, by Dibdin.

NOTE 58, p. 184.—The occupation of that person about Drury Lane Theatre.

NOTE 59, p. 184.—An allusion to Skelington's dramatical works.

NOTE 60, p. 184.—Both well known upon the boards.

NOTE 61, p. 184.—The place and not the person.

NOTE 62, p. 184.—The relations of Petronius with the Emperor Nero are well known.

NOTE 63, p. 185.—Mr. Andrews, a powder manufacturer and small writer in his way.

NOTE 64, p. 185.—An allusion to a pamphlet by the Earl of Carlisle on the condition of the English drama.

NOTE 65, p. 185.—A parody ridiculing a poem entitled "Elijah's Mantle."

NOTE 66, p. 185.—An allusion to some trifling works.

NOTE 67, p. 186.—Assumed names currently known at the time as attached to the fragmentary poetry of the papers.

NOTE 68, p. 186.—The same to whom Lord Byron has addressed a small piece. (See Occasional Pieces). Joseph Blackett was a shoemaker.

NOTE 69, p. 186.—Indicating the same.

NOTE 70, p. 186.—A sarcasm on the ostentatious patronage of Mr. Lofft.

NOTE 71, p. 186.—Alluding to a piece by Bloomfield.

NOTE 72, p. 186.—Refer to the "Recollections of a Weaver."

NOTE 73, p. 186.—Thomas Campbell and Samuel Rogers, whose reputation was long since established by the "Pleasures of Hope" of the one, and the "Pleasures of Memory" of the other.

NOTE 74, p. 186.—Gifford, well known as the author of the Baviad and Mæviad.

NOTE 75, p. 186.—The author of some translations and original works. The name of Sotheby is so little heard of now, that the satirical censure of Lord Byron seems to have been confirmed by public opinion.

NOTE 76, p. 186.—Macneil's poems had an astonishing run in their turn.

NOTE 77, p. 186.—An allusion to an announcement of Gifford's.

NOTE 78, p. 186.—The melancholy death and the merits of Kirke White are well known.

NOTE 79, p. 187.—Shee, who from his little productions of that period, has since attained great eminence.

NOTE 80, p. 187.—Mr. Wright, whose poem entitled "Horæ Ionicæ" is certainly distinguished by great merit.

NOTE 81, p. 187.—Bland and Merivale.

NOTE 82, p. 187.—Lamb and Lloyd.

NOTE 83, p. 188.—Alluding to "the Shipwreck of St. Paul," by Hoare.

NOTE 84, p. 188.—Alluding to "Exodus," by Hoyle.

NOTE 85, p. 188.—See the preface to "Exodus," (note 84.) The Book of Play by another Hoyle is of more established reputation.

NOTE 86, p. 188.—A sarcastic adaptation of the passage in GIBBON'S "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," vol. ii. p. 83. "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."

NOTE 87, p. 188.—A writer whose first production, a translation, was worthy of the admiration which it met.

NOTE 88, p. 183.—Thus written.

NOTE 89, p. 188.—A poem entitled the "Aboriginal Britons."

NOTE 90, p. 188.—Alluding to a canstie remark respecting the Duke of Portland

NOTE 91, p. 188.—Georgia.

NOTE 92, p. 188.—Sir John Carr was notorious for his love of gossip.

NOTE 93, p. 188.—A sarcasm on the eagerness of Lord Elgin, to attribute all his pilfered marbles to the hand of Phidias.

NOTE 94, p. 188.—"*Classic*" was the term used in the original text; it was not until several editions had been printed, that the word "*rapid*" was substituted.

NOTE 95, p. 188.—An allusion to Gell's researches on the site of ancient Troy, and to his work on the subject.

NOTE 96, p. 189.—In after years, Lord Byron felt and expressed considerable regret that this poem should ever have seen the day.

Notes to Hebrew Melodies.

NOTE 1, p. 190.—The author was never over-prond of these productions.

NOTE 2, p. 190.—The measure of Jewish Minstrelsy was always arbitrary.

NOTE 3, p. 190.—Lines suggested by the dress of a lady, who was present at an entertainment in which Lord Byron took part.

NOTE 4, p. 194.—Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death, by his order. She was a woman of unrivalled beauty, and

a haughty spirit: unhappy in being the object of passionate attachment which bordered on frenzy, to a man who had more or less concern in the murder of her grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and who had twice commanded her death, in case of his own. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement.—MILMAN.

Notes to Ode to Napoleon.

NOTE 1, p. 197.—

'Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains.
AND IS THIS ALL!'

I know not that this was ever done in the old world; at least, with regard to Hannibal: but, in the statistical account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of a person discovered, a few years since, in the parish of Eccles: which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as "the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible."

Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL! Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration.—GIFFORD.

NOTE 2, p. 197.—See Cassiodorus respecting the great battle fought by Attila on the Catalaunean plain.

NOTE 3, p. 197.—Sylla.

NOTE 4, p. 198.—Count Neipperg, who afterwards married Maria Louisa.

NOTE 5, p. 198.—The well-known anecdote of Dionysius the younger.

NOTE 6, p. 198.—Allusion to the Iron Cage, in which Bajazet II, was paraded about by Timour the Tartar.

NOTE 7, p. 198.—Prometheus, (see *Lemprière's Class. Dict.*)

NOTE 8, p. 198.—A story of this kind is told of Napoleon: the lines were perhaps suggested by those of Shakspeare:

—"The very fiend's arch mock,—
"To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."

Notes to The Curse of Minerva.

NOTE 1, p. 169.—This satire was too severely personal for even Lord Byron to suffer its full dissemination at the period when it was written. The apologists of Lord Elgin, however, sadly fail in making out their case when they urge in his defence that the collection of Athenian marbles "has been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country."

Note 2, p. 199.—See note *ante*; and an account of the death of Socrates.

Note 3, p. 199.—See note *ante* (to the "Giaour.")

Note 4, p. 199.—See note *ante* (to the word "kiosk.")

Note 5, p. 200.—On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had,

spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city.—**HOBHOUSE.**

Note 6, p. 200.—Alluding to Athens generally.

Note 7, p. 200.—Alluding to the notices of that nobleman which have been questionably carved in the Parthenon, &c.

Note 8, p. 200.—A citation. The term is merely adopted.

Note 9, p. 201.—The grant of £35,000, for the purchase of Lord Elgin's collection.

Note 10, p. 201.—Alluding to a remark of West's on the subject.

Note 11, p. 201.—A term aptly applied to the residence of Lord Elgin.

Note 12, p. 201.—That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature.—**H. W. WILLIAMS.**

Note 13, p. 201.—An allusion to Copenhagen

Note 14, p. 201.—See the lines of Pope:

"Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!"

Note 15, p. 201.—An allusion to the trade in bullion and coin, so actively carried on from the south-eastern ports during the war.

Notes to The Dream.

NOTE 1, p. 203.—This most melancholy but beautiful poem in which the most cankering sorrow of Lord Byron is imbosomed was first entitled "The Destiny."

Note 2, p. 204.—An attachment which Lord Byron concealed.

Note 3, p. 204.—A very true and painful representation of the actual celebration of his own marriage. It agrees, in many circumstances, with Lord Byron's prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda.

Note 4, p. 205.—Mithridates of Pontus.

Notes to The Lament of Tasso.

NOTE 1, p. 206.—This poem was suggested by a very brief visit to the place of confinement of the greatest of Italian poets, at Ferrara.

Note 2, p. 206.—In the Hospital of St. Anna, at Ferrara, they show a cell, over the door of which is the following inscription:—

‘Rispettate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ritenuto dimorò anni vii. mesi ii., scrisse verse e prose, e fù rimesso in libertà ad istanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno vi. Luglio, 1586.’—The dungeon is below the ground floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through its grated window from a small yard, which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. The bedstead, so they tell, has been carried off piecemeal, and the door half cut away, by the devotion of those whom “the verse and prose,” of the prisoner have brought to Ferrara. The poet was confined in this room from the middle of March, 1579, to December, 1580, when he was removed to a contiguous apartment much larger, in which, to use his own expressions, he could “philosophise and walk about.”—HOBHOUSE.

Note 3, p. 207.—For nearly the first year of his confinement Tasso endured all the horrors of a solitary cell, and was under the care of a gaoler, whose chief virtue, although he was a poet and a man of letters, was a cruel obedience to the commands of his prince. His name was Agostino Mosti. Tasso says of him, in a letter to his sister, “ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanità.”—HOBHOUSE.

Note 4, p. 207.—This fearful picture is finely contrasted with that which Tasso draws

of himself in youth, when nature and meditation were forming his wild, romantic, and impassioned genius. Indeed, the great excellence of the “Lament” consists in the ebbing and flowing of the noble prisoner’s soul;—his feelings often come suddenly from afar off,—sometimes gentle airs are breathing, and then all at once arise the storms and tempest,—the gloom, though black as night while it endures, gives way to frequent bursts of radiance,—and when the wild strain is closed, our pity and commiseration are blended with a sustaining and elevating sense of the grandeur and majesty of his character.—WILSON.

Note 5, p. 207.—Not long after his imprisonment, Tasso appealed to the mercy of Alfonso, in a canzone of great beauty, couched in terms so respectful and pathetic as must have moved, it might be thought, the severest bosom to relent. The heart of Alfonso was, however, impregnable to the appeal; and Tasso, in another ode to the princesses, whose pity he invoked in the name of their own mother, who had herself known, if not the like horrors, the like solitude of imprisonment, and bitterness of soul, made a similar appeal.—*Life of Tasso*, vol. ii. p. 408.

Note 6, p. 207.—The historical allusion itself is open to question.

Note 7, p. 207.—Tasso’s profound and unconquerable love for Leonora, sustaining itself without hope throughout years of darkness and solitude, breathes a moral dignity over all his sentiments, and we feel the strength and power of his noble spirit in the un-upbraiding devotedness of his passion.—WILSON.

Notes to the Vision of Judgment.

NOTE 1, p. 209.—A very severe satire on the poem under the same title, by Southey.

Note 2, p. 209.—Alluding to the refusal of an injunction to protect the copyright of “Wat Tyler.”

Note 3, p. 209.—See Parliamentary Debates, March 14th, 1817. Southey’s Reply.

Note 4, p. 209.—The well-known inscription by Southey, in which he celebrates the aspirations of Martin the regicide, who was imprisoned for thirty years in Chepstow Castle.

Note 5, p. 209.—An imitation of the lines published in the “*Anti-Jacobin*.”

Note 6, p. 210.—Mr. Walter Savage Landor, well known in the literary world for his classical and critical acumen, was amongst the earlier acquaintances of Southey.

Note 7, p. 211.—The period of the death of George III. was marked by the general revolts in the southern part of Europe.

Note 8, p. 212.—An allusion to the fate of Louis XVI.

Note 9, p. 213.—Suggested by the description of the remarkable *Aurora Borealis*, witnessed by Captain Parry in his voyage, (1819-20.)

Note 10, p. 213.—For a notice of Johanna Southcote, see the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv. p. 496.

Note 11, p. 214.—“No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson: he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, ‘Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.’”—BOSWELL, vol. v. p. 305, ed. 1835.

Note 12, p. 215.—Alluding to the obstinate opposition offered to all conciliatory measures towards the Roman Catholics, by George III.

Note 13, p. 216.—The Lord Chamberlain’s Badge.

Note 14, p. 216.—Alluding to an expression used by Horace Walpole.

Note 15, p. 217.—Mr. Wilkes made himself sufficiently notorious in his own time.

Note 16, p. 218.—The supposititious authors of the letters of Junius.

Note 17, p. 218.—Alluding to a work professedly elucidating the great mystery of the reign of Louis XIV., “the man with the Iron Mask;” and to another work on the same

subject by Lord Dover. It should be remarked that these elucidations do not seem to have done much towards setting the question at rest. It is as much a matter of doubt now as ever.

Note 18, p. 218.—That the work entitled “The identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character established” proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not, and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken.—MACKINTOSH.

Note 19, p. 219.—The motto of Junius.

Note 20, p. 212.—The retreat of Southey in the North of England.

Note 21, p. 219.—See the lines of Horace: —“Mediocribus esse poetis

Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.”

Note 22, p. 219.—The well known habit of George III. of reiterating his words, which has been admirably caricatured by Peter Pindar.

Note 23, p. 219.—Pye was the Laureate whom Southey succeeded.

Note 24, p. 220.—Refer to the life of Kirke White, attached to his poems.

Note 25, p. 220.—Alluding to a shrewd remark on the absurdities of the Ptolomean system.

Note 26, p. 220.—See the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 225.

Note 27, p. 221.—It is known that a dead body floats at its decomposition.

Notes to Domestic Pieces.

NOTE 1 p. 222.—See Moore’s account of these pieces.

Note 2, p. 223.—Suggested by actual incidents.

Note 3, p. 224.—Written just before his last departure from England, his sister having been attending upon him.

Note 4, p. 224.—There is a life in

which bespeaks the uneasy state of Lord Byron whilst at the Diodati (Coligny).

Note 5, p. 225.—An allusion to the remarkable casualties which always befel Admiral Byron.

Note 6, p. 226.—The water which adorns grounds at Newstead.

7, p. 226.—See note *ante*.

Notes to Occasional Pieces.

NOTE 6, p. 232.—Alluding to a boyish inscription at Harrow.

Note 8, p. 234.—The skull of which this drinking cup was made had been dug up in the grounds at Newstead.

Note 9, p. 235.—Suggested by the first sight of the child of Mrs. Musters.

Note 10, p. 235.—The monument exists to this day. The inscription runs thus—

“Near this spot

Are deposited the Remains of one

Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,

Strength without Insolence,

Courage without Ferocity,

And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

This Praise, which would be unmeaning

Flattery

If inscribed over human ashes,

Is but a just tribute to the memory of

BOATSWAIN, a Dog.

Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.”

Note 12, p. 239.—In Albania.

Note 13, p. 241.—The Greek scholar will readily construe this phrase. The Roman in many instances differs but little from classical Greek.

Note 14, p. 241.—Tender messages are invariably transferred by symbols in the East, for the women are jealously precluded from the knowledge of caligraphy.

Note 15, p. 241.—Constantinople.

Note 17, p. 242.—This is a very accurate translation of the fine song of Riga, one of the heroes of Grecian independence.

Note 18, p. 242.—See note *ante*.

Note 19, p. 242.—Refer to an account of the Career of Riga. He was a native of Thessaly.

Note 20, p. 242.—Adopted from a popular song amongst the Greek women.

Note 21, p. 242.—National songs and popular works of amusement throw no small light

on the manners of a people: they are materials which most travellers have within their reach, but which they almost always disdain to collect.—GEORGE ELLIS.

Note 23, p. 248.—An allusion to an anecdote concerning the Princess Charlotte.

Note 24, p. 249.—The lines in the monument of Thompson.

Note 25, p. 249.—For the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

Note 26, p. 249.—An allusion to the aspect of the fire, from Westminster Bridge.

Note 29, p. 250.—“The sequel of a temporary *liason*, formed by Lord Byron during his gay but brief career in London, occasioned the composition of this Impromptu. On the cessation of the connection, the fair one, actuated by jealousy, called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His lordship was from home; but finding ‘*Vathek*’ on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words ‘Remember me!’ Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas.”—MEDWIN.

Note 30, p. 253.—He was killed in America in 1814.

Note 31, p. 258.—Presented to Power and published with music.

Note 32, p. 259.—See Rev. vii., 6, 10, 11

Note 33, p. 259.—An allusion to the reported desecration of the body of Murat after its interment.

Note 34, p. 260.—The scene which accompanied the last sentence (for such it was) in Napoleon.

Note 35, p. 260.—Instances of extraordinary heroism related of the contending armies in the Netherlands.

Note 36, p. 261.—The French national colours.

Note 37, p. 264.—Geneva, Ferney Copet, Lausanne.

Notes to Childe Harold.

NOTE 1, p. 277.—Beattie.

Note 2, p. 277.—Lady Charlotte Harley.

Note 3, p. 278.—“Peri,” a supernatural and perfect being.

Note 4, p. 278.—The gazelle is remarkable for the beauty of its eye, and the comparison is held as highly complimentary in the Land of Hyperbole—the East.

Note 5, p. 278.—Castrì is a small village which is situated about the locality of the ancient Delphi.

Note 6, p. 279.—An allusion to the inclination which Byron has more than once recorded of visiting India.

Note 7, p. 280.—His name was Rushton. he was the son of a tenant on the Author's estate.

Note 8, p. 280.—He was sent back to England owing to his fretting.

Note 9, p. 280.—Fletcher remained in the constant service of Lord Byron until his death at Missolonghi.

Note 10, p. 280.—Lisbon itself is not only far from an agreeable place, but it is always exceedingly loathsome and dirty; but Cintra the suburban retreat of the court, is perhaps, one of the most delicious spots in Europe.

Note 11, p. 280.—The convent of "Nassa Senora de Pena."

Note 12, p. 281.—An allusion to the unpunished assassinations which were daily perpetrated at Lisbon, and of which many Englishmen were the unprotected victims.

Note 13, p. 281.—On this subject, see NAPIER'S *History of the Peninsular War*. Lord Byron's account is certainly not so accurate as it should have been: (thus seriously advanced.)

Note 14, p. 282.—Her insanity was a matter of later date.

Note 15, p. 283.—There is an eloquent account which will illustrate this passage in GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*. But the escape of Count Julian's daughter is otherwise pretty generally known.

Note 16, p. 284.—A Moorish instrument with two strings.

Note 17, p. 284.—An allusion to the burthen of the Spanish popular songs.

Note 18, p. 284.—The national cockade; it was red.

Note 19, p. 285.—An allusion to the appearance of the mountain passes, which at that time everywhere furnished evidence of war. The batteries and their conical piles of shot were met with on all hands.

Note 20, p. 285.—The story of the heroine of Saragossa is well known.

Note 21, p. 285.—These lines were not properly a portion of the context.

Note 22, p. 286.—See last note.

Note 23, p. 287.—See last notes.

Note 24, p. 287.—The denizens of London will generally understand the allusion to "being sworn in at Highgate."

Note 25, p. 287.—A method of vaulting, which forms part of the gymnastic exercises.

Note 26, p. 288.—The picture is admirable, and all who have witnessed the scene will acknowledge that it is to the life.

Note 27, p. 289.—An allusion to Solano, as governor of Cadiz.

Note 28, p. 289.—The memorable reply transmitted to the French Commander by the defender of Saragossa.

Note 29, p. 290.—See note *ante*.

Note 30, p. 290.—A portion of the citadel was blown up by a magazine, which took fire.

Note 31, p. 291.—A classical allusion. Refer to the "Antiquities of Greece."

Note 32, p. 291.—The ruins of the temple of Jupiter.

Note 33, p. 291.—Wrecked in the Grecian Archipelago.

Note 34, p. 293.—"The identity of the habitation assigned by poets to the nymph Calypso, has occasioned much discussion and variety of opinion. Some place it at Malta, and some at Goza."—HOARE'S *Classical Tour*.

Note 35, p. 294.—Lord Byron does himself an injustice by the supposition.

Note 36, p. 294.—See last note.

Note 37, p. 294.—Ithaca of the ancients.

Note 38, p. 294.—The modern name is Santa Maura—the ancient Leucadia, illustrated by the supposed suicide of Sappho.

Note 39, p. 295.—The Battle of Lepanto was one of the great actions which signalled the spreading power of the Turks. Cervantes served on the side of the Christian allies, and was crippled for life in this sanguinary contest.

Note 40, p. 295.—An allusion to the retinue of Anthony before Actium.

Note 41, p. 295.—Nicomolis is not very near Actium.

Note 42, p. 295.—The locality is not ascertained.

Note 43, p. 295.—The well known Ali Pacha.

Note 44, p. 295.—The heroic defence of Sulì, against assailants six times as numerous, is here referred to.

Note 45, p. 295.—Zitza, not very far from

Yanina. There is a convent at this place, which is a mere village, and the site is remarkably beautiful.

Note 46, p. 296.—Monks.

Note 47, p. 296.—There are evidences of volcanic action in the Chimariot Range.

Note 48, p. 296.—Kalamas is the modern name of the more classic Acheron.

Note 49, p. 296.—The mantle peculiar to the Albanian.

Note 50, p. 296.—The ancient Tomarus.

Note 51, p. 296.—The Laos is no contemptible stream when at its height, but its waters are periodical.

Note 52, p. 297.—“On our arrival at Tepaleen, we were lodged in the palace. During the night, we were disturbed by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum, and the voice of the ‘Muezzin,’ or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret or the mosck attached to the palace.”—HOBHOUSE

Note 53, p. 297.—“We were a little unfortunate in the time we chose for travelling, for it was during the Ramazan, or Turkish Lent, which fell this year in October, and was hailed at the rising of the new moon, and on the evening of the eighth, by every demonstration of joy: but although, during this month, the strictest abstinence is observed in the daytime, yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences.”—HOBHOUSE

Note 54, p. 297.—Ali Pacha’s assassination gave the appearance of prophecy to the poetical rhapsody of the author.

Note 55, p. 297.—The spoilers of wrecks, whose inhumanities were not uncommon in the extreme west of England.

Note 56, p. 298.—An allusion to the lax observance of the Mohammedan restrictions.

Note 57, p. 298.—A soldier—this is a general expression in the Romaic dialect.

Note 58, p. 298.—The description of a scene which actually took place, and which has been very graphically portrayed by Hobhouse.

Note 59, p. 298.—The Romaic term for drummer.

Note 60, p. 299.—Taken from the French by assault.

Note 61, p. 299.—The epithet applied to the Russians.

Note 62, p. 299.—Infidel.

Note 63, p. 299.—The symbols of the Pacha.

Note 64, p. 299.—See note *ante*.

Note 65, p. 299.—Swordman, or Sword-bearer.

Note 66, p. 299.—There are yet traces of the ancient buildings on the site of Phyle, which overlooks Athens.

Note 67, p. 299.—The Latin conquest and occupation.

Note 68, p. 299.—The two Holy cities have been occupied by a sect which is becoming numerous, called the Wahabees.

Note 69, p. 300.—Although the snow but rarely lays in the plains, even in the depth of winter, it is always to be distinguished throughout the year on the summits of the most elevated mountains.

Note 70, p. 300.—Mount Mendili, (the ancient Pentelicus), which still retains the indelible mark of having supplied the material for the most beautiful structures of Athens.

Note 71, p. 304.—A word especially used for technical description in Falconry; it is therefore not only applied with great beauty, but with as correct an accuracy.

Note 72, p. 304.—Alcæus’s beautiful ode to Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Note 73, p. 304.—An allusion to the great ball at Brussels.

Note 74, p. 304.—The Duke of Brunswick, whose father had fallen at Jena.

Note 75, p. 305.—Sir Evan Cameron.

Note 76, p. 305.—The general term is applied to the forest of Soignies, which at this time occupied the whole country between Brussels and Waterloo.

Note 77, p. 305.—The spot which, even to this day, may be indicated by some of the omniscient guides, who, according to their own accounts, must have been acquainted with every officer, and many private soldiers, who fought on that day, and with all their doings.

Note 78, p. 306.—An allusion to the fabulous fruit on the shores of the Lake Asphaltes.

Note 79, p. 307.—Alluding to the old ballads.

Note 80, p. 308.—Modern tourists are so very numerous, that Drachenfels is now as well known as the Tower of London, and you might gather a full description of it at “Joe’s.”

Note 81, p. 309.—Marceau’s monument

Note 82, p. 309.—Ehrenbreitstein, (see note 80).

Note 83, p. 309.—These memorials no longer exist in their pristine integrity, thanks to the humiliation of the French soldiery.

Note 84, p. 310.—The ancient Aventicum, (Capital of Roman Helvetia), now Avenches.

Note 85, p. 310.—Aulus Cæcina, and Julia Alpinula.

Note 86, p. 310.—An allusion to the dazzling brilliancy of the white heads of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentiere, even from Geneva, and to the magnificent effect of the re-

fection which is constantly to be seen in the calm lake.

Note 87, p. 310.—Alluding to the remarkably deep and beautiful colour of the water.

Note 88, p. 311.—Rousseau's passion for the Comtesse D'Houdilot.

Note 89, p. 313.—The magnificence of a thunderstorm over the Lake of Geneva, can only be conceived by those who have seen it, or who can appreciate the vigorous description of Lord Byron.

Note 90, p. 314.—Voltaire and Gibbon.

Note 91, p. 315.—Alluding to a syllogism of La Rochefoucault.

Notes to Don Juan.

Note 1, p. 316.—There can have been very little reason in the supposition of this dedication. It as certainly deserves insertion as any stanzas in the poems.

Note 2, p. 317.—The colours (blue and buff) adopted by the Whigs, and, in conformity, by the Edinburgh Review.

Note 3, p. 317.—The Emperor Julian.

Note 4, p. 318.—Don Juan is a very prevailing hero of Plays and Romances, and always in the character of a reckless libertine.

Note 5, p. 318.—The same General Vernon, whose capture of Porto-Bello, "*with six ships only*," was commemorated by a medal to this effect.

Note 6, p. 318.—The *hero (!)* of the convention of Closter Seven.

Note 7, p. 318.—Wolfe, who conquered, and fell at Quebec.

Note 8, p. 318.—Lord Hawke, the most successful admiral of his time.

Note 9, p. 318.—The Duke of Brunswick, celebrated for his military successes; Minden amongst others.

Note 10, p. 318.—The son of the Duke of Rutland, who achieved some military reputation.

Note 11, p. 318.—A general and author, who was not without distinction in both capacities.

Note 12, p. 318.—Son of Lord Albemarle. He held high naval command, but was not very successful.

Note 13, p. 318.—Lord Howe, of glorious

memory amongst British seamen, for having achieved the most empty victory that ever was laughed at by a vanquished enemy.

Note 14, p. 318.—Barnave, well known for his zeal in the Revolution of 1789.

Note 15, p. 318.—Brissot de Varville, who was similarly distinguished.

Note 16, p. 318.—Condorcet, an able writer, and also amongst the partisans of the new era.

Note 17, p. 318.—Mirabeau, the most impetuous and eloquent inciter of the Revolution.

Note 18, p. 318.—Petion, also actively engaged in that fearful outbreak.

Note 19, p. 318.—Jean Baptiste, (Anarcharis Clootz.) see former notes.

Note 20, p. 318.—Danton, see former notes.

Note 21, p. 318.—One of those who were signalized in the greatest atrocities of the Revolution.

Note 22, p. 318.—The survivor of all the worthies here mentioned.

Note 23, p. 318.—Joubert whose military career has established him as no inferior soldier or commander.

Note 24, p. 318.—Hoche, who commanded the fruitless expedition destined for the Coast of Ireland, and afterwards the army of the Sambre and Meuse.

Note 25, p. 318.—Marceau, whose first distinguishing service was in La Vendée; see note *ante*.

Note 26, p. 318.—Lannes, who figured in

the military annals of France before and under Napoleon.

Note 27, p. 318.—Desaix, already distinguished at Malta and in Egypt, was killed at Marengo; a monument has been erected to him at the Ho-pice St. Bernard.

Note 28, p. 318.—Signalized by many services in the French ranks, but afterwards engaged with the allies.

Note 29, p. 318.—Alluding to the prevailing beauty, symmetry, and elegant attire of the women of Seville.

Note 30, p. 319.—An allusion to Professor Feinagle, (a German.)

Note 31, p. 319.—Alluding to the death of Lady Romilly and the suicide of Sir Samuel.

Note 32, p. 326.—Ovid's Art of Love, b. ii.

Note 33, p. 326.—See *Gertrude of Wyoming*, part iii. stanza 1.

Note 34, p. 326.—Almsgavà (Boscan,) who was the introducer of Italian versification in Spain.

Note 35, p. 326.—Garcilassa de la Vega, signalized by his military services, as well as by his literary productions.

Note 36, p. 331.—“*Cortejo*,” synonymous with “*Caraliero Servante*.”

Note 37, p. 331.—A piece of irony. Donna Julia is here made to suggest the contrary to her assertion.

Note 38, p. 336.—Suggested by one of the author's own seals.

Note 39, p. 338.—The legend of Bacon's Brazen Head.

Note 40, p. 338.—This portion was completed in little more than a month.

Note 41, p. 339.—The particular veils then used.

Note 42, p. 340.—See Dr. Granville's and Dr. Kitchener's Recipes.

Note 43, p. 352.—An allusion to “the Narrative of the Honourable John Byron, (Commodore) in a late expedition round the world.” &c. &c.

Note 44, p. 352.—Dr. Franklin's Essay on the Economy of Early Rising.

Note 45, p. 352.—The plan of going to bed early, and rising betimes, has been called the golden rule for the attainment of health and long life. It is sanctioned by various proverbial expressions; and when old people have been examined, regarding the causes of their long life, they uniformly agreed in one particular,—that they went to bed early, and rose early.—SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

Note 46, p. 352.—The name of the Red Sea attributed by Bruce to the vast shoals of coral which existed along the bottom.

Note 47, p. 360.—There was an interval in the progress of “DON JUAN,” owing to the abuse which had been heaped upon the portions which first appeared.

Note 48, p. 360.—Translated from a *dictum* of Montaigne, the French philosopher.

Note 49, p. 360.—There is a similar allusion in Shakspeare.

Note 50, p. 360.—The term applied by Dante to his wife in the “*Divina Comedia*”—“*la fiera moglie*.”

Note 51, p. 360.—An allusion to the flight of Milton's first wife.

Note 52, p. 361.—The luckless marriages of great poets appear to prevail. Take the examples of Dante, Milton and Dryden; many others might be appended to the melancholy list.

Note 53, p. 362.—“This dance is still performed by young men armed cap-à-pie, who execute, to the sound of instruments, all the proper movements of attack and defence.”—DR. E. CLARKE.

Note 54, p. 362.—“Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances.”—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Note 55, p. 366.—The badge of Royalty amongst the women.

Note 56, p. 366.—Lord Byron somewhere cites instances in corroboration of his description.

Note 57, p. 367.—Alluding to a preparation with which the eyelids of the women are dyed.

Note 58, p. 368.—Homer.

Note 59, p. 368.—Anacreon.

Note 60, p. 372.—Alluding to the ancient fable concerning Achilles.

Note 61, p. 373.—Refer to the account given by Herodotus.

Note 62, p. 383.—See TOURNEFORT's description of the Slave Market, &c.

Note 62*, p. 383.—Correctly related, 269 THORNTON'S *Turkey* vol. ii. p. 239

Note 63, p. 383.—The comparison is greatly in favour of the Bosphorus.

Note 64, p. 383.—A favourite resort on the Asiatic side of the strait.

Note 65, p. 385.—In Bulgaria on the Danube.

Note 66, p. 386.—See De Pouqueville's account, although in general no great reliance is to be placed upon him.

Note 67, p. 386.—A "zecchino" (Turkish money) is a gold coin—a "para," copper.

Note 68, p. 386.—Alluding to an incident which came immediately under Lord Byron's observation.

Note 69, p. 387.—The boats at Constantinople.

Note 70, p. 387.—Alluding to the traditional fate of St. Bartholomew.

Note 71, p. 388.—An allusion to the prevalence of dram-drinking amongst the Turks.

Note 72, p. 388.—Described from actual observation.

Note 73, p. 392.—Adapting a piece of technical and oratorical phraseology.

Note 74, p. 392.—See note *ante*.

Note 75, p. 393.—The idea that pure de scent is traceable in the hands.

Note 76, p. 393.—The state prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers who are dilatory in taking their departure, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob.—*HOPKINS*.

Note 77, p. 398.—Allusion to the dictum of the daughter of Achmet III.

Note 78, p. 399.—Odessa is a very interesting place; and being the seat of government, and the only quarantine allowed except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very recent erection, already wealthy and flourishing. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duke of Richelieu, to whose administration, not to its natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity.—*BISHOP HEBER*.

Note 79, p. 399.—Alluding to the suicide of Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh).

Note 80, p. 399.—There is a bitter truth in this passage.

Note 81, p. 399.—A tribute of deserved esteem was paid to Canning in his exception from the category.

Note 82, p. 400.—Bishop Warburton's well-known definition of orthodoxy.

Note 83, p. 400.—See Julius Cæsar (Shakspere) act. iv. sc. iii.

Note 84, p. 400.—A fanatical sectarian, admired in Germany,

Note 85, p. 401.—Saracen's Head at Ware.

Note 86, p. 401.—"The blessed Francis, being strongly solicited one day by the emotions of the flesh, pulled off his clothes and scourged himself soundly; being after this inflamed with a wonderful fervour of mind he plunged his naked body into a great heap of snow. The devil, being overcome, retired immediately, and the holy man returned victorious into his cell."—See *BUTLER'S Lives of the Saints*.

Note 87, p. 402.—A satire on the fulsome-ness of the partisans of Queen Charlotte.

Note 88, p. 402.—Alluding to a passage of Suetonius respecting Caligula.

Note 89, p. 403.—The women of the Harem.

Note 90, p. 403.—Cantimir, known by his "History of the Ottoman Empire."

Note 91, p. 403.—"Memoirs of the Turkish Empire."

Note 92, p. 403.—"It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia, that nature has placed, at least to our eyes the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance: the men are formed for action, the women for love."—*GIBBON*.

Note 93, p. 403.—The grand Signior.

Note 94, p. 404.—The name of one of the girls at the house which Lord Byron occupied at Athens.

Note 95, p. 404.—See Morier's description of a Georgian model beauty.

Note 96, p. 405.—A mixed metal.

Note 97, p. 407.—Quizzing, the language of one of Queen Charlotte's counsel.

Note 98, p. 412.—Casemate is a work made under the rampart, like a cellar or cave, with loopholes to place guns in it, and is bomb-proof.—*Milit. Dict.*

Note 99, p. 412.—When the breastwork of a battery is only of such height that the guns may fire over it without being obliged to make embrasures, the guns are said to fire in barbet.—*Ibid.*

Note 100, p. 414.—See note *ante*. The word means "maniac."

Note 101, p. 416.—On historical record.

Note 102, p. 420.—The Moslem battle-cry.

Note 103, p. 421.—An allusion to the misnomers which appear in the Gazettes.

Note 104, p. 422.—Unexaggerated.

Note 105, p. 422.—The well-known proverb indigenous to Portugal, that

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

Note 106, p. 423.—Alluding to the alleged discovery of the use of powder.

Note 107, p. 424.—*Talus*, the slope or inclination of a wall, whereby, reclining at the top so as to fall within its base, the thickness is gradually lessened according to the height.—*Milit. Dict.*

Note 108, p. 424.—It has been a favourite assertion with almost all the French, and some English writers, that the English were on the point of being defeated, when the Prussian force came up. The contrary is the truth. Baron Muffling has given the most explicit testimony, "that the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy, even if the Prussians had never come up." The laurels of Waterloo must be divided—the British won the battle, the Prussians achieved and rendered available the victory.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Note 109, p. 427.—A "cavalier" is an elevation of earth, situated ordinarily in the gorge of a bastion, bordered with a parapet, and cut into more or fewer embrasures, according to its capacity.—*Milit. Dict.*

Note 110, p. 429.—One of the orders of knighthood in Russia.

Note 111, p. 430.—See Voltaire's account.

Note 112, p. 436.—"A kind of madness, in which men have the qualities of wild beasts."—TODD

Note 113, p. 437.—Alluding to the manner of his death.

Note 114, p. 438.—A crystal, so called from the spot where it is found in the North of Scotland.

Note 115, p. 438.—The especial favourite of the Empress Catherine.

Note 116, p. 438.—Written previously to his suicide.

Note 117, p. 439.—Alluding to the characteristic brevity of Suwarrow.

Note 118, p. 441.—The number of serfs constitutes the value of an estate.

Note 119, p. 442.—An allusion to the fall of Newton's apple tree.

Note 120, p. 443.—The word is used in this sense on Scott's authority.

Note 121, p. 443.—A question as to orthography.

Note 122, p. 444.—Alluding to his early recollections of Scotland.

Note 123, p. 444.—See the *History of Rome*. Tibertus Gracchus, as Tribune.

Note 124, p. 445.—The term is correctly applied to land.

Note 125, p. 447.—Alluding to the favourite of the Empress Anne.

Note 126, p. 448.—The words of Napoleon.

Note 127, p. 448.—Kant, the originator of a school of philosophy.

Note 128, p. 448.—The Legend of St. Ursula.

Note 129, p. 449.—Referring to the monument of the Prince.

Note 130, p. 449.—Becket's assassination in the Chapel of St. Benedict, in Canterbury Cathedral.

Note 131, p. 450.—The Indies. America.

Note 132, p. 450.—See the hypothesis of the Bishop of Cloyne, in "The Principles of Human Knowledge."

Note 133, p. 452.—A thief of the lower order, who, when he is breeched by a course of successful depredation, dresses in the extreme of vulgar gentility, and affects a know ingness in his air and conversation, which renders him in reality an object of ridicule.—VAUX.

Note 134, p. 452.—Any well-dressed person is emphatically called a swell, or a *real* swell.—P. EGAN.

Note 135, p. 452.—A fellow who affects any particular habit, as swearing, dressing in a particular manner, taking snuff, &c., merely to be noticed, is said to do it out of *flash*.—*Ibid.*

Note 136, p. 452.—The resort of thieves.

Note 137, p. 452.—The playhouse.

Note 138, p. 452.—To humbug a fool.

Note 139, p. 452.—Highway robbery on horseback.

Note 140, p. 452.—Sport. amusement.

Note 141, p. 452.—A loose woman who attends a thief.

Note 142, p. 452.—Gentlemanly.

Note 143, p. 452.—To admire, to be fond of.

Note 144, p. 453.—A kind of medicated malt liquor, in which wormwood and aromatics are infused.—TODD.

Note 145, p. 453.—The general use of gas in the streets of London dates from 1812.

Note 146, p. 453.—The common term for gaming-houses.

Note 147, p. 455.—"Respecting." The word "anent" is Scotch.

Note 148, p. 455.—A term applied to young ladies who dress up to become marriageable.

Note 149, p. 457.—Ghost or goblin.

Note 150, p. 458.—The tale told of George II. concerning the will of his father.

Note 151, p. 459.—The Congress of Verona

Note 152, p. 459.—The three cantos, XII. XIII. and XIV. appeared at one time.

Note 154, p. 461.—See any phrenological productions.

Note 155, p. 467.—The second Lord Grey.

Note 156, p. 467.—Alluding to the memorable close of Lord Chatham's life and political career.

Note 157, p. 468.—See "Faust" of Goëthe.

Note 158, p. 472.—A transposition.

Note 159, p. 473.—The armorial bearings of the religious establishment of Newstead are yet preserved in one of the windows.

Note 160, p. 474.—Salvator Rosa, the celebrated painter.

Note 161, p. 475.—In Assyria.

Note 162, p. 476.—*Siria*; there is a star called *Sirius*.

Note 163, p. 476.—Curran and Erskine.

Note 164, p. 482.—A favourite national dance in Spain.

Note 165, p. 482.—Guido's most celebrated work, in the palaces of Rome, is his fresco of

the Aurora, in the Palazzo Rospigliosi.—
BRYANT.

Note 166, p. 486.—A small carrion bird—and an allusion to the Emperor Alexander.

Note 167, p. 486.—The Royal Palace at Brighton.

Note 168, p. 488.—The two Cantos, XV. and XVI., appeared at one time.

Note 169, p. 490.—The celebrated picture, by Raphael, represents the "Transfiguration."

Note 170, p. 496.—The negative omitted.

Note 171, p. 497.—The boiling spring in Iceland, so generally known.

Note 172, p. 498.—Alluding to the controversy on the subject of the celebrated Tyrian purple.

Note 173, p. 501.—Lord Byron once imagined he saw the ghost of a monk at Newstead.

Note 175, p. 503.—A master-piece.

Note 176, p. 509.—An allusion to Schröepfer's apparition to Prince Charles of Saxony.

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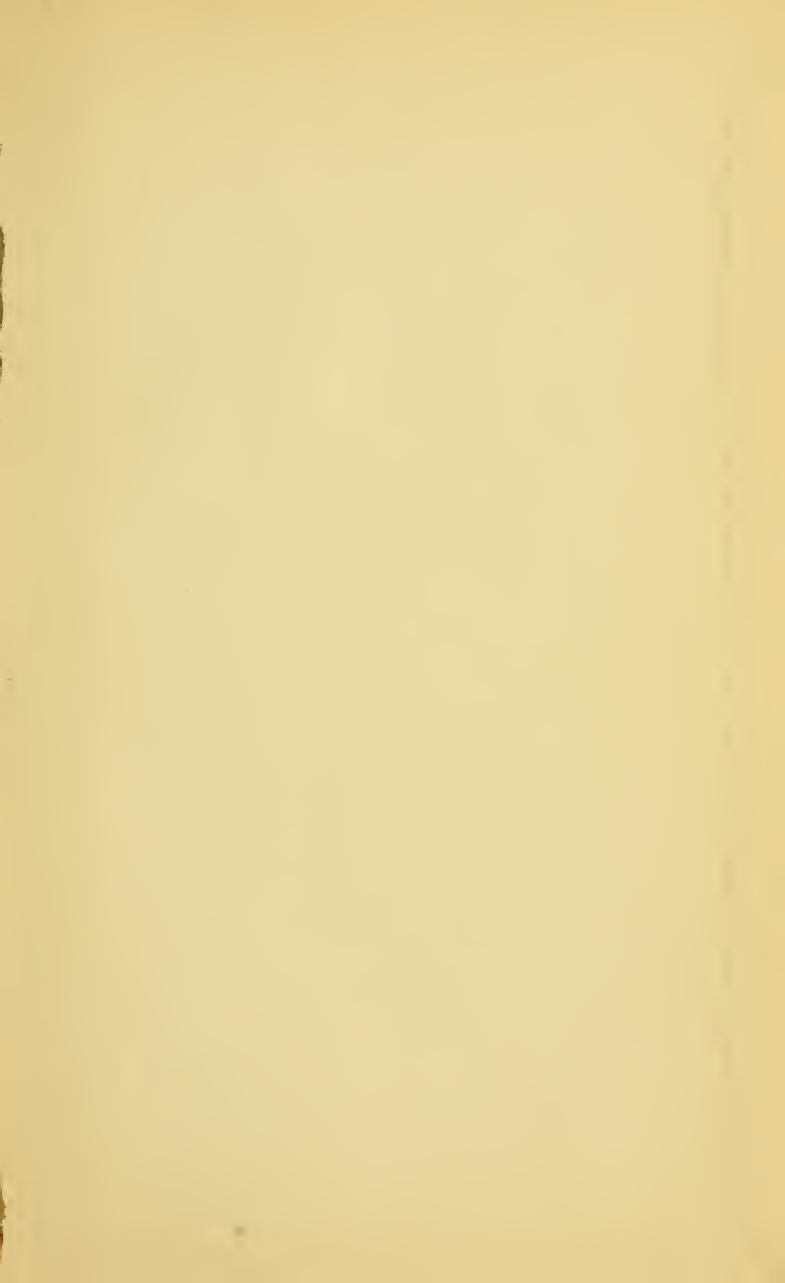
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