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Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear :  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post.

“Childe Harold,” canto i., 56.







# P O E M S.

BY LORD BYRON.

" Like an archangel exiled for dark crimes,  
His spirit walk'd the earth in scorn and gloom,  
And where it smote, it smote like the almoom,  
Deadly though beautiful. Yet there were times  
When his great soul shone out upon the world  
In all the primal glory of her light.  
His songs were then remembrances of Heaven,  
Dash'd with a scoffing spirit at that Earth  
In which he seem'd constrain'd to live. Yet even  
In his most mocking moments you could trace  
The fire of genius, and, unconscious, bow  
To the bright halo which it cast around him."—*Asox.*

*With Eight Illustrations,*

BY BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN GILBERT, ETC.

*A New Edition.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT

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INSTEAD of an excuse, the Publishers have to offer a congratulation to the Public upon being enabled, by the lapse of copyrights, to add most of the Poetical Works of Byron to their cheap, but elegant series of our most esteemed poets. This volume contains all Lord Byron's Poems of which the copyright is free, with the exception of Don Juan, from which extraordinary work, as it is their wish that their books should be welcomed in every family circle, they have only presented carefully-selected beautiful passages, with which English readers are so well acquainted, that they would naturally look for them.



## CONTENTS.

HOURS OF IDLENESS:—	
Preface .....	Page 1
On the Death of a Young Lady—"Hush'd are the winds".....	3
To E—"Let folly smile" .....	3
To D—"In thee I fondly hoped" .....	4
Epitaph on a Friend—"Oh, friend! for ever" .....	4
A Fragment—"When to their airy hall" .....	5
On leaving Newstead Abbey—"Through thy battlements" ..	5
Answer to Lines written in "Letters to an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman," &c.—"Dear simple girl" .....	6
Adrian's Address to his Soul when Dying—"Ah! gentle" ..	7
Translation from Catullus—"Equal to Jove" .....	7
Translation of the Epitaph on Virgil and Tibullus—"He who sublime" .....	8
Imitation of Tibullus—"Cruel Cerinthus" .....	8
Translation from Catullus—"Ye Cupids" .....	8
Imitated from Catullus. To Ellen—"Oh! might I kiss" ..	9
Translation from Horace—"The man of firm and noble soul"	9
From Anacreon—"I wish to tune" .....	9
" " —" 'Twas now the hour" .....	10
" " the Prometheus Vincetus, &c.—"Great Jove" .....	10
To Emma—"Since now the hour" .....	11
" M. S. G.—"Whene'er I view those lips" .....	12
" Caroline—"Think'st thou I saw" .....	13
" " —"When I hear you express" .....	14
" " —"Oh! when shall the grave" .....	14
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoens—"This votive pledge" .....	15
The First Kiss of Love—"Away with your fictions" .....	15
On a Change of Masters at a Great Public School—"Where are those honours" .....	16
To the Duke of Dorset—"Dorset! whose early steps" .....	17
Fragment, written shortly after the Marriage of Miss Cha- worth—"Hills of Annesley" .....	19
Granta. A Medley—"Oh! could Le Sage's" .....	19
On a Distant View of the Village and School of Harrow-on- the-Hill—"Ye scenes of my childhood" .....	22
To M—"Oh! did those eyes" .....	23
" Woman—"Woman! experience might" .....	23
" M. S. G.—"When I dream that you love me" .....	24
" <i>Mary</i> , on receiving her Picture—"This faint" .....	24

<b>HOURS OF IDLENESS—continued.</b>	
To Lesbia—"Lesbia! since far from you".....	Page 25
Lines addressed to a Young Lady, alarmed by a bullet hissing near her—"Doubtless, sweet girl".....	26
Love's last Adieu—"The roses of love".....	27
Dametas—"In law an infant".....	28
To Marion—"Marion! why that pensive brow".....	28
To a Lady who presented to the Author a Lock of Hair braided with his own—"These locks".....	30
Oscar of Alva. A Tale—"How sweetly shines".....	31
The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus—"Nisus, the guardian".....	38
Translation from the Medea of Euripides—"When fierce".....	46
Thoughts suggested by a College Examination—"High in the midst".....	47
To a beautiful Quaker—"Sweet girl! though only once".....	49
The Cornelian—"No specious splendour".....	50
An Occasional Prologue to "The Wheel of Fortune"— "Since the refinement".....	50
On the Death of Mr. Fox, with the Author's Reply—"Oh factious viper".....	51
The Tear—"When Friendship or Love".....	52
Reply to some Verses of J. M. B. Pigot, Esq., on the Cruelty of his Mistress—"Why, Pigot, complain".....	53
To the sighing Strephon—"Your pardon, my friend".....	54
To Eliza—"Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect".....	55
Laohin y Gair—"Away, ye gay landscapes".....	55
To Romance—"Parent of golden dreams".....	56
Answer to some elegant Verses sent by a Friend to the Author—"Candour compels me".....	58
Elegy on Newstead Abbey—"Newstead! fast-falling".....	59
Childish Recollections—"When slow disease".....	63
Answer to a beautiful Poem, entitled "The Common Lot"— "Montgomery! true, the common lot".....	71
Lines addressed to the Rev. J. T. Becher, on his advising the Author to mix more with Society—"Dear Becher, you tell me".....	72
The Death of Calmar and Orla—"Dear are the days".....	73
To Edward Noel Long, Esq.—"Dear Long, in this".....	76
To a Lady—"Oh! had my fate".....	78
"I would I were a careless child".....	79
"When I roved a young Highlander".....	80
To George, Earl Delawar—"Oh! yes, I will own".....	81
To the Earl of Clare—"Friend of my youth".....	82
Lines written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow—"Spot of my youth".....	84
Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull—"Start not—nor deem".....	85
On revisiting Harrow—"Here once engaged".....	86
<b>ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS</b> .....	87
Postscript to the Second Edition.....	114
Lines written in an Album at Malta—"As o'er the cold".....	115
To Florence—"Oh Lady! when I left".....	115
Stanzas composed during a Thunder-storm—"Chill and mirk".....	116

CONTENTS.

Stanzas written on passing the Ambracian Gulf—"Through cloudless skies" .....	Page 118
"The spell is broke, the charm is flown" .....	118
Reply to Lines written in the Travellers' Book at Orohomenus —"The modest bard" .....	119
"Maid of Athens, ere we part" .....	119
Written after Swimming from Sestos to Abydos—"If, in the month" .....	120
Lines written beneath a Picture—"Dear object" .....	120
Translation of the famous Greek War Song—"Sons of the Greeks" .....	121
Translation of the Romaic Song—"I enter thy garden" ....	122
<b>THE CURSE OF MINERVA</b> .....	123
On Parting—"The kiss, dear maid" .....	129
To Thyra—"Without a stone" .....	130
"Away, away, ye notes of woe" .....	131
"One struggle more, and I am free" .....	132
Euthanasia—"When Time, or soon or late" .....	133
"And thou art dead, as young as fair" .....	134
"If sometimes in the haunts of men" .....	136
On a Cornelian Heart—"Ill-fated heart" .....	137
Lines to a Lady Weeping—"Weep, daughter" .....	137
"The chain I gave was fair to view" .....	137
To Samuel Rogers, Esq.—"Absent or present" .....	138
Address, spoken at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, Saturday, October 10, 1812—"In one dread night" .....	138
Verses found in a Summer-house at Hales-Owen—"When Dryden's fool" .....	140
<b>THE WALTZ: an Apostrophic Hymn</b> .....	141
To Time—"Time! on whose arbitrary wing" .....	148
"Thou art not false, but thou art fickle" .....	149
"Remember him, whom passion's power" .....	150
<b>THE GIAOUR: A Fragment of a Turkish Tale</b> .....	152
Impromptu, in Reply to a Friend—"When, from the heart" .....	182
<b>THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS: A Turkish Tale</b> .....	183
To Geneva—"Thine eyes' blue tenderness" .....	210
<b>THE CORSAIR</b> .....	212
Windsor Poetics—"Famed for contemptuous" .....	252
<b>POEMS ON NAPOLEON</b> .....	253
Stanzas for Music—"I speak not, I trace not" .....	262
"Fill the goblet again! for I never before" .....	262
Address intended to have been spoken at the Caledonian Meeting, 1814—"Who hath not glow'd" .....	263
<b>LARA: A Tale</b> .....	265
Condolatory Address to Sarah, Countess of Jersey—"When the vain triumph" .....	291
Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart.—"There is a tear" .....	293
To <i>Belshazzar</i> —"Belshazzar! from the banquet" .....	293

<b>HEBREW MELODIES—</b>	
“ She walks in beauty ”	<i>Page</i> 294
“ The harp the monarch minstrel swept ”	294
“ If that high world ”	295
“ The wild gazelle ”	295
“ Oh ! weep for those ”	296
“ On Jordan’s banks ”	296
Jephtha’s Daughter—“ Since our Country ”	296
“ Oh ! snatch’d away in beauty’s bloom ”	297
“ My soul is dark ”	297
“ I saw thee weep ”	298
“ Thy days are done ”	298
Song of Saul before his last battle—“ Warriors and chiefs ”	299
Saul—“ Thou whose spell ”	299
All is Vanity—“ Fame, wisdom, love ”	300
“ When coldness wraps this suffering clay ”	300
Vision of Belshazzar—“ The King was on his throne ”	301
“ Sun of the sleepless ”	302
“ Were my bosom as false as thou deem’st it to be ”	302
Herod’s Lament for Mariamne—“ Oh ! Mariamne ”	302
On the day of the Destruction of Jerusalem—“ From the last hill ”	303
By the Rivers of Babylon—“ We sate down and wept ”	304
Destruction of Sennacherib—“ The Assyrian came ”	304
“ A spirit pass’d before me ”	305
Stanzas for Music—“ There be none ”	305
<b>THE SIEGE OF CORINTH</b>	305
Stanzas for Music—“ There’s not a joy ”	328
<b>PARISINA</b>	330
“ Fare thee well ! and if for ever ”	343
A Sketch—“ Born in the garret ”	344
Stanzas to Augusta—“ When all around ”	346
<b>THE PRISONER OF CHILLON</b>	348
Monody on the Death of Sheridan—“ When the last sunshine ”	353
Stanzas to Augusta—“ Though the day ”	361
Epistle to Augusta—“ My sister ! my sweet sister ”	362
<b>THE DREAM</b>	365
Darkness—“ I had a dream ”	369
Churchill’s Grave—“ I stood beside the grave ”	371
Prometheus—“ Titan ! to whose immortal eyes ”	372
A Fragment—“ Could I remount ”	373
To Lake Leman—“ Rousseau—Voltaire, &c. ”	374
Lines on hearing that Lady Byron was ill—“ And thou wert sad ”	374
<b>MANFRED : A Dramatic Poem</b>	376
“ Bright be the place of thy soul ”	406
Stanzas for Music—“ They say that hope ”	407
<b>THE LAMENT OF TASSO</b>	408
<b>CAIN : A Mystery</b>	414
<b>THE VISION OF JUDGMENT</b>	458



HEAVEN AND EARTH: A Mystery .....	Page 481
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE .....	497
Canto I. ....	510
Canto II. ....	532
Canto III. ....	555
Canto IV. ....	583
BEFFO .....	624
MAKIPPA .....	643
MISCELLANEOUS—	
Epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell .....	661
“Farewell! if ever fondest prayer” .....	661
“When we two parted” .....	661
To a youthful Friend .....	662
“Well! thou art happy” .....	664
Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog .....	665
To a Lady .....	666
“Remind me not, remind me not” .....	666
“There was a time, I need not name” .....	667
“And wilt thou weep when I am low?” .....	667
Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England .....	668
“Remember him, whom passion's power” .....	669
A very mournful Ballad .....	671
To Thomas Moore .....	673
Translation of a Romaic Love Song .....	674
EXTRACTS FROM DON JUAN—	
“The Isles of Greece” .....	675
Fame—“What is the end of fame” .....	677
The shipwreck—“The wind increased” .....	677
First Love—“'Tis sweet to hear” .....	690
Evening—“Ave Maria! blessed be the hour” .....	692
Haidée—“They carpeted their feet” .....	693
Vain Regrets—“But now at thirty” .....	695
The Slave-market—“'Twas a raw day” .....	696
The Lovers—“The heart—which may be broken” .....	697
The Assassination—“The other evening” .....	698
Auld Lang Syne—“And all our little feuds” .....	699
A Dream—“She dream'd of being alone” .....	700
Fame—“Of Poets who come down” .....	701
Love and Glory—“O Love! O Glory!” .....	702
The Maniac—“A vein had burst” .....	703
The Black Friar—“Beware! beware” .....	705
Norman or Newstead Abbey—“To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair” .....	706
Julia's Portrait—“Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)” .....	708
Juan in Love—“Young Juan wander'd” .....	709
A Scene in Greece—“And further on a troop” .....	710
Twilight—“Sweet hour of twilight!” .....	711
A Group of Beauties—“Of those who had most genius” .....	711
A Picture—“She stood a moment as a Pythoness” .....	712
War—“All was prepared” .....	713
Contemporary Poets—“Sir Walter reign'd before me” .....	714

Worldly Wealth—"Why call the miser miserable" . . . . .	71
Match-making—"How all the needy" . . . . .	71
Quixotism—"Rough Johnson, the great moralist" . . . . .	71
Human Motives—"I hate a motive" . . . . .	71
Truth—"Tis strange, but true" . . . . .	71
Departed Pleasures—"The evaporation of a joyous day" . .	71

—————

## LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

---

“ He is now at rest !

And praise and blame fall on his ears alike,  
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone !  
Gone like a star that through the firmament  
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course,  
Dazzling, perplexing.”

ROGERS.

Is the time yet come for a just and reliable life of Byron to be written ? May the veil be lifted from the brow of truth without making revelations that would annoy, if not injure, still living actors in his short but eventful drama ? Not yet. The principal heroine of that drama still exists, and, amidst contumely, harsh interpretations, and doubts, contending with a nation's partiality for one of its greatest geniuses, she has borne her faculties so meekly, and her wrongs so unobtrusively, that the respect of silence is due to the repose of the sunset of a life whose meridian was so disturbed by storms.

The first thing that strikes a writer who would produce a life of Byron, however short, is his universally-acknowledged genius—a genius so exalted, so various, and, in every view, so extraordinary, that we say with his friend, the poet whose lines I have adopted as my motto, it is *dazzling, perplexing* ! Genius is that aptitude for a particular object of the human mind which, like the rays concentrated in the focus of the burning glass, produces intense effect where it is directed. Mankind vary in this faculty as wonderfully as they do in their features, and wisely has Providence so ordered it, for thus this divine emanation becomes universally beneficial. But as, whilst acknowledging gratefully the common and least showy blessings that surround us on the earth, our love and admiration are principally given to its sublime sunsets, its mildly beautiful moonlights, its glittering stars, its more near and dear sweet flowers, so have the efforts of genius, which have been

principally directed to the enjoyments of life, ever engrossed the warmest of our sympathies. Among these, as if by general accord Poetry stands highest; it is considered to contain more divine inspiration than any other faculty of the mind, and the great Poets of the world are more glorified by it than its warriors, statesmen, or its philosophers: it is not my business either to question or admit the justice of this, but so it is.

Byron was, then, a man of extraordinary genius, and was Poet; this was the *talent* intrusted to him; let us see how, in short but fitful career, he employed it. As it never, for a moment was absent from his own thoughts, and as he never allows himself millions of readers to forget it, he was not only of God's nobility but man's; his family, both by father and mother, was of high rank. He is said to be descended from one of the Norman adventurers who came over with William; some ancestors distinguished themselves in the Crusades, others in the Wars of the Roses. Sir John Byron had the good fortune to be a favourite of that capricious tyrant, Henry VIII., at a time when the dissolution of the monasteries placed rich gifts in the hands of the monarch and to him the family owed the possession of Newstead Abbey, which the poet's fame has converted into a shrine sacred to genius. In the troubles of the reign of Charles I., the Byrons were conspicuous for their loyalty, there having been no less than eight brothers of the family in the field at once. The monarch's gratitude raised them from a knightly to a noble house, and they became Barons Byron, of Rochdale. They were moderately wealthy, but Charles could bestow honours more easily than estates, and the extravagances and eccentricities of several of the poet's ancestors did not leave him a very rich inheritance. His descent was no less noble on the mother's side; indeed, she said more so, as she boasted she was of the old stock of the Gordons, which claimed priority even over the branch now holding the ducal title in that family. His mother was an heiress, which appears to have been her only attraction in the eyes of the gay Captain Byron for theirs proved a most unhappy marriage, embittered and embroiled by the debts and extravagance of the husband, and the violent, passionate disposition of the wife. It was one of those strange circumstances upon which Lord Byron delighted to dwell as denoting him of a peculiar race, that his father, his great-uncle whom he succeeded, and himself, were all separated from their wives: all, indeed, were eccentric, and under the dominion of their passions. Sometimes living together, sometimes apart, Byron's parents never afforded him the remembrance of a happy, peaceful home; and the death of his father, when he was only in the third year of his age, left him under the control of a mother as little

qualified to bring up a boy of a wayward and spirited disposition as she possibly could be. It is so completely an established fact, that all superior men have had superior mothers, that even to remark upon it is trite; but it is no less true, that mothers who are not remarkable for capacities or virtues, have a great influence upon their sons, particularly when circumstances make the son an object of more than common interest. Now, George Byron was an only child, and there was, moreover, only one life between him and a baronial title and estates, and this, with a proud woman like Mrs. Byron, led to injudicious indulgences and vauntings which the furies of her violent temper could not counteract. Amidst quarrels, beatings, the flight of all sorts of missiles, and the most coarse intemperate language, he was never allowed to forget he was of the old stock of the Gordons of Gight, and of that of the Barons of Newstead. There can be no doubt that the disposition which was the foundation of most of his aberrations was due to the misfortune of his having a mother whose conduct made her the object of his ridicule, and who never commanded his respect.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January, 1788. In 1790, his mother took him to Aberdeen, where he was brought up as injudiciously as was to be expected from such a mother in straitened circumstances. Owing, as he afterwards used to declare, to the temper of his mother, he received an injury at his birth, by which one of his feet became deformed, and rendered him lame for life. We have no space for any account of the little anecdotes related of his early boyhood, nor, indeed, do we attach much consequence to such; for, although there may be some foundation for them, whenever the man proves remarkable, all related of the boy is so highly coloured, that we have no regret in consigning his verses to the Old Woman and the Moon, to the same apocryphal chapter as Johnson's Epitaph to the Duck. All that is told makes him appear exactly what he afterwards proved to be—passionate, self-willed, spirited, shrewd, with occasional but rare glimpses of feeling—indeed, he had nothing to bestow feeling or affection upon. He became quite a Scotch boy, in manners and language, receiving no notice or encouragement from his great-uncle, even when the death of the relation who stood between him and the title, had made him the presumptive heir: the old baron only spoke of him as “the little boy at Aberdeen.” In 1798, when he was in his eleventh year, his great-uncle died, and he succeeded to the family titles and estates, upon which he was made a ward of Chancery, and removed from Aberdeen to Newstead Abbey. His accession of rank made his lameness a matter of increased consequence, and he was placed in the hands of an empiric at Notting-ham, who only inflicted pain upon him, without any benefit.

Finding no good result from this, he was taken to London, for the advice of Dr. Baillie ; but all proved in vain.

His education, which had amounted to nothing at Aberdeen, now became a serious subject, and he was placed under Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich ; but all the worthy doctor's efforts were rendered abortive by the misconduct of his mother ; no regularity in his attendance, no persistency in his studies required, he found, if he made an object of the boy's continuance with him, that he should be the slave of both son and mother. There are some little pleasing anecdotes of this period related by the doctor, but I really can only consign them to the apochryphal chapter before mentioned. Here, however, his guardian, Lord Carlisle, interfered, and he was sent to Harrow.

Some account for his character in one way, some in another : one says it was created by becoming a lord at so early an age ; another, more weakly, attributes it to a disappointed passion—but, it is my opinion, it was stamped by his being sent to Harrow. Had he been placed with one of the many worthy and learned men who, with a limited number of pupils, undertake the education of the morals and the heart, as well as of the intellect, at a distance from London, and out of the reach of his mother's influence, he might have become a good, useful member of society, as well as an ornament to it. He was plunged into the vortex of a great public school, without a single home affection to counteract the pernicious effects of associating with boys becoming men, proud of their initiatory steps in vice, and of their sphere in life, which rendered them, in their young opinions, above control. It is true his mind was cultivated, and his genius here impeded its wings, but it was at the expense of his moral character. Nothing can be worse than educating boys in large masses, where there is great disparity in ages ; and where the youngest, on entering, become the slaves of the elders, and the spectators and auditors of all they do and say. The fag treasures all the lessons burnt into his memory, to practise them when his turn comes. At Harrow, however, he was better off than he would have been at Westminster ; there was a gentlemanly tone preserved in his errors. He was not only under an able master, but he was contemporary with several boys who have turned out eminent men. He made up for lost time by rapid improvement, but, like all great poets, he was rather a desultory reader than an ardent votary of any particular branch of knowledge. The quantity he read, after he had acquired a love of reading, is astonishing, particularly when we see how, according to his own account, he passed his school leisure, "in rowing, rebelling, breaking bounds, and mischief of every kind." One

great advantage was gained—the great public school was above the control of his mother.

In the third year after going to Harrow, he passed his vacation at Nottingham, about ten miles from Newstead, and, in a visit to Annesley, the residence of a neighbouring gentleman, formed a boyish attachment, which he was afterwards accustomed to assert, had a great influence on his life. Miss Mary Chaworth's family name was associated with that of Byron in a way to create a romantic feeling in a mind like his. The great-uncle whom he succeeded, seems to have been a violent man, completely the slave of his passions and caprices; and he had, in consequence of a foolish quarrel about the quantity of game on their relative estates, killed the grandfather of that young lady in a duel. It is strange that so many accounts have said that the gentleman who fell in this fatal affair was Miss Chaworth's father; even so respectable a work as "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" has it so. The duel took place at least twenty years before Miss Chaworth was born. Upon this episode I must beg to say a few words. When these young persons met at this period, Byron was a fat, somewhat uncouth boy of sixteen, brusque in his manners and hot in disposition. Miss Chaworth was a handsome young lady of eighteen, formed for the world, moving in it, with her hand and affections engaged to a gentleman of the name of Musters. From his infancy, Byron had given way to the impulses of his wishes, and continued to do so through the whole of his life, without any reference to the feelings of others. Although aware of Miss Chaworth's position, he seems rather to have cherished than checked the passion he conceived for her, and which she, with characteristic mildness, received as a transient boyish fancy, and while candidly revealing the state of her own affections, offered him her friendship. There is nothing in the tenor of his life and actions to lead us to place faith in the depth of this juvenile attachment; it was poetical to recur to it occasionally, but it was likewise inconsiderate towards the object of it, and no proof of its truth: he who truly loves, places her happiness above the gratification of showing he can write affecting verses. Miss Chaworth's marriage proved to be anything but a happy one: and the unenviable notoriety which Byron's attachment procured her, I am assured, made a bad husband worse. From the first, she had treated him with single-hearted candour, and he had nothing to complain of but his own weakness or selfishness. As to his disappointment having any effect upon his after-career, it is preposterous to imagine; there is not a single trait of character to show that he could ever have settled down into happy domestic life; if he had

married Miss Chaworth, she would have experienced the same fate as Lady Byron's, without, perhaps, that lady's means and firmness to free herself from a life of misery. The "Dream" is a beautiful poem, but that is all; and the reader must not be led by it to suppose that the lady's sorrows proceeded from her having refused the love of one who had rendered himself famous. She, with a family, had too many real griefs to be affected by anything so factitious as his persistent poetical whining, more the effects of wounded vanity than of disappointed love. We can only account for the importance Moore attaches to this affair, by the circumstance of his being himself a poet.

As regarded his education, his residence at Harrow of five years produced as much benefit as could be expected; he acquired quite scholarship enough for an original poet, or to qualify him for the position his rank entitled him to take. The pride of birth, so carefully instilled by his mother, acted here as strongly as it did in his after-life; he had his pets among the untitled and the weak, but his principal associates were the noble by descent and daring in action; he could patronize poor little Peel, but he formed no connection with him to last beyond school-fellowship. From Harrow he went to Cambridge, where he managed, in the easy way known to the noble, to take a degree, but certainly benefited but little otherwise. He distinguished himself, however, by many eccentricities, among which may be reckoned his strange animal partialities. He kept a bear; and his canine favourites were of the bull-dog breed, or others of a large and formidable strength and size. Considering his lameness, he was a pretty good cricketer, and was expert in boxing, single stick, and other athletic exercises. But his physical deficiency did not extend to the water; he was an excellent swimmer, and could handle an oar manfully. He speaks frequently of his riding, but he never was a good horseman; and that cannot be attributed to his deformed foot, for the Lord Barrymore, surnamed Cripplegate, was much more lame, in the same way, than Lord Byron, and he was a first-rate rider, though a heavy man. The Marquis of Anglesea, though he left a leg beneath a monument at Waterloo, continued, as he had been, one of the best gentlemen riders in Europe.

His position was a dangerous one for a young man of his temperament. Endowed by nature with an exceedingly handsome face and person, a warm constitution, and a boundless imagination, instead of laying down for himself a plan of honourable exertion and self-government, that might have enabled him to relieve his estates from their encumbrances, and support the peerage with dignity, he gave himself up to the unchecked control of his passions. Unfortunately, he had no family check; his mother he despised,



and not without cause ; whilst Lord Carlisle, his only relative who might, from his own position, have interfered with any chance of success, did not seem to think him worth notice. He was a peer, though not rich ; when he came of age he would be possessed of estates ; and such a young man can generally find usurers bold and calculating enough to furnish him for a time with the means of indulgence. From the time he went to Cambridge, he plunged recklessly into dissipations, which gave a tone and colour to all he afterwards wrote. He had, unfortunately, no home ; I say so, although convinced he would never have been a domesticated man ; but if he had had any one he loved to direct his energies in a right course, his genius might have been a far greater public blessing than it has proved. But this person must have been some one he held in awe, whom he respected more than he loved ; the equal passion of husband and wife would never have effected good. His passions always took their birth from impulses, consequently they were sensual and evanescent. We frequently indulge in historical calculations of what would have happened if such and such things had not taken place—what might Byron have proved if his father had been a Chatham to give an impetus to his genius ?

The nature of his early readings, he says, however, made him a poet, and his position gave a colouring to his writings. Before he left Cambridge, he had composed many pieces of various merits, some little more than school-boy rhymes, others denoting the “fire that burned within him,” and he became ambitious to see himself in print ; but, at the solicitations of a friend, submitted to the cruel sacrifice of burning his darling offspring, after they were in type. In his twentieth year, he, however, published the collection entitled “Hours of Idleness,” began an epic poem, called “Bosworth Field,” and wrote part of a novel : and this amidst dissipation of the wildest and least refined nature. With scanty means, and uncountenanced by any leaders of rank and fashion, he did not now enjoy the *entrée* into families of distinction, which his fame afterwards procured him ; so that his pleasures were of a gross, unsocial nature. But this was part of his poetical education ; his wildest excesses furnished materials for his great poems, both as to facts and reflections : “Almost all Don Juan,” he said, “is real life, either my own or other people’s.”

Had Byron not been a lord, his juvenile poetical effusions would, most likely, have been allowed to glide unnoticed down the stream of oblivion ; but the intrusion of a peer into the republic of letters, was as bold as that of a parvenu savant into the society of peers, and a great Northern critic undertook to whip the rhyming fancy out of the noble young poet. This is not the only mistake of the kind critics have made—Keats they are said to have killed in

the whipping; but they only roused the patrician blood of Byron; instead of finding an humble victim, they caught a Tartar. When anything offended him, he was a prey to rage of the most appalling nature, but, contrary to the generality of passionate people, his anger was deep-rooted, and sought vent in action. Soon after the appearance of the critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, he took up his residence at Newstead, and set about the composition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." One of the most surprising peculiarities of his poetical writings, is that they were produced whilst he was in a state of excitement of the strongest kind, and of a nature apparently opposed to composition. His mode of life at Newstead has, no doubt, been exaggerated, as was almost all he ever did. He entertained an idea that a Byron must be eccentric, and his orgies were marked by peculiarity as much as by excess. The crew of which he was the *Comus*, were clothed as monks; they quaffed their wine from a cup made of a skull, and in their conversation, morals, and habits, they took an unboundedly free and unusual latitude. This society, notwithstanding the talents of several of its members, always appeared to me to be a poor copy of the same sort of party over which Jack Wilkes had presided half a century before. The worst result of this was, that it hardened his nature prematurely; he made the most of his obliquities, and boasted of his profligacy.

On the 22nd of January, 1809, he came of age; on the 13th of March he took his seat in the House of Lords, and on the 16th of the same month published his celebrated reply to the *Edinburgh Review*, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." This reply Touchstone would, no doubt, have characterized as "a counter-check quarrelsome:" it angered great part of the literary world; but it, at the same, proved the ability of the young poet, and that he was too good a master of the fence of satire to be again attacked with impunity. His coming of age was celebrated at Newstead Abbey in the old English baronial fashion; a roasted ox, floods of ale, &c., being bestowed upon the tenantry, and offered to all comers. His appearance in the House of Lords, though an affair of consequence to him, excited but little attention in that august assembly; they did not dream of the genius that was come among them, and his connection was so limited that his unfriended position affected him deeply. Even his relation, Lord Carlisle, offered him no countenance, and the Chancellor was so dilatory and indifferent in preparing the necessary papers, that when he apologized for the delay, Byron could not restrain the cynical reply that rose spontaneously to his lips:—"Your Lordship," said he, "is like Tom Thumb—you have done your duty, but you have done no more."

With strong and never regulated passions, great pride of birth, a full sense of his abilities, and little but debts and destitution before him, he was so depressed in spirits that a profound cynicism took possession of his mind, and from that hour was the prevailing feature of his character. Mr. Moore, in his *Memoirs*, talks a great deal of what I think nonsense about a disappointed heart and waste affections; Lord Byron was not the man to be crushed by such poetical feelings. He was, perhaps, as vain a man as ever lived, he was extravagantly sensitive, deeply alive to neglect, and looking for too much admiration before he had earned it. With the pride of a poet, Moore says, "Luckily he became a poet and not a legislator." Had his poetry proved such as to have been a blessing to his fellow-men, instead of only dazzling and astonishing them, I should have agreed with him; as it is, I cannot but think one good law would weigh very heavily in the balance against it. A man who is a born British peer is born to honourable duties, and the chance possessor of that elevated rank, has no right to boast of it when he neglects them. He could not say with his favourite Pope:

"I left no calling for this idle trade,  
No duty broke."

With his vast talents, and the position he was placed in, he should have shaken off his annoyances and difficulties "like dewdrops from the lion's mane," and have become a great, good man, as well as a splendid genius. It cannot be denied that many circumstances conspired to give the bias to his genius, and the tone to his character; the poetical mind is too apt to let the idiosyncrasy of the man associate itself with the flights of imagination, which is sure to engender vanity, egotism, disappointment, and cynicism. The poet fancies his mission so exalted, that all the world should pay it homage, whereas nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of his fellow-men care not a straw for him or his verse. While struggling with the difficulties created by high rank, pride of birth, ungovernable passions, and a slender income, the severe criticism of the *Edinburgh Review* seems to have decided his fate: he answered that review, his answer proved his ability and was very much admired; he had found he possessed a weapon which could wound the world which he falsely thought his enemy, and from that hour to the day of his death, he became a cynic and a satirist; the joyous spirit which had given zest to his debaucheries was changed to gibing mockery, and everybody and everything was viewed through the distorted medium of selfishness, embittered by poverty and cynicism, rendered almost ~~un-~~humanly keen by extraordinary genius.

Such was the tone of mind in which Lord Byron left England in the summer of the year he came of age, to travel, more with the hope of getting ride of home, that is of his country, than with the view of acquiring knowledge. But such a penetrating, observant mind could not avoid accumulating additions to his stores at every step, and few great writers have enjoyed such extraordinary opportunities. No poetry of a high rank was ever so completely founded upon facts as Byron's; it is true his brilliant fancy threw those facts out in new and striking lights, or covered them with beautiful ornaments, but all were drawn from himself, his friends, the scenes he had actually beheld, or the books he had read. This gives a solidity, if I may be allowed the word, to all he wrote, because it makes it all intelligible. Nothing could be more different than his genius and that of Shelley, in this respect. Shelley was possessed of an inventive, unbounded fancy; if there is a reality in his poetry, it lies too deep for common observers, and whilst idolized by a few, he will never be generally understood or appreciated as he perhaps deserves.

Consistently with this self-painting, the poem with which his mind must have been busy during his first travels, is entirely self-reflective, that is to say, his own actual adventures, wanderings and thoughts. And what an astonishing grasp of faculties does "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" display! "To a Poet," says Johnson, in *Rasselas*, "nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little." After this direction is "Childe Harold" written, but with a much wider scope; the vices, the follies, the fallacies, the eccentricities of mankind are rendered subject to the muse as well as the poetical elements, and all tinged by the cynical spirit of the writer, like the *souppçon* of vinegar which gave piquancy to many of Soyer's favourite dishes.

If confined to the Old World, Byron's travels were as judiciously directed as possible. In his first wanderings he seems to have been in search of the beautiful and the classic, which was natural for a young man educated, as it is the fashion at our high schools and colleges, upon the writings left us by Greece and Rome. His first place of halt was Lisbon, whose beautiful bay must have been strongly provocative of a love of travel, whilst the degradation of the inhabitants of the country furnished ample matter for the indulgence of his cynical mood. From Lisbon he went to Seville and Cadiz, still observing all, and never forgetting to throw woman, the principal object of his thoughts through life, into the foreground of every picture he took. He then visited Malta, Prevezza, Salarno, Arta, Joannini, Zeltza, and Tepaleen, where he was introduced to

Ali Pasha. Gratified with his interview, he returned to Joannini, and there began to transfer to paper the impressions of his pilgrimage, in the poem which will prove his principal claim to a niche in the Temple of Fame.

I have not space to follow him through his delightful wanderings amidst classic regions, though perfectly entering into his enjoyment of them. No place illustrated by great men or important events was neglected, and, in addition to the great poem, which must have been always prominent in his mind, the muse was frequently called upon to commemorate striking scenes and incidents, or interesting persons. From his self-acknowledged libertine character, every female he writes verses upon is supposed to have been a mistress; but, although by no means disposed to be the champion of his continence, I am convinced there are many exceptions to this, and that to the above-mentioned foolish boasting may be added a considerable quantity of the fiction of poetical license. He remained six weeks at Athens, for the sake of viewing all the classic scenes of that interesting country; and though he addressed "Maid of Athens, &c." to the daughter of the house in which he was located, before he quitted that city, there is not even a suspicion that he did not leave her untainted by the scant morality of London and Cambridge.

He seemed determined to leave no spot he had ever read of unvisited; from Athens he went to Smyrna, where he wrote the second canto of "Childe Harold." He next explored the ruins of Ephesus, and from thence proceeded to Constantinople. As a poet, he could not be so near the great scene of Homer's action, without making a pilgrimage to the Troad, which, in spite of Mr. Bryant, confirmed him in his Homeric faith. But he was not satisfied with believing in Homer, he wished to prove one of the poetically-registered wonders of antiquity practicable, and, without the hope of having a Hero to welcome him on his landing, he rivalled Leander by swimming from Sestos to Abydos. Of this feat he was always very proud, as indeed he was of everything that proved his courage, agility, or strength: when, in his later travels, he was compelled, as he says, "to give an impertinent fellow a good English punch in the guts," he did not fail to mention it in more than one letter. He made another short sojourn at Constantinople, during which he enjoyed an excursion through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and Cyanean Symplegades; he then returned to Athens, where, after a trip to Corinth, and a tour of the Morea to visit Velay Pasha, he seemed to linger as loath to depart, and took up his residence at the Franciscan convent. While here he wrote many of the beautiful smaller pieces rendered interesting by local circumstances and personal associations, by which they are to be

traced, among which may be particularly noted "The Curse of Minerva,"—a severe, though perhaps well-deserved castigation of Lord Elgin, for his depredations upon the sculptural remains of Greece.

After an absence of two years he, in July 1811, returned to England, "a wiser, but I fear not a better man." Whether he had been as various and successful in his amours as he would lead his readers to think, I know not; but there was always a recklessness of the peace of others which led him to write verses to every lady he admired, whatever her position might be. Those to Mrs. Musters (Miss Chaworth), on his leaving England were, to say the least, inconsiderate, and showed no regard for the happiness of the person to whom they were addressed. Of the same class were lines to "Florence" (Mrs. Spenser Smith), each piece beautifully proving to the ladies of what little value was his boasted love; take for instance, the last line of the address to "Mrs. Musters," and the verses to "Florence," and the "Maid of Athens," which so quickly followed! Neither in his life nor his writings did Byron show the least acquaintance with true, pure love, or a proper appreciation of the character of woman. He has a poet's eye for beauty, but it is likewise the eye of a sensualist. His few poems addressed to "Thyrza," seem to be the only ones on which secrecy placed its finger; he never would tell even his most intimate friends who she was. Some persons pretended that there was likewise a mystery about a period of his travels in Greece, in which a tale of horror was mixed up, but I can find nothing to prove there was any foundation for it, beyond the character of his writings, and the mystification he sometimes delighted to deal in.

On his return to England, he proposed settling at Newstead, and sent down some furniture to render it more comfortable. He had established his mother there before his departure, reversing, in his last letter, the position of mother and son, by sending her advice to behave properly to her neighbours, "for you know," he adds, "you are a vixen." Mrs. Byron had for some years enjoyed a pension from government of £300 a year; why granted nobody could discover; but it must have been a great relief to her needy son. His coming home proved the signal for her death; for, when the upholsterer appeared with the furniture, she, from some little mistake on his part, flew into one of those fits of rage that used to amuse her son so much, but which, in this instance, she carried beyond a joke, as the passion produced a fit, and the fit death. As the mother of a Byron, he, of course, paid her decent respect, but he was not likely even to affect grief.

Once more in London, he fell willingly into the vortex of pleasure,

to which, very shortly great inducements were added. On the 27th of February, he made his first speech in the House of Lords; it was respectable, but yet did not hold out a promise of much oratorical excellence, and he seldom spoke afterwards. But, as "English Bards" had been closely connected with his taking his seat, so his first speech was as quickly followed by the great event of his life, the publication of "Childe Harold." Like several other poets, he preferred other comparatively worthless works to this his best, and was with great difficulty prevailed upon to publish it. He however, was persuaded by his distant relation, Mr. Dallas, the author of some novels, to whom he gave the copyright. He was soon made aware of his error; for the sensation created by the poem was immense; as he expresses it: "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous!" He had no longer to complain of the world's neglect, the danger now was of his being spoiled by adulation. To him who three years before could not gain entrance to good society; not only was every door of the great and the rich thrown open, but all the fascinations of beauty and pleasure were put in force to allure the titled genius into their magic circle. His unexpected success put an end to all ideas of retirement; no man ever coveted admiration more keenly, and he now enjoyed it to satiety. The very persons he had so freely vituperated in his satire, felt their anger melt away beneath the rays of his genius, and eagerly sought his friendship. It is impossible to trace the various reconciliations without a smile. Moore, whom he had sharply censured under the name of Little, began with something approaching to hostility, but he was easily mollified, and became the noble poet's Fidus Achates. I do not say he became his friend, in the exalted and scarcely in the wordly meaning of the word; in a letter to Moore, after they had long been on the most intimate relations, he says: "I don't know what to say about friendship, I never was in friendship but once, in my nineteenth year, and then it gave me as much trouble as love. I am afraid, as Whitbread's sire said to the king, who wanted to knight him, I am too old; but, nevertheless, no one wishes you more friends, fame, and felicity, than yours, &c." Moore felt this cold-blooded, flippant declaration deeply, and made no reply for some time. In fact, Byron only told the truth; he could be kind and generous as a patron or protector, but his friendships were like his loves—selfish and not proof against absence. His letters are exceedingly pleasant reading, but we feel assured that Moore has suppressed many that would have betrayed double dealing, and the bulk of them are addressed to persons who could be of use to him. The romantic friendship he declared for Lord Clare was like his love for Mary Duff and Miss Chaworth, nothing but the dream of a

youthful fancy, that only rose to his mind when in a more than usually morbid state, and never influenced a single action of his life.

To attempt to remark upon "Childe Harold," or the numerous poems that now poured from his copious genius like a flood, were a work of supererogation; England, Europe, the world are acquainted with their beauties, their peculiarities and their faults. Well do I recollect when the question of every intellectual person you met was: "Have you seen the G, I, A, O, U, R!" for no one could pronounce the word, and therefore spelt it. Byron proved that no poet since Shakespeare had so deep an insight into so many and various objects for poetry: the deepest passions,—the most evanescent trifles,—the profoundest feelings,—the most heartless cynicisms,—all flowed chaotically from his pen, the most astounding discords jostling against each other, and harmonising into a beautiful whole. But wonder was the predominant feeling his works created, for they wanted the divine principle of goodness; they made man proud of his fellow-man's intellect, but they left him no better, and gave birth to no love. Through the whole of his writings, from "English Bards to the last Canto of "Don Juan," there is one prominent character in the scene. I know not whether he wished it; if he did, he failed in concealing the original from which he drew; according to the time, the place, and the circumstances, "Harold," the "Giaour," the "Corsair," "Lara," "Manfred," ay, even "Cain," are all *himself*. Almost the only exception to this is the "Prisoner of Chillon," and it is therefore, in my opinion, the more beautiful. When his domestic differences were so blameably brought before the world, this was very much against him; Byron was inseparably connected with his heroes—and a man with "one virtue and a thousand crimes," was not deemed likely to make a good husband, particularly when that single virtue itself looked very like a vice.

Amidst dissipation, amours, poetry, boxing, and most incongruous pursuits, he seems to have given free course to his pleasures for a year; then his increasing difficulties forced upon him the necessity for a wealthy marriage or more foreign travel. He planned a voyage to Abyssinia, but, in the mean time made proposals for the hand of Miss Milbanke, an heiress, and a peeress in prospective, but was rejected. For a length of time, his pride prevented his deriving any pecuniary advantage from his writings, and his early copyrights were given away; but when his scruples were once overcome by the kind representations of Mr. Murray, the eminent publisher, he seems to have had no objection to all that could be obtained from them, and strikes us, in his letters, as so bad hand at driving a bargain. But that time had not yet



arrived, and, with no diminution in his pleasures, his debts and wants increased. Another year passed away, as the preceding one had done; dissipation seemed to have no power to dull the powers of his mind, or clog the wings of his fancy, some of his most popular pieces being produced at this time. As a *pis-aller*, he resolved again to enlist Hymen in his favour; and when we see the manner in which his inauspicious marriage was concocted, we cannot at all wonder at the result. He consulted with a friend whether he should make proposals to a lady he had not then addressed on the subject, or whether he should repeat his offer to Miss Milbanke, with whom, though rejected, he had kept up a friendly correspondence. His friend, who saw the incompatibility of a union with Miss Milbanke, advised him to write to the newly-mentioned lady, which he accordingly did, and was by her likewise rejected. He then fell back upon Miss Milbanke, and wrote such "a pretty letter" that his friend's objections were overruled, and the important missive was sent. The text of the Memoirs gives us no means of telling the sex of this friend, but from the "pretty letter," I should think it was a lady—perhaps Lady Melbourne. Whether dazzled by his increasing fame, or affected by the "pretty letter," no one can tell, but anybody can see that Miss Milbanke acted quite as imprudently as Lord Byron, in entering into a union the dangers of which must have been so apparent. Lord Byron was capable of entertaining for a time what he called love, but then it must be with a nature looking up to him, holding him as an object worthy of almost worship—this might be a nature soft as we are led to suppose the Countess Guiccioli was, or fiery as that of Marianna or the Fornarina—but not like Miss Milbanke's, metaphysical, mathematical, and reflective. Miss Milbanke was good, pious, learned, and highly intellectual—Byron was dissipated, to use the mildest word, a sceptic, a man of fiery genius, and boasting in his wilfulness—such a match was like the bringing together of fire and water, and it is surprising that the lady's mother, who is said to have exercised so much influence after it had taken place, did not prevent it. After an absence from each other of ten months, on the 2nd of January, 1815, they were married. A wit has said that the marriage which ends a comedy, is frequently the commencement of a tragedy, and truly such should I suspect this to have been. Mr. Moore, though, throughout his work, more a friendly advocate than a biographer, confesses that there was not a particle of love on either side. If such was the case, we are totally at a loss to fathom the lady's object; Lord Byron's, notwithstanding his professions to the contrary, may be more easily guessed.

*But little immediate advantage accrued; so far, indeed, to the*

contrary, the news of his wealthy marriage brought his credit upon him, and he had eight executions in his house within a year. Some few months before, he had expressed a determination not to write any more, and to endeavour to suppress what he had already published; but for a man who had inhaled the incense of popularity in such copious draughts this was impossible, and he soon appeared to write more than ever. He likewise very imprudently mixed himself up with the affairs of Drury Lane Theatre; which, in addition to the dangers of *les coulisses* to such a man, could not, in any way, be productive of good.

One short year put an end to his ill-assorted marriage. How it had been passed by the parties with respect to each other no one can tell. Byron always persisted in saying he did not know what Lady Byron required to be separated from him, but I should think nobody believed him. Had that been the case, he was the man to have got out of the tempest quietly; with his enmity to the lady's mother and his want of love for herself, he would have battled the difference out in the face of the world instead of pouring out his griefs in poetry, or brooding over them in banishment. Lady Byron acted consistently with her character. She imparted her complaints to her parents, and consulted the best legal advisers, in Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington. The latter, at first strongly advised reconciliation, but when completely in possession of the case by Lady Byron, said that it must be for ever impossible. Romilly and Lushington are more than common names to give sanction to an opinion of right or wrong, and the lady's dignified silence and exemplary life have, I should think, stamped her decision as correct. It is of no use to set the mind thinking whether his conduct was that of a madman or only that of a slave to his passions; the truth is never likely to be known; Lady Byron, after this long interval, has too much good sense to awaken and gratify a morbid curiosity by any revelation. Although, I have no doubt, my opinion may be opposed to that of a vast number, I feel glad that the Memoirs intrusted to Moore were destroyed. Mark the vindictive feeling; the unjust feeling entertained by Byron for all concerned in the affair, and then let us say whether an account published after his death could be relied on. His triumph at the lamented death of Sir Samuel Romilly is disgraceful to his memory; he said it was a retribution for his advocacy of Lady Byron.

Leaving, then, his infant daughter in the care of her mother, within three months after the separation, he quitted his native country for ever. People who blindly worship genius, without properly reflecting how it has been employed, affect to rejoice at *his banishment*, as they think to it are due the brilliant effusion

he poured out during the short remainder of his career; but, whilst admitting the splendour, the versatility, the profundity, of his genius, I cannot but think that it might have been better directed. Such powers are given to so few, that the possessor ought to prove a certain blessing to his species—the clever, the dazzling, the perplexing, however wonderful, do not constitute all we have a right to expect from God's nobility.

Lord Byron, at first, as he had done with respect to his writings, refused to benefit by his wife's fortune, but did not persevere in the resolution. He had been on the eve of selling Newstead, and had received forfeiture from the proposed purchaser; but he had not affected the sale at his departure. He took a different course from his first voyage; travelling through Flanders, and up the Rhine, he chose Switzerland as his first resting-place. With his usual felicity, he made his journeyings among the Alps subservient to his muse, and he here collected the machinery and scenery of his sublime dramatic poem of "Manfred," the hero of the piece he had not to travel far in search of. Byron is so essentially a painter from realities, that this conscience-stricken metaphysician would almost lead us to attach consequence to horrid tales that were in circulation relative to a part of his sojourn in Greece; but no,—with all his errors, he was an Englishman, and I will not think them even possible.

In Switzerland he renewed his intimacy with Madame de Staël, who was more kind to him than she had been in London. The author of "Delphine" and "Corinne" was too well versed in the theory, if not the practice of love, to be deceived by Byron's pretences to the passion. "She attacked me furiously last night," said he; "she said I had no right to make love—that I had used \* \* \* barbarously—that I had no feeling, and was totally insensible to *la belle passion*, and had been all my life." This might be sharp, but it was nevertheless true. But now, in her own territory of Copet, and the poet being in a sort of banishment, she was not only a hospitable hostess, but a friend. He became acquainted with Shelley at Geneva, and notwithstanding the difference of their genius, formed something like a friendship for him. Shelley was of a knightly family, had great talents, and was sceptical and peculiar in his opinions. This all "jumped with Byron's humour," but, to judge from his letters, they were never very intimate friends. Shelley's genius was of too delicate and fanciful a nature to consort completely with the bold, dashing, eccentric spirit of Byron—as I before said, in Shelley all was imagination, as in Byron all was real. As an excuse for this, the latter was accustomed to say: "There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention be

out the talent of a liar." Whilst here he wrote "Lines on *hea Lady Byron was ill*," which are much more cruel than even celebrated "*Farewell*," and began "*Manfred*."

In October he left Switzerland for Italy, a country in which seemed more at home than in any other, and shortly took a kind of settled residence at Venice. He entered upon his initiation in Italian manners by falling in love with Marianna, the wife of the person in whose house he lodged. He wrote to Rogers "that Venice was a famous place for women," which, indeed, he seems to think, for his dissipations were such as to bring him down to a serious illness. But the inexhaustible stores of his mind were never left to rust—the third canto of "*Childe Harold*" was finished. "*Manfred*" had a third act added, a fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*" was begun, and "*Beppo*" was written. After producing "*Mazeppa*," his genius took its most eccentric, and, perhaps, most surprising flight, and he began "*Don Juan*." Of this astonishing production it is difficult to speak,—its elements are so extraordinarily so diversified, and yet each so perfect in its way—the sublime, the ridiculous, the pathetic, the humorous, the sarcastic, the benevolent, the moral, and the obscene, seem to chase each other along every line, "with artless heed and giddy cunning," till the brain of the reader becomes bewildered in the pursuit. And yet, every critic to the poet, every friend to morality, must wish that "*Don Juan*" had never been written—the greater the genius displayed, the more insidious the danger.

Another amour soon engaged him. He accidentally met with a low-born woman, the wife of a miller, with whom he became infatuated. This was one of his magnificent Juno-like charms and the contests between her and her rival seem to have amused him highly: what the reader of his life must think on seeing the English Peer of the highest genius so amused is another thing. All this time his pen was as active as ever, and though he affected to hate the very name of England, no event happened there without engaging his attention so far as to set it to work; his letters contradict themselves in this respect. Poor Southey seems to have ever remained a favourite butt; the "*Vision of Judgment*" was severe, but was almost warranted by the absurdity of the Laureate's original.

In 1820, he had the good fortune to become acquainted with the Countess Guiccioli, the wife of an elderly nobleman, and the daughter of a Count Gamba. I say good fortune, as this connection in a great degree, weaned him from the course of low libertinism into which he had fallen. The husband became jealous, the young wife extravagantly in love with her celebrated foreign lover, and her family slightly anxious about their honour. But matters were

managed as they do these things in Italy; all parties, at length, seemed tolerably satisfied, except the poor husband, who was compelled to pay his wife a certain income, although deprived of her, and quite conscious that she and the noble poet were happy in their loves. A great deal more has been said about Byron's attachment to this lady than I think it deserves. With the true "Don Juan" spirit, when he was struck with her beauty, difficulties only enhanced the pleasure of the pursuit; but when those difficulties were overcome, his conduct, his letters, and his associations prove that his love was no more, or at most little more, than one of the hundred evanescent flames that had been kindled in his inflammable breast. He had been rather cooler in his pursuit of pleasure, and the countess, as a lady, associated rather more with his mental occupations and gentlemanly feelings than the low women with whom he had of late been connected. But that was all. He appears, after the first, to be always ready to leave her, and it is her attachment to him that produces the appearance of constancy on his part. He was anxious to get an eminent portrait-painter over—but it was to paint *two* portraits; not only that of the fair, beautiful, lady-like countess, but that of his vixen love, the magnificent Italian, the miller's wife. As the melancholy close approaches, there is no mention of this lady, and if it be true that the ruling passion is strong in death, the evidence is conclusive—for, in no account is there any proof of her having engaged one of his last thoughts; the names of his sister and his daughter were murmured from his dying lips, but not that of the devoted Guiccioli. Madame de Staël was right; Byron had never an idea of pure exalted love. Of all his multifarious heroines, there is not one to excite the sympathies of a well-directed mind. Haidéo has been pronounced innocent, but it is the innocence of ignorance, and, from the finding of the half-naked boy to the last scene of her episode, it is nothing but animal passion.

About this period occurred one of those abortive attempts which the Italians occasionally make to regain their liberty; attempts so ill planned and feebly carried out, that they only serve to rivet their chains the tighter. In fact, since Italy became a nation of artists, it has ceased to be a nation of freemen; and such will be the case with all countries; when wealth and luxury lead to undue encouragement of the arts, the manly virtues, in every empire, have speedily died away. Very wrongly as well as imprudently, Lord Byron took not only an interest, but a part in this ill-concerted rising. However strong his sympathies may be with what he considers a suffering people, a man allowed to live in a foreign country can never be justified in interfering in its revolutions. Byron managed to keep out of the hands of the Austrians, but

when, as Madame Guiccioli said, "the Italians had proved themselves only fit to compose operas," his lady-love and her father and brother were forced to leave Ravenna. Byron was induced to follow them very unwillingly. Before quitting a place to which he had become attached, he sent for Shelley, who obeyed the voice of friendship. They then went together, and resided near each other at Genoa. Here he was joined, I believe on invitation, by Leigh Hunt and his family, to whom he had been introduced by Moore when Hunt was suffering under royal persecution. This was an association that could not lead to good. Hunt had made himself a name by his talents, and was, perhaps justly, vain of it. Byron had very far superior talents, and was, at the same time, nobly born and aristocratically bred—the habits, the prejudices, the very abilities of the two men clashed when they came in contact, and neither of them gained honour by the association. Byron disappointed the hopes of a man struggling with an adverse world, and Hunt, by the publication of a book on the subject, proved himself ungrateful for what benefits he had received. In conjunction with Hunt's brother, John, they started a periodical, called the "Liberal;" but it came to nothing. Byron was not the man to work in partnership with anybody.

While residing here, the melancholy death of Shelley took place a circumstance as worldly-wide known as the genius of the man. Much as I admire his writings, I have not space to comment upon them or him: a few garbled remarks would be unworthy of the subject.

I have not judged it necessary to mention Lord Byron's works regularly as they came out, because the very naming of them must lead to a notice of their merits, and that would fill a volume whereas my task is bounded to a few pages. But if we look at the list of his writings and contemplate their bulk, and then reflect that they were all written in eighteen years, between eighteen and thirty-six, we are almost as much astonished at their number as their brilliancy. I am led to make this remark by the prodigality with which he seems to have poured out one great production after another, while resident in Italy. Neither dissipation, love conspiracy, friendships nor enmities, seem to have checked the stream, but rather to have increased its abundance.

He had sold Newstead, and the death of Lady Noel added considerably to his income, which was now ample. I will not venture upon any discussion of her ladyship's conduct in the unfortunate separation; but, if we consider Byron's writings on the occasion and his frequent coarse verbal and written allusions to the mother of his wife—and that lady's resentment, which carried her so far as to leave instructions in her will, that Lord Byron's daughter was

not to be allowed to see her father's portrait for many years—we are brought to the conviction that there was more petty spite than dignified anger on both sides.

But now a fresh and a concluding change came over his dream of a life. Deeply imbued with a love of classic literature, admiring Greece as a country which he had traversed with the eye and feelings of a poet, he forgot, in his enthusiasm, that there was not a man in Greece able to write a line of that which had created his love, or one inspired by the smallest spark of that worship of liberty which had created an Epaminondas or led to the self-sacrifice of a Leonidas, and he plunged headlong into a visionary scheme for the rescuing of Greece from the hands of the Turk. His residence in Greece, and his poetry connected with it, had rendered him familiar to the Greeks; their hopes magnified the extent of his wealth, and they hailed the promise of his coming among them as an omen of certain success. The Greek committee for promoting the insurrection, established in London, too, forgetting it was a very different thing to make a poetical Corsair attack upon the Pasha Seyd, and to restore liberty to a country that had been enslaved four hundred years, appointed him to a high command, which no circumstance of his antecedent life could have led them to think he was qualified for. A Washington would not have bestowed attention upon the splendid helmets with the Byron crest, or have wasted his time in pistol-practice; he would have known that his own personal achievements could be of but little importance in a great national revolution. Beyond furnishing money, and making his sojourn with one or another of the various parties into which this *émeute* was divided a subject of constant quarrel and intrigue, I cannot see any effects produced by Byron's going into Greece. Of all the plots the world has produced, and some of them have been extraordinary in their ill-construction, this was one of the worst digested, and most confusedly carried out. That bane of all man's great projects, self-interest, prevailed even more strongly than it usually does in such cases; and, from his supposed inexhaustible wealth, Lord Byron was the bone all contended for.

What may have been his ambitious anticipations in going to Greece no one can say, though most may divine; but he soon found that his calculations were wrong; the people he had to deal with were quite untractable, and he said in bitterness, "I was a fool to come here;" they only wanted his money. As, however, he had embarked in the cause, he knew he was too conspicuous in the eyes of that world which it had been his object to defy, to retreat without disgrace, and he was about to command an attack upon Lepanto, when he was overtaken by disease and death. The

causes of this melancholy catastrophe were many. Missolong to which he had been confined by stress of weather, is a dismal unhealthy swamp; his mind was incessantly harassed by finding himself involved in an affair out of which his talents could not extricate him; his dissipated life had weakened his constitution; the 15th of February, he had a convulsion fit—and as he was not amenable to the advice of either friends or physicians, the altogether rendered a cold, which at another time might have been got over, formidable. His last illness was only ten days duration, and is a scene of confusion, discomfort, and private melancholy to contemplate, as the departure of such a man. I evidently did not expect death, and there is little in the account of his last moments for the religionist or the philosopher to theorise upon. Every one was taken by surprise; every one was absorbed in his own interests. Fletcher, his servant, and Count Gamet the brother of the Countess Guiccioli, were the only persons deeply affected by the loss. Lord Byron, as I have said, formed strong attachments for those beneath him and dependent upon him, and was, consequently, beloved by his servants.

In his Timon-like feeling for England, he had desired to be buried anywhere but in his own country; but this was, wisely, not acted upon. His remains were brought to England, and consigned to the family vault in the village of Hucknall, a spot so similar to Missolonghi, that the pilgrim to the tomb of genius who has seen both cannot help being struck with the dreary resemblance.

In this sketch, which must be unsatisfactory from its shortness I have ventured so many remarks upon Lord Byron's character and writings, that, unless I had much more room at my command I can add nothing else. As a man most highly gifted, and a writer of transcendent genius, Byron and his works must ever remain subjects of pride to his country; whether, if the life of the man might have been purer, and, if it had, whether the world would have been more brilliant and beneficial, must be left to the speculations of the moralist; the biographer has only to declare that there has been no genius so universal since Shakspeare, and that no one man's writings belonging to modern times have been more generally read.



# HOURS OF IDLENESS:

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

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*Virginitas postquam canto.*—HORACE, lib. III. Ode 1.  
*Μηδ' ἔσθ' ἢ μὴ μὴδ' αἴσας, μῆτις τὴν νίκην.*—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 248.  
He whistled as he went, for want of thought.—DANTE.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,  
KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, &C. &C.  
THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND  
AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,  
THE AUTHOR.

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## 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 everybody; 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 riper years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces, there may appear coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce a piece entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Hercules as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull mom of idleness, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to the little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single ad sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accus'd in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the High Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure and elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with the bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I look to others "virum voltare per ora." I look to the few who will be patient "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I look without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of men who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of the Great and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under obligations; inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unlucky shadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last a To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age, the contents afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless; highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor, even in the doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson, "Poems of a noble relation of mine," "That when a man of rank and high character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with pe censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loath to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of another criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

\* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public approval, which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS.

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,\* †

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,  
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,  
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,  
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,  
That clay, where once such animation beam'd ;  
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey ;  
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh ! could that King of Terrors pity feel,  
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate !  
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,  
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep ! Her matchless spirit soars  
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day ;  
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers  
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,  
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——.

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.

\* The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece, than, perhaps, any other in the collection ; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

† The daughter of Admiral Parker, who died at the age of fifteen.

BYRON'S POEMS.

And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since title deck'd my higher birth !  
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, 18

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TO D——.

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, 18

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EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

*\*Λατὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπερ ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἐψῶς.—ΛΑΚΡΙΤΙΔΑ.*

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 !







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HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,  
Yet 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' voice  
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.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy tower  
to-day : yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."  
—OSMAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;  
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay :  
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle  
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle  
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,  
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,  
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,  
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell' wreath ;  
Near Askalon's towers John of Horistan slumbers ;  
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy ;  
For the safety of Edward and England they fell :  
My fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;  
*How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.*

On Marston, with Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending,\*  
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;  
 For the rights of a monarch their country defending,  
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing  
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!  
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting  
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,  
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;  
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,—  
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;  
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:  
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish:  
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

1803.

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 L I N E S

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS TO AN ITALIAN WUN 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,—'tis truth.

July, 1804.

\* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated. Rupert, son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN

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 'tis 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 beats quick, my breath heaves short,  
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.

• *Animula! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Que nunc abibis in locis—  
Fallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!*

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL  
TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,  
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,  
By Death's unequal hand alike controll'd,\*  
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*L. 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.

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 fluttring here and there,  
He never sought to cleave the air,  
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,  
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.  
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne  
From whence he never can return,  
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,  
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!  
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,  
From whom no earthly power can save;  
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:  
From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,  
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;  
Thou art the cause of all her woe,  
Receptacle of life's decay.

\* The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was con- sider'd as Tibullus at his decease.

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 discover ;  
 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.

THE man of firm and noble soul  
 No factious clamours can control ;  
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow  
 Can swerve him from his just intent :  
 Gales the warring waves which plough,  
 By Auster on the billows spent,  
 To curb the Adriatic main,  
 Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,  
 Hurting his lightnings from above,  
 With all his terrors there unfurl'd,  
 He would, unmoved, unawed behold.  
 The flames of an expiring world,  
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,  
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,  
 Might light his glorious funeral pile :  
 Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

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.

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 FROM ANACREON.

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven  
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;  
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll  
 His arctic charge around the pole ;  
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,  
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :  
 At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,  
 Descending from the realms of joy,  
 Quick to my gate directs his course,  
 And knocks with all his little force,  
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—  
 " What stranger breaks my blest repose !"  
 " Alas !" replies the wily child,  
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,  
 " A hapless infant here I roam,  
 Far from my dear maternal home.  
 Oh ! shield me from the wintry blast !  
 The nightly storm is pouring fast.  
 No prowling robber lingers here,  
 A wandering baby who can fear !"  
 I heard his seeming artless tale,  
 I heard his sighs upon the gale :  
 My breast was never pity's foe,  
 But felt for all the baby's woe.  
 I drew the bar, and by the light,  
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;  
 His bow across his shoulders flung,  
 And thence his fatal quiver hung  
 (Ah ! little did I think the dart  
 Would rankle soon within my heart),  
 With care I tend my weary guest,  
 His little fingers chill my breast ;

His glossy curls, his azure wing,  
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring ;  
 His shivering limbs the embers warm ;  
 And now reviving from the storm,  
 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 tipt, 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.

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 Ocean smiled,  
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled ;  
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,  
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Joye relentless frown'd

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.

Those times are past—our joys are gone,  
 You leave me, leave this happy vale ;  
 These scenes I must retrace alone :  
 Without thee, what will they avail ?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,  
 The anguish of a last embrace ?  
 When, torn from all you fondly loved,  
 You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,  
 For this these tears our cheeks bedew ;  
 This is of love the final close,  
 Oh, God ! the fondest, last adieu !

---

TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,  
 Their hue invites my fervent kiss ;  
 Yet I forego that bliss divine,  
 Alas ! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,  
 How could I dwell upon its snows !  
 Yet is the daring wish repress'd ;  
 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 cureless 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'd,  
 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 couldst not feel my burning cheek,  
 Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame ;  
 And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,  
 In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,  
 In vain our fate in sighs deplore ;  
*Remembrance only can remain,—*  
*But that will make us weep the more.*

Again, thou best beloved, adieu !  
 Ah ! if thou canst, o'ercome regret ;  
 Nor let thy mind past joys review ;—  
 Our only hope is to forget !

---

## TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,  
 Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe ;  
 For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,  
 And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,  
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear ;  
 That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,  
 Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear.

That time must arrive, when, no longer retaining -  
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,  
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,  
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features  
 Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree  
 Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of His creatures,  
 In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,  
 No doubt can the mind of your lover invade ;  
 He worships each look with such faithful devotion,  
 A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,  
 And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,  
 Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,  
 When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low.

Oh ! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,  
 Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow ;  
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,  
 And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1504

## TO CAROLINE.

OH ! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrows !  
 Oh ! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay !  
 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,  
 I blast not the fiends who have hur'd me from bliss :  
*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 vengeance its lightning,  
 With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,  
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight ;  
 Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,  
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,  
 Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer,  
 Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation !  
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh ! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,  
 Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled !  
 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.

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.

## THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α Βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς  
 "Ἐρωτα μόνον ηἴξει.—ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance ;  
 Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove !  
 Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,  
 Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,  
 Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove ;  
 From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,  
 Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love !

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,  
 Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,  
 Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,  
 And try the effect of the first kiss of love !

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art !  
 Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,  
 I court the effusions that spring from the heart  
 Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love !

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical 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,  
 For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,  
 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.

WHERE are those honours, Ida ! once your own,  
 When Probus fill'd 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 sate.  
 Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,  
 Pomposus 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, 1803.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.\*

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have strav'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 band  
 Bade thee obey, and gave me to command; †  
 Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower  
 The gift of riches and the pride of power;  
 E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,  
 Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.  
 Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul  
 To shun fair science, or evade control,  
 Though passive tutors, 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.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,  
 But now new scenes invite me far away;  
 Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind  
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.  
 Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,  
 Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;  
 Though every error stamps me for her own,  
 And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;  
 Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,  
 I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

\* In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1806, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young nobleman of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a retrospect, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

† At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they obtain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, we mark the progress; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed. I allow me to describe my personal situation, even the most distant; I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,  
 To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour ;  
 To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,  
 With long-drawn names that grace no page beside ;  
 Then share with titled crowds the common lot--  
 In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;  
 While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,  
 Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,  
 The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,  
 That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,  
 Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find  
 One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.  
 There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults  
 That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,  
 A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,  
 In records destined never to be read.  
 Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,  
 Exalted more among the good and wise,  
 A glorious and a long career pursue,  
 As first in rank, the first in talent too :  
 Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun ;  
 Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day ;  
 Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.  
 One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,  
 And call'd,—proud boast ! the British drama forth.  
 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.  
 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,

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

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.

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.

1805.

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

*Ἀργυρέας λόγχοισι μάχου, καὶ πάντα κρατήσας.*

OH ! could Le Sage's demon's gift\*  
Be realized 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.

\* The "Diable Boiteux" of Le Sage, when Amodeus, the demon, places Don Quixote  
in a spiritual situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Lo ! candidates and voters lie  
 All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number :  
 A race renown'd for piety,  
 Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur ;  
 Fellows are sage reflecting men :  
 They know preferment can occur  
 But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got  
 Some pretty livings in disposal :  
 Each hopes that one may be his lot,  
 And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene  
 I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,  
 To view, unheeded and unseen,  
 The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,  
 The candidate for college prizes  
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp ;  
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,  
 With all the honours of his college,  
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them,  
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge :

Who sacrifices hours of rest  
 To scan precisely metres Attic ;  
 Or agitates his anxious breast  
 In solving problems mathematic.

Who reads false quantities in Sealo,\*  
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle ;  
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal ;  
 In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle †

Renouncing every pleasing page  
 From authors of historic use ;  
 Preferring to the letter'd sage,  
 The square of the hypothenuse.‡

Still, harmless are these occupations,  
 That hurt none but the hapless student,  
 Compared with other recreations,  
 Which bring together the imprudent ;

\* Some publication on Greek metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.  
 † The Latin of the schools is of the *caesareæ* species, and not very intelligible.  
 ‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.



Whose daring revels shock the sight,  
When vice and infamy combine,  
When drunkenness and dice invite,  
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,  
Who plans of reformation lay :  
In humble attitude they sue,  
And for the sins of others pray :

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,  
Their exultation in their trial,  
Detracts most largely from the merit  
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn :—from these I turn my sight.  
What scene is this which meets the eye ?  
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,  
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell :  
'Tis hush'd—what sounds are these I hear ?  
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,  
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,  
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 ask'd 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 spires :  
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;  
 No more thy theme my muse inspires :  
 The reader 's tired, and so am I.

1806

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL  
 OF HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.

" O ! mihi prateritos referat at Jupiter annos."—VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection  
 Embitters the present, compared with the past ;  
 Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,  
 And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last ;

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance  
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;  
 How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,  
 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  
 The school, where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,  
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,  
 As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay ;  
 Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,  
 To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,  
 Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;  
 While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,  
 I fancied that Mossop himself was outshone.\*

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,  
 By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived ;  
 Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,  
 I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you !  
 Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;  
 Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you ;  
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess'd.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,  
 While fate shall the shades of the future unroll !  
 Since darkness o'er shadows the prospect before me,  
 More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,  
 Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,  
 I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me  
 " Oh ! such were the days which my infancy knew ! "

1806.

\* A contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

TO M——.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
With bright but mild affection shine,  
Though they might kindle less desire,  
Love more than mortal would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,  
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,  
We must admire, but still despair;  
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,  
So much perfection in thee shone,  
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,  
The skies might claim thee for their own;

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,  
Lest angels might dispute the prize,  
She bade a secret lightning lurk  
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,  
When gleaming with meridian blaze;  
Thy beauty must enrapture all;  
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair  
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;  
But they would ne'er permit thee there,—  
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,  
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:  
E'en suns, which systems now control,  
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.\*

1806

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,  
That all must love thee who behold thee:  
Surely experience might have taught  
Thy firmest promises are nought:  
But, placed in all thy charms before me,  
All I forget, but to adore thee.  
O memory! thou choicest blessing,  
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;  
But how much curs'd by every lover  
When hope is fled, and passion's over.

\* "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return."—SHAKESPEARE.

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 'twill last for aye,—  
 When lo ! she changes in a day.  
 This record will for ever stand,  
 " Woman ! thy vows are traced in sand."\*

---

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 ! envelop my faculties fast,  
 Shed o'er me your languor benign ;  
 Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,  
 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.

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.

\* This line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

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 cross'd ;  
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 loved you most sincerely ;  
 And—though our dream at last is ended—  
 My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers ;  
 Absence has made me prone to roving ;  
 But older, firmer hearts than ours  
 Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,  
 New beauties still are daily bright'ning,  
 Your eye for conquest beams prepared,  
 The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus to make their bosoms bleed,  
 Many will throng to sigh like me, love !  
 More constant they may prove, indeed ;  
 Fonder, alas ! they ne'er can be, love !

---

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN ALARMED BY A BULLET FIRED BY THE AUTHOR  
 WHILE DISCHARGING HIS PISTOLS IN A GARDEN.

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl ! the hissing lead,  
 Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,  
 And hurtling 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 ?

\* This word is used by Gray, in his poem to the Fatal Sisters :—  
 Iron slat of arrowy shower  
 Hurtles through the darken'd air."

Might I perform the judge's part,  
The sentence I should scarce deplore ;  
It 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 ought but banishment.

---

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

*Act, 3<sup>d</sup> act, 4<sup>th</sup> scene.—Alaric.*

**THE roses of love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtured '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,  
Will whisper, " Our meeting we yet may renew :"  
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow 's repress'd,  
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu !**

**Oh ! mark you yon pair : in the sunshine of youth  
Love twined round their childhood his flowers as they grew ;  
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 is 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  
 Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew,  
 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 !  
 His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,  
 Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,  
 And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu !

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast ;  
 No more with love's former devotion we sue :  
 He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast ;  
 The shroud of affection is love's last adieu !

In this life of probation for rapture divine,  
 Astrea declares that some penance is due ;  
 From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,  
 The atonement is ample in love's last adieu !

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light  
 Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew :  
 His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight ;  
 His cypress the garland of love's last adieu !

---

#### DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant, 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.

---

#### 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 ;

\* In law, every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one



### OURS OF IDLENESS.

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, curt'sies, 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, pr'ythee 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 APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO  
MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,  
In firmer chains our hearts confine,  
Than all th' unmeaning protestations  
Which swell with nonsense love orations.  
Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,  
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it ;  
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,  
With groundless jealousy repine,  
With silly whims, and fancies frantic,  
Merely to make our love romantic ?  
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,  
And fret with self-created anguish ?  
Or doom the lover you have chosen,  
On winter nights to sigh half-frozen ;  
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,  
Only because the scene 's a garden ?  
For gardens seem, by one consent,  
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,  
Since Juliet first declared her passion,  
To form the place of assignation.\*  
Oh ! would some modern muse inspire,  
And seat her by a sea-coal fire ;  
Or had the bard at Christmas written  
And laid the scene of love in Britain,  
He surely, in commiseration,  
Had changed the place of declaration.  
In Italy I've no objection :  
Warm nights are proper for reflection ;  
But here our climate is so rigid,  
That love itself is rather frigid :  
Think on our chilly situation,  
And curb this rage for imitation ;  
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,  
Beneath the influence of the sun ;  
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,  
Within your mansion let me greet you :  
There we can love for hours together,  
Much better, in such snowy weather,  
Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves  
That ever witness'd rural loves ;

\* In the above little piece, the author has been accused by some candid readers of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written ; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in " the tomb of all the Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English dame, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of December, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenuous critics. We would advise these liberal commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read Shakspeare.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Then, if my passion fail to please,  
Next night I'll be content to freeze ;  
No more I'll give a loose to laughter,  
But curse my fate for ever after.

OSCAR OF ALVA.†

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies  
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore ;  
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,  
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon  
On Alva's osseques 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 setw! o'er ocean's sullen flow,  
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,  
She saw the gasping warrior low ;

While many an eye which ne'er again  
Could mark the rising orb of day,  
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,  
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,  
They bless'd her dear propitious light ;  
But now she glimmer'd from above,  
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,  
And gray her towers are seen afar ;  
No more her heroes urge the chase,  
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan ?  
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?  
Her towers resound no steps of man,  
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,  
A sound is heard in yonder hall ;  
It rises hoarsely through the sky,  
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been passed on the above tale, I beg leave to reply, in a quotation from an admired work,—“ Carr's Stranger in Rome.”—“ As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other persons, is the uncovered whole-length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her eyes, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture. Some E. shrewdly whispered in my ear that the indecorum was in the remark.” The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of “ Jeronimo and Lorenzo,” the first volume of Schiller's “ Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer.” It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of “ Macbeth.”

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 :  
To gladden more their Highland cheer,  
The strains in martial numbers float ;

And they who heard the war-notes wild,  
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain  
Should play before the hero's child,  
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,  
And Angus hails another son ;  
His natal day is like the last,  
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,  
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,  
The boys in childhood chased the roe,  
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,  
They mingle in the ranks of war ;  
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,  
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,  
Wildly it stream'd along the gale ;  
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,  
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,  
His dark eye shone through beams of truth ;  
Allan had early learn'd control,  
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave : the Saxon spear  
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel ;  
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,  
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel ;

While Allan's soul belied his form,  
Unworthy with such charms to dwell ;  
Keen as the lightning of the storm,  
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower  
Arrived a young and noble dame ;  
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,  
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came ;

### HOURS OF IDLENESS.

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,  
And Angus on his Oscar smiled ;  
It soothed the father's feudal pride  
Thus to obtain Glenarvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !  
Hark to the swelling nuptial song !  
In joyous strains the voices float,  
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes  
Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;  
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,  
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,  
The pibroch plays the song of peace ;  
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,  
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar ! sure 'tis late :  
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame ?  
While thronging guests and ladies wait,  
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride :  
" Why comes not Oscar ? " Angus said ;  
" Is he not here ? " the youth replied ;  
" With me he roved not o'er the glade.

" Perchance, forgetful of the day,  
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe ;  
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay ;  
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

" Oh, no ! " the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,  
" Nor chase nor wave my boy delay ;  
Would he to Mora seem unkind ?  
Would aught to her impede his way ?

" Oh, search, ye chiefs ! oh, search around !  
Allan, with these through Alva fly ;  
Till 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 ringlets 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 choral peal prolong.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

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.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,  
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd ;  
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,  
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,  
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd ;  
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,  
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man !" he cried, "this pledge is done ;  
Thou saw'st 'twas duly drunk 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, hadst thou ne'er another boy ?  
Say, why should Oscar be forgot ?"

"Alas !" the helpless 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."

"'Tis 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.\*

\*Bene Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the

"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 trembling Allan 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 placed.

"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.

"'Tis 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 wounds 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;  
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the ground,  
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 midst 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 barb'd 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,  
 Exulting 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 grate  
 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,  
 'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—  
 A soul heroic, as his form was fair :  
 These burn with one pure flame of generous love ;  
 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  
 Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief :  
 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 Opheltus 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.

#### HOUS OF IDLENESS.

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."

Then 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, reclined 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 !  
Hence, let us haste !”—their brother guards arose,  
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,  
 While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn ;  
 And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead  
 Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.  
 Such is our purpose, not unknown the way ;  
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,  
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,  
 The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,  
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd,—  
 "Ye parent gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,  
 Still 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 Iliad'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 fane, I swear  
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair !  
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,  
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.  
 Nisus ! two silver goblets are thine own,  
 Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown ;  
 My sire secured them on that fatal day,  
 Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey :  
 Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine ;  
 Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine ;  
 An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,  
 While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave :

But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,  
 When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,  
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed  
 Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,  
 Are thine ; no envious lot shall then be cast,  
 I pledge my word, irrevocably past :  
 Nay, more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,  
 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  
 Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,  
 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.  
 Fortune 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 Acetes' realms restrain  
 Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;  
 Alone she came, all selfish fears above,  
 A bright example of maternal love.  
 Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,  
 Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;  
 From this alone no fond adieus I seek,  
 No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek ;  
 By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow  
 Her parting tears would shake my purpose now :  
 Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,  
 In thee her much-loved child may live again ;  
 Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,  
 Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :  
 So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,  
 To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."  
 Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,  
 In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt :  
 Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow ;  
 Such love was his, and such had been his woe.  
 " All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied ;  
 " Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.  
 To cheer thy mother's years, shall be my aim,  
 Creusa's style but wanting to the dame.\*

\* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

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;  
 Lycaon'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 Aethes' 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 pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,  
 Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.  
 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 between:  
 Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;  
 A mingled chaos this of war and wine.  
 "Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,  
 With me the conquest and the labour share:  
 Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,  
 Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:  
 I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,  
 And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."  
 His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,  
 And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast  
 Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;  
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed:  
 To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,  
 His omens more than augur's skill evince;  
 But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,  
 Could not avert his own untimely fall.  
 Next Remus' armourbearer, hapless, fell,  
 And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;  
 The charioteer along his courser's sides  
 Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;  
 And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead:  
 Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;  
 From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour;  
 Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.  
 Young Lamyus and Lamus next expire,  
 And gay Seranus, 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 glutted, 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 steed ;  
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,  
And vainly in the weak defence confides ;  
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,  
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains ;  
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,  
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.  
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,  
Whose 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 ;  
Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last :  
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 bowis and mantles in confusion toss'd,  
They leave regardless ! yet one glittering prize  
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes ;  
The gilded harness Rhannes' 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 Volsens 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 !  
 From whence, to whom ?"—He meets with no reply !  
 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 aud 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.  
 "O 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 !  
 By night 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.  
 While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,  
 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 shape 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 !  
 He could not—durst not—lo ! the guile confest !  
 All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend ;  
 He only loved too well his hapless friend :  
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage remove ;  
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."  
 He pray'd in vain ; the dark assassin's sword  
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored ;  
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,  
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast :  
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,  
 Languid in death, expires beneath the share ;  
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,  
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower ;  
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,  
 And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,  
 Revenge his leader and despair his guide :  
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,  
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost :  
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe ;  
 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 Capitol, immortal dome !  
 And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome !

## TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPID

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 ?

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Ah ! hapless dame ! no sire bewails,\*  
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,  
No kindred voice with rapture hails  
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,  
To fair affection's truth unknown,  
Bids her he fondly loved depart,  
Unpitied, helpless, and alone ;  
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key†  
The milder treasures of his soul,—  
May such a friend be far from me,  
And ocean's storms between us roll.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE  
EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,  
Magnus his ample front sublime uprears ;‡  
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,  
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.  
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,  
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome ;  
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,  
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,  
Though little versed in any art beside ;  
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,  
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.  
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,  
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,  
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,  
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France ;  
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,  
Yet well he recollects the law of Sparta :  
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,  
While Blackstone 's on the shelf neglected laid ;  
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,  
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate  
Class honours, medals, fellowships, await ;  
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,  
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.

\* Helen, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea ; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

† The original means literally " disclosing the bright key of the mind."

‡ No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself ; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his station, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

But lo ! no common orator can hope  
 The envied silver cup within his scope.  
 Not that our heads much eloquence require,  
 Th' Athenian's\* 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 ;  
 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 sedgy 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 'tis 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.

\* Demosthenes.

† Porson, Greek professor of Trinity College, Cambridge ; a man whose powers and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

‡ Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so requires no comment.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,  
That meeting I shall ne'er forget ;  
And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Remembrance will thy form retain.  
I would not say, "I love," but still  
My senses struggle with my will ;  
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,  
My thoughts are more and more repress'd ;  
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, "'twas the spirit moved us."  
Though what they utter'd I repress,  
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess ;  
For as on thee my memory ponders,  
Perchance to me thine also wanders.  
This for myself, at least, I'll say,  
Thy form appears through night, through day ;  
Awake, with it my fancy teems ;  
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams :  
The vision charms the hours away,  
And bids me curse Aurora's ray,  
For breaking slumbers of delight,  
Which make me wish for endless night.  
Since, oh ! whate'er my future fate,  
Shall joy or woe my steps await,  
Tempted by love, by storms beset,  
Thine image I can ne'er forget.  
Alas ! again no more we meet,  
No more our former looks repeat ;  
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,  
The dictate of my bosom's care :  
" May heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,  
That anguish never can o'ertake her ;  
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,  
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker !  
Oh ! may the happy mortal, fated  
To be, by dearest ties, related,

For her each hour new joys discover,  
 And lose the husband in the lover !  
 May that fair bosom never know  
 What 'tis to feel the restless woe,  
 Which stings the soul with vain regret,  
 Of him who never can forget !"

---

THE CORNELIAN.

No specious splendour of this stone  
 Endears it to my memory ever ;  
 With lustre only once it shone,  
 And blushes modest as the giver.  
 Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,  
 Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me :  
 Yet still the simple gift I prize,—  
 For I am sure the giver loved me.  
 He offer'd it with downcast look,  
 As fearful that I might refuse it ;  
 I told him when the gift I took,  
 My only fear should be to lose it.  
 This pledge attentively I view'd,  
 And sparkling as I held it near,  
 Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,  
 And ever since I've loved a tear.  
 Still, to adorn his humble youth,  
 Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield ;  
 But he who seeks the flowers of truth,  
 Must quit the garden for the field.  
 'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,  
 Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume ;  
 The flowers which yield the most of both  
 In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.  
 Had Fortune aided Nature's care,  
 For once forgetting to be blind,  
 His would have been an ample share,  
 If well proportion'd to his mind.  
 But had the goddess clearly seen,  
 His form had fix'd her fickle breast ;  
 Her countless hoards would his have been,  
 And none remain'd to give thee rest.

---

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE  
 OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age  
 Has swept immoral rallery from the stage ;

#### HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,  
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ ;  
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,  
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek,  
Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,  
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.  
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,  
Others appear more conscious of defeat ;  
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 *début*  
Of embryo actors to the Drama new :  
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try ;  
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly :  
Falling 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 those, 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 ;  
Those feelings wide, let sense and truth unclasp,  
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SENT THE  
FOLLOWING REPLY.

Oh factious viper ! whose venom'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 unchue,  
 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.

---

THE TEAR.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater  
 Felix! in imo qui scitentem  
 Fectore 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.



HOURS OF IDLENESS.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath  
In Glory's romantic career :  
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,  
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,  
All his toils are repaid when, embracing the maid,  
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth ! seat of Friendship and Truth,\*  
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,  
Loath to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,  
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,  
My Mary to love once so dear ;  
In the shade of her bower I remember the hour  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess'd, may she live ever blest !  
Her name still my heart must revere :  
With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,  
This hope to my breast is most near :  
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,  
And my corse shall recline on its bier,  
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,  
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, 1808.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES

OF J. M. B. FIGOT, 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.

\* Harrow

For such are the airs of these fanciful fair,  
 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, your 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,  
 Though 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  
 Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 276

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 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 reformèd 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 miss  
 Can such wonderful transports produce ;  
 Since the " world you forget, when your lips once have  
 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 'twould be to the rest !

Now, Strephon, good bye ; I cannot deny  
Your passion appears most absurd !  
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,  
For it only consists in the word.

---

TO ELIZA.

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,  
Who to women deny the soul's future existence ;  
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,  
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,  
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven ;  
Instead of his houris, 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,  
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four !—  
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 ;  
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,  
"Though women are angels, yet wadlock 's the devil."

---

LACHIN Y GAIR.\*

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,  
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :

\* *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Gerr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snow. Near *Lachin y Gair* I spent some of the early part of my *Life*, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements war ;  
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander d ;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;\*  
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.

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,  
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.  
 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'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding†  
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?"

Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,‡  
 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 ;§  
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,  
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again ;

Nature of verdure and flowers 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 ;

\* This word is erroneously pronounced *plaid*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

† I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the Gordons," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. The branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

‡ Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but, as many did in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "*pars pro toto*."

§ A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.

HOUSES OF ILLUMEN.

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 Pylades\* 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 phrensy glow ;

hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a  
one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Neus  
alus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable  
of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination  
s, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

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 gulf appears in view,  
 Where unlamented you must lie :  
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,  
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather ;  
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,  
 Alas ! must perish altogether.

---

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES,

SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE  
 HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

" But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,  
 Should condemn me for printing a second edition ;  
 If good Madame Squintum my work should abuse,  
 May I venture to give her a smack of my muse ?"—*New Bath Guide*.

CANDOUR compels me, Becher ! to commend  
 The verse which blends the censor with the friend.  
 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,  
 Outstripp'd 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 26th, 1836

## ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.\*

' It is the voice of years that are gone ! they roll before me with all their deeds.'—  
 OSSIAN

NEWSTEAD ! fast-falling, once resplendent dome !  
 Religion's shrine ! repentant Henry's pride ! †  
 Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,  
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile ! more honour'd in thy fall,  
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state ;  
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,  
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, ‡ obedient to their lord,  
 In grim array the crimson cross demand ; §  
 Or gay assemble round the festive board  
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band :

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye  
 Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,  
 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.

\* As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting this piece. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.

† Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

‡ This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman," synonymously with vassal.

§ The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

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,  
 Soon as the gloaming\* spreads her waning shade,  
 The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,  
 Or matin orisons to Mary paid.†

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;  
 Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed;  
 Religion's charter their protecting shield,  
 Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy Henry rear'd the Gothic walls,  
 And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;  
 Another Henry the kind gift recalls,‡  
 And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;  
 He drives them exiles from their blest abode,  
 To roam a dreary world in deep despair—  
 No friend, no home, no refuge but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,  
 Shakes 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 fortress now,  
 Encircled by insulting rebel powers,  
 War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow;  
 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.

\* As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore in his *Lea* to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

† The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

‡ At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on John Byron.



HOUES OF IDLENESS.

Still in that hour the warrior wish'd to strew  
 Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;  
 But Charles' protecting genius hither saw,  
 The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him from the unequal strife,\*  
 In other fields the torrent to repel;  
 For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,  
 To lead the band where godlike Falkland 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 ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;  
 O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,  
 Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread  
 Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould;  
 From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,  
 Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,  
 The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;  
 No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,  
 Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sat'd 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 flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel  
 The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;  
 The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,  
 And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;  
 Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;  
 Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,  
 Loathing the offering of so dark a death.‡

Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the royal army; former was general in chief in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to sea, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II; the latter had a principal share in many notions.

† Lewis Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was shot at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of infantry.

‡ This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or internment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the avengers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave for the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

The legal ruler now resumes the helm,\*  
 He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;  
 Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,  
 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 hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:  
 What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!  
 The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake;  
 Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah, happy days! too happy to endure!  
 Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:  
 No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;  
 Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

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 grottos 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,  
The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,  
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.  
Id! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,  
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!  
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,  
Again I mingle with thy playful quire;  
Our tricks of mischief, every childish 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 woo,  
 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, retired,  
 With this submission all her rage expired.  
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,  
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave ;  
 Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,  
 Pomposus' virtues are but known to few ;  
 I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,  
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.  
 If since on Granta's failings, known to all  
 Who share the converse of a college hall,  
 She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,  
 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again.  
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,  
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.  
 Here first remember'd be the joyous band,  
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command ;

Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—  
 Their first adviser, and their last resort ;  
 Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,  
 Or all the sable glories of his gown ;  
 Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—  
 Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—  
 Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,  
 The dear preceptor of my early days ;  
 Probus, the pride of science, and the boast,\*  
 To Ida now, alas ! for ever lost.  
 With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,  
 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 ;  
 Flush'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 ;  
 While yonder few search out some green retreat,  
 And arbours shade them from the summer heat :  
 Others again, a pert and lively crew,  
 Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,  
 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 :  
 " 'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,  
 And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;  
 Here have we fled before superior might,  
 And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."

Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1745, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; since he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

*Si mea cum vestris valuisset vota, Pelagi !  
 Non foret ambiguis tanti certaminis hæres.*

While thus our souls with early passions swell,  
 In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;  
 Th' allotted hour of dally 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 :  
 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 stamm'd the tide,  
 And thus they dealt the combat side by side ;  
 Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,  
 Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd ;  
 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 stay'd 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 splendid 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

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

67

What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—  
 The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,  
 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.

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 ?  
 What brother springs a brother's love to seek ?  
 What sister's gentle kiss has press'd 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 press'd,  
 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 entwine,  
 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 ! best and dearest of my friends,  
 Thy name ennobles him who thus commends :  
 From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise :  
 The praise is his who now that tribute pays.  
 Oh ! in the promise of thy early youth,  
 If hope anticipate the words of truth,  
 Some loftier bard shall *sing thy glorious name,*  
 To build his own upon thy deathless fame.  
*Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list*

Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,  
 Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore ;  
 Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.  
 Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,  
 Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one :  
 Together we impell'd the flying ball ;  
 Together waited in our tutor's hall :  
 Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,  
 Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;  
 Or, plunging from the green declining shore,  
 Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore ;  
 In every element, unchanged, the same,  
 All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy !  
 Davus, 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 :  
 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 ! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,  
 That instant, Davus, it deserves to bleed.

Lycus ! on me thy claims are justly great :  
 Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,  
 To thee alone, unrival'd, would belong  
 The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.  
 Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,  
 A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit :  
 Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,  
 Lycus ! thy father's fame will soon be thine.  
 Where learning nurtures the superior mind,  
 What may we hope from genius thus refined !  
 When time at length matures thy growing years,  
 How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers !  
 Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,  
 With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair Euryalus pass by unsung,  
 From ancient lineage, not unworthy, sprung ?



## HOURS OF IDLENESS.

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'd 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,  
So honest, open, generous Cleon stand ;  
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,  
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.  
On the same day our studious race begun,  
On the same day our studious race was run ;  
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,  
Thus side by side we strove for many a year ;  
At last concluded our scholastic life,  
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife :  
As speakers each supports an equal name,\*  
And crowds allow to both a partial fame :  
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,  
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,  
Yet candour's self compels me now to own,  
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,  
Remembrance 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,  
Or placed me higher in the studious throng ;  
Or when my first harangue received applause,  
His sage instruction the primeval cause,

\* This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

What gratitude to him my soul possess'd,  
 While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast !  
 For all my humble fame, to him alone  
 The praise is due, who made that fame my own.  
 Oh ! could I soar above these feeble lays,  
 These young effusions of my early days,  
 To him my muse her noblest strain would give :  
 The song might perish, but the theme might live.  
 Yet why for him the needless verse essay ?  
 His honour'd name requires no vain display :  
 By every son of grateful Ida blest,  
 It finds an echo in each youthful breast ;  
 A fame beyond the glories of the proud,  
 Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

Ida ! not yet exhausted is the theme,  
 Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.  
 How many a friend deserves the grateful strain !  
 What scenes of childhood still unsung remain !  
 Yet let me hush this echo of the past,  
 This parting song, the dearest and the last ;  
 And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,  
 To me a silent and a sweet employ,  
 While future hope and fear alike unknown,  
 I think with pleasure on the past alone ;  
 Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,  
 And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

Ida ! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,  
 And proudly steer through time's eventful tide ;  
 Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,  
 Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear ;—  
 That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow  
 O'er their last scene of happiness below.  
 Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,  
 The feeble veterans of some former throng,  
 Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whi  
 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 this 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 baubles 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,  
 Unsoiled 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 pinion, smiled on youth."

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,  
 ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."†

MONTGOMERY ! true, the common lot  
 Of mortals lies in Letha's wave ;  
 Yet some shall never be forgot—  
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"  
 The hero 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,  
 Parhance 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.

*mité est l'amour sans ailes,* is a French proverb.  
 † as by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c.  
 the articular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the  
 first, and in more modern times the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great,  
 &c, Charles of Sweden, &c., are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact  
 their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

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 Lothe's wave;  
 Some few who ne'er will be forgot  
 Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

196

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 L I N E S

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 mankind;—  
 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.

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame  
 Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.  
 Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions of flame,  
 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!  
 Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath!  
 Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet 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,  
 If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown ;  
 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 hateful control ?  
 Why waste upon folly the days of my youth ?

194.

## THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.\*

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  
 use 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  
 the dying tempests : he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers  
 on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief ; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps  
 on the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before  
 his angry spear ; but mild was the eye of Calmar ; soft was the  
 glow of his yellow locks, they streamed like the meteor of the night.  
 O 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  
 lazing 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. Gray 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 ?"

\* It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the  
*tragedy*, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is  
 ready given in the present volume.

"Son 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 ghost 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: seest 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 of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield ; his sons throng around ; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death ! many are the widows of Lochlin ! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills : no living foe is seen ; but the sleepers are many ; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks ; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief ? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar : he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not ; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's ; but Calmar lives ! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora : 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone ? Who should share the spoils of battle with Calmar ? Orla is at rest ! Rough was thy soul, Orla ! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning : to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora ; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood : but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark !"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven :—the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds ? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests ? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla ; thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar ! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora ; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar ! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow ; and smile through the tears of the storm."\*

\* If Mr Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Orla might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves ; but while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults—particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

## TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, Esq.

*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*—HORACE.

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.



### HOURS OF IDLENESS.

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 inclose,  
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, 'twas time to flee ;  
For Cora's eye will shine on all.  
And though the sun, with genial rays,  
His beam alike to all displays,  
And 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, 'tis 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 soul shall pour  
 The sacred intellectual shower,  
 Nor cease till Luna's waning horn  
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

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TO A LADY.

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  
 'Twas 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 !  
 'Twere 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 rich pursuit—

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 abhor'd deceit,—  
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

HOUS OF IDLENESS.

79

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 sends might pity what I feel,—  
To know that thou art lost for ever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,  
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,  
Or roaming through the dusky wild,  
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave ;  
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon<sup>a</sup> pride  
Accords not with the freeborn soul,  
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,  
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune ! take back these cultured lands,  
Take back this name of splendid sound !  
I hate the touch of servile hands,  
I hate the slaves that 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 love 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.

*a* Saxon, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English

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 woo,  
 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.\*

#### WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,  
 And climb'd thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow !†  
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,  
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,‡  
 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 !

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,  
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;

\* " And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psal'm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem on our language.

† Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. " Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Gaelic.

‡ This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-Bouril, &c. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon a storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

#### HOUSES OF IDLENESS.

I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,<sup>a</sup>  
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:<sup>b</sup>  
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,  
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to 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:  
Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my lot;  
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;  
Though my hopes may have fall'd, yet they are not forgot;  
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,  
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;<sup>c</sup>  
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  
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow;  
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?

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#### TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

OH! yes, I will own we were dear to each other;  
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;  
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 expires;  
Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,  
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,  
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow:  
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!  
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

<sup>a</sup> Breasting the lofty surge.—SHAKESPEARE. The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises at New Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.  
<sup>b</sup> Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Bute.

No more with affection shall memory blending,  
 The wonted delights of our childhood retrace :  
 When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,  
 And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you—  
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid—  
 The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,  
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,  
 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 retrospection !  
 The bond of affection no longer endures ;  
 Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,  
 And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

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 endeavour,—  
 I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

### TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

*" Tu semper amoris  
 Sis membra, 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, 'tis 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 over ;  
 The measure of our youth is full,  
 Life's evening dream is dark and dull,  
 And we may meet—ah ! never !

### HOUSES OF IDLENESS.

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.\*

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,  
Harmonious favourite of the Nine !  
Repine not at thy lot.  
Thy soothing lays may still be read,  
When Persecution's arm is dead,  
And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,  
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,  
Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;  
And though myself may be the next  
By critic sarcasm to be vex'd,  
I really will not fight them.†

Perhaps they would do quite as well  
To break the rudely-sounding shell  
Of such a young beginner.

\* These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique, in a  
satirical review, on a new publication of the British Anacronon.  
† A bad (sarcasmo referens) dared his reviewer to mortal combat. If this example  
comes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx : for what else  
can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants ?

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.

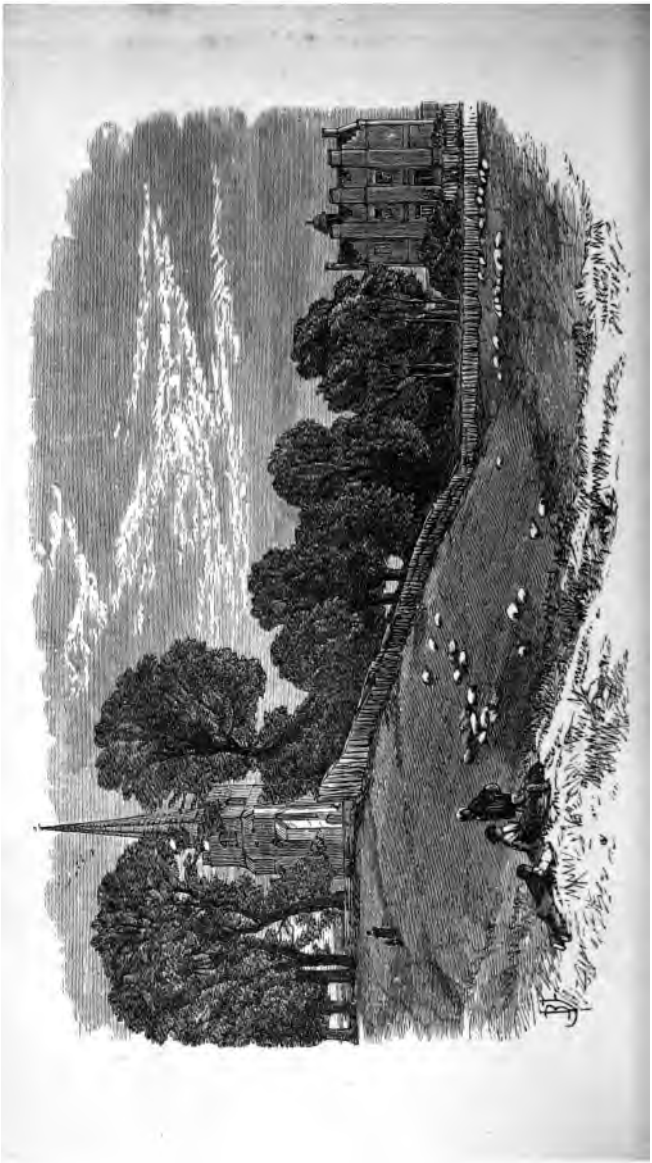
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LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCH  
YARD OF HARROW.

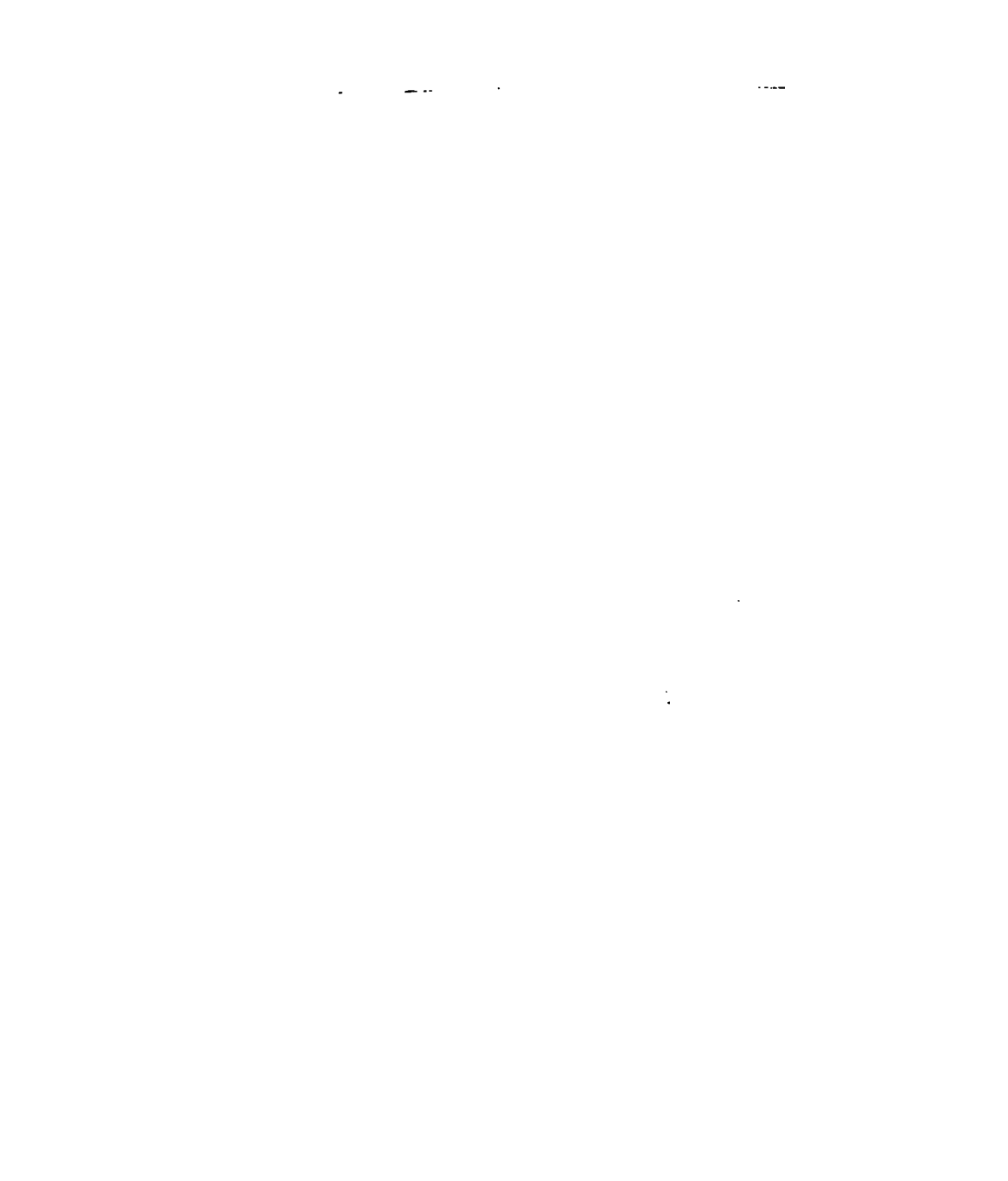
SPOT of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,  
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;  
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,  
With those I loved, the soft and verdant sod ;











## HOURS OF IDLENESS.

85

With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,  
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,  
But ah ! without the thoughts which then were mine  
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,—  
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—  
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,  
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.  
With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet to die—  
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie ;  
Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose ;  
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;  
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,  
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd ;  
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,  
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved ;  
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,  
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here ;  
Deplored by those in early days allied,  
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2nd, 1897.

## LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.

**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 not—since through life's little day  
 Our heads such sad effects produce !  
 Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,  
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

#### ON REVISITING HARROW.\*

HERE once engaged the stranger's view,  
 Young Friendship's record simply traced ;  
 Few were her words, but yet, though few,  
 Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,  
 The characters were still so plain,  
 That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—  
 Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before ;  
 Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;  
 So fair the inscription seem'd once more,  
 That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the record now have been :  
 But, ah ! in spite of Hope's endeavour,  
 Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,  
 And blotted out the line for ever.†

\* These lines were suggested by finding the names of himself and a friend, which had been cut as a memorial, erased by that friend on account of some offence taken.

† "The recording angel dropp'd a tear upon the word as he wrote it, and blotted it out for ever."—*Sterne's Story of Lafleur*.

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 abominable bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,  
These are as mad, abandon'd critics too."—POPE

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this satire with my name. If I were to be "turn'd 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 by 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 and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, 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 overrated, 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 Massinger, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practi-

tioner 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 a 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 simply satisfied.

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### ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.\*

---

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald† bawl  
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,  
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 'twas thine to write.  
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!  
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,  
Our task complete, like Hamet's 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.

\* Written at Newstead in 1808.

† Imitation:—

Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,  
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?—JUVENAL, *Satire* 1.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small Bear Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the "Literary Fund;" not content with writing, he sports in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

‡ *Cid Hamet Benengell* promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of "*Don Quixote*." Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of *Cid Hamet Benengell*.



When Vice triumphant holds her sov'rain sway,  
 And men, through life her willing slaves, obey;  
 When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,  
 Unfolds her motley store to suit the time;  
 When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,  
 When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail;  
 E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,  
 Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,  
 More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,  
 And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong  
 To me the arrows of satiric song;  
 The royal vices of our age demand  
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.  
 Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,  
 And yield at least amusement in the race:  
 Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;  
 The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.  
 Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,  
 Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!  
 I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time  
 I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,  
 A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;  
 I printed—older children do the same.  
 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.  
 Not that a title's sounding charm can save  
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:  
 This Lambe must own, since his patrician name  
 Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.\*  
 No matter, George continues still to write,†  
 Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.  
 Moved by the great example, I pursue  
 The self-same road, but make my own review;  
 Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him will be  
 Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade  
 Save censure—critics all are ready made.  
 Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,  
 With just enough of learning to misquote;  
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;  
 A turn for punning,—call it Attic salt;  
 To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet,  
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.  
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;  
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;  
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,  
 And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

\* This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

† In the "Edinburgh Review."

And shall we own such judgment ! No—as soon  
 Seek roses in December—ice in June ;  
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff ;  
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
 Or any other thing that's false, before  
 You trust in critics, who themselves are sore ;  
 Or yield one single thought to be misled  
 By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.\*  
 To these young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,  
 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, 'twould be sin to spare ;  
 While such are critics, why should I forbear !

But yet, so near all modern worthies run,  
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun ;  
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,  
 Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, why, I venture o'er ‡  
 The path that Pope and Gifford § trod before ;  
 If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed :  
 Go on ; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

“ But 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, e'er yet in these degenerate days  
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,  
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,  
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side ;  
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,  
 And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.  
 Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain  
 Sought the wrapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;  
 A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,  
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.  
 Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,  
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.  
 Then Congreve's || scenes could cheer, or Otway's ¶ melt ;  
 For nature then an English audience felt.

\* Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, of the “ Edin-  
 burgh Review ; ” the others are mentioned hereafter.

† IMITATION :—  
 Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
 occurrat peritura parceret charta.—JUVENAL, *Satire* 1.

‡ IMITATION :—  
 Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo  
 Per quam magnus equos Arcturus flexit alumnus :  
 Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.—JUVENAL, *Satire* 1.

§ Author of the “ *Biavard* ” and “ *Mæviad*,” and first editor of the “ *Quarterly Review*.”  
 He became, afterwards, the friend and Aristarchus of Lord Byron.

¶ The great wit of the Augustan age, author of “ *Love for Love*,” &c. &c.  
 ¶ The most pathetic of all English writers of tragedy ; author of “  *Venice Preserved* ”  
 &c. &c.

But why these names, or greater still, retrace,  
 When all to feebler bards resign their place ?  
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,  
 When taste and reason with those times are past.  
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,  
 Survey the precious works that please the age ;  
 This truth at least let satire's self allow,  
 No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now ;  
 The loaded press beneath her labour groans,  
 And printers' devils shake their weary bones ;  
 While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves,  
 And Little's\* lyrics shine in hot-press'd 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 swoln 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.‡

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 ;

T. Moore's early amatory poems were published under the name of Thomas Little.  
*Ecclesiastes*, chap. 1.

Stott, better known in the " Morning Post " by the name of Hafiz. This person is at  
 present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family  
 Portugal, a special ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus :

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

" Princely offspring of Braganza,  
 Erin greets thee with a stana," &c. &c.

§ a sermon to read, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering ode, commencing  
 thus :—

" Oh ! for a lay ! lend as the surge  
 That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

¶ I have mercy on us ! the " Lay of the Last Minstrel " was nothing to this.  
 See the " Lay of the Last Minstrel," *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous  
 issued as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Light-  
 ning presiding to Byron's *Tragedy*, unforunately takes away the merit of originality  
 in the dialogue between *Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell* in the first canto.

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,  
 That dames may listen to the sound at nights;  
 And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,\*  
 Decoy young border nobles through the wood,  
 And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,  
 And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;  
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,  
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,  
 Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,  
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his 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! 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, not for fame;  
 Low may they sink to merited contempt,  
 And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!  
 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 bow:  
 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;

Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moostrooper," *sic*ified, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, " 'twas his neck-verse at Harribee," *i. e.* the gallows.

\* The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear, bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black letter ballad imitations.

† "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Mount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

‡ Virgil.

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 rum 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 Camoëns, 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, ‡  
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son ;  
 Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
 Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,  
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !  
 Since 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, Southey, 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 ;

\* As the "Odyssey" is so closely connected with the story of the "Iliad," they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we understand the "Paradise Lost," and "Jerusalem Liberata," as their standard efforts ; less neither the "Jerusalem Conquered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query : *Which of Mr. Southey's will survive ?*

† Some French authors now say that she was not burnt, and that her descendants are desirous to prove it.

‡ "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and usage. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "Joan of Arc" was marvellous enough, but "Thalaba" was one of those poems "which," in the words of Pausanias, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not still then."

§ A celebrated traveller, of very doubtful veracity.

¶ We beg Mr. Southey's pardon : "Madoc disdains the degraded title of epic." See his notes. Why is Epic degraded ? and by whom ? Certainly the late romantics of Masters, Launce, Laurence, Fry, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the title thus ; but as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted anything better in its stead ? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse ?

If still in Berkeley ballads most uncivil,  
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,\*  
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :  
 "God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too.†

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,  
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,  
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay  
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,  
 Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,  
 And quit his books, for fear of growing double;‡"  
 Who, both by precept and example, shows  
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;  
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,  
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;  
 And Christmas stories, tortured into rhyme,  
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.  
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
 The idiot mother of "an idiot boy,"  
 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,  
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day ;§  
 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.

Shall 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,||  
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
 The bard who soars to elegise an ass.  
 How well the subject suits his noble mind !  
 "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis ! monk, or bard,  
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard !  
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
 Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !

\* See, "The Old Woman of Berkeley," a ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged & the woman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high trotting horse."

† The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the "Anti-Jacobin" Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls. "God help thee, silly one."—*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* page 22.

‡ "Lyrical Ballads," page 4.—"The tables turned." Stanza I.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks ;

Why all this toil and trouble ?

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,

Or surely you'll grow double."

§ Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

|| And thus to Betty's question he

Made answer, like a traveller bold,

The cock did crow to-whoop, to-whoop,

And the sun did shine so cold." &c. &c.—*Lyrical Ballads*, page 21

|| Coleridge's Poems, p. 11, "Songs of the Pixies," i. e. Devonshire Fairies ; p. 62, have "Lines to a Young Lady," and p. 52, "Lines to a Young Man."

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. ! from whose infernal brain\*  
 Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;  
 At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,  
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,  
 With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what not,  
 To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott !  
 Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,  
 St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease :  
 Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,  
 And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir,  
 Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,  
 With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,  
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd !  
 'Tis Little ! young Catullus of his day,  
 As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay !  
 Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,  
 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,  
 She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,  
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong,  
 Hibernian Strangford ! with thine eyes of blue, †  
 And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,  
 Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,  
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,  
 Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,  
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.  
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,  
 By dressing Camoëns 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.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view  
 Hayley, in vain attempting something new ;  
 Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,  
 Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,  
 His style in youth or age is still the same,  
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.

\* For every one knows Little Matt's an M.P.—See a Poem to Mr. Lewis, in the *Statesman*, supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

† The reader who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "Strangford's *musæ*," p. 127, note to page 56 or to the last page of the Edinburgh review of Strangford's *Camoëns*.

‡ It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns, are more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!  
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.\*

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward  
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,  
Sepulchral Grahame, 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, dissolved in thine own melting tears,  
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.  
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!  
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls!  
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,  
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;  
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells  
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,‡  
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 reposod in mud,

\* Hayley's two most notorious verse productions, are "Triumphs of Temper" and "Triumphs of Music." He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's to Wycherley, to Mr. H.'s consideration: viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," may easily be done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

† Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "I Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."

‡ See Bowles's Sonnets, &c.—"Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing § of Ostend."

§ "Awake a louder," &c. &c., is the first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery," spirited and pretty dwarf epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following

A Kiss  
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet  
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c.

That is, the woods of Madira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as w might be, at such a phenomenon.



ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

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 ;\*  
 And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss !  
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.  
 Bowles ! in thy memory let this precept dwell,  
 Stick to thy sonnets, man !—at least they sell.  
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,  
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe,  
 If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,  
 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 ;†  
 Let all the scandals of a former age  
 Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;  
 Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,  
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;  
 Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,  
 And do from hate, what Mallet did for hire.‡  
 Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,  
 To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme ;§  
 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 !  
 Bceotian 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 Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?  
 The precious bargain 's cheap—in faith, not I.  
 Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,  
 Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night !  
 If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,  
 And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.

\* episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled one of Madeline.

† It is one of the heroes of the "Dunciad" and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."  
 ‡ Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke (the "Patriot King"), which would but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.  
 § Mallet, the critic, and Ralph, the rhymester.

|| Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
 Making night hideous ; answer him, ye owls !—Dunciad.

§ Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received 300 pounds : thus he experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to his own.

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 realms?  
 Oh, pen perverted! paper misapplied!  
 Had Cottle 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 Maurice 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! ‡

Yet, say! why should the bard at once resign  
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?  
 For ever startled by the mingled howl  
 Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prow!;  
 A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,  
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;  
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,  
 No mercy find—these harpies 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! §

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name,  
 England could boast a judge almost the same;

\* Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once *authors* of *his* they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a *sat* epic. "Alfred" (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!) "Alfred" and the " of Cambria."

† Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, *the* " Beauties of Richmond Hill," and the like;—it also takes in a charming view Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

‡ Poor Montgomery! though praised by every English review, has been *satirized* *on* by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius; "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least *two* *degraded* epics."

§ Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

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 :  
 " Hear 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 ?\*  
 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 ; †  
*Arthur's* steep summit nodded to its base,  
 The surly *Tolbooth* scarcely kept her place ;  
 The *Tolbooth* felt—for marble sometimes can,  
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—  
 The *Tolbooth* felt defrauded of his charms,  
 If *Jeffrey* died, except within her arms : ‡  
 Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,  
 The sixteenth story where himself was born,

In 1805, *Moore*, *Jeffrey* and *Moore* met at *Chalk Farm*. The duel was prevented by interference of the magistracy ; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like remains of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggonery in the daily prints.

† The *Tweed* here behaved with proper decorum ; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of indignation.

‡ This display of sympathy on the part of the *Tolbooth* (the principal prison in *Edinburgh*), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be wondered. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in a street might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, hence her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most of these impostors, perhaps a little selfish.

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 Moor ;  
 From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,  
 And straight restored it to her favourite's head ;  
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,  
 Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden shower,  
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,  
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.  
 " My son," she cried, " ne'er thirst for gore 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 ranks illustrious shall be seen  
 The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.\*  
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer,† and sometimes,  
 In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,  
 Smug Sydney ‡ too thy bitter page shall seek,  
 And classic Hallam,§ much renown'd for Greek ;  
 Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,  
 And paltry Pillans|| shall traduce his friend ;  
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,¶  
 As he himself was damn'd, shall try to damn.

\* His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and  
 a member of " Geil's Topography of Frey."

† Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal  
 is a " Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer;" the translation is a pleasant and  
 the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus :—

" Instead of money and rings, I wot,  
 The hammer's bruises were her lot ;  
 Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

‡ The Reverend Sydney Smith, the reputed author of " Peter Plymley's Letters,"  
 sundry criticisms.

§ Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's " Taste," and was exceedingly severe on  
 Greek verses therein : it was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the  
 rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument  
 of Hallam's ingenuity.

The said Hallam is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never  
 at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on  
 account, as I understand his lordship's tastes are preferable to his compositions. If  
 not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful  
 read, and it is some to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the  
 name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of  
 orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, Hallam must  
 for want of a better.

¶ Pillans is a tutor at Eton.

‡ The Honourable G. Lambe reviewed Berkeley's "Miscellany" and is mentioned

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,  
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."  
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kiss'd  
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.†

Illustrious Holland ! hard would be his lot,  
 His hirelings mention 'd, and himself forgot !  
 Holland, with Henry Petty‡ 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 to the founder of the feast,  
 Declare his landlord can translate at least ;§  
 Dunedin ! view thy children with delight,  
 They write for food—and feed because they write :  
 And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,  
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,  
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,  
 My lady skims the cream of each critique ;  
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,  
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.||

Now to the Drama turn—Oh ! motley sight,  
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite !  
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,¶  
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.\*\*

\* Three enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great position at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled "Whistle for It."

† Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the "Edinburgh Review," throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burghesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

‡ It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay:—So be it.

§ I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short allusions to their notice; but alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's die, it being well known there's no genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "bibles," &c. are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for a purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communion he ever held, or is likely to hold, with anything heavenly.

¶ Marquis of Lansdowne.

|| Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author: both are depraived by his disinterested guests.

¶ Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the "Edinburgh Review." However that may be, we know, from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

¶ In the melo-drama of "Tekeli," that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the spot; a new asylum for distressed heroes.

\*\* Thomas Dibdin, author of "The Cabinet," "English Fleet," "Mother Goose," &c. and the great English lyricist.

Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,<sup>o</sup>  
 And full-grown actors are endured once more;  
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,  
 While British critics suffer scenes like these?  
 While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!" and  
 "zounds!"<sup>†</sup>

And common-place and common sense confounds!  
 While Kenney's‡ "World" just suffer'd to proceed,  
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed!  
 And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords  
 A tragedy complete in all but words!§  
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,  
 The degradation of our vaunted stage!  
 Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?  
 Have we no living bard of merit?—none?  
 Awake, George Colman! Cumberland, awake!  
 Ring the alarum-bell! let folly quake!  
 Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,  
 Let Comedy resume her throne again;  
 Abjuro the mummerly of 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 Kemble lives to tread!  
 On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's mask,  
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask!  
 Shall sapient managers new scones 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 fame!  
 In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,  
 Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.  
 And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,  
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays  
 Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines  
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;||  
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon  
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,¶  
 While poor John Bull, bewildor'd 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.

<sup>o</sup> Master Betty had made his fortune, and was gone to school, as a boy (if his should.

<sup>†</sup> All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R., and prominent in his comedies, but and defunct.

<sup>‡</sup> Author of the excellent farce of "Raising the Wind," and other clever pieces.  
<sup>§</sup> Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy "Bonduca" of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of *Comedia* Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

<sup>||</sup> Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane theatre—as such, he is much indebted to him.

<sup>¶</sup> Mr. R. is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty;" and some comedies, vulgarly "Maids and Bachelors." *Baccharitū baculo magis quam lauro digna.*

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 present race  
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;  
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,  
 And worship Catalani's pantaloons,\*  
 Since their own drama yields no fairer trace  
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art  
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
 To sanction vice, and hunt decorum down:  
 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,  
 And bless the promise which his form displays:  
 While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks  
 Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes;  
 Let high-born lechers eye the lively Praelo  
 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!  
 Raise not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!  
 Reforming saints! too delicately nice!  
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,  
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;  
 And beer undrawn, and beards unshorn, display  
 Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile  
 Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!†  
 Where yon proud palace, fashion's hallow'd fane,  
 Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,  
 Behold the new Petronius of the day,‡  
 The 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,

\* Naldi and Catalani require little notice,—for the visage of the one and the salary of the other will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds; besides, we are still red and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers.

† To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state that it is the institution, and not the duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon: it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the boys and daughters of those who are blest or curst with such connections, to hear the hard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case, I well can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of the bag and riddle without the chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

‡ Petronius, "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty fellow in his day;" *the Congreve's "Old Bachelor" said.*

The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,  
 For fops, fools, gamblers, knaves, and lords combine:  
 Each to his humour—Comus all allows;  
 Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.  
 Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!  
 Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;  
 In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,  
 Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"  
 When for the night some lately titled ass  
 Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.  
 The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,  
 The audience take their turn upon the floor;  
 Now round the room the circling dowers sweep,  
 Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap:  
 The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,  
 The last display the free, unfetter'd limb!  
 Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair  
 With art the charms which nature could not spare;  
 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:  
 There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,  
 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 Fowell's pistol ready for your life,  
 And, kinder still, a Paget for your wife:  
 Fit consummation of an earthly race,  
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;  
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death,  
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;  
 Trauded by liars, and forgot by all,  
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,\*  
 To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.†

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,  
 To drive this pestilence from out the land.  
 E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
 Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,

\* Lord Falkland was killed in a duel by Captain Fowell,

† Mutato nomine de te  
 Fabula narratur.

I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: his faults were the faults of a soldier; as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.



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 Hafis up to simple Bowles,\*  
 Why should we call them from their dark abode,  
 In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road!  
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare  
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond Street or the Square?  
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,  
 What harm? In spite of every critic elf,  
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;  
 Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,  
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die,  
 Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,  
 And 'tis 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?  
 Roocommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,  
 No future laurels deck a noble head;  
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,  
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle:  
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay  
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away:  
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,  
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?  
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!  
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!†  
 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:**

\* *What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafis, could he rise from his  
<sup>to 1817</sup> *apothecary at Eliceras, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the Oriental  
 of Catalonia, and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most  
 and execrable of literary poschems for the daily prints.  
 † of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of  
 and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his lordship  
 added to being forward anything for the stage—except his own tragedies.**

Yes ! doff that covering, where morocco shines,  
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.\*

With you, ye Druids ! rich in native lead,  
Who daily scribble for your daily bread ;  
With you I war not : Gifford's heavy hand  
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.  
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen ;  
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.  
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
And Melville's Mantle 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.  
'Though Bell has lost his nightingales and owls,  
Matilda snivels still, and Hafis howls ;  
And Crusca's spirit, rising from the dead,  
Revives in Laura, Quiz, and X.Y.Z. †

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,  
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 !  
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,  
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best !  
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,  
And Capel Lofft declares 'tis quite sublime. ‡  
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade !  
Swains ! quit the plough, resign the useless spade !  
Lo ! Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,  
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,  
Forsook the labours of a servile state,  
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd o'er fate :  
Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,  
Bloomfield ! why not on brother Nathan too !

\* "Doff that lion's hide,  
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."—*SWANN, King John.*

Lord C.'s works most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his bookshelves.

† "The rest is all but leather and prunella."

‡ This lively little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K—, seems to be a scholar of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable rhymes in rhyme, as times go ; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of "Monk."

§ These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical department of the newspapers.

¶ Capel Lofft, Esq., the Miscellaneous shoemaker, and printer-general to the learned tradesmen ; a kind of gratis scribe to those who wish to be delivered of their but do not know how to bring forth.

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 inclosed, 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 handiwork peruse,  
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.  
 May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill,†  
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill !  
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,  
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,  
 Neglected genius ! let me turn to you.  
 Come forth, O Campbell ! give thy talents scope ;‡  
 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 lyre ;  
 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 !  
 No ! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,  
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,  
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,  
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most :  
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—  
 Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.§

“ 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 ?  
 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 ?

See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it the Inclosure of “ Honington Green.”

Fide “ Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire.”

It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of “ The Sore of Memory ” and “ The Pleasures of Hope,” the most beautiful didactic poems in language, if we except Pope's “ Essay on Man ; ” but so many postasters have arisen, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers become strange.

Gifford, author of the “ Baviad and Maviad,” the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

Sotheby, translator of Wieland's “ Oberon ” and Virgil's “ Georgics,” and author of “ An epic poem.”

Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular ; particularly “ Scotland's Scath, or the Song of War,” of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the “ Baviad and Maviad ” should not be his last poetical works ; let him remember “ Mox in reluctantes dracones.”

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 ! while life was in its spring,\*  
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,  
 The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair  
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.  
 Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son !  
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
 She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.  
 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal 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 will sometimes 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 Shée and genius find a place, ‡  
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace :  
 To guide whose hands the sister arts combine,  
 And trace the poet's or the painter's line ;  
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvas 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 bow  
 Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour ;

Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of a  
 strion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which the  
 poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdue  
 poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret  
 short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred fit  
 he was destined to assume.

† This is one of the finest images in all Lord Byron's works : whether quite as  
 his own I will not be bound to say.

‡ Mr. Shée, author of " Rhymes on Art," and " Elements of Art."

Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,  
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,  
 The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,  
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.  
 But doubly blest is he, whose heart expands  
 With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands ;  
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye.  
 Wright !\* 'twas 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 ! who snatch'd to light †  
 Those gems too long withheld from modern sight ;  
 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.

Let 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 blessèd harmony to Lambe and Lloyd : §  
 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 :

\* Mr. Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful one just published: it is entitled "Horse Ionice," and is descriptive of the Isles and coast of Greece.

† The translators of the "Anthology" have since published separate poems, which lose genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

‡ The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste: the scenery is his sole recommendation.

§ Messrs. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

|| By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less indebted to "Grammar," and more to grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her William of Deloraine.

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 ;  
 Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,  
 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 be lewd : let Strangford steal from Moore,  
 And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore ;  
 Let Hayley hobble on ; Montgomery rave ;  
 And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave ;  
 Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,  
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;  
 Let Stott, 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 nobler field,  
 Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,  
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?  
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food  
 For outlaw'd Sherwood's 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.

\* It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it ; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler ; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl ; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patriotic literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle ; if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, epistles, and certain incoherent and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :—

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards ?  
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards !"  
 Amen !

So says Pope.

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,  
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize ;  
Though printers condescend the press to soil  
With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle :  
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,  
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list. †  
Ye ! who in Granta's honours would surpass,  
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass ; ‡  
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously " to please,"  
Forgetting doggerel leads not to degrees,  
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,  
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,  
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,  
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind ;  
Himself a living libel on mankind. ‡

Oh ! dark asylum of a Vandal race ! §  
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace ;  
So sunk in dulness, and so lost to shame,  
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame ! ||  
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,  
The partial muse delighted loves to lave ;  
On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,  
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove ;

\* " Tollere humo, victorque virum voltare per ora."—VIRGIL.

† The " Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be ascribed to the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the " plagues of Egypt."

‡ This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the " Art of Pleasing," as " lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and leader of columnies for the " Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, he might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

§ In the Cambridgeshire the emperor Probus transported a considerable body of swine.—GRÆCUS'S " Decline and Fall," vol. ii. page 83. There is no reason to doubt a truth of this assertion ; the breed is still in high perfection.

|| Mr. Hodgson's name requires no praise ; the man who in translation displays unquenchable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,  
And modern Britons justly praise their sires.\*

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 mighty queen :  
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,  
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main :  
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurld,  
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, thy people's jest,  
Still hear thy motley orators dispense  
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,  
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,  
And old dame Portland ‡ 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, ¶  
Where Kaff\*\* is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows ;  
But should I back return, no letter'd rage  
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage.  
Let vain Valentia†† rival luckless Carr,  
And equal him whose work he sought to mar ;  
Let Aberdeen and Elgin‡‡ still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of virth ;

\* The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by Richards.

† The mad, prophetic daughter of Priam, whose predictions were never both

‡ A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an e

replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."

§ Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

|| Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

¶ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

\*\* Mount Caucasus.

†† Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due d  
graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's u  
that Dubou's astire prevented his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland."—  
lord ! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist ? "But two e  
they say, &c.

‡‡ Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and witho  
his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias ! "Credat Judæus !"



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 classic Gell,\*  
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose  
 To stan mankind with poesy or prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,  
 Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear ;  
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—  
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,  
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,  
 My page, though nameless, never disavow'd ;  
 And now at once I tear the veil away :—  
 Cheer on the pack—the quarry stands at bay,  
 Unscared by all the din of Melbourne House,  
 By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,  
 By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,  
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.  
 Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,  
 And feel they too " are penetrable stuff :"  
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.  
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall  
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall ;  
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise  
 The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes ;  
 But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,  
 I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth ;  
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,  
 And break him on the wheel he meant for me ;  
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,  
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss ;  
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,  
 I, too, can hunt a poetaster down ;  
 And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once  
 To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.  
 Thus much I've dared to do ; how far my 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.

\* Mr. Gell's " Topography of Troy and Ithaca " cannot fail to insure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unrecasting* Muse, whom they have already so bedevilled with their ungodly ribaldry:

*"Tantane antris celestibus ira!"*

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, "An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him." What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and slake their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there "persons of honour and wit about town;" but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! "the age of chivalry is over," or in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit nowadays.

There is a youth yclept Hewson Clarke (*subæd. Require*) a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the "Satirist," for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the "Satirist." He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my ear band my book, except the editor of the "Satirist," who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his *Mæccenas*, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will endure." I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher; and in the words of Scott, I wish

*"To all and each a fair good night,  
And rosy dreams and slumber light."*

## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
 Some name arrests the passer by ;  
 Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
 May mine attract thy pensive eye !

And when by thee that name is read,  
 Perchance in some succeeding year,  
 Reflect on me as on the dead,  
 And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1808.

## TO FLORENCE.

Oh Lady ! when I left the shore,  
 The distant shore which gave me birth,  
 I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
 To quit another spot on earth :

Yet here, amidst 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 pass'd  
 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 inclose ;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
 That glorious city still shall be ;  
 On me 'twill 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,  
 'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

September, 1808.

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### STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM, AND WHILE BEWILDERED  
 NEAR MOUNT PINDUS, IN ALBANIA.

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 cross'd  
 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 !  
 'Tis 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.

STANZAS.

Clouds burst, skies dash, 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 ;  
'Twere 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 ON 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 cur'd!  
I cannot lose a world for thee,  
But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14, 1809.

## 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.

\* The lady referred to in this and the two following pieces—the wife of Mr. Spess Smith, and daughter of Baron Herbert, Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, who she was born—was a very remarkable person, and experienced a variety of striking adventures. She was unhappy in her marriage, yet of unblemished reputation; she engaged in some plots against Bonaparte, which excited his vengeance; was his prisoner, but subsequently escaped; afterwards suffered shipwreck—and all before she was twenty-five years of age. The poet met her at Malta, on her way to England to see her husband; and these poems, and a reference to her in "Childe Harold," are some of their brief acquaintances.

AS WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT  
ORGHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN :—

" From Athens, smiling, even her son depend,  
To trace the birth and nursery of art:  
Kiss'd his object, glorious in his aim;  
He came to Athens, and he writes his name!"

IN WHICH LORD BYRON EXPRESSED THE FOLLOWING :—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;  
But yet, who'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

MAID OF ATHENS, HERE WE PART.

*Ζών μου, σὰς ἄγαπῶ.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me 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, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.\**

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζών μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell †  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζών μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.

expression of tenderness: if I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies: my misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of . It means, " My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as Juvenal tells us, the two rare amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized, but (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations, stanzas, pebbles, &c., convey the sentiments of the parties, by that party of Mercury—as old woman. A cinder says, " I burn for thee;" a bunch of wild hair, " Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares—what nothing

Though I fly to Istambol,\*  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζῶν μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Athens 1814

## 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 loath,  
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;

'Twere 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, 1814

## 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.

\* Constantinople.

† On the 3rd of May, 1816, while the "Salsette" (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the bye, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Farragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the "Salsette's" crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that *as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.*



TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG. 131

'Tis 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.

SLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG.

" Δεῦτε παῖδες τῆς Ἑλλάδος. "

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 the 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 !  
Hollènes of past ages,  
Oh, start again to life !  
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking  
Your sleep, oh, join with me !  
And the seven-hill'd city seeking, †  
Fight, conquer, till we're free.  
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers  
Lethargic dost thou lie ?  
Awake, and join thy numbers  
With Athens, old ally !  
Leonidas recalling,  
That chief of ancient song,  
Who saved ye once from falling,  
The terrible ! the strong !  
Who made that bold diversion  
In old Thermopylæ,  
And warring with the Persian  
To keep his country free ;  
With his three hundred waging  
The battle, long he stood,  
And like a lion raging,  
Expired in seas of blood.  
Sons of Greeks, &c.

*It was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece.  
It is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same  
type as the original.*  
Unepie

## TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

"Μνενα μεν 'ρε' κέρβόλι"  
 "Ἐραϊότατη Χάηδῆ," &c.\*

I ENTER thy garden of roses,  
 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.  
 Tho' 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 pierc'd 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.

\* The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athina of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole usually present joining in the chorus. The air is plaintive and pretty.

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA. ©

*"Pallas to hoc vulnere, Pallas  
Hæmoleis, et pomam acclerato ex sanguine sumit."—Æneid, lib. 6.*

**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 ;  
Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast  
When, Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last.  
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,  
That closed their murder'd sage's † latest day ;  
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,  
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;  
But sad his light to agonizing 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 ; ‡  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.

This severe animadversion upon Lord Elgin for bringing to England the treasures of Parthenon was suppressed by Lord Byron, but the opening lines are in the "Corsair." Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), not attending the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.—B.  
The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country ; the days in winter longer, but in summer of less duration.—B.

With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams 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 sheds his scanty tide,  
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,  
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,\*  
 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 rolled along, and Dian's orb on high  
 Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky ;  
 And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod  
 O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god :  
 But chiefly, Pallas ! thine ; when Hecate's glare,  
 Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair  
 O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread  
 Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.  
 Long had I mused, and treasured every trace  
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
 When, lo ! a giant form before me strode,  
 And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode !

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self ; but, ah ! how changed  
 Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged ;  
 Not such as erst, by her divine command,  
 Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand :  
 Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
 Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now ;  
 Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance  
 Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance ;  
 The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,  
 Shrank from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp ;

\* The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house ; the palm is without the present *is* Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall runs. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.—*H.*  
 † The Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva.

And, ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,  
 Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye ;  
 Round the rent casque her owl circled slow,  
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe !

“Mortal !”—’twas thus she spake—“that blush of shame  
 Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name ;  
 First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
 Now honour’d *less* by all, and *least* by me :  
 Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.  
 Seek’st thou the cause of loathing ?—look around.  
 Lo ! here, despite of war and wasting fire,  
 I saw successive tyrannies expire.  
 ’Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,  
 Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.  
 Survey this vacant, violated fane ;  
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain :  
*These* Cecrops placed, *thou* Pericles adorn’d,\*  
*That* Adrian rear’d when drooping Science mourn’d.  
 What more I owe let gratitude attest—  
 Know Alaric and Elgin did the rest.  
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,  
 The insulted wall sustains his hated name ;  
 For Elgin’s fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,  
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds !  
 Be ever 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 gods 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.

\* This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The  
 spire of Jupiter Olympus, by some supposed the Parthenon, was finished by Hadrian ;  
 some columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble architecture.—B.

† His lordship’s name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously  
 the Parthenon ; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the base  
 even, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.—B.

And well I know within that bastard land<sup>o</sup>  
 Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;  
 A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined  
 To stern sterility, can stint the mind;  
 Whose thistle well betrays the niggard carth,  
 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 everywhere but north,  
 In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.  
 And thus—accursed be the day and year!—  
 She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
 Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,  
 As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;  
 So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
 Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,  
 Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,  
 And shine like children of a happier strand;  
 As once of yore in some obnoxious place,  
 Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race.”

“Mortal!” the blue-eyed maid resumed, “once more  
 Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.  
 Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,  
 To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.  
 Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;  
 Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

“First on the head of him who did this deed  
 My curse shall light, on him and all his seed;  
 Without one spark of intellectual fire,  
 Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:  
 If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,  
 Believe him bastard of a brighter race:  
 Still with his hireling artists let him prate,  
 And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;  
 Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,  
 Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:  
 To sell, and make—may shame record the day!—  
 The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.  
 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.†

<sup>o</sup> “Irish bastards,” according to Sir Callaghan O’Brailighan.—R.

† Mr. West, on seeing the “Elgin Collection” (I suppose we shall hear of *his* *shaw*” and “Jack Shephard” collection), declares himself “a mere tyro” in art.

Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles',  
 That art and nature may compare their styles ;  
 While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,  
 And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop'<sup>1</sup> there,  
 Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,  
 To lounge and lucubrate, to 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.  
 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.  
 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 arrear of northern blood.

<sup>1</sup> New Cuttle was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House & asked if it was not "a stone shop!"—He was right: it is a shop.—B.  
 † He has gained immortality by setting fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

So may ye perish !—Pallas, when she gave  
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.\*

“Look on your Spain !—she clasps the hand she hit  
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.  
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, † 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 pirate's barter all that's left behind.‡  
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.  
Vain is each voice where tones could once command ;  
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land :

\* Late events might prove his lordship a prophet as well as a poet.

† “Blest paper credit ! last and best supply,

That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly !”—POPE.—B.

‡ The Deal and Dover traffickers in specks.—B.



Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,  
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

“’Tis done, ’tis past, since Pallas warns in vain ;  
The Furies seize her abdicated reign ;  
Wide o’er the realm they wave their kindling brands,  
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.  
But one convulsive struggle still remains,  
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.  
The banner’d pomp of war, the glittering files,  
O’er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;  
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,  
That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;  
The hero bounding at his country’s call,  
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,  
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,  
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.  
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,  
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought :  
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,  
His day of mercy is the day of fight.  
But when the field is fought, the battle won,  
Though drench’d with gore, his woes are but begun :  
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;  
The slaughter’d peasant and the ravish’d dame,  
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap’d field,  
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.  
Say with what eye along the distant down  
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?  
How view the column of ascending flames  
Shake his red shadow o’er the startled Thames ?  
Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine  
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :  
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,  
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.  
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,  
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife.”

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 ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left  
Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
An equal love may see :  
The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
In gazing when alone ;  
Nor one memorial for a breast  
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale  
 My pen were doubly weak :  
 Oh ! what can idle words avail,  
 Unless the heart could speak !

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
 That heart, no longer free,  
 Must bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent, ache for thee.

March.

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## Poems to Thyra.

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### 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.

Till all was past ! But when no more  
 'Twas 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 !

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

Ours too the glance none saw beside ;  
The smile none else might understand ;  
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand ;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
That Love each warmer wish forbore ;  
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,  
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine ;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
But where is thine !—Ah ! where art thou ?  
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now !

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain.  
If rest alone be in the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again ;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee !  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven :  
On earth thy love was such to me,  
It fain would form my hope in heaven !

October 11, 1811.

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AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe !  
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,  
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh !  
I dare not trust those sounds again.  
To me they speak of brighter days—  
But hush the chords ; for now, alas !  
I must not think, I may not gaze,  
On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet  
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled ;  
And now their softest notes repeat  
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead !  
Yes, Thyra ! yes, they breathe of thee,  
Belov'd dust ! since dust thou art ;  
And all that once was harmony  
Is worse than discord to my heart.

'Tis 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 'twill shake;  
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,  
 Till consciousness will vainly wake  
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyra! 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 4

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**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 companionous 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 Thyra gazes on that moon"—  
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

#### EUTHANASIA.

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 ?

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#### 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.

'Twere 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.

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#### AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR

*“Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis venari quam tui memineris!”*

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,  
 As aught of mortal birth;  
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
 Too soon return'd to Earth!  
 Though Earth received them in her bed,  
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
 In carelessness or mirth,  
 There is an eye which could not brook  
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
 Nor gaze upon the spot;  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
 So I behold them not:  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
 Like common earth can rot;  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 '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.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR

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 but 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.

## 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 ;  
 I would not fools should overhear  
 One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,  
 It is not drain'd to banish care ;  
 The cup must hold a deadlier draught,  
 That brings a Lethe for despair.  
 And could Oblivion set my soul  
 From all her troubled visions free,  
 I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
 That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For 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,  
 'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been  
 Thy gentle care for him, who now  
 Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,  
 Where none regarded him, but thou :  
 And, oh ! I feel in *that* was given  
 A blessing never meant for me ;  
 Thou wert too like a dream of heaven,  
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1



**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*.

**LINES TO A LADY WEeping.\***

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,  
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;  
Ah! happy if each tear of thine  
Could wash a father's fault away!

**Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—  
Auspicious to these suffering isles;  
And be each drop in future years  
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!**

March, 1812.

**THE CHAIN I GAVE.**

**FROM THE TURKISH.**

THE chain I gave was fair to view,  
The lute I added sweet in sound;  
The heart that offer'd both was true,  
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,  
Thy truth in absence to divine;  
And they have done their duty well,—  
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not to bear a stranger's touch;  
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think  
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound  
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,  
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,  
Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;  
The chain is broke, the music mute.  
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—  
*False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.*

\* *The Princess Charlotte.*

## TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

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 tomb  
 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 13, 1812

## ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY  
 OCTOBER 10, 1812.

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,  
 While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,  
 Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,  
 As glared the volum'd 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,  
 Fause—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 ner 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* preside !

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE /  
HALES-OWEN.

WHEN Dryden's fool,\* "unknowing what he sought  
His hours in whistling spent, "for want of though  
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense  
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence.  
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,  
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,  
The offended guests would not, with blushing, see  
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.  
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas !  
When vice and folly mark them as they pass,  
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,  
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl

\* "Cymon, a clown, who ne'er had dreamt of love."—

Dryden's *Modernization of*  
† At Hales-Owen the poet Shenstone was buried, and "The Leasowes" was  
contiguous to it. It was probably some desecration of the poet's tomb, or a  
taste, that gave birth to these lines.

# THE WALTZ :

## AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

" Quails in Eurotas ripis, aut per juga Cynthia,  
Mareot Diana choros." VIRGIL.

" Seeh on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,  
Diana seems : and so she charms the sight,  
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads  
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."—DARWIN'S *Firgill*.

### TO THE PUBLISHER.

Sir,—I am a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough, having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.\* But I was all for domestic happiness ; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town.

Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot, of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthright minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down.—but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quæssus familiariter*" † (as Terence said when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockclafers spitted upon the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach) said, "Lord, Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are vaitzing!" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now, that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does

\* State of the poll (last day), &c.

† My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the even sixpence. I grudged the money to a papist, being all for the memory of Puroval and "No popery," and quite regretting the downfall of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and, with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Dr. Busby (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address"), I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

HORACE HORNEM.

## THE WALTZ.

MUSE of the many-twinkling feet ! whose charms<sup>d</sup>  
 Are now extended up from legs to arms ;  
 Terpsichore !—too long misdeem'd a maid—  
 Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—  
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,  
 The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.  
 Far be from thee and thine the name of prude ;  
 Mock'd, yet triumphant ; sneer'd at, unsubdued ;  
 Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,  
 If but thy coats are reasonably high ;  
 Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield ;  
 Dance forth,—*sans armour* thou shalt take the field,  
 And own—impregnable to most assaults,  
 Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph ! to whom the young hussar,  
 The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,  
 His night devotes, despite of spur and boots ;  
 A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes :  
 Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz !—beneath whose banners  
 A modern hero fought for modish manners ;  
 On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's fame,†  
 Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim ;

<sup>d</sup> "Glance their many-twinkling feet."—GRAY.

† To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases :—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for ; and the other, has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining anything in that country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord," which savours of gaspation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom "*Te Deum*" at carnage are the rankest blasphemy. It is to be presumed that the general will one day return to his Sabine farm ; there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,  
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain ;"

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer ; we do more—we conquer both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Glacisantes* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmer's proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."  
 By the bye—one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten.—It is, however,

Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast  
 Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.  
 Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,  
 The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,  
 To "energise the object I pursue,"  
 And give both Belial and his dance their due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine  
 (Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),  
 Long be thine import from all duty free,  
 And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee:  
 In some few qualities alike—for hock  
 Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.  
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art  
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:  
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,  
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany, how much to thee we owe,  
 As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,  
 Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,  
 And only left us thy d—d debts and dances!  
 Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,  
 We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!  
 Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,  
 For graciously begetting George the Fourth.  
 To Germany, and highnesses serene,  
 Who owe us millions—don't we owe the Queen?  
 To Germany, what owe we not besides?  
 So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;  
 Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,  
 Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud;  
 Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—  
 A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,  
 Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "fiat!"  
 Back to my theme—O Muse of Motion! say,  
 How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,  
 From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*)  
 Ere yet unlucky fame—compell'd to creep  
 To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;  
 Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,  
 Heligoland, to stock thy mart with lies;

with remembering—"Salvador del mundo!" *credite posteri!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a man who has not yet ~~had~~ *been*—query, are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the best modifications of any Christian creed, these three words make the odds much ~~and~~ *and* them in the next. "Saviour of the world," quotha!—it were to be wished that ~~or~~ *or* any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, though it shows the near connection between superstition and impiety, so far has ita ~~that~~ *that* it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics) who can confer such an *appellation* on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will ~~miss~~ *miss* the "*Virgin Mary*." If so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing ~~next~~ *next* to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send,\*  
 Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,  
 She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets  
 Of true despatches, and as true gazettes :  
 Then flamed of Austerlitz the best despatch,  
 Which *Moniteur* nor *Morning Post* can match ;  
 And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news—  
 Ten plays—and forty tales of Kotzebue's ;  
 One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,  
 And loads from Frankfort and from Leipzig fairs ;  
 Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,  
 Like Lapland witches to insure a wind ;  
 Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,  
 Of Heynè, such as should not sink the packet.

    Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,  
 Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,  
 The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,  
 And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.  
 Not decent David, when, before the ark,  
 His grand *pas-seul* excited some remark ;  
 Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought  
 The knight's fandango friskier than it ought ;  
 Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,  
 Her nimble feet danced off another's head ;  
 Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,  
 Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,  
 Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon  
 Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune !

    To you, ye husbands of ten years ! whose brows  
 Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse ;  
 To you of nine years less, who only bear  
 The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,  
 With added ornaments around them roll'd  
 Of native brass, or law-awarded gold ;  
 To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch  
 To mar a son's, or make a daughter's match ;  
 To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—  
*Always* the ladies, and *sometimes* the lords ;  
 To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek  
 Torments for life, or pleasures for a week ;  
 As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,  
 To gain your own, or snatch another's bride ;—

\* The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended—not subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C—, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable) that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows :—In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand ; and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet. The lamp-lighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) apiece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of the best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians—(the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the quality rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meat to our suffering manufacturers.



To one and all the lovely stranger came,  
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more melting tune  
Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadoun.  
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego  
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!  
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,  
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;  
Hands which may freely range in public sight  
Where ne'er before—but—pray “put out the light.”  
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier  
Shines much too far—or I am much too near;  
And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this remark,  
“My slippery steps are safest in the dark!”  
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,  
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!  
Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!  
Oh, say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,  
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;  
Can Egypt's Almas<sup>a</sup>—tantalizing group—  
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—  
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn  
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?  
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,  
Each tourist pens a paragraph for “Waltz.”

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,  
With George the Third's, and ended long before!  
Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,  
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!  
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host;  
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.  
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;  
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache  
(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape  
Goats in their visage, women in their shape);<sup>†</sup>  
No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,  
But more caressing seems when most caress'd;  
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,  
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial “Waltz.”

Dancing-girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.  
It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Bausière's time, of the “*Sieur de la x.*” that there be “no whiskers;” but how far these are indications of valour in the l, or elsewhere, may still be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on i sides. In the olden time, philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio self was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the ress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough s—Buenosparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; “*argal*” greatness of mind whiskers may or may not go together; but certainly the different occurrences, since growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of elm did against long hair in the reign of Henry L. Formerly, red was a favourite ur. See Lodowick Barry's comedy of Ram Alley, 1661, Act i. scene 1.  
*Tafeta*.—Now for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?  
*Advices*.—A black man's, I think.  
*Tafeta*.—I think not so: I th'nk a red, for that is most in fashion.  
ere is “nothing new under the sun;” but red, then a favourite, has now outaided a favourite's colour.

Seductive Waltz !—though on thy native shore  
 Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore ;  
 Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,  
 Yet warm, not wanton ; dazzled, but not blind—  
 Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Staël,  
 Would e'en proscribe thee from a Paris ball ;  
 Thee fashion hails—from countesses to queens,  
 And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes ;  
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,  
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our heads ;  
 With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,  
 And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.  
 God ! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,  
 And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of Waltz !

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début* ;  
 The court, the Regent, like herself were new ;  
 New face for friends, for foes some new rewards ;  
 New ornaments for black and royal guards ;  
 New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread ;  
 New coins (most new) to follow those that fled ;  
 New victories—nor can we prize them less,  
 Though Jenky † wonders at his own success ;  
 New wars, because the old succeed so well,  
 That most survivors envy those who fell ;  
 New mistresses—no, old—and yet 'tis true,  
 Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new ;  
 Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks), ‡  
 New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new §  
 With vests or ribbons deck'd alike in hue,  
 New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue ;  
 So saith the muse : my—, what say you ¶  
 Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain  
 Her new preferments in this novel reign ;  
 Such was the time, nor ever yet was such ;  
 Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much* ;  
 Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,  
 And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.  
 The ball begins—the honours of the house  
 First duly done by daughter or by spouse,

\* An anachronism—Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to be the ball together ; the bard means (if he means anything), Waltz was not so vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, at the same time ; of these the comet only has disappeared ; the other three at astonish us still.—*Printer's Devil.*

† Amongst others a new sinpence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, was in paper, at the fairest calculation.

‡ Jenkinson.

§ Oh that *right* should thus overcome *wights* ! " Who does not remember the investigation " in the " Merry Wives of Windsor ? "—

¶ *Ford*.—Try you, come near : if I suspect without cause, why then methinks : then let me be your jest ; I deserve it. How now ! whether bear you this " *Mrs. Ford*.—What have you to do whether they bear it if—you were best in buck-washing."

‡ The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—*There* ; dissyllabic names at his service (being already in the Regent's) ; it would get back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every name will add to it entered for the sweepstakes :—a distinguished comment is said to be the true against the wishes of the knowing ones.

Some potentate—or royal or serene—  
 With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,  
 Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush  
 Might once have been mistaken for a blush.  
 From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,  
 That spot where hearts were once supposed to be ;\*  
 Round all the confines of the yielded waist,  
 The stranger's hand may wander undisplaced ;  
 The lady's in return may grasp as much  
 As princely paunches offer to her touch.  
 Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,  
 One hand reposing on the royal hip ;  
 The other to the shoulder no less royal  
 Ascending with affection truly loyal !  
 Thus front to front the partners move or stand,  
 The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand ;  
 And all in turn may follow in their rank,  
 The Earl of—Asterisk, and Lady—Blank ;  
 Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's host,  
 For whose blest surnames—*vide* "Morning Post"  
 (Or if for that impartial print too late,  
 Search Doctors' Commons six months from my date).  
 Thus all and each, in movements swift or slow,  
 The genial contact gently undergo ;  
 Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,  
 If "nothing follows all this palming work?"<sup>†</sup>  
 True, honest Mirza!—you may trust my rhyme—  
 Something does follow at a fitter time ;  
 The breast thus publicly resign'd to man  
 In private may resist him—if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,  
 Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and many more !  
 And thou, my Prince ! whose sovereign taste and will  
 It is to love the lovely beldames still !  
 Thou ghost of Queensbury ! whose judging sprite  
 Satan may spare to peep a single night,  
 Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss  
 Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this !  
 To teach the young ideas how to rise,  
 Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes ;  
 Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,  
 With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame :  
 For prurient nature still will storm the breast—  
*Woe*, tempted thus, can answer for the rest !

But ye—who never felt a single thought  
 For what our morals are to be, or ought ;

\* We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor—"tis all gone—Asmodeus knows na. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of ; they nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often tioned in natural history ; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and a divided, you find a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being *smooth*.

† In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and suspicious, question—literally as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waite in Pers.—*Vide Morier's note.*

Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,  
 Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap  
 Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,  
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,  
 Where were the rapture then to clasp the form  
 From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm !  
 At once love's most endearing thought resign,  
 To press the hand so press'd by none but thine ;  
 To gaze upon that eye which never met  
 Another's ardent look without regret ;  
 Approach the lip which all, without restraint,  
 Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint ;  
 If such thou lovest—love her then no more,  
 Or give—like her—caresses to a score ;  
 Her mind with these is gone, and with it go  
 The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz ! and dare I thus blaspheme !  
 Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.  
 Terpsichore, forgive !—at every ball  
 My wife *now* waltzes and my daughters *shall* ;  
 My son—(or stop—'tis needless to inquire—  
 These little accidents should ne'er transpire ;  
 Some ages hence our genealogic tree  
 Will wear as green a bough for him as me)—  
 Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,  
 Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.



#### 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.

## 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 :  
 'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,  
 Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,  
 And spurns deceiver and deceit ;  
 But she who not a thought disguises,  
 Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—  
 When she can change who loved so truly,  
 It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow,  
 Is doom'd to all who love or live ;  
 And if, when conscious on the morrow,  
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,  
 That cheated us in slumber only,  
 To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision,  
 But truest, tenderest passion warm'd ;  
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition,  
 As if a dream alone had charm'd ?  
*Ah ! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,  
 And all thy change can be but dreaming !*

## REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S POWER

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power  
Severely, deeply, vastly proved :  
Remember thou that dangerous hour  
When neither fall, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,  
Too much invited to be bless'd ;  
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh ;  
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd.

Oh ! let me feel that ail I lost  
But saved thee all that conscience fears ;  
And blush for every pang it cost  
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,  
Whose busy accents whisper blame,  
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,  
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou  
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued :  
I bless thy purer soul even now,  
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God ! that we had met in time,  
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free ;  
When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
And I been less unworthy thee.

Far may thy days, as heretofore,  
From this our gaudy world be pass'd !  
And that too bitter moment o'er,  
Oh ! may such trial be thy last !

This heart, alas ! perverted long,  
Itself destroy'd, might thee 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.

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S POWER.

. 151

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.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart  
Had then less sacrificed to thine ;  
It felt not half so much to part,  
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1311.

# THE GIAOUR:\*

## A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

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" One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
The 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.

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TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,  
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,  
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS OBLIGED AND

AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

London, May, 1813.

BYRON.

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### 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.

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\* This word, immortalized by Byron in this poem, and not less by Beckford in "Vathek," means "infidel," and is pronounced *Djivar*, like *Giamschid* and other Eastern names.



## THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb 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,  
Make 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,†

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 ;

ab above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchres of  
dia.—B.

† Attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I  
et, the " Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.—H.

BYRON'S POEMS.

Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
 Till the gay mariner's guitar\*  
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;  
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
 And turn to groans his roundelay.  
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,  
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,  
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd  
 Within the paradise she fix'd,  
 There man, enamour'd of distress,  
 Should mar it into wilderness,  
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;  
 Nor claims the culture of his hand  
 To bloom along the fairy land,  
 But springs as to preclude his care,  
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !  
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,  
 There passion riots in her pride,  
 And lust and rapine wildly reign  
 To darken o'er the fair domain.  
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
 The freed inheritors of hell ;  
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,  
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,  
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy†  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;

\* The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night :  
 wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and oft

† " Ay, but to die and go we know not where,  
 To lie in cold obstruction."—*Measure for Measure, I*

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !\*  
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'Tis 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 !

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 *Thermopylae* ?  
 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,

\* that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is depicted in description ; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the w hours, and but for a few hours, after " the spirit is not there." It is to be in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character ; but in death from a stab, nature preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the

the fact of Grecian history and poetry having been the studies of the bright few youth that imparts such a charm to all that belongs to this country. Its arts, still, it is true, preserve their supremacy ; but in practical lessons, the our own immortal 17th century, and that of the Netherlands, are quite as

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 !  
 'Twere 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 brutes ;  
 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

\* Athens is the property of the Kilar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite appellations—now governs the governor of Athens.—E.  
 Such was the case when Byron wrote this note, and Lady Morgan wrote " *Ida of Aulis*." Since then the powers of Europe have made Greece a kingdom, and given her a queen; whether she has reason to be proud in either case, we can hardly say.

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 !  
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,  
But in thy lineaments I trace  
What time shall strengthen, not efface :  
Though young and pale, that sallow front  
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt ;  
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,  
As meteor-like thou glidest by,  
Right well I view and deem thee one  
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—he hasten'd, and he drew  
My gaze of wonder as he flew :  
Though like a demon of the night  
He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,  
His aspect and his air impress'd  
A troubled memory on my breast,  
And long upon my startled ear  
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,  
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;  
He winds around ; he hurries 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 tall :  
Though too remote for sound to wake  
In echoes of the far tophaike,\*

\* musket.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the Ilme mosque, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with salt, ring the night.—2

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 shouldst 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 jarreed\*  
 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.  
 'Twas but an instant he restrain'd  
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd ;  
 'Twas 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,

\* Jarreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans ; but I know not if it can be called a *newly* one, since the most expert in the art are the black eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamluk of Scarcia was the most dexter that came within my observation.—B.









*He raised his arm, and fiercely raised  
And sternly shook his hand on high.*

*The Gibeon.*

1000

1000

1000

1000



He raised his arm, and fiercely raised  
And sternly shook his hand on high.

The Giaour."



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,\*  
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.  
'Twas 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.  
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,  
To view the wave of watery light,  
And hear its melody by night.  
And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd  
Around the verge of that cascade;  
And oft upon his mother's breast  
That sound had harmonized his rest;  
And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;  
And softer seem'd each melting tone  
Of Music mingled with its own.  
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
Along the brink at twilight's close:  
The stream that fill'd that font is fled—  
The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!  
And here no more shall human voice  
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.  
The last sad note that swell'd the gale  
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:  
That quench'd in silence, all is still,  
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill;

*Nest of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in eastern*

Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,  
 No hand shall close its clasp again.  
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
 The rudest steps of fellow man ;  
 So here the very voice of Grief  
 Might wake an Echo like relief—  
 At least 'twould 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."\*  
 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!†

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;  
 More near—each turban I can scan,  
 And silver-sheath'd ataghan ;‡  
 The foremost of the band is seen  
 An Emir by his garb of green : §  
 "Ho ! who art thou ?"—"This low salam ¶  
 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 wait us from the silent shore ;

\* To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest : even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.—B.  
 † I need hardly observe, that charity and hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet ; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first promise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panceyris on his bounty ; the next, on his valour.—B.  
 ‡ The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver ; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.—B.  
 § Green is the privileged colour of the Prophet's numerous pretended descendants ; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works : they are the worst of a very indigent brood.—B.  
 ¶ "Salam aleikoum ! aleikoum salam !"—"Peace be with you ; be with you peace"—the salutation reserved for the faithful :—to a Christian, "Uriarius !"—"A good journey !" or, "Saban hirseem, saban serula"—"Good morn, good even !" and sometimes, "May your end be happy," are the usual salutes.—B.

Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply  
 The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,  
 And midway to those rocks where sleep  
 The channell'd waters dark and deep.  
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done,  
 Our course has been right swiftly run ;  
 Yet 'tis 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,—'twas but the beam  
 That checker'd o'er the living stream :  
 I gazed, till vanishing from view,  
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew ;  
 Still less and less, a speck of white  
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight ;  
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
 Known but to Genii of the deep,  
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

As rising on its purple wing  
 The insect-queen 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,  
 'Tis 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 ?

1



Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd  
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,  
 Too well he trusted to the slave  
 Whose treachery deserved a grave :  
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,  
 Who did not watch their charge too well ;  
 But others say, that on that night,  
 By pale Phingari's\* 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 'twere 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.†  
 Yea, Sow, and should our Prophet say  
 That form was nought but breathing clay,  
 By Alla ! I would answer nay ;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's ‡ arch I stood,  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view,  
 And all his Houris 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 ?  
 On her might Mufis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the immortal shone ;  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew |  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new ;

\* Phingari, the moon.—E.

† The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar ; from its splendour, named Schehgorag, " the Torch of Night ;" also, the " Cup of the Sun," &c. In the first edition, " Giamschid " was written as a word of three syllables ; so D'Herbelot has it ; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a disyllable, and writes " Jamahid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one, with the pronunciation of the other.—E.  
 Most writers now would prefix a D, which reconciles the Eastern with the Italian pronunciation.

‡ Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth, less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must slide into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance ; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskillful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a " facili descendus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards to the Jews and Christians.—E.

§ A vulgar error : the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women, but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern any streams of things\* in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Materiam.—E.

| An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed " plus sage qu'en Arabe."—E.

Her hair in hyacinthine 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!†  
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,  
 When pass the steps of stranger man  
 Along the banks that bound her tide;  
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—  
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze  
 Shrank from the charms it meant to praise:  
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;  
 Her heart as 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 pacha wore,  
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,  
 Even robbers tremble to behold.  
 'Tis said he goes to woo 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 'twere vain to seek]

\* Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poet  
 was among the Greeks.—B.

† "Franguestan," Circassia.—B.

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 periah 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 Lâkura unveild?

They reach the grove of pine at last:  
 "Bismillah!" now the peril's past;  
 For yonder view the opening plain,  
 And there we'll prick our steeds again:"  
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,  
 A bullet whistled o'er his head;  
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!  
 Scarce had they time to check the 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 courser's harness leant,  
 Half sheltered 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

Allah—" in the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the  
 of one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.—A.

Have well secured the only way  
 Could now avail the promised prey ;  
 Then curl'd his very beard with fire,<sup>\*</sup>  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire :  
 "Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
 I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."<sup>†</sup>  
 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 †  
 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 !  
 "'Tis he ! 'tis he ! I know him now ;  
 I know him by his pallid brow ;  
 I know him by the evil eye ‡  
 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 :  
 'Tis he ! well met in any hour,  
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Gissour !"<sup>§</sup>

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 blasts 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.

<sup>\*</sup> A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Musulman. In 1808, †  
 Facha's whickers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignant  
 tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans ; the portentous mustachies †  
 stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change †  
 but at last condescended to subside, which, probably saved more heads than  
 the raised hairs.—E.

<sup>†</sup> "Amaun," quarter, pardon.—E.

<sup>‡</sup> The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the  
 effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.—E.

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 suited to the shepherd's tale :  
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,  
 That neither spurs 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 lose 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,\*  
 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 toe, 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 ?

\* The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.—S.

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 lattices high—  
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye,  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling :  
" 'Tis 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 calpac\* rent—his caftan red—  
" Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wad :  
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
But this empurpled pledge to bear.  
Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt ;  
Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt."

\* \* \* \* \*

A turban 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.

\* The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress ; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.—E.

† The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanli whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass *sini* monuments ; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellious plunder, or revenge.—A.

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!"\*  
 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' eyes  
 On him shall glance for ever bright;  
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave, †  
 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's scythe; ‡  
 And from its torments 'scape alone  
 To wander round lost Eblis' § 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 Vampire 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 loath the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse:  
 Thy victims, ere they yet expire,  
 Shall know the demon for their sire,

\* "Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest on the exterior of the minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells London.—R.

† Following is part of a battle-song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, for I love thee,'" &c.—B.

‡ Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes novice and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of at, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is re; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small to the remainder, their hands are always full. Consult Sale's Koran.—B.

§ The Oriental Prince of Darkness.—B.  
 || A vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a which Mr. Southey, in his notes on "Thalaba," quotes, about these "Vrou as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole ng terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from itation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that kas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arse- according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The soever, use the word I mention.—B.

BYRON'S POEMS.

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,  
 Shall 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 shalt 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 lip ;  
 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 : 'tis 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.”  
 “ 'Tis twice three years at summer tide  
 Since first among our freres he came ;  
 And here it soothes 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 arise  
 Incense or anthem to the skies,  
 But broods within his cell alone,  
 His faith and race alike unknown.  
 The sea from Paynim land he cross'd,  
 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.

\* The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.—B.



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 glow  
 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 brook.  
 From him the half-affrighted Friar  
 When met alone would fain retire,  
 As if that eye and bitter smile  
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile :  
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
 And when he doth, 'tis sad to see  
 That he but mocks at Misery.  
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver !  
 Then fix once more as if for ever ;  
 As if his sorrow or disdain  
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.  
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth  
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.  
 But sadder still it were to trace  
 What once were feelings 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,  
 Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,  
 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 ;

THE CHAGUR.

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,  
'Twill 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—'twere 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,\*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream  
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 ;—

*It is, I believe, the bird so libelled by the imputation of feeding her chicks  
'Mid—A.*

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 uncontroll'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 woe.

My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
Of ancient fool and modern knave:  
Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;  
And in the field it had been sweet,  
Had danger woo'd me on to move  
The slave of glory, not of love.  
I've braved it—not for honour's boast;

I smile at laurels won or lost;  
To such let others carve their way,  
For high renown, or hireling pay:  
But place again before my eyes  
Aught that I deem a worthy prize;  
The maid I love, the man I hate,  
And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
To save or slay, as these require,  
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:

Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one  
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.  
 Death is but what the haughty brave,  
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave ;  
 Then let Life go to Him who gave :  
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow  
 When high and happy—need I *now* ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“ I loved her, Friar ! nay, adored—  
 But these are words that all can use—  
 I proved it more in deed than word ;  
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,  
 A stain its steel can never lose :  
 'Twas 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 Nasarene  
 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, 'twere 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—'tis 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 ne'er enthral ;  
 And I, alas ! too late to save !  
 Yet all I then could give, I gave—  
 'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.  
 His death sits lightly ; but her fate  
 Has made me—what thou well mayst hate.

His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,  
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,  
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear\*  
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,  
 As fled 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 hunter's 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 ;

\* This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahir riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. “ We are in peril,” he answered. “ What peril ? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalungi, or Lepanto ; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves.”—“ True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“ The shot ! not a topalko has been fired this morning.”—“ I hear it, notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“ Faha !”—“ As you please, Affendi ; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romate, Arnaut, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “ *Palazzo-ontro*” man ? “ No,” said he, “ but these pillars will be useful in making a stand ;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to “ *Childe Harold*,” Canto II. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his being in “ villainous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say he is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnauts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaut came (I believe the fittest on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined. “ Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “ may you live !—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow ; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “ in the mean time, he will join the Klephtes” (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.—A.

But mine was like the lava flood  
 That boils in *Ætna's* breast of flame.  
 I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain :  
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,  
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,  
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,  
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
 And all that I have felt, and feel,  
 Betoken love—that love was mine,  
 And shown by many a bitter sign.  
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
 I knew but to obtain or die.  
 I die—but first, I have possess'd,  
 And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.  
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?  
 No—reft 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 turn'd 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 desirc.  
 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, *hers* 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 he knows of bliss,  
 Cares little into what abyss.  
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear :  
 [ read abhorrence on thy brow,  
 And this too was I born to bear !  
 'Tis true, that like that bird of prey,  
 With havoc have I mark'd my way ;  
 But this was taught me by the dove,  
 To die—and know no second love.  
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn :  
 The bird that sings within the brake,  
 The swan that swims upon the lake,  
 One mate, and one alone, will take,  
 And let the fool still prone to range,  
 And sneer on all who cannot change,  
 Partake his jest with boasting boys ;  
 I envy not his varied joys,  
 But deem such feeble, heartless man,  
 Less than yon solitary swan ;  
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
 He left believing and betray'd.  
 Such shame at least was never mine—  
 Leila ! each thought was only thine !  
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
 My hope on high—my all below.  
 Earth holds no other like 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, abhorr'd 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 seest 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.<sup>4</sup>  
 My soul's estate in secret guess :  
 But wouldst 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 wrung  
 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,

Monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, and have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the , and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.—S.

A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,  
 Bear'd by the autumn blast of grief !

“Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
 No, father, no, 'twas not a dream ;  
 Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,—  
 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.  
 'Twas then, I tell thee, father ! then  
 I saw her ; yes, she lived again ;  
 And shining in her white symar,\*  
 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 fleeting 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, Lella ! 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 to hold.  
 Alas ! around a shadow press'd,  
 They shrink upon my lonely breast ;  
 Yet still 'tis there ! In silence stands,  
 And beckons with beseeching hands !  
 With braided hair, and bright black eye—  
 I knew 'twas false—she could not die !  
 But he is dead ! within the dell  
 I saw him buried where he fell ;  
 He comes not, for he cannot break  
 From earth ; why then art thou awake ?

\* “Symar,” a shroud.—B

### THE GHAOUR.

They told me wild waves roll'd above  
The face I view, the form I love :  
They told me—'twas a hideous tale !  
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail :  
If true, and from thine ocean-cave  
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave ;  
Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
This brow, that then will burn no more ;  
Or place them on my hopeless heart :  
But, 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."

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 he knew  
Of her he loved, or him he slew.\*

circumstance to which the above story relates, was not very uncommon in Turkey. As ago, the wife of Muehtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's sup-  
plicity ; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the  
undonest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and  
in the lake the same night ! One of the guards who was present informed me,  
one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror, at so sudden a  
from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this  
is the subject of many a Romanc and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is  
of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by  
related by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and  
etc their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will  
distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery ; and I regret that  
ry has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of  
I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as  
or justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know  
source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials ;  
is incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale ;" but for correct-  
taste, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all  
imitations ; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited  
will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As sa-  
ale, even Rasselas must bow before it ; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a  
a with the "Hall of Eblis."—E.

BYRON'S POEMS.

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,  
And o'er the changing aspect flits,  
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye ;  
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink :  
My thoughts their dungeon knew too well—  
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink  
And droop within their silent cell,

September, 1811

—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—

# 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."—Byron.

---

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,  
THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,  
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,  
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND  
SINCERE FRIEND,  
BYRON.

---

### CANTO THE FIRST.

#### I.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,  
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 Gül 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?  
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis 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.

\* "Gül," the rose.—B.

† "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,  
With whom Revenge is Virtue."—Youska's *Revenge*.—B.

## II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,  
 Apparell'd as becomes the brave,  
 Awaiting each his lord's behest  
 To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
 Old Giafir sat in his Divan :

Deep thought was in his aged eye ;  
 And though the face of Mussulman  
 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 disappear'd—

"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."

With Giafir 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 whate'er my mood,  
 In sooth I love not solitude ;  
 I on Zuleika's slumber broke,  
 And, as thou knowest that for me  
 Soon turns the Haram's grating key,  
 Before the guardian slaves awoke

#### THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

We to the cypress groves had flown,  
And made earth, main, and heaven our own !  
There linger'd we, beguiled too long  
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song,\*  
Till I, who heard the deep tambour †  
Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,  
To thee, and to my duty true,  
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew :  
But there Zuleika wanders yet—  
Nay, father, rage not—nor forget  
That none can pierce that secret bower  
But those who watch the women's tower.”

#### IV.

“Son of a slave”—the Pacha said—  
“From unbelieving mother bred,  
Vain were a father's hope to see  
Aught that 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 wouldst 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 seest yon bow—it hath a string !”

#### V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,  
At least that met old Giamr'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.

\* and Lella, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of  
drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.—E.

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 raised,  
 Till Giaffir's quell'd and shrunk askance—  
 And why—he felt, but durst not tell.  
 " Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
 Will one day work me more annoy :  
 I never loved him from his birth,  
 And—but his arm is little worth,  
 And scarcely in the chase could cope  
 With timid fawn or antelope,  
 Far less would venture into strife  
 Where man contends for fame and life—  
 I would not trust that look or tone :  
 No—nor the blood so near my own.  
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—  
 I'll watch him closer than before.  
 He is an Arab 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 wait to Mecca's shrine  
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,  
 Who bless'd thy birth and bless thee now."

## VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,  
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,  
 Whose imago then was stamp'd upon her mind—  
 But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling ;  
 Dazzling, as that, oh ! too transcendent vision  
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,

\* The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) *we* than they hate the Christians.—B.



When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,  
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;  
 Soft, as the memory of buried love;  
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;\*  
 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 harmonised 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 bless'd  
 His child caressing and caress'd,  
 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;

\* This is a mistake of poets and some theologians; a child's prayer is meaningless—the earliest prayer is from man in the prime of his vigour and intellect—no child's prayer can be compared to that of a Fénelon.

† This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to “him who hath not music in his soul,” but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. It is an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps, of my age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between painting and music, see vol. iii. cap. 16, “De l'Allemagne.” And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy—with the colouring of Nature in Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still, I think there are men who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied 1—N.

But yet the line of Carasman\*  
 Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood  
 First of the bold Timariot bands  
 That won and well can keep their lands,  
 Enough that he who comes to woo  
 Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou :  
 His years need scarce a thought employ :  
 I would not have thee wed a boy,  
 And thou shalt have a noble dower :  
 And his and my united power  
 Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,  
 Which others tremble but to scan,  
 And teach the messenger what fate  
 The bearer of such boon may wait. †  
 And now thou knowest thy father's will,—  
 All that thy sex hath need to know :  
 'Twas 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 fill'd 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, §  
 And mounting featly for the mead,  
 With Maugrabee and Mamluke, ¶  
 His way amid his Delis took, ¶¶

\* Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia. Those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots; they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.—B.

† When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the restoratory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of "these presents" were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of England, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.—B.

‡ Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voices, and they have no bells.—B.

§ Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.—B.

¶ Maugrabee, Moorish mercenaries.—B.

¶¶ Delis, bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.—B.

To witness many an active deed  
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerrreed.  
 The Kislar only and his Moors  
 Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

## IX.

His head was lent 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\*  
 With sabre-stroke right sharply dealt;  
 Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,  
 Nor heard their Ollahs † 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-gül's perfume, ‡  
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er  
 The pictured roof 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.

twisted fold of felt is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Musulmans can cut through it at a single stroke; sometimes a tough turban is used for the purpose. The jerrreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.—B.  
 Ollahs," *Alla fi Allah*, the "Lullies" as the Spanish poets call them; the sound is a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly in the chase; but mostly in battle. Their animation in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloes, form an amusing sight.—B.

Atar-gül," oil of roses. The Persian is the finest.—B.  
 he ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Musulman apartments, are gilded, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, &c., are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.—B.

BYRON'S POEMS.

“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 loved 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:

\* It has been much doubted whether the notes of this “Lover of the merry; and Mr. Fox’s remarks on the subject have provoked some allusion to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture point, though a little inclined to the “*errare mallet*,” &c., of Mr. W.

\* If joy can be said to be felt on hearing the nightingale, it must “the joy of grief” that is, a pleasing melancholy.

Even Azrael,\* 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 !"<sup>†</sup>

## 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. ‡  
 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, 'twas the term he gave,  
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,  
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.

*mel*," the angel of death.—B.

† " And now, my Kate,  
 To thee, whose smallest ringlet's fate  
 Conveys more interest to my soul  
 Than all the Powers, from pole to pole."—*T. Moore to His Sister*  
*measures of the pre-Adamite sultans. See D'Herbelot, article Istakar.—B.*

BYRON'S POEMS.

*His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,  
Perchance I am, at least shall be ;  
But let our plighted secret vow  
Be only known to us as now.  
I know the wretch who dares demand  
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ;  
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul  
Holds not a Musselim's\* control :  
Was he not bred in Egripo †  
A viler race let Israel show !  
But let that pass—to none be told  
Our oath ; the rest let 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, Allah ! sure thy lips are flame :  
What fever in thy veins is flushing ?  
My own have nearly caught the same,  
At least I feel my cheek too blushing.  
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,  
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
And lighten half thy poverty ;  
Do all but close thy dying eye,  
For that I could not live to try ;  
To these alone my thoughts aspire :  
More can I do ? or thou require ?  
But, Selim, thou must answer why  
We need so much of mystery !  
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,  
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well ;  
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and  
Beyond my weaker sense extends.

\* Musselim, a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha ; a W. then come the Aga.—*B.*

† Egripo—the Negroport. According to the proverb, the Tur. Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their race

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 cheriah'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 haughty mood  
 Jo thee hath never boded good ;  
 And he so often storms at nought,  
 Allah ! forbid that e'er he ought !  
 And why I know not, but within  
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.  
 If then such secrecy be crime,  
 And such it feels while lurking here ;  
 Oh, Selim ! tell me yet in time,  
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.  
 Ah ! yonder see the Tchocadar,\*  
 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, imposts, 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,

\* Tchocadar," one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.—B.

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 steal  
 Which some have felt, and more may feel.  
 Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
 Than thou hast heard or thought before :  
 Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me !  
 Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

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

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

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## CANTO THE SECOND.

### I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,  
 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 the 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, †  
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.

\* Wrangling about this epithet, " the broad Hellespont," or the " boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond the possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot ; and not foreseeing a conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the sea, and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the " tale of Troy divine " still continues, much of it resting upon the meaning of the word *αἰετός* : probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a hawk has of time, and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile ; as the latter, by a single stroke, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.—B.  
† In his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterwards killed by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, who was afterwards killed by the same means. I have seen the sheep feeding on the plain of Antiochus : the first is in the centre of the plain.—B.

BYRON'S POEMS.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,  
 And o'er her silken ottoman  
 Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,  
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran ;\*  
 Near these, with emerald rays beset,  
 (How could she thus that gem forget †)  
 Her mother's sainted amulet, ‡  
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text  
 Could smooth this life, and win the next ;  
 And by her Combololo, § 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 her now neglected lute ;  
 And round her lamp of fretted gold  
 Bloom flow'rs in urns of China's mould ;  
 The richest work of Iran's loom,  
 And Sheeras' 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 ;

\* When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is greenish.—*B.*

† The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or inclosed in gold &c from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still not Koorsee (throne) verse in the second chapter of the Koran describ Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pie and sublime of all sentences.—*B.*

‡ "Combololo"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly § richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though † Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "blues" might  
*ng.—B.*

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 wore !  
 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 Gallionge.\*

\* " Gallionge "—or Gallionci, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate,  
 the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Captain Paaba

## X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd ;  
 And now thou seest my words were true :  
 I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
 If sooth—its truth must others rue.  
 My story now 'twere 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 shar'd,  
 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 ledd'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  
 Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe ;  
 And I, alas ! am Giaffir's child,  
 For whom thou wert condemn'd, reviled.  
 If not thy sister—wouldst thou save  
 My life, oh ! bid me be thy slave !"

## XII.

"My slave, Zuleika !—nay, I'm thine :  
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,  
 Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine ;  
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,  
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.  
 So may the Koran verse display'd\*  
 Upon its steel direct my blade,

more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally as  
 The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver, are those of an Ar  
 robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Osmen  
 the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an s  
 dillo.—B.

\* The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the m  
 their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of  
 Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it i  
 broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water,  
 dowering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it what possible use such

In danger's hour to guard us both,  
 As I preserve that awful oath !  
 The name in which thy heart hath priz'd  
 Must change ; but, my Zuleika, know,  
 That tie is widen'd, not divided,  
 Although thy sire 's my deadliest foe.  
 My father was to Giaffir all  
 That Selim late was deem'd to thee ;  
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,  
 But spared, at least, my infancy ;  
 And lull'd me with a vain deceit  
 'That yet a like return may meet.  
 He rear'd me, not with tender help,  
 But like the nephew of a Cain ;  
 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's rebel hordes attest †  
 How little love they bore such guest :  
 His death is all I need relate,  
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate ;  
 And how my birth disclosed to me,  
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

## XIV.

" When Paswan, after years of strife,  
 At last for power, but first for life,

† he said, in Italian, that he did not know ; but the Mussulmans had an idea  
 of this form gave a severer wound ; and liked it because it was " plu faroce."  
 much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.—*B.*  
 peculiarity of some Turkish scimitars is that they are hollow at the back of the  
 and that a ball of quicksilver is placed in this hollow, which, running with the blow,  
 additional weight or force to it.  
 to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testa-  
 sh as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Musulman and Jew : indeed,  
 profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the  
 s, than is warranted by our own sacred writ ; and not content with Adam, they  
 lography of pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and  
 right inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of  
 wife ; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their  
 It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah,  
 south of a Moslem.—*B.*  
 † *Opion, the rebel of Widdin, who, for the last years of his life, set the whole  
 of Persia at defiance.*—*B.*

BYRON'S POEMS.

In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,  
Our Pachas rallied round the state;  
Nor last nor least in high command,  
Each brother led a separate band;  
They gave their horsetails to the wind,\*  
And mustering in Sophia's plain,  
Their tents were pitch'd, their posts assign'd;  
To one, alas! assign'd in vain!  
What need of words! the deadly bowl,  
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, 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 subdu'd,  
Abdallah's pachalic 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.  
Wouldst 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:

\* “Horse-tail,” the standard of a Pacha.—*B.*  
† Giaffir, Pacha of Arzyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali flew to the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after; placed at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dinner.

To these should I my birth disclose,  
 His days, his very hours, were few :  
 They only want a heart to lead,  
 A hand to point them to the deed.  
 But Haroun only knows—or knew—  
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh :  
 He in Abdallah's palace grew,  
 And held that post in his serai,  
 Which holds he here—he saw him 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 elate  
 With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,  
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,  
 He led me helpless to his gate,  
 And not in vain it seems essay'd  
 To save the life for which he pray'd.  
 The knowledge of my birth secur'd  
 From all and each, but most from me ;  
 Thus Giaffir's safety was insured.  
 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 Galiongée,  
 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 seest my band have brought,  
 The hands that wield are not remote ;  
 This cup too for the rugged knaves  
 Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine :  
 Our Prophet might forgive the slaves ;  
 They're only infidels in wine !

## XVIII.

*“ What could I be ? Proscribed at home  
 And taunted to a wish to roam ;*

And listless left—for Giaffir's fear  
 Denied the courser and the spear—  
 Though oft—Oh, Mahomet ! how oft !  
 In full Divan the despot scoff'd,  
 As if my weak unwilling hand  
 Refused the bridle or the brand :  
 He ever went to war alone,  
 And pent me here untried—unknown ;  
 To Haroun's care with women left,  
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft.  
 While thou—whose softness long endear'd,  
 Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd—  
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,  
 Awaitedst there the field's event,  
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining  
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,  
 His captive, though with dread, resigning,  
 My thraldom 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 !  
 Ev'n 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 ;\*  
 But when and where I join'd the crew,  
 With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,  
 When all that we design to do  
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet  
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

## XX.

“'Tis 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 ;

\* The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the *Archipelago* alluded to.—E.



A soul for every enterprise,  
 That never sees with terror's eyes ;  
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,  
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,  
 Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than ev'n my own intents.  
 And some—and I have studied all,  
     Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
     The wisdom of the cautious Frank—  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,  
     The last of Lambro's patriots there\*  
     Anticipated freedom share ;  
 And oft around the cavern fire  
 On visionary schemes debate,  
 To snatch the Rayahs † from their fate.  
 So let them ease their hearts with prate  
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew ;  
 I have a love for freedom too.

Ay ! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam, ‡  
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home ! §  
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
 Are more than cities and serais to me :  
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
 Across the desert, or before the gale,  
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide, my prow !  
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou,  
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark ;  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark !  
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life !  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !  
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall  
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call ;  
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise ;  
 Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.  
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower  
 Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour. ||  
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,  
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command !

\* Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789-90 for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Rigas are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.—B.

† "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."—B.

‡ The first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.—B.

§ The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkonians, will be found well stilled in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, need be denied. A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never and himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.—B.

|| "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.—B.

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 false 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, 'tis 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 blest alternative of fraud or force !  
 Ours be the last ; in time deceit may come,  
 When cities cage us in a social home :  
 There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the 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 bless'd,  
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charm  
 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 !  
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape !  
 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 !





Dauntless he stood—"Tis come—soon past—  
One kiss, Zulcika—'t is my last."

"Bride of Abydos." 1830



1-11-1918

For—~~for~~—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 hand,  
 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,  
 'Tis 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 wouldst 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,  
 Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,  
 Appall'd by truths imparted now,  
 Here rest I—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.

*Damless he stood—“ 'Tis come—soon past—  
 One kiss, Zuleika—'tis 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 stepp'd ;  
 His pistol's echo rang on high,  
 Zuleika started not, nor wept,  
 Despair benumb'd her breast and eye !—  
 “ They hear me not, or if they ply  
 Their oars, 'tis 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 band are plunging in the bay,  
 Their sabres glitter through the spray ;  
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand  
 They struggle—now they touch the land !  
 They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—  
 His heart's best blood is on the water !

## XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,  
 Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,  
 To where the strand and billows met :  
 There as his last step left the land,  
 And the last death-blow dealt his hand—  
 Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look  
 For her his eye but sought in vain !



That pause, that fatal gaze he took,  
 Hath doom'd his death or fix'd his chain,  
 Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
 How late will Lover's hope remain !  
 His back was to the dashing spray ;  
 Behind, but close, his comrades lay ;  
 When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—  
 "So may the foes of Giaffir fall !"  
 Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?  
 Whose bullet through the night-air sang,  
 Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err ?  
 'Tis thine—Abdallah's murderer !  
 The father slowly rued thy hate,  
 The son hath found a quicker fate :  
 Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,  
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—  
 If aught his lips essay'd to groan,  
 The rushing billows choked the tone !

## XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;  
 Few trophies of the fight are there :  
 The shouts that shook the midnight bay  
 Are silent ; but some signs of fray  
 That strand of strife may bear.  
 And fragments of each shiver'd brand ;  
 Steps stamp'd ; and dash'd into the sand  
 The print of many a struggling hand  
 May there be mark'd ; nor far remote  
 A broken torch, an oarless boat ;  
 And tangled on the weeds that heap  
 The beach where shelving to the deep  
 There lies a white capote !  
 'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain  
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain :  
 But where is he who wore ?  
 Ye ! who would o'er his relics weep,  
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep  
 Their burthen round Sigæum's steep,  
 And cast on Lemnos' shore :  
 The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
 O'er which their hungry beaks delay,  
 As shaken on his restless pillow,  
 His head heaves with the heaving billow ;  
 That hand, whose motion is not life,  
 Yet feebly seems to menace strife,  
 Flung by the tossing tide on high,  
 Then levell'd with the wave—  
 What reck's it, though that corpse 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 bled or wept to see him die,

Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
 And mourn'd above his turban-stone,\*  
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—  
 Yea—closed before his own!

## XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:  
 Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,  
 Thy destined lord is come too late:  
 He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face!  
 Can he not hear  
 The loud Wul-wulleh 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—  
 And that last thought on him thou couldst not save  
 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, remorse!  
 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 doth 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?" ‡

\* A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.—*B.*

† The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public.—*B.*

‡ "I came to the place of my birth and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"—*From an Arabic MS.*  
 The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar.

## 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,  
 Expires that magic melody.  
 And some have been who could believe  
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
 Yet harsh be they that blame)  
 That note so piercing and profound  
 Will shape and syllable its sound  
 Into Zuleika's name.\*

\* Under—it is given in the first annotation (p. 67) of "The Pleasures of Memory :"  
 as well known as to render a reference almost superfluous ; but to whose pages all  
 slighted to recur.—B.  
 † airy tongues that syllable men's names."—MILTON. For a belief that the souls

'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 ;  
 Ere saw it placed—the Morrow gone !  
 It was no mortal arm that bore  
 That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore ;  
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,  
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell ;  
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave  
 Denied his bones a holier grave :  
     And there by night, reclined, 'tis 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 flourish'd ; flourisheth this hour,  
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale ;  
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale !

---

 TO GENEVRA.

## I.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,  
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught  
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,  
 Seems sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—  
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,  
 That—but I know thy blessèd bosom fraught  
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—  
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.  
 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 !  
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

December 17,

of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyt-  
 gnet story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window  
 shape of a raven (see Orford's "Reminiscences"), and many other instances, but  
 superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady  
 believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnish-  
 pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind ; and as she was rich, and a bene-  
 in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly.—For the  
 dole, see Orford's "Letters."—E.

## II.

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 depending,  
The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,  
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;  
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,  
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

---

# THE CORSAIR.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East: none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his *Oriental his Irish Eclogues*, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel.

Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of "Gods, men, nor columns." In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure, certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future, regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from self," the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, these

who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,  
And affectionately,  
His obedient servant,  
BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

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## THE CORSAIR.

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### CANTO THE FIRST.

#### I.

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

\* The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences; but the whole of the *Algean* seas are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.—B.

† Byron's lassness made the water his element. Had he been a devoted hunter, or a soldier, his apostrophes would have been quite as warm.

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 regrets 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 Pirates' 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 nourish'd by that abstinence.  
 "Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—'tis 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 descending from the latticed stern.  
 'Tis 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 gath'ring grows the crowd;  
 The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,  
 And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—  
 Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word:  
 "Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—  
 But shall we see them?—will their accents bless?  
 From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—  
 They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?  
 Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,  
 And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

## VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we bear report—  
 And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;  
 Yet thus sincere—'tis cheering, though so 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,  
 Whose scattar'd streams from granite basins burst,  
 Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst ;  
 From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,  
 What lonely straggler looks along the wave ?  
 In pensive posture leaning on the brand,  
 Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand ?  
 "'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here—as wont—alone ;  
 On—Juan !—on—and make our purpose known.  
 The bark he views—and tell him we would greet  
 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  
 Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to each  
 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 'a expired."

## VIII.

They make obeisance and retire in haste,  
 Too soon to seek again the watery waste :  
 Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides,  
 And who dare question aught that he decides ?  
 That man of loneliness and mystery,  
 Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh ;  
 Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,  
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue ;  
 Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.  
 What is that spell, that thus his lawless train  
 Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain ?  
 What should it be, that thus their faith can bind ?  
 The power of thought—the magic of the Mind !  
 Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,  
 That moulds another's weakness to its will :  
 Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,  
 Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.  
 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,  
 Still seems there something he would not have seen :  
 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  
 To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,  
 Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought  
 Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,  
 Betray no further than the bitter smile;  
 The lip's least 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 scars  
 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 worst 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  
 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 make  
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake :  
 The first may turn—but not avenge the blow ;  
 The last expires—but leaves no living foe ;  
 Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,  
 And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings !

## XII.

None are all evil—quickenng round his heart,  
 One softer feeling would not yet depart ;  
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
 By passions worthy of a fool or child ;  
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,  
 And even in him it asks the name of Love !  
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,  
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ;  
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,  
 He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by ;  
 Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,  
 None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.  
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,  
 Tried 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 calmness part,  
 Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart ;  
 Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—  
 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 pass'd,  
 Nor know I why this next appears the last !  
 Yet so my heart forebodes but must not fear,  
 Nor shall my followers find me falter here.  
 'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait  
 Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate ;

And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,  
 We'll furnish mourners for our funeral-pile.  
 Ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams !  
 Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams  
 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'n 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 'twas 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 his 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 recline :  
 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 !<sup>h</sup>

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridors,  
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gavo 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 unhus'd—although my lips were mute !  
Oh ! many a night on this lone couch reclined,  
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,  
And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail  
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ;  
Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,  
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge :  
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,  
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire :  
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,  
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.  
Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,  
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,  
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow  
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !  
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and bless'd the mast  
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas ! it pass'd !  
Another came—oh ! God 'twas 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 chang'd ;  
Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like aveng'd,  
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  
 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 pleas'd, 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 grape's 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  
 To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now ;  
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,  
 When the clear sky show'd Ariadne'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 !  
 Since all must end in that wild word—farewell !  
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—  
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes ;  
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,  
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared ;  
 Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord 's away,  
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay ;  
 And this thy comfort, that, when next we meet,  
 Security shall make repose more sweet.

\* Orlando Furioso, Canto 10.—g.







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She rose—she sprung—she c'ung to his embrace,  
Thil his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.

"CORSAIR," canto I., ll.

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List!—'tis 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 'twas 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!  
 " 'Twas 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 to swim,  
 Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes drow'd  
 With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.  
 "He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,  
 Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven;  
 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 marvell'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'd;  
 He 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 statelier step renew;  
 Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view:  
 For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,  
 By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;  
 His was the lofty port, the distant mien,  
 That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen:  
 The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,  
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;  
 All these he wielded to command assent:  
 But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,  
 That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,  
 And others' gifts show'd mean beside his word,  
 When echo'd to the heart, as from his own,  
 His deep yet tender melody of tone:  
 But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
 He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued;  
 The evil passions of his youth had made  
 Him value less who 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 capot  
 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 dipp'd 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 ;  
 Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,  
 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,  
 To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile :  
 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.

"*Conoscete i dubiosi desiri ?*"—DARWA.

## 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 :

By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet-lightning from the water.—B.

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 firmam 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 baro 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,  
 Though to the rest the sober berry's juice,\*  
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;  
 The long chibouque's† dissolving cloud supply,  
 While dance the Almas‡ 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 crowded in his host  
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

## III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,  
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,  
 Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,  
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:  
 "A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest  
 Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest." §

Coffee.—E.

† Pipe.—E.

‡ Dancing girls.—E.

§ It has been objected, that Courad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.

\* Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian went

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 depress'd ;  
 Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,  
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.  
 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 Scalanova's port to Scio's isle,  
 The Saick was bound ; but Alla did not smile  
 Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains  
 The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.  
 I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,  
 Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost ;  
 At length a fisher's humble boat by night  
 Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of flight :  
 I seized the hour, and find my safety here—  
 With thee—most mighty Pacha ! who can fear ? ”

“ How speed the outlaws ? stand they well prepar'd  
 Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock, to guard ?  
 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 mayest 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.

‘quising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own  
 son ; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had en-  
 and dismissed the emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected  
 improbable fiction ; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless  
 life of a hero.”—Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 180.

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.”

”Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,  
 Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan ;  
 Nor show'd high relish for the banquet press'd,  
 And less respect for every fellow-guest.  
 ’Twas but a moment's peevish hectic pass'd  
 Along his cheek, and tranquillized as fast :  
 He sate him down in silence, and his look  
 Resumed the calmness which before torsook :  
 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 suppose  
 This feast a Christian's ? or my friends thy foes ?  
 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 !  
 Accursèd 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 :

\* The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

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 gleam,  
 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 !\**  
 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 baldrick drew  
 His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew :  
 'Tis 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'erwhelmed 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 ; †  
 For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,  
 And burst within—and it were death to wait ;  
 Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling throws  
 The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows !  
 The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,  
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din  
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,  
 Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.  
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,  
 A glutted tiger mangling in his lair !  
 But short their greeting—shorter his reply—  
 “ 'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die—

*Batan—B.*

A sermon and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's memoirs, p. 24. “ The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh ; he plucked up his beard and roots, because he was obliged to quit the field.”—*B.*

Much hath been done—but more remains to do—  
 'Their galleys blaze—why not their city too !'

## V.

Quick at the word—they seized him each a torch,  
 And fire the dome from minaret to porch.  
 A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,  
 But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry  
 Of women struck, and like a deadly knell  
 Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.  
 "Oh ! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives  
 One female form—remember—we have wives.  
 On them such outrage Vengeance will repay ;  
 Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay ;  
 Rut still ye 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 Gulnare,\*  
 Few words to re-assure the trembling fair ;  
 For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,  
 The foe before retiring fast and far,  
 With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,  
 First slowlier fled—then rallied—then withstood.  
 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 :

\* Gulnare, a female name ; it means literally, the flower of the pomgranate.

"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 trampled o'er;  
 But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
 And sinks outwearied 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 blows,  
 And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,  
 Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,  
 Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,  
 By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,  
 And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd:  
 And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,  
 Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,  
 Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy  
 That smooth'd his accents, soften'd in his eye:  
 'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore bedew'd  
 Seem'd gentler than than Seyd in fondest mood.  
 The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave  
 Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;  
 The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,  
 As if his homage were a woman's right.  
 "The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain:  
 Yet much I long to view that chief again;  
 If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,  
 The life—my loving lord remember'd not!"

## VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,  
 But gather'd breathing from the happier dead;  
 Far from his band, and battling with a host  
 That deem right dearly won the field he lost,  
 Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,  
 And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought;  
 Preserved to linger and to live in vain,  
 While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,  
 And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—  
 But drop by 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!  
 'Tis he indeed—disarm'd, but undepress'd,  
 His sole regret the life he still possess'd;  
 His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,  
 Which would have kiss'd the hand that then could kill,  
 Oh, were there none of all the many given,  
 To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven!  
 Just 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  
 O! lingering tortures to repay the debt—  
 He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride  
 That led to perpetrate—now nerves to hide.  
 Still in his stern and self-collected mien  
 A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,  
 Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,  
 But few that saw—so calmly gazed around:  
 Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,  
 Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,  
 The better warriors who beheld him near,  
 Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;  
 And the grim guards that to his durance led,  
 In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

## IX.

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

## X.

'Twere 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 never spake before—  
 But cries, "I warn'd thee!" when the deed is o'er.  
 Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,  
 May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!  
 Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,  
 And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,  
 No single passion, and no ruling thought  
 That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;  
 But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—  
 All rushing through their thousand avenues—  
 Ambition's dreams expiring, love's 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 remember'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 cankering less because the more conceal'd—  
 All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,  
 That opening sepulchre—the naked heart  
 Bares 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 hath 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  
 Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.  
 His palace perish'd in the flame—this fort  
 Contain'd at once his captive and his court.  
 Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,  
 His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the same :—  
 Alone he sate in solitude, and 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,  
 And strain'd with rage the chain on which he gazed ;  
 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.  
 'Twas 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—  
 Disguis'd—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 likeness—naked foot,  
 That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—  
 Through guards and dunnest 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 Paoha'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.  
 Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,  
 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 we:  
 'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—  
 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 jailer's face shows wondrous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st 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.  
 I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—  
 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 o'ven the scaffold \* 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 unbeat 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,  
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

## 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,  
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow ;  
But all I can, I will : at least, delay  
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.  
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth  
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both.”

“ Yes !—loth indeed :—my soul is nerved to all,  
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall :  
Tempt not thyself with peril ; me with hope  
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope :  
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,  
The one of all my band that would not die ?  
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,  
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.  
My sole resources in the path I trod  
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God !  
The last I left in youth—He leaves me now—  
And Man but works His will to lay me low.  
I have no thought to mock His throne with prayer  
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair ;  
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.  
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand  
That might have better kept so true a brand ;  
My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—  
For her in sooth my voice would mount above :  
Oh ! she is all that still to earth can bind—  
And this will break a heart so more than kind,  
And blight a form—till thine appear'd, Gulnare !  
Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair.”

In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, in the Tower, as, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it “ was too slender to trouble the heads-mach.” During one part of the French revolution, it became a fashion to leave a *suave* as a legacy ; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that id would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.—B.

"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me  
Is this—'tis 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  
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought."

"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—  
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove  
To meet his passion—but it would not be.  
I felt—I feel—love dwells 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'd,  
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 unsought—  
And oft when present—absent from my thought.  
Or when reflection comes, and come it must—  
I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust ;  
I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,  
'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.  
Oh ! that this dotage of his breast would cease !  
Or seek another and give mine release,  
But yesterday—I could have said, to peace !  
Yes—if unwonted fondness now I feign,  
Remember—captive ! 'tis to break thy chain ;  
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe ;  
To give thee back to all endear'd below,  
Who share such love as I can never know.  
Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away :  
"Twill cost me dear—but dread no death to-day !"

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.

'Tis morn—and o'er his alter'd 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.

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 Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine.  
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long expanse  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

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

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,  
 That closed their murder'd sage's\* latest day!  
 Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—  
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
 But sad his light to agonizing 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 Cithæron's head,  
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;  
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—  
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.†  
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;  
 With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams 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,‡  
 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!

\* Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.—*B.*  
 † The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter longer, but in summer of shorter duration.—*B.*  
 ‡ The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house: the palm is without the present wall of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall is raised.—Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.—*B.*  
 § The opening lines, as far as section II., have, perhaps, little business here, and are annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spring of 1811, and, I scarce know why, the reader must excuse their appearance here.—*B.*

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 --  
 With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one !  
 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 ;  
 Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—  
 Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they know.  
 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 sank 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—flutter'd—wept--  
 All lost—that softness died not—but it slept ;  
 And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,  
 "With nothing left to love—there's nought to dread."  
 'Tis more than nature's ; like the burning might  
 Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

"Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell  
 What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well -  
 Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies  
 The—quick your answer—tell me where he lies."

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

*She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—*

So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then withers  
 Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued :  
 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 death-like 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 lod,  
 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  
 Storn Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate,  
 His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,  
 Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell ;  
 Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined  
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind ;  
 While many an anxious glance her large dark eyes  
 Sends in its idle search for sympathy.  
*His* only bends in seeming o'er his beads,\*  
 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 hoard—  
 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."

\* The *Czambololo*, or Mahometan rosary ; the beads are in number ninety—<sup>1</sup>



THE CORSAIR.

not now redeem'd a single hour,  
 t I know him fetter'd, in my power ;  
 irsting for revenge, I ponder still  
 gs that longest rack, and latest kill."

Sayd !—I seek not to restrain thy rage,  
 tly moved for mercy to assuage ;  
 ights were only to secure for thee  
 es—thus released, he were not free :  
 d, shorn of half his might and band,  
 ture could but wait thy first command."

apture could !—and shall I then resign  
 ' to him—the wretch already mine !  
 ay foe !—at whose remonstrance !—thine !  
 for !—to thy virtuous gratitude,  
 us repays this Giaour's relenting mood,  
 thee and thine alone of all could spare,  
 ot—regardless if the prize were fair,  
 lks and praise alike are due—now hear !  
 counsel for thy gentler ear :  
 trust thee, woman ! and each word  
 stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.  
 his arms through fire from yon Serai—  
 rt thou lingering there with him to fly ?  
 ed'st not answer—thy confession speaks,  
 reddening on thy guilty cheeks ;  
 vely dame, bethink thee ! and beware :  
 his life alone may claim such care !  
 word and—nay—I need no more.  
 d was the moment when he bore  
 m the flames, which better far—but—no—  
 ad mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—  
 s thy lord that warns—deceitful thing !  
 thou that I can clip thy wanton wing ?  
 s alone I am not wont to chafe :  
 thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe !"

—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,  
 his eye and threats in his adieu :  
 He reck'd that chief of womanhood—  
 frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued ;  
 He deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare !  
 oft could feel, and when incensed could dare  
 tbs appear'd to wrong—nor yet she knew  
 ep the root from whence compassion grew—  
 a slave—from such may captives claim  
 r-feeling, differing but in name ;  
 f unconscious—heedless of his wrath,  
 he ventured on the dangerous path,  
 his rage repell'd—until arose  
 life of thought—the source of woman's woes !

## VI.

Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the same  
 Roll'd day and night—his soul could never tame—  
 '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 ;  
 'Twas 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 tall  
 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—Gulnare—  
 The second—third—and still she came not there ;  
 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 wing'd 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 !

ung the wind above ; and, doubly loud,  
 o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud ;  
 ash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,  
 a more genial than the midnight star :  
 o the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,  
 oped *that* peril might not prove in vain.  
 sed his iron hand to heaven, and pray'd  
 tying flash to mar the form it made :  
 æl and impious prayer attract alike—  
 orm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike ;  
 l wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,  
 ome faithless friend had spurn'd his groan !

## VIII.

idnight pass'd—and to the massy door  
 t step came—it paused—it moved once more ;  
 urns the grating bolt and sullen key :  
 his heart foreboded—that fair she !  
 /er her sins, to him a guardian saint,  
 eateous still as hermit's hope can paint ;  
 anged since last within that cell she came,  
 pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame :  
 n she cast her dark and hurried eye,  
 i spoke before her accents—"Thou must die !  
 hou must die—there is but one resource,  
 st—the worst—if torture were not worse."

r ! I look to none—my lips proclaim  
 last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the same :  
 ouldst thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,  
 hange the sentence I deserve to bear ?  
 ave I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed  
 d's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

r should I seek ? because—Oh ! didst thou not  
 n my life from worse than slavery's lot ?  
 ould I seek ?—hath misery made thee blind  
 , fond workings of a woman's mind ?  
 ust I say ? albeit my heart rebel  
 all that woman feels, but should not tell—  
 e—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved :  
 'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'd—loved  
 not, tell not now thy tale again,  
 lov'st another—and I love in vain ;  
 h fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,  
 through peril which she would not dare.  
 t thy heart to hers were truly dear,  
 I thine own—thou wert not lonely here :  
 tlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam !  
 hath such gentle dame to do with home ?  
 peak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head  
 s the keen sabre by a single thread ;  
 u hast courage still, and wouldst be free,  
 ve 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 shudder—but my soul is changed—  
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be avenged—  
Accused of what till now my heart disdain'd—  
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.  
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,  
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear.  
But he has said it—and the jealous well,  
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,  
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.  
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—  
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.  
I was a slave un murmuring: he hath said,  
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.  
'Twas 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 lordly will;  
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,  
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea.  
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,  
To wear but till the gilding frets away?  
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,  
If but to show how grateful is a slave.  
But had he not thus menaced fame and life  
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife),  
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.  
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:  
Thou lovest me not—nor know'st—or but the worst—  
Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—  
Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou wouldst not  
Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;  
'Tis 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 Seid!

"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's 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 ! 'tis 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 follow'd 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.  
 'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where  
 That passage led ; nor lamp nor guard were there :  
 He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek  
 Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak ?  
 Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to 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  
 Revea'd the ray within, but nothing more.  
 With hasty step a figure outward pass'd,  
 Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis she at last !  
 No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—  
 “Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill !”  
 Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye  
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.

She stopp'd—threw back her 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—  
If her hurrying hand had left—'twas 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 foreshown ;  
He had been tempted—chasten'd—and the chain  
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 that  
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men !

## XI.

“ 'Tis 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—'tis already day.  
The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,  
And these thy yet surviving band shall join :  
Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,  
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

## XII.

She clapp'd her hands—and through the gallery pass'd,  
Equipp'd for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor ;  
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 was as useless as if Seyd  
Yet lived 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 mayst forgive though Alla's self detest ;  
 But for that deed of darkness what wert thou ?  
 Reproach me—but not yet—O ! 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 his thoughts, they more himself upbraid  
 Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made ;  
 But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpress'd,  
 They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.  
 Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge ;  
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge ;  
 Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,  
 A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck !  
 Their little bark her men of watch descrie,  
 And ampler canvas woos the wind from high ;  
 She bears her down majestically near,  
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier ;  
 A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow  
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.  
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,  
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance ;  
 " 'Tis mine—my blood-red flag ! again—again—  
 I am not all deserted on the main !"  
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,  
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.  
 "'Tis 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 colour of her cheek  
To deeper shades of paleness—all its red,  
That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead !  
He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—  
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate ;  
He clasp'd that hand—it trembled—and his own  
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.  
“ Gulnare ! ”—but she replied not—“ dear Gulnare ! ”  
She raised her eye—her only answer there—  
At once she sought and sunk in his embrace :  
If he had driven her from that resting-place,  
His had been more or less than mortal heart,  
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.  
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,  
His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.  
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss  
That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,  
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—  
To lips where love had lavish'd all his breath,



To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling  
As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

## XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.  
To them the very rocks appear to smile;  
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,  
'The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,  
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;  
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,  
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!  
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gloams,  
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.  
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 to the shore,  
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.  
O! 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—but faintly—for his trembling hand  
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.  
The portal opens—'tis 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 corridors,  
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 flowers her colder hand contain'd,\*  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
 And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below.  
 Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,  
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse.  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
 Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile  
 And wish'd repose—but only for a while;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier,  
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

## XXI.

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now  
 By the first glance on that still—marble brow.  
 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 reft at once—and he deserved his fate,  
 But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
 For peace, those realms where guilt can never 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 express'd  
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast;  
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,  
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;

\* In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the ~~dead~~ <sup>deceased</sup> hands of young persons to place a nosegay.—B.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.  
 On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion press'd,  
 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.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour  
 Few dare ; though now Anselmo sought his tower.  
 He was not there—nor seen along the shore ;  
 Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er :  
 Another morn—another bids them seek,  
 And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ;  
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,  
 They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain ;  
 Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.  
 'Tis 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.



## WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies ;  
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—  
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king :  
 Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life :  
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,  
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.  
 Ah, what can tombs avail !—since these disgorge  
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.



# POEMS ON NAPOLEON.

## ODE TO NAPOLEON.

"Eripente Anathalem :—quod Ihera in daco summo  
Ivantes ?"—*JOURNAL, Oct. x.*

Imperator Nones was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the  
is of Gaul ; his moral virtues and military talents were loudly celebrated ; and  
a desired any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic  
a restoration of public safety.

useful abolition, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state,  
an emperor and an exile, III.—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 220.

THE done—but yesterday a King !  
And arm'd with Kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing ;  
So abject—yet alive !  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive ?  
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind  
Who bow'd so low the knee ?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestion'd—power to save,—  
Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
To those that worshipp'd thee ;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach  
To after 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 other's fate  
 A suppliant for his own !  
 Is it some yet imperial hope,  
 That with such change can calmly cope !  
 Or dread of death alone ?  
 To die a prince—or live a slave—  
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak, †  
 Dream'd not of the rebound ;  
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—  
 Alone—how look'd he round ?  
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
 An equal deed hast done at length,  
 And darker fate hast found :  
 He fell, the forest prowler's prey ;  
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, ‡ 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.

\* "*Certaminis gloria*"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army to the battle of Châlons, given in Cassiodorus.

† Milo Crotensis, caught in the tree he had split.

‡ Sylla.

§ Chasles V. Byron forgets to tell us how he consoled himself with good eating.

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 ! may we hold thee dear,  
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
 In humblest guise have shown.  
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
 Nor written thus in vain—  
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
 Or deepen every stain :  
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
 Some new Napoleon might arise,  
 To shame the world again—  
 But who would soar the solar height,  
 To set in such a starless night ?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
 Is vile as vulgar clay ;  
 Thy scales, Mortality ! are just  
 To all that pass away :  
 But yet methought the living great  
 Some higher sparks should animate,  
 To dazzle and dismay ;  
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth  
 Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
 Thy still imperial bride ;  
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?  
 Still clings she to thy side ?  
 Must she, too, bend,—must she, too, share,  
 Thy late repentance, long despair,  
 Thou throneless Homicide ?  
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem ;  
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem !

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea ;  
 That element may meet thy smile—  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee !

Or trace with thine all idle hand,  
 In loitering mood upon the sand,  
 That Earth is now as free !  
 That Corinth's pedagogue\* hath now  
 Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage†—  
 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,‡  
 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 ;  
 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's thine—  
 When that immeasurable power,  
 Unsated to resign,  
 Had been an act of purer fame,  
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
 And gilded thy decline,  
 Through the long twilight of all time,  
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,  
 And don the purple vest,  
 As if that foolish robe could wring  
 Remembrance from thy breast.  
 Where is the 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 ?

\* Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily, who, after his fall, kept school at Cori.  
 † Bajazet, confined in an iron cage by his conqueror Timur.  
 ‡ Prometheus.



Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate,  
 Bequeath the name of Washington,  
 To make man blush there was but one!

## ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

## I.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo !  
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;  
 There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
 Rising from each gory trunk,  
 Like the waterspout from ocean,  
 With a strong and growing motion—  
 It soars, and mingles in the air,  
 With that of lost Labedoyère—  
 With that of him whose honour'd grave  
 Contains the "bravest of the brave,"  
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
 But shall return to whence it rose ;  
 When 'tis full, 'twill 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,  
 Showing down a fiery flood,  
 Turning rivers into blood.\*

## 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 defeated,  
 Till lone Tyranny commanded ?  
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
 The Hero sunk into the King ?  
 Then he fell :—so perish all,  
 Who would men by man enthrall !

lev. chap. viii. v. 7, &c. "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and  
 fire with blood," &c. v. 8 "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a  
 mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea ; and the third part of the sea became  
 a. v. 10. "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven,  
 as it were a lamp ; and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the  
 of waters." v. 11. "And the name of the star is called Wormwood ; and the  
 of the waters became wormwood ; and many men died of the waters, because  
 made bitter."

BYRON'S POEMA.

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume !  
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb ;  
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 banks,  
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 quickest,  
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 wing 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,  
Weep 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.

## TO NAPOLEON.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

MUST thou go, my glorious chief,\*  
 Sever'd from thy faithful few ?  
 Who can tell thy warriors' 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 ?

Idol of the soldier's soul !  
 First in fight, but mightiest now :  
 Many could a world control ;  
 Thee alone no doom can bow.  
 By thy side for years I dared  
 Death ; and envied those who fell,  
 When their dying shout was heard,  
 Blessing him they served so well.†

†, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the  
 onsparte. He clung to his master's knees ; wrote a letter to Lord Keith,  
 mission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity ; which could  
 ted."

erloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to  
 with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades,  
 "war, jusqu'à la mort !" There were many other instances of the like : this,  
 may depend on as true."—*Private Letter from Brussels.*

Would that I were cold with those,  
 Since this hour I live to see ;  
 When the doubts of coward foes  
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,  
 Dreading each should set thee free ;  
 Oh ! although in dungeons pent,  
 All their chains were light to me,  
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him  
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,  
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,  
 In his native darkness share ?  
 Were that world this hour his own,  
 All thou calmly dost resign,  
 Could he purchase with that throne  
 Hearts like those which still are thine !

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu !  
 Never did I droop before ;  
 Never to my sovereign sue,  
 As his foes I now implore :  
 All I ask is to divide  
 Every peril he must brave :  
 Sharing by the hero's side  
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

---

### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory  
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—  
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,  
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.  
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only  
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;  
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lone !  
 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—  
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blast'd—  
 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 tears will unfold it again—

I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
 may thy heart leap awake to my voice—  
 the links which must break in the chain that has bound us,  
 thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

---

THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave !—whose beam hath shod  
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead—  
 Thou radiant and adored decoit !  
 Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—  
 Wild meteor of immortal birth !  
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth !

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays ;  
 Eternity flash'd through thy blaze ;  
 The music of thy martial sphere  
 Was fame on high and honour here ;  
 And thy light broke on human eyes,  
 Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
 And swept down empires with its flood ;  
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
 As thou didst lighten through all space ;  
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue,  
 Of three bright colours, each divine,\*  
 And fit for that celestial sign ;  
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes ;  
 One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes :  
 One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
 Had robed in radiance of its light :  
 The three so mingled did beseeem  
 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.

\* The tricolour.

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 !

---

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name ;  
 There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame :  
 But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart  
 The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,  
 Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease ?  
 We repent—we abjure—we shall break from our chain—  
 We will part—we will fly to—unite it again !

Oh ! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt !  
 Forgive me, adored one !—forsake, if thou wilt ;  
 But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,  
 And man shall not break it—whatever thou mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,  
 This soul in its bitterest blackness shall be ;  
 And our days seem as swift, and our movements more sweet,  
 With thee by my side, than with worlds at my feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,  
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove ;  
 And the heatless may wonder at all I resign—  
 Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to mine.

---

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

▲ 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;  
 For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

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.

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#### ADDRESS

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE CALEDONIAN  
 MEETING, 1814.

WHO hath not glow'd above the sage where fame  
 Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;  
 The mountain land which spurn'd the Roman chain,  
 And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane;  
 Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand,  
 No foe could tame—no tyrant could command!  
 That race is gone—but still their children breathe,  
 And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:  
 O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,  
 And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.  
 The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,  
 But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!  
 Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,  
 But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled  
 While cheerily following where the mighty led—  
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod,  
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,

To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—  
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:  
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze;  
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose,  
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,  
The bleeding phantom of each martial form,  
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;  
While sad she chants the solitary song,  
The soft lament for him who tarries long—  
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
The cronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,  
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;  
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear  
Of half its bitterness, for one so dear;  
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread  
A thornless pillow for the widow's head;  
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,  
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.



# L A R A.\*

## CANTO THE FIRST.

### I.

THE serfs 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 chequering o'er the pictured window, plays  
The unwonted fagots' 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 wav'd his parting hand  
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all  
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.  
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare—  
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there ;

\* This is evidently a continuation of the "Corsair," not too much being left for the action of any reader to follow the events and mark the coincidence of characters. The reader is apprised that the name of Lara being Spartaia, and no circumstance of national description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the "Sert," which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were remnants of the soil, has, nevertheless, been employed to designate the follower of the chieftain. He is meant for noble of the Mora.—E.

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:  
 They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,  
 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 sped 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 recognize, 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 toll, 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—'tis quickly seen,  
 Whate'er he be, 'twas 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,  
 All these seem'd his, and something more beneath  
 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—unknown  
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 or 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 sate 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.

'Twas 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 recompense 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 grazed  
On that the feebler elements hath raised ;

\* See Othello. Byron affected not to be an admirer of Shakespeare, but he often uses  
his ideas and his phraseology.

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  
 They scarce knew what, but more than should have been  
 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!  
 Some knew, perchance—but 'twere a tale too long;  
 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 *ream*  
 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.  
 Those 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,  
 'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
 Save vague tradition ; and the gloomy vaults  
 That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults ;  
 And half a column of the pompous page,  
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age ;  
 Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,  
 And lies like truth, and still more 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 ;  
 His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,  
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume,  
 Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave  
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

## XII.

'Twas 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'd 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 shaking 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 frowns  
 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 appeals  
 As evening saddens o'er the dark gray 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  
 Their slumber ? his the oppress'd o'er-labour'd heart.  
 That ceased to beat, the look that made them start ?  
 Could he who thus had suffer'd, so forget  
 When such as saw that suffering shudder yet ?  
 Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd  
 Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd  
 In that corroding secrecy which gnaws  
 The heart to show the effect, but not the cause ?  
 Not so in him ; his breast had buried both,  
 Nor common gazers could discern the growth  
 Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told ;  
 They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

## XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd  
 Much to be loved and hated, sought and 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 unknown,  
 Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known ?  
 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 misspent,  
 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 fleshly form  
 She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm ;  
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will :  
 Too high for common selfishness, he could  
 At times resign his own for others' good,  
 But not in pity, not because he ought,  
 But in some strange perversity of thought,  
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride  
 To do what few or none would do beside ;  
 And this same impulse would in tempting time  
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime ;  
 So much he soar'd beyond or sunk beneath  
 The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,  
 And long'd by good or ill to separate  
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state ;  
 His mind abhorring this, had fix'd her throne  
 Far from the world, in regions of her own ;  
 Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,  
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow :  
 Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,  
 But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd !  
 'Tis 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 high-born 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 therein well-according bands ;  
 It is a sight the careful brow might smoothe,  
 And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,  
 And Youth forget such hour was pass'd on earth,  
 So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth !

## XXI.

And Lara gazed on these sedately glad,  
 His brow belie'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, 'tis a face unknown,  
 But seems as searching his, and his alone ;  
 Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,  
 Who still till now had gazed on him unscen !  
 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.

"'Tis he !" the stranger cried, and those that heard  
 Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.  
 "'Tis he !"—"Tis 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 stirr'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,  
 " 'Tis he !—how came he thence ?—what doth he here !"

## XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by  
 Such question, 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 shun no question, and I wear no mask."  
 " Thou shunn'st no question ! Ponder—is there none  
 Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun !  
 And deem'st thou me unknown too ! Gaze again !  
 At least thy memory was not given in vain.  
 Oh ! never caust 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 deign'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, 'tis 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 express'd."  
 And here their wondering host hath interposed—  
 " 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,

LARA.

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, determin'd, though unknown.  
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 fate 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,  
 When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home:  
 Those accents, as his native mountains dear,  
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,  
 Friends', kindred's, 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 wheroon his native sun had sate,  
 But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,  
 The check where oft the unbidden blush shone through  
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show  
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;  
 But 'twas 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 'twere grief, a grief that none should share:  
 And please not him the sports that please his age,  
 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, 'twas 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 'twas 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 smooth cheek,  
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;  
 A latent fierceness that far more became  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :  
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.  
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain shore ;  
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
 Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;  
 Unless 'twas 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 throw  
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew  
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.  
 Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare  
 And execute ere thought be half aware :  
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
 To seal his lip, but agonize 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 recognized 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 alone ;  
 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 Ezzein 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 lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,  
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile ;  
 O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
 What better name may slumber's bed become !  
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine  
 Alike in naked helplessness recline ;  
 Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,  
 And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,  
 That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains 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 thy gladden'd eye may see,  
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee ;  
 And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
 Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear ;  
 Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,  
 Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all  
 But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,  
 And fit thy clay to fertilize 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 proclaim  
 The life or death of Lara's future fame ;  
 When Esselin his charge may here unfold,  
 And whatso'er 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 Esselin ! 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 Esselin 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 wrung,  
 But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,  
 Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.  
 I know him not ; but me it seems he knew  
 In lands where—but I must not trifle too :  
 Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge ;  
 Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

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

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,  
 However near his own or other's tomb ;  
 With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke  
 Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke ;  
 With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,  
 Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.  
 In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,  
 For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed ;  
 And from his lip those words of insult fell—  
 His sword is good who can maintain them well.

## IV.

*Short was the conflict ; furious, blindly rash,  
 Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash :*

He bled, and fell ; but not with deadly wound,  
 Stretch'd by a dextrous sleight along the ground.  
 "Demand thy life !" He answer'd not : and then  
 From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,  
 For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
 Almost to blackness in its demon hue ;  
 And fiercer shook his angry falchion now  
 Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow ;  
 Then all was stern collectèdness 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 speeche, sign, and speech ;  
 The others met within a neighbouring hall,  
 And he, incensèd 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 distress'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 borne  
 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 dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,  
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
 When agonizèd hands that cease to guard,  
 Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.



LARA.

uch had been, if here a life was left,  
 ess were not ; and doubting hope is left ;  
 range suspicion, whispering Lara's name,  
 aily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame ;  
 udden silent when his form appear'd,  
 the absence of the thing it fear'd ;  
 its wonted wondering to renew,  
 re conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

all along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,  
 t his pride ; and hate no more conceal'd :  
 s a man of power, and Lara's foe,  
 land of all who sought to work him woe,  
 om his country's justice now demands  
 it of Emmelin at Lara's hands.  
 less than Lara could have cause to fear  
 essence ? who had made him disappear,  
 the man on whom his menaced charge  
 de too deeply were he left at large ?  
 oeral rumour ignorantly loud,  
 ystery dearest to the curious crowd ;  
 sming friendlessness of him who strove  
 no confidence, and wake no love ;  
 eeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,  
 ill with which he wielded his keen blade ;  
 had his arm unwarlike caught that art ?  
 had that fierceness grown upon his heart ?  
 was not the blind capricious rage  
 i can kindle and a word assuage ;  
 e deep working of a soul unmix'd  
 ught of pity where its wrath had fix'd ;  
 s long power and overgorged success  
 trates into all that's merciless :  
 link'd with that desire which ever sways  
 d, the rather to condemn than praise,  
 : Lara gathering raised at length a storm,  
 s himself might fear, and foes would form,  
 s must answer for the absent head  
 that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

i that land was many a malcontent,  
 ursed the tyranny to which he bent ;  
 oil full many a wringing despot saw,  
 'ork'd his wantonness in form of law ;  
 rar without and frequent broil within  
 ade a path for blood and giant sin,  
 'aited but a signal to begin  
 avoc, such as civil discord blends,  
 knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends ;  
 n his feudal fortress each was lord,  
 t and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'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 withdrew,  
 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 'twas 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 'twas 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 recompense  
 Detain'd till all too late to part from thence :  
 To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,  
 The deep reversion of delay'd revenge ;  
 To love, long baffled by the unequal match,  
 The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.  
 All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim  
 That slavery nothing which was still a name.  
 The moment came, the hour when Otho thought  
 Secure at last the vengeance which he sought :  
 His summons found the destined criminal  
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,  
 Fresh from their 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,  
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed !

## IX.

Throughout that elime the feudal chiefs had gain'd  
 Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd ;  
 Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,  
 The sects condemn'd the one, and hated both :  
 They waited but a leader, and they found  
 One to their cause inseparably bound ;  
 By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,  
 In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
 Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
 Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,  
 Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
 Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst :  
 Some reason urged, what'e'r it was, to shun  
 Inquiry into deeds at distance done ;  
 By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
 Even 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 ;  
 In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,  
 And from his eye the gladiator broke.

## X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,  
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life !  
 The varying fortune of each separate field,  
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield !  
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall ?  
 In this the struggle was the same with all ;  
 Save that distemper'd passions lent their force  
 In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.

None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,  
 The captive died upon the battle-slain :  
 In either cause, one rage alone possess'd  
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast ;  
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway,  
 Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.  
 It was too late to check the wasting brand,  
 And Desolation reap'd the famish'd land ;  
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,  
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily bread.

## XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,  
 The first success to Lara's numbers clung ;  
 But that vain victory hath ruin'd all,—  
 They form no longer to their leader's call ;  
 In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
 And think to snatch is to secure success.  
 The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate :  
 In vain he doth whate'er a chief 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 ambuscade,  
 The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,  
 The long privation of the hoped supply,  
 The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
 The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,  
 And palls the patience of his baffled heart,  
 Of those they had not deem'd : the battle-day  
 They could encounter as a veteran may ;  
 But more preferr'd the fury of the strife,  
 And present death, to hourly suffering life :  
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away  
 His numbers melting fast from their array ;  
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,  
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent :  
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,  
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band :  
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd  
 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

LARA.

ey perceive its tranquil beam  
 e surface of the barrier stream ;  
 ay descri—Is yon the bank ?  
 lined with many a hostile rank.  
 ly !—What glitters in the rear ?  
 banner—the pursuer's spear !  
 he shepherds' fires upon the height ?  
 blaze too widely for the flight :  
 a hope, and compass'd in the toil,  
 perchance, hath bought a richer spoil !

XIII.

s pause—'tis but to breathe their band,  
 y onward press, or here withstand !  
 little—if they charge the foes  
 ir border-stream their march oppose,  
 perchance, may break and pass the line,  
 k'd to baffle such design.  
 ge be ours !—to wait for their assault  
 ell worthy of a coward's halt.”  
 ach sabre, rein'd is every steed,  
 xt word shall scarce outstrip the deed :  
 tone of Lara's gathering breath  
 shall but hear the voice of death !

XIV.

bared,—in him there is an air  
 t far too tranquil for despair ;  
 g of indifference more than then  
 e bravest, if they feel for men—  
 is eye on Kaled, ever near,  
 o faithful to betray one fear ;  
 t was but the moon's dim twilight threw  
 spect an unwonted hue  
 . paleness, whose deep tint express'd  
 und not the terror of his breast.  
 ark'd, and laid his hand on his :  
 not in such an hour as this ;  
 silent, scarcely beat his heart,  
 e proclaim'd—

“ We will not part !

ay perish, or thy friends may flee,  
 life, but not adieu to thee !”  
 ath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,  
 nk'd band through ranks asunder riven :  
 ch steed obey'd tho' arm'd heel,  
 e scimitars, and rings the steel ;  
 d, not outbraved, they still oppose  
 laring, and a front to foes ;  
 s mingled with the dashing stream,  
 all redly till the morning beam.

XV.

g, aiding, animating all,  
 ppear'd to press, or friend to fall,

Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steed,  
 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 reunites 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 remain'd,  
 The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd  
 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 unquenoh'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 :  
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.  
 His follower once, and now his only guide,  
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his willing side,

And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush  
 With each convulsion in a blacker gush ;  
 And then as his faint breathing waxes low,  
 In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow :  
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
 And merely adds another throb to pain.  
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,  
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,  
 Who nothing fears nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,  
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees ;  
 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 ;  
 They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,  
 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 ev'n then—that twain—unto the last  
 To half forget the present in the past ;  
 To 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 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene  
 That raised his arm to point where such had been,  
 Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,  
 As if his heart abhorr'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—Heaven pardon! if 'twere 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,  
 The life immortal, infinite, secure,  
 To all for whom that cross hath made it 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  
 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 grazed, 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 well.  
 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.

sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
 he died his grave was dug as deep ;  
 mortal slumber less profound,  
 set nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd the mound ;  
 s mourn'd by one whose quiet grief  
 outlasts a people's for their chief.  
 If question ask'd her of the past,  
 'en menace—silent to the last ;  
 or whence nor why she left behind  
 one who seem'd but little kind.  
 he love him ? Curious fool !—be still—  
 oves the growth of human will ?  
 might be gentleness ; the stern  
 or thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
 they love, your smilers guess not how  
 strong heart, though less the lips avow.  
 not common links that form'd the chain  
 l to Lara Kaled's heart and brain ;  
 ild tale she brook'd not to unfold,  
 is now each lip that could have told.

## XXIII.

him in the earth, and on his breast,  
 wound that sent his soul to rest,  
 l the scatter'd dints of many a scar  
 e not planted there in recent war :  
 ad pass'd his summer years of life,  
 ey vanish'd in a land of strife ;  
 mown his glory or his guilt,  
 told that somewhere blood was spilt,  
 n, who might have spoke the past,  
 o more—that night appear'd his last.

## XXIV.

night (a peasant's is the tale)  
 ; cross'd the intervening vale,  
 thia's light almost gave way to morn,  
 veil'd in mist a waning horn ;  
 t rose betimes to thread the wood,  
 he bough that bought his children's food,  
 he river that divides the plain  
 ands and Lara's broad domain :  
 t tramp—a horse and horseman broke  
 he wood—before him was a cloak  
 nd some burthen at his saddle-bow,  
 is head, and hidden was his brow.  
 the sudden sight at such a time,  
 foreboding that it might be crime,  
 heeded watch'd the stranger's course,  
 'd the rider, bounded from his horse,  
 U

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 to watch  
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,  
 And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,  
 As if even yet too much its surface show'd :  
 At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown  
 The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone ;  
 Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,  
 And slung them with a more than common care  
 Meantime the serf had crept to where, unseen,  
 Himself might safely mark what this might mean ;  
 He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,  
 And something glitter'd starlike on the vest,  
 But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,  
 A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk :  
 It rose again, but indistinct to view,  
 And left the waters of a purple hue,  
 Then deeply disappear'd : the horseman gazed  
 Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised ;  
 Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,  
 And instant spurr'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 'tis 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 whopless ire ;  
 But left to waste her weary moments there,  
 She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,  
 Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,  
 And woos to listen to her fond complaints :  
 And she would sit beneath the very tree  
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee ;  
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,  
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;

\* The reader who wishes to know whence Lord Byron took the incident of the appearance of Sir Ezzelin, may find it in Roscoe's *Leo X.* vol. i. p. 122.

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.



## CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

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 scrutinizing 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 vaunted gallery now disclose ?  
 A garden with all flowers—except the rose ;—  
 A fount that only wants its living stream ;—  
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.  
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,  
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee ;

And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,  
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,  
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:  
The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—  
The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene;  
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,  
Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than *fair!*  
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws  
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 paltry 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*. *Aug 1818*

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

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.

---

 TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR ! from the banquet turn,  
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall ;  
 Behold ! while yet before thee burn  
 The graven words, the glowing wall.  
 Many a despot men miscall  
 Crown'd and anointed from on high ;  
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all—  
 Is it not written, thou must die ?

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow—  
 Gray hairs but poorly wreath with them ;  
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,  
 More than thy very diadem,  
 Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem :—  
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,  
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn ;  
 And learn like better men to die !

Oh ! early in the balance weigh'd,  
 And ever light of word and worth,  
 Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,  
 And left thee but a mass of earth.  
 To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :  
 But tears in Hope's averted eye  
 Lament that even thou hadst birth—  
 Unfit to govern, live, or die.



## HEBREW MELODIES.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

---

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies :  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent !

---

### THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL 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 !





The wild gazelle, on Judah's hills,  
Exulting yet may bound.

Henry Meade







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 aspired 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 not remove.

---

#### IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond  
 Our own, surviving Love endears ;  
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,  
 The eye the same, except in tears—  
 How welcome those untrodden 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 : 'tis not for self  
 That we so tremble on the brink ;  
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
 Oh ! in that future let us think  
 To hold each heart the heart that shares,  
 With them the immortal waters drink,  
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

---

#### 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 taneless 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 godless dweller—<sup>—ell!</sup>

And where shall Israel laye 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 Zion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
 Yet there—even there—O God ! Thy thunders sleep—<sup>—op !</sup>

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—<sup>—;</sup>  
 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 !

---

#### BE 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 feed deep thought with many a dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;  
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !

Away ! ye 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,  
'Twill 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 by sorrow nursed,  
 And ached in sleepless silence long ;  
 And now 'tis 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 the  
 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 glory wrong ;  
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

Heroes and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword  
 We me in leading the host of the Lord,  
 Did not the corse, though a king's, in your path :  
 Why your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
 Did the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
 Teach me that moment in blood at thy feet !  
 To be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Well to others, but never we part,  
 To my royalty, son of my heart !  
 It is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
 Tragically the death, which awaits us to-day.

S A U L.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,  
 Did the prophet's form appear.  
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head !  
 King, behold the phantom seer !"

He yawn'd : he stood the centre of a cloud :  
 He changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.  
 He stood all glassy in his fix'd eye ;  
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry ;  
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,  
 Unken and sinewless, and ghastly bare ;  
 His lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,  
 He cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
 I saw, and fall to earth, as falls the oak,  
 He 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 PREACH **131**

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 ;  
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
 And felt my soul grow tender ;  
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days  
 Remembrance can discover,  
 Which all that life or earth displays  
 Would lure me to live over.  
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour  
 Of pleasure unembitter'd ;  
 And not a trapping deck'd my power,  
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art  
 And spells, is won from harming ;  
 But that which coils around the heart,  
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?  
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
 Nor music's voice can lure it ;  
 But there it stings for evermore  
 The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING **C**

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
 Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stray,  
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly way ?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall :  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;  
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track.



And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,  
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure ;  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly ;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

---

 VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,  
 The Satraps throng'd the hall ;  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival.  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deem'd divine—  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand :  
 The fingers of a man ;—  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice ;  
 All bloodless wax'd his look,  
 And tremulous his voice.  
 " Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear,  
 Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,  
 But here they have no skill ;  
 And the unknown letters stood  
 Untold and awful still.  
 And Babel's men of age  
 Are wise and deep in lore ;  
 But now they were not sage,  
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the king's command,  
 He saw that writing's truth.  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view ;  
 He read it on that night,—  
 The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom pass'd away,  
 He, in the balance weigh'd,  
 Is light and worthless clay.  
 The shroud, his robe of state,  
 His canopy the stone :  
 The Mede is at his gate !  
 The Persian on his throne !”

---

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !  
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,  
 How like art thou to joy remember'd well !  
 So gleams the past, the light of other days,  
 Which shines, but warms not with its powerless  
 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 it 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 doth 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 unheeding.

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  
 I beheld thee, oh Sion ! when render'd to Rome :  
 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall  
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

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 vengeance 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,  
 But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away ;  
 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 ;  
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as Thy people may be,  
 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 SENNACHERIB.

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,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 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,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

---

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld  
 The face of immortality unveil'd—  
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—  
 And there it stood,—all formless—but divine :  
 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 ! ”

---

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 charm'd 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.

# THE SIEGE OF CORINTH:

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

FRIEND.

January 22, 1816.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vicer, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,\* 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 army, 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, provveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 161.

\* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Aigos. I visited all three in 1810-11; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Atina in the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Egina, Poros, &c., and the coast of the continent.—B.

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.



### 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 untouch'd 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 surpling 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 Spah's bands advance  
Beneath each bearded pacha's glance ;  
And far and wide as eye can reach  
The turban'd cohorts through the beach ;  
And there the Arab's camel kneels,  
And there his steed the Tartar wheels ;  
The Turcoman hath left his herd,\*  
The sabre round his loins to gird ;

*The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal : they dwell in tents. — B.*

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 :



e fled in time, and saved his life,  
 o waste his future years in strife,  
 hat taught his land how great her loss  
 him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,  
 ainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,  
 nd battled to avenge or die.

## V.

umourgi—he whose closing scene \*  
 dorn'd the triumph of Eugene,  
 hen on Carlowitz' bloody plain,  
 e last and mightiest of the slain,  
 e sank, regretting not to die,  
 it cursed the Christian's victory—  
 umourgi—can his glory cease,  
 at latest conqueror of Greece,  
 ll Christian hands to Greece restore  
 e freedom Venice gave of yore?  
 hundred years have roll'd away  
 nce he refix'd the Moslem's sway,  
 nd now he led the Mussulman,  
 nd gave the guidance of the van  
 o Alp, who well repaid the trust  
 y cities levell'd with the dust;  
 nd proved, by many a deed of death,  
 ow firm his heart in novel faith.

## VI.

ie walls grew weak; and fast and hot  
 ainst them pour'd the ceaseless shot,  
 ith unabating fury sent  
 om battery to battlement;  
 nd thunder-like the pealing din  
 ose from each heated culverin;  
 nd here and there some crackling dome  
 as fired before the exploding bomb:  
 nd as the fabric sank beneath  
 e shattering shell's volcanic breath,  
 red and wreathing columns flash'd  
 he flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,  
 r into countless meteors driven,  
 s earth-stars melted into heaven;  
 hose clouds that day grew doubly dun,  
 npervious to the hidden sun,  
 ith volumed smoke that slowly grew  
 o one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

umourgi, the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in gainst the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), y, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His loss the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and rds, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not o of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded pre- o: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general, shall become a greater, and at his expense."—B

## 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 those walls a maid was pent  
 His hope would win, without consent  
 Of that inexorable sire,  
 Whose heart refused him in its ire,  
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,  
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.  
 In happier mood, and earlier time,  
 While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,  
 Gayest in gondola or hall,  
 He glitter'd through the Carnival ;  
 And tuned the softest serenade  
 That e'er on Adria's waters play'd  
 At midnight to Italian maid.

## VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won ;  
 For sought by numbers, given to none,  
 Had young Francesca's hand remain'd  
 Still by the church's bonds unchain'd :  
 And when the Adriatic bore  
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,  
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fall,  
 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 Morning'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

brook her lord and land, to prove  
 what woes await on lawless love,  
 and fairer form adorn'd the shore  
 and she, the matchless stranger, bore.

## X.

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

## XI.

'Tis 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  
 at midnight call to wonted prayer;  
 as rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
 it was musical, but sadly sweet,  
 such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
 and take a long unmeasured tone,  
 whose mortal minstrelsy unknown,  
 seem'd to those within the wall  
 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 knoll.

## 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 :  
 'Tis but another anxious night,  
 His pains the morrow may requite  
 With all revenge and love can pay,  
 In guerdon for their long delay.  
 Few hours remain, and he hath need  
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed  
 Of slaughter ; but within his soul  
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.  
 He stood alone among the host ;  
 Not his the loud fanatic boast  
 To plant the crescent o'er the cross,  
 Or risk a life with little loss,  
 Secure in Paradise to be  
 By Houris loved immortally :  
 Nor his, what burning patriots feel,  
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,  
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,  
 When battling on the parent soil.  
 He stood alone—a renegade  
 Against the country he betray'd ;  
 He stood alone amidst his band,  
 Without a trusted heart or hand :  
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,  
 And great the spoil he got and gave ;  
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill  
 To warp and wield the vulgar will :  
 But still his Christian origin  
 With them was little less than sin.  
 They envied even the faithless fame  
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name ;  
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been  
 In youth a bitter Nazarene.  
 They did not know how pride can stoop  
 When baffled feelings withering droop ;  
 They did not know how hate can burn  
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern ;  
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal  
 The convert of revenge can feel.  
 He ruled them—man may rule the  
 By ever daring to be first :

r the jackal sway ;  
 points, he falls the prey,  
 e vulgar yelling press,  
 e relics of success.

## XIII.

rows fever'd, and his pulse  
 successive throbs convulse ;  
 n side to side he throws  
 n courtship of repose ;  
 sed, a sound, a start  
 with a sunken heart.  
 on his hot brow press'd,  
 igh'd lead-like on his breast,  
 and long beneath its weight  
 yes had slumber sate,  
 couch or canopy,  
 igher field and sky  
 ight yield a warrior's bed,  
 along the heaven was spread.  
 ot rest, he could not stay  
 tent to wait for day,  
 him forth along the sand,  
 and sleepers strew'd the strand.  
 v'd them f and why should he  
 ul than the humblest be f  
 their peril, worse their toil,  
 ay fearless dream of spoil ;  
 lone, where thousands pass'd  
 sleep, perchance their last,  
 gil wander'd on,  
 all he gazed upon.

## XIV.

soul become more light  
 o freshness of the night.  
 e silent sky, though calm,  
 his brow with airy balm :  
 camp—before him lay,  
 winding creek and bay,  
 ulf ; and, on the brow  
 hill, unshaken snow,  
 ternal, such as shone  
 ousand summers brightly gone,  
 ulf, the mount, the clime ;  
 nelt, like man, to time :  
 slave are swept away,  
 to wear before the ray ;  
 site veil, the lightest, frailest,  
 he mighty mount thou hailest,  
 r and tree are torn and rent,  
 its craggy battlement ;  
 ak, in height a cloud,  
 ke 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 marshal'd on the plain,  
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
 They fell devoted, but undying ;  
 The very gale their names seem'd sighing :  
 The waters murmur'd of their name ;  
 The woods were peopled with their fame ;  
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,  
 Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay ;  
 Their spirits wrapt 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 yoke 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 mused,  
 And woo'd the freshness night diffus'd.

hinks no ebb in that tideless sea,\*  
 changeless rolls eternally ;  
 wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,  
 break on the bounds of the land for a rood ;  
 a powerless moon beholds them flow,  
 as if she come or go :  
 high, in main or bay,  
 her course she hath no sway.  
 Her unworn base doth bare,  
 breaks o'er the surf, but it comes not there ;  
 the fringe of the foam may be seen below,  
 the line that it left long ages ago :  
 the short space of yellow sand  
 between it and the greener land.

der'd on, along the beach,  
 within the range of a carbine's reach  
 leaguer'd wall ; but they saw him not,  
 could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?  
 The traitors lurk in the Christians' hold ;  
 their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold !  
 not in sooth ; but from yonder wall  
 leas'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,  
 he stood beneath the bastion's frown,  
 unknuck'd the sea-ward gate of the town ;  
 he heard the sound, and could almost tell  
 the length of words of the sentinel,  
 measured step on the stone below  
 , as he paced it to and fro ;  
 saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
 or the dead their carnival,  
 ; and growling o'er carcass and limb ;  
 were too busy to bark at him !  
 Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,  
 feel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;  
 their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull, †  
 tapp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,  
 lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,  
 they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed ;  
 had they broken a lingering fast  
 those who had fall'n for that night's repast.  
 He knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,  
 almost of these were the best of his band :  
 red and green were the shawls of their wear,  
 whose scalp had a single long tuft of hair, ‡  
 whose rest were shaven and bare.

could hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the

I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at  
 the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace  
 between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in  
 . The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.—B.  
 long lock, is left, from a superstition that Mabomet will draw them into

BYRON'S POEMS.

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 shakon his nerves in fight ;  
 But he better could brook to behold the dying,  
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,  
 Scorch'd with the death-thrill, 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 ~~is~~  
 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.



sate all heavily,  
 urd the night-wind sigh.  
 e wind, through some hollow stone,\*  
 soft and tender moan ?  
 his head, and he look'd on the sea,  
 s unrippled as glass may be ;  
 l on the long grass—it waved not a blade ;  
 that gentle sound convey'd ?  
 l to the banners—each flag lay still,  
 e leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
 elt not a breath come over his cheek ;  
 l that sudden sound bespeak ?  
 l to the left—is he sure of sight ?  
 e a lady, youthful and bright !

## XX.

d up with more of fear  
 n armèd foe were near.  
 my fathers ! what is here ?  
 thou, and wherefore sent  
 hostile armament ? ”  
 bling hands refused to sign  
 he deem'd no more divine :  
 ssumed it in that hour,  
 ience wrung away the power.  
 —he saw : he knew the face  
 y, and the form of grace ;  
 ancesca by his side,  
 l who might have been his bride !

was yet upon her cheek,  
 ow'd with a tenderer streak :  
 as the play of her soft lips fled ?  
 the smile that enliven'd their red.  
 a's calm within their view,  
 r eye had less of blue ;  
 hat cold wave it stood still,  
 lance, though clear, was chill.  
 er form a thin robe twining,  
 onceal'd her bosom shining ;  
 the parting of her hair,  
 darkly downward there,  
 ded arm show'd white and bare :  
 yet she made reply,  
 raised her hand on high ;  
 wan, and transparent of hue,  
 it have seen the moon shine through.

*owledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these two  
 in unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was  
 es were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and  
 i ; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by  
 oleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a  
 e original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem  
 ove fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not  
 lection of a production, of which I can only add my mite of appro-  
 of far more competent judges.—B.*

## XXI.

" I come from my rest to him I love best,  
 That I may be happy, and he may be blest.  
 I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;  
 Bought thee in safety through foes and all.  
 'Tis said the lion will turn and flee  
 From a maid in the pride of her purity;  
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good  
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well  
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
 I come—and if I come in vain,  
 Never, oh never, we meet again!  
 Thou hast done a fearful deed  
 In falling away from thy father's creed:  
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign  
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;  
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,  
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

" And where should our bridal couch be spread!  
 In the midst of the dying and the dead!  
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame  
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.  
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
 Shall be left upon the morn:  
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
 Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.  
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,  
 When once again I've quell'd the pride  
 Of Venice; and her hated race  
 Have felt the arm they would debase,  
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
 Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,  
 And shot a chillness to his heart,  
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.  
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,  
 He could not loose him from its hold;  
 But never did clasp of one so dear  
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,  
 As those thin fingers, long and white,  
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night.  
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,  
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,  
 As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,  
 So deeply changed from what he knew:  
 Fair but faint—without the ray  
 Of mind, that made each feature play  
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;  
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,  
 And her words came forth without her breath.

re rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell.  
 re seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.  
 her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,  
 glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd  
 ght of change, as the eyes may seem  
 restless who walk in a troubled dream ;  
 e figures on arras, that gloomily glare,  
 y the breath of the wintry air,  
 by the dying lamp's fitful light,  
 but life-like, and awful to sight ;  
 seem, through the dimness, about to come down  
 ie shadowy wall where their images frown ;  
 y flitting to and fro,  
 gusts on the tapestry come and go.

; for love of me be given  
 uch, then, for the love of heaven,—  
 say—that turban tear  
 f thy faithless brow, and swear  
 injured country's sons to spare,  
 art lost ; and never shalt see—  
 th—that's past—but heaven or me.  
 hou dost accord, albeit  
 r doom 'tis thine to meet,  
 om shall half absolve thy sin,  
 rey's gate may receive thee within :  
 use one moment more, and take  
 se of Him thou didst forsake ;  
 k once more to heaven, and see  
 for ever shut from thee.  
 ; a light cloud by the moon\*—  
 sing, and will pass full soon—  
 be time its vapoury sail  
 ased her shaded orb to veil,  
 rt within thee is not changed,  
 d and man are both avenged ;  
 ll thy doom be, darker still  
 amortality of ill."

c'd to heaven, and saw on high  
 a she spake of in the sky ;  
 heart was swell'n, and turn'd aside,  
 interminable pride.  
 it false passion of his breast  
 ke a torrent o'er the rest.  
 or mercy ! *He* dismay'd |  
 words of a timid maid |

id that the idea expressed from lines 598 to 608 has been admired by  
 ation is valuable. I am glad of it: but it is not original—at least not  
 and much better expressed in pages 183, 183, 184 of the English version  
 get the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before  
 recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.—B.  
 something like the same idea, and bearing a comparison with both

*He*, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save  
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!  
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,  
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly,  
 Without an accent of reply;  
 He watch'd it passing; it is flown:  
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,  
 And thus he spake:—"Whate'er my fate,  
 I am no changeling—'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 gray,  
 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,  
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,  
 And the clash, and the shout, "They come, they come!"  
 The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword  
 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 pointed, and ready to roar,  
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before:  
 Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
 Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
 So is the blade of his scimitar;

\* The horsetail, fixed upon a lance, a Persian's standard.—L

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 ;  
 And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail ?  
 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 but 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 levell'd plain ;  
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

## XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy splash,  
 From the cliffs 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 bill  
 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 were white  
 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 corselet 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 gray.  
 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, soulless left long years ago,  
 His wrath made many a childless toe ;

Since the day, when in the strait\*  
 My boy had met his fate,  
 My parent's iron hand did doom  
 Than a human hecatomb.  
 Dead by carnage be appeas'd,  
 My spirit less was pleas'd  
 His, Minotti's son, who died  
 To Asia's bounds and ours divide.  
 Dead he lay, where thousands before  
 Thousands of years were inhum'd on the shore :  
 Of them is left, to tell  
 How they lie, and how they fell ?  
 No stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;  
 They live in the verse that immortally saves.

## XXVI.

To the Allah shout ! a band  
 Of Mussulman bravest and best is at hand :  
 The leader's nervous arm is bare,  
 Or to smite, and never to spare—  
 Stretched to the shoulder it waves them on ;  
 In the fight is he ever known :  
 'Tis a gaudier garb may show,  
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe ;  
 'Tis a hand 's on a richer hilt,  
 Or one on a steel more ruddily gilt ;  
 'Tis a loftier turban may wear,—  
 But known by the white arm bare ;  
 Through the thick of the fight, 'tis there !  
 'Tis not a standard on that shore  
 Which advanced the ranks before ;  
 'Tis not a banner in Moslem war  
 Where the Delia half so far ;  
 Comes like a falling star !  
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
 Ravest be, or late have been ;  
 'Tis the craven cries for quarter  
 Cry to the vengeful Tartar ;  
 'Tis hero, silent lying,  
 'Tis to yield a groan in dying ;  
 'Tis bring his last feeble blow  
 At the nearest level'd foe  
 'Tis faint beneath the mutual wound,  
 Lying on the gory ground.

## XXVII.

The old man stood erect,  
 His career a moment check'd.  
 "I'd thee, Minotti ; quarter take,  
 Mine own, thy daughter's sake."

*battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and the*

"Never, renegade, never !  
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."

"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 coozed,  
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,  
Unaneled 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,



swords, and spears transfixing,  
 nged the blow and thrust,  
 warriors in the dust.  
 r street, and foot by foot,  
 otti dares dispute  
 st portion of the land  
 eath his high command ;  
 n, aiding heart and hand,  
 nant of his gallant band.  
 ie church is tenable,  
 issued late the fated ball  
 f avenged the city's fall,  
 Alp, her fierce assailant, fell :  
 bending sternly back,  
 ve before a bloody track ;  
 ih their faces to the foe,  
 wounds with every blow,  
 f, and his retreating train,  
 hose within the fans ;  
 ey yet may breathe awhile,  
 l by the massy pile.

## XXIX.

athing-time ! the turban'd host,  
 ded ranks and raging boast,  
 wards with such strength and heat,  
 mbers balk their own retreat ;  
 ow the way that led to the spot  
 till the Christians yielded not ;  
 foremost, if fearful, may vainly try,  
 the massy column to turn and fly ;  
 rforce must do or die.  
 ) ; but ere their eyes could close,  
 s o'er their bodies rose ;  
 id furious, fast they fill  
 s unthinn'd though slaughter'd still  
 it the weary Christians wax  
 he still renew'd attacks :  
 r the Othmans gain the gate ;  
 sts its iron weight,  
 l, all deadly aim'd and hot,  
 ery crevice comes the shot ;  
 ery shatter'd window pour  
 ys of the sulphurous shower  
 portal wavering grows and weak—  
 yields, the hinges creak—  
 —it falls—and all is o'er ;  
 inth may resist no more !

## XXX.

sternly, and all alone,  
 stood o'er the altar stone :  
 i's face upon him shone,  
 n heavenly hues above,

With eyes of light and looks of love ;  
 And placed up on 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 carvèd crests, and curious hues  
 The varied marble's veins diffuse,  
 Were smear'd, and slippery—stain'd, and strown  
 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 Christian's chiefest magazine ;  
 To these a late-form'd train now led,  
 Minotti's last and stern resource,  
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

## XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain  
 To strive, and those must strive in vain :  
 For lack of further lives, to slake  
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,  
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead,  
 And lop the already lifeless head,  
 And fell the statues from their niche,  
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,  
 And from each other's rude hands wrest  
 The silver vessels saints had bless'd.  
 To the high altar on they go ;  
 Oh, but it made a glorious show !  
 On its table still behold  
 The cup of consecrated gold ;

Massy and deep, a glittering prize,  
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes :  
 That morn it held the holy wine,  
 Converted by Christ to His blood so divine,  
 Which His worshippers drank at the break of day,  
 To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray,  
 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 a torch the train—  
 'Tis fired !  
 Spire, vaults, and 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 !  
 The shatter'd town, the walls thrown down—  
 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 strow'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 plungod 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 yoll'd on the cavern'd hill  
 Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;  
 The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,\*  
 Bay'd from afar complainingly,  
 With a mix'd and mournful sound,  
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound :  
 With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
 The eagle left his rocky nest,  
 And mounted nearer to the sun,  
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;  
 Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,  
 And made him higher soar and shriek—  
 Thus was Corinth lost and won !

---

 STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

\* O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
 Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater  
 Felix ! in limo qui scatenitam  
 Pectore te, pia Nymphæ, sensit.\*  
 GRAY'S Poemata.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,  
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay  
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades  
 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

\* I believe I have taken a poetical license to transplant the jackal from Asia  
 Greece I never saw nor heard these animals ; but among the ruins of Thebes I have  
 them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow caravans.—B.

mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes  
 on ;  
 and for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;  
 the chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
 and the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the  
 past,  
 midnight hours that yield no more their former hope  
 rest ;  
 they leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,  
 and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

[ feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
 I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene ;  
 in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though  
 be,  
 ; wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

March, 1834.

~~~~~

# PARISINA.\*

TO

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRER HIS TALENTS AND VALUED HIS  
FRIENDSHIP.

## 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 Hugò his bastard son, a beautiful and vallant youth. They were beheld 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. 478.

\* The facts on which the present poem was grounded are to be found in Priest's "History of Ferrara."

## 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 soft a tale.  
There glides a step through the foliage thick,  
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.  
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,  
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves :  
A moment more—and they shall meet—  
'Tis 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 hoodless 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 an 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 fear.

## IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay:  
 Within the chamber of his state,  
 The chief of Ete's ancient sway  
 Upon his throne of judgment sate

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 eyes 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.

What'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 doth 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 vein  
 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 chain'd 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 mayst resume my breath,  
 A gift for which I thank thee not ;  
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,  
 Her slighted love and ruin'd name,  
 Her offspring's heritage of shame ;  
 But she is in the grave, where he,  
 Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.  
 Her broken heart—my sever'd head—  
 Shall witness for thee from the dead  
 How trusty and how tender were  
 Thy youthful love—paternal care.  
 'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—  
 But wrong for wrong :—this, deem'd thy bride,  
 The other victim of thy pride,  
 Thou know'st for me was destined long.  
 Thou saw'st, and covetedst her charms—  
 And with thy very crime—my birth,  
 Thou tauntedst me—as little worth ;  
 A match ignoble for her arms,  
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim  
 The lawful heirship of thy name,  
 Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :  
 Yet, were a few short summers mine,  
 My name should more than Este's shine  
 With honours all my own.  
 I had a sword—and have a breast  
 That should have won as haught 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.

\* Haught—haughty.—“ Away, haught man, thou art invading me!”

PARISINA.

From thee this tamelessness of heart ;  
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start ?—  
From thee in all their vigour came  
My arm of strength, my soul of flame :  
Thou didst not give me life alone,  
But all that made me more thine own.  
See what thy guilty love hath done !  
Repaid thee with too like a son !  
I am no bastard in my soul,  
For that, like thine, abhorr'd control :  
And for my breath, that hasty boon  
Thou gav'st, and wilt resume so soon,  
I value 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 :  
As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,  
And thou must punish both in one.  
My crime seems worst to human view,  
But God must judge between us two !”

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 :  
Fill 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 hear !

And those who saw, it did surprise,  
 Such drops could fall from human eyes.  
 To speak she thought—the imperfect note  
 Was choked within her swelling throat,  
 Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan  
 Her whole heart gushing in the tone.  
 It ceased—again she thought to speak,  
 Then burst her voice in one 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 confused and undefined  
 To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind;  
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears:  
 And now in laughter, now in tears,  
 But madly still in each extreme,  
 She strove with that convulsive dream;  
 For so it seem'd on her to break:  
 Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

## XV.

The Convent bells are ringing,  
 But mournfully and slow;  
 In the gray 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  
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll :  
 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 headsman 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 speechless circle gather  
 To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father.

## 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 worn—  
 The scarf which Parisina gave—  
 Must not adorn him to the grave.  
 Even that must now be thrown aside,  
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied ;

But no—that last indignity  
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye,  
 All feelings seemingly subdued,  
 In deep disdain were half renew'd,  
 When headsman's hands prepared to bind  
 Those eyes which would not brook such blind;  
 As if they dared not look on death.  
 "No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—  
 These hands are chain'd, but let me die  
 At least with an unshackled eye—  
 Strike:"—and as the word he said,  
 Upon the block he bow'd his head;  
 These the last accents Hugo spoke:  
 "Strike:"—and flashing fell the stroke—  
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk  
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,  
 In the dust, which each deep vein  
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain;  
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,  
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.  
 He died, as erring man should die,  
 Without display, without parade;  
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,  
 As not 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 headsman's stroke,  
 He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,  
 His sole adieu to those around.

## XVIII.

Still 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.



h Azo's palace-lattice driven,  
 rrid voice ascends to heaven,  
 ry eye is turn'd thereon ;  
 nd and sight alike are gone !  
 woman's shriek—and ne'er  
 ier accents rose despair ;  
 ose who heard it, as it past,  
 y wish'd it were the last.

## XIX.

fallen ; and from that hour  
 e in palace, hall, or bower,  
 risina heard or seen :  
 ne—as if she ne'er had been—  
 nish'd from each lip and ear,  
 rds of wantonness or fear ;  
 m Prince Azo's voice, by none  
 antion heard of wife or son ;  
 b—no memory had they ;  
 was unconsecrated clay ;  
 : the knight's who died that day.  
 risina's fate lies hid  
 st beneath the coffin-lid :  
 r in convent she abode,  
 n to heaven her dreary road,  
 hted and remorseful years  
 rge and fast, and sleepless tears ;  
 e fell by bowl or steel,  
 t dark love she dared to feel ;  
 pon the moment smote,  
 d by tortures less remote ;  
 m she saw upon the block,  
 eart that shared the headsman's shock,  
 ken'd brokness that came,  
 , o'er her shatter'd frame,  
 new—and none can ever know :  
 atsoe'er its end below,  
 began and closed in woe !

## XX.

so found another bride,  
 odly sons grew by his side ;  
 e so lovely and so brave  
 who wither'd in the grave ;  
 ey were—on his cold eye  
 rowth but glanced unhooded by,  
 ced with a smother'd sigh.  
 ver tear his cheek descended,  
 ver smile his brow unbended ;  
 r that fair broad brow were wrought  
 ersected lines of thought ;  
 urrows which the burning share  
 w 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 sealed-up bosom haunted  
 By thoughts which nature had 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 scath,  
 The massy trunk the ruin feels,  
 And never more a leaf reveals.



## FARE THEE WELL.

"Ains ! they have been friends in youth ;  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
 And confacy lives in realms above ;  
 And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;  
 And to be wroth with one we love,  
 Doth work like madness in the brain ;

• • • • •  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from pain—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining, I  
 Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea now flows between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do 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  
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—  
 Though it smile 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 one which once embraced me,  
 To inflict a cureless wound !

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not :  
 Love may sink by slow decay,  
 But by sudden wrench, believe not  
 Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth—  
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;  
 And the undying thought which paineth  
 Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
 Than the wail above the dead ;  
*Both shall live, but every morrow*  
*Waken 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 thee,  
 Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble  
 Those thou never more mayst 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,  
 Whither, 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 'tis 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, 1826

#### 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 toilette to the table,—where  
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.  
 With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,  
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.  
 Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—  
 The genial confidante, and general spy—  
 Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess  
 An only infant's earliest governess!  
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
 That she herself by teaching, learn'd to spell.

An adept next in penmanship she grows,  
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows :  
 What she had made the pupil of her art,  
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,  
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,  
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.  
 Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,  
 Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness 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 deems 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—sneers 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'd scheming ;  
 A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal ;  
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :  
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;  
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.  
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood  
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud.

Cas'd 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 o'ercharg'd—  
 There is no trait which might not be enlarg'd :  
 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 inflict'st 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 wouldst weary Heaven with pain  
 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 would hang on high,  
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compars—  
 And festering in the infamy of years.

March 9, 1812

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#### STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

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 ;

STANKAS TO AUGUSTA.

When fortune changed—and love fled far,  
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,  
Thou wert the solitary star  
Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh ! blest be thine unbroken light !  
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,  
And stood between me and the night,  
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,  
And teach it what to brave or brook—  
There's more in one soft word of thine  
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,  
That still unbroke, though gently bent,  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,  
But there thou wert—and still wouldst be  
Devoted in the stormiest hour  
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,  
Whatever fate on me may fall ;  
For Heaven in sunshine will requite  
The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love  
Be broken—thine will never break ;  
Thy heart can feel—but will not move ;  
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,  
Were found, and still are fix'd in thee ;—  
And bearing still a breast so tried,  
Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.



## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

When this poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. Some account of his life will be found below, furnished me by the kindness of a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom:—

François de Bonnivard, son of Louis de Bonnivard, a native of Bexel, and Seigneur of Lunes, was born in 1496; he was educated at Turin. In 1510 his uncle, Jean-Reiné de Bonnivard, resigned to him the Priory of Saint-Victor, which adjoins the walls of Geneva, and which was a considerable living.

This great man—Bonnivard is deserving of this title from his greatness of soul, the uprightness of his heart, the nobility of his intentions, the wisdom of his counsels, the courage of his actions, the extent of his learning, and the brilliancy of his wit—this great man, who will ever excite the admiration of all those whom an heroic virtue can move, will always inspire the most lively gratitude in the hearts of those Genevois who love Geneva. Bonnivard was always one of its firmest supports; to protect the liberty of our republic, he never feared to lose his own; he forgot his ease, he despised his wealth; he neglected nothing to render certain the happiness of the country that he dignified by his adoption; from that moment he loved it as the most zealous of its citizens, he served it with the intrepidity of a hero, and he wrote its history with the simplicity of a philosopher, and the ardour of a patriot.

He says in the commencement of his "History of Geneva," that, "As soon as he commenced to read the histories of nations, he felt himself carried way by his love for republics, the interest of which he always advocated." It was, doubtless, this very love of liberty, that made him adopt Geneva as his country.

Bonnivard while yet young, boldly stood forward as the defender of Geneva, against the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop.

In 1519, Bonnivard became the martyr of his country; the Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with five hundred men, Bonnivard feared the resentment of the Duke; he wished to return to Fjebourg to avoid the consequences; but he was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and conducted by order of the prince to Grolée, where for two years he remained a prisoner.

Bonnivard was unfortunate in his travels. As his misfortunes had not slackened his zeal for Geneva, he was always a redoubtable enemy to those who threatened it, and accordingly was likely to be exposed to their violence. He was met in 1530 on the Jura, by thieves, who stripped him of everything, and placed him again in the hands of the Duke of Savoy. This prince caused him to be confined in the Château of Chillon, where he remained without being submitted to any interrogatory, until 1536; he was then delivered by the Bernois, who took possession of the Pays de Vaud.

Bonnivard, on leaving his captivity, had the pleasure of finding Geneva free and reformed. The Republic hastened to testify its gratitude to him.



to recompense him for the evils which he had suffered. It received him as a citizen of the town, in the month of June, 1536; it gave him the use of the house formerly inhabited by the Vicar-General, and assigned to him a pension of two hundred gold crowns, as long as he should sojourn in Geneva. He was admitted into the council of Two Hundred in 1537. Bonnivard did not now cease to be useful; after having laboured to make Geneva free, he succeeded in making it tolerant. Bonnivard presented upon the council to accord to the Calvinists and peasants a sufficient salary for examining the propositions which were made to them; he succeeded by his meekness. Christianity is always preached with success, as it is preached with charity. Bonnivard was learned. His manuscripts, which are in the public library, prove that he had diligently studied the Latin classics, and that he had penetrated the depths of theology and history. This great man loved sciences, and thought they would constitute the glory of Geneva; accordingly, he neglected nothing to establish them in this rising town. In 1551, he gave his library to the public; it was the commencement of our public library. And a portion of his books, are those rare and beautiful volumes of the fifteenth century, which are seen in our collection. Finally, in the same year, this good patriot appointed the republic his heir, on condition that it would employ his wealth in supporting the college, the foundation of which was being projected. It appears that Bonnivard died in 1570; but this cannot be certified, as a hiatus occurs in the Necrology, from the month of July 1570 to 1571.

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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,  
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas 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.\*

### I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
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 suffered 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 gray,  
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—

\* This is a beautiful poem; and we cannot help considering it the more so from it being nothing of the author's idiosyncrasy mingled with it—a very rare circumstance in Byron's writings!

† Ludovico Sforza, and others.—The same is asserted of Maria Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI., though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the most effect on such, and not to fear, this change in hers was to be attributed.—B.

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 those eyes,  
 Which have not seen the sun to 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 Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:  
 A thousand feet in depth below  
 Its massy waters meef and flow;  
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,\*  
 Which round about the wave enthralls:  
 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 wore high,  
 And wanton in the happy sky;  
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,

\* The Château de Chillon is situated between Chârens and Villeneuve, which is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, opposite are the heights of Moillierie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gervais. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has fathomed to the depth of 900 feet (French measure); within it are a range of caves in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. One of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the damned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the hole in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined several years.

It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Heloise, in the! of one of her children by Julia from the water; the shock of which, and the! produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death.

The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.—B.

As I could have smiled to see  
 Death that would have set me free.

## VII.

My nearer brother pined,  
 His mighty heart declined,  
 He died and put away his food ;  
 Not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
 For he were used to hunter's fare,  
 For the like had little care :  
 Milk drawn from the mountain goat  
 Was ranged for water from the moat.  
 Sad was such as captives' tears  
 Who listen'd many a thousand years,  
 When first pent his fellow-men  
 Within an iron den :  
 What were these to us or him ?  
 He wasted not his heart or limb ;  
 His soul was of that mould  
 In a palace had grown cold,  
 His free breathing been denied  
 On the steep mountain's side ;  
 Why delay the truth ?—he died,  
 And could not hold his head,  
 Though his dying hand—nor dead,  
 I hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
 I and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 I—and they unlock'd his chain  
 They hop'd for him a shallow grave  
 On the cold earth of our cave.  
 I'd them, as a boon, to lay  
 Me in dust whereon the day  
 Shine—it was a foolish thought,  
 For within my brain it wrought,  
 When in death his freeborn breast  
 In a dungeon could not rest.  
 I'd have spared my idle prayer—  
 He'd only laugh'd—and laid him there  
 On that turfless earth above  
 Where we so much did love ;  
 I'd my chain above it leant,  
 My ruler's fitting monument !

## VIII.

He the favourite and the flower,  
 Cherish'd since his natal hour,  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 His father's love of all his race,  
 His father's dearest thought,  
 His mother's care, for whom I sought  
 My life, that his might be  
 Stetched now, and one day free ;

\* This is a fine image, however short.

He, too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
 Oh God ! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood :—  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind ;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray—  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur—not  
 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 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished ;  
 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 gray,  
 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 ;  
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while  
 Which made me both to weep and smile—  
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
 My brother's soul come down to me ;  
 But then at last away it flew,  
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,  
 For he would never thus have flown,  
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—  
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,  
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,  
 A single cloud on a sunny day,  
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
 A frown upon the atmosphere,  
 That hath no business to appear  
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

## XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,  
 My keepers grew compassionate,  
 I know not what had made them so,  
 They were inured to sights of woe,  
 But so it was :—my broken chain  
 With links unfasten'd did remain,  
 And it was liberty to stride  
 Along my cell from side to side,  
 And up and down, and then athwart,  
 And tread it over every part ;  
 And round the pillars one by one,  
 Returning where my walk begun,  
 Avoiding only, as I trod,  
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;  
 For if I thought with heedless tread  
 My step profaned their lowly bed,  
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

## XII.

I made a footing in the wall,  
 It was not therefrom to escape,  
 For I had buried one and all,  
 Who loved me in a human shape ;



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

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,\*  
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 ;

\* Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is an island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over it its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and its small and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.—L.

At last men came to set me free,  
 I ask'd not 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 soon 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.

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MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON<sup>BLE</sup>.

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.

feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,  
 when all of Genius which can perish dies.  
 mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power  
 that pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour  
 light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,  
 cuts at once of all the rays of Fame!  
 the flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,  
 the beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,  
 with their Sun—but still have left behind  
 the enduring produce of immortal Mind;  
 suits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,  
 the deathless part of him who died too soon.  
 the small that portion of the wondrous whole,  
 these sparkling segments of that circling soul,  
 which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,  
 cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.  
 on the charm'd council to the festive board,  
 human feelings the unbounded lord;  
 whose acclaim the loftiest voices vie,  
 are praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.  
 when the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
 rose to Heaven in her appeal from man,  
 it was the thunder—his the avenging rod,  
 the wrath—the delegated voice of God!  
 which shook the nations through his lips—and blasphem'd  
 the 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  
 me to our hearts the truth from which they spring;  
 these wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought  
 the fulness by the fiat of his thought,  
 where in their first abode you may still meet,  
 bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;  
 the halo of the light of other days,  
 which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

but should there be to whom the fatal blight  
 the failing Wisdom yields a base delight,  
 who exult when minds of heavenly tone  
 in the music which was born their own,  
 I let them pause—ah! little do they know  
 what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.  
 'tis his fate on whom the public gaze  
 'd for ever to detract or praise;  
 whose denies her requiem to his name,  
 who Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.  
 the secret enemy whose sleepless eye  
 the watchful 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 pile 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 our mite  
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.  
 Ye Orators ! whom yet our 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 Powers of mind, almost of boundless range,  
 Complete in kind—as various in 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 Merit'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.

Dec. 11, 1817, 1818

\* Pitt, Fox, and Burke.

## STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

**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 :  
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn—  
**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 forbores't 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 perish'd,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
**It** hath taught me that what I most chorish'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*.

## 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 't lies beyond redress;

Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—

He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been

In other elements, and on the rocks

Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,

I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,

The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen

My errors with defensive paradox;

I have been cunning in mine overthrow,

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,

My whole life was a contest, since the day

That gave me being, gave me that which 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 dwelt,  
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
 My heart with recognition of their looks ;  
 And even at moments I could think I see  
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
 A fund for contemplation ;—to admire  
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;  
 But something worthier do such scenes inspire.  
 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  
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,  
 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 n  
 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.





## 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 ;  
They make us what we were not—what they will,  
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 'twere 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 corn-fields, 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 ceas'd  
 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 ; 'twas 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 by  
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved  
 Another ; even now she loved another,  
 And on the summit of that hill she stood  
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

## III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 There was an ancient mansion, and before  
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :  
 Within an antique Oratory stood  
 The Boy of whom I spake ;—he was alone,  
 And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon  
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and trac'd  
 Words which I could not guess of ; then he lean'd  
 His bow'd head on his hands and shook, as 'twere  
 With a convulsion—then rose 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

s wretched, but she saw not all  
 d with a cold and gentle grasp  
 r hand ; a moment o'er his face  
 unutterable thoughts  
 , and then it faded, as it came ;  
 the hand he held, and with slow steps  
 t not as bidding her adieu,  
 d part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd  
 ne massy gate of that old Hall,  
 ing on his steed he went his way ;  
 e pass'd that hoary threshold more.

## IV.

ame o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 as sprung to manhood : in the wilds  
 ces he made himself a home,  
 d drank their sunbeams : he was girl  
 ge and dusky aspects ; he was not  
 e what he had been ; on the sea  
 shore he was a wanderer ;  
 a mass of many images  
 ce waves upon me, but he was  
 l ; and in the last he lay  
 om the noontide sultriness,  
 ong fallen columns, in the shade  
 alls that had survived the names  
 o rear'd them ; by his sleeping side  
 ls grazing, and some goodly steeds  
 d near a fountain ; and a man,  
 owing garb, did watch the while,  
 y of his tribe slumber'd around :  
 ere canopied by the blue sky,  
 s, clear, and purely beautiful,  
 lone was to be seen in heaven.

## V.

ame o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 f his love was wed with One  
 t love her better :—in her home,  
 l leagues from his,—her native home,  
 begirt with growing Infancy,  
 and sons of Beauty,—but behold !  
 ace there was the tint of grief,  
 shadow of an inward strife,  
 quiet drooping of the eye,  
 were charged with unshed tears.  
 l her grief be ?—she had all she loved,  
 o had so loved her was not there  
 with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
 ss'd affliction, her pure thoughts.  
 l her grief be ?—she had loved him not,  
 him cause to deem himself beloved,  
 he be a part of that which prey'd  
*mind—a spectre of the past.*

## VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand  
 Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;  
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
 The Starlight of his Boyhood ;—as he stood  
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
 The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock  
 That in the antique Oratory shook  
 His bosom in its solitude ; and then—  
 As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
 Was traced—and then it faded as it came,  
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
 And all things reel'd around him ; he could see  
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been—  
 But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,  
 And the remember'd chambers, and the place,  
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
 And her who was his destiny, came back  
 And thrust themselves between him and the light :  
 What business had they there at such a time !

## VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The Lady of his love ;—Oh ! she was changed,  
 As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind  
 Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
 They had not their own lustre, but the look  
 Which is not of the earth ; she was become  
 The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts  
 Were combinations of disjointed things ;  
 And forms impalpable and unperceived  
 Of others' sight familiar were to hers.  
 And this the world calls phrenzy : 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,

e to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
 fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
 were a kind of nutriment; he lived  
 ough that which had been death to many men,  
 l made him friends of mountains: with the stars  
 l the quick Spirit of the Universe  
 held his dialogues; and they did teach  
 him the magic of their mysteries;  
 him the book of Night was open'd wide,  
 l voices from the deep abyss reveal'd  
 arvel and a secret.—Be it so.

## IX.

dream is past; it had no further change.  
 was of a strange order, that the doom  
 these two creatures should be thus traced out  
 most like a reality—the one  
 end in madness—both in misery.

## DARKNESS.

D a dream, which was not all a dream.  
 Bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
 wander darkling in the eternal space,  
 ess, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 ng blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
 came and went—and came, and brought no day,  
 men forgot their passions in the dread  
 his their desolation; and all hearts  
 e chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
 they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
 palaces of crown'd kings—the huts,  
 habitations of all things which dwell,  
 e burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
 men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
 ook once more into each other's face;  
 py were those who dwell within the eye  
 e volcanoes, and their mountain-torch:  
 arful hope was all the world contain'd;  
 sts were set on fire—but hour by hour  
 y fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
 nguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
 brows of men by the despairing light  
 e an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
 flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
 hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
 r chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
 others hurried to and fro, and fed  
 r funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
 and 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  
 Gorging 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  
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;  
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
 Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,  
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he 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,  
 And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
 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,  
 Unknowing 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 their grave,  
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
 And the clouds perish'd ! Darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe !

*Michael, 24th, 1819*

## CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

## A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

beside the grave of him who blazed  
 met of a season, and I saw  
 blest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
 at the loss of sorrow and of awe  
 neglected turf and quiet stone,  
 as no clearer than the names unknown,  
 lay unread around it; and I ask'd  
 the gardener of that ground, why it might be  
 this plant strangers his memory task'd  
 in the thick deaths of half a century?  
 he answer'd—"Well, I do not know  
 why prudent travellers turn to pilgrims so;  
 before my day of Sextonship,  
 had not the digging of this grave."  
 'Tis all! I thought,—and do we rip  
 up the soil of Immortality? and crave  
 for what of honour and of light  
 unborn ages, to endure this blight?  
 and so successful! As I said,  
 the site of all on which we tread,  
 is but a tombstone, did essay  
 to take remembrance from the clay,  
 the singlings might confuse a Newton's thought,  
 it not that all life must end in one,  
 we are but dreamers;—as he caught  
 the twilight of a former Sun,  
 like he,—"I believe the man of whom  
 you speak, who lies in this selected tomb,  
 the most famous writer in his day,  
 before travellers step from out their way  
 to him in honour,—and myself whate'er  
 honour pleases,"—then most pleased I shook  
 out of my pocket's avaricious nook  
 certain coins of silver, which as 'twere  
 I gave this man, though I could spare  
 but inconveniently:—Ye smile,  
 ye profane ones! all the while,  
 my homely phrase the truth would tell  
 of the fools, not I—for I did dwell  
 deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,  
 Old Sexton's natural homily,  
 there was Obscurity and Fame,—  
 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 but 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 precept 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 remorse  
 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, 1818

## A FRAGMENT.

WULD I remount the river of my years  
 the first fountain of our smiles and tears,  
 could not trace again the stream of hours  
 between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,  
 but bid it flow as now—until it glides  
 o'er 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 ?  
 or life is but a vision—what I see  
 all which lives alone is life to me,  
 and being so—the absent are the dead,  
 who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread  
 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 if yet  
 we unforgotten do not all forget,  
 we are thus divided—equal must it be  
 the deep barrier be of earth, or sea ;  
 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 senso  
 of breathless being ? darken'd and intense  
 as midnight in her solitude ?—O Earth !  
 Where are the past ?—and wherefore had they birth ?  
 Who dead are thy inheritors—and we  
 but bubbles on thy surface ; and the key

Of thy profundity is in the grave,  
 The ebon'd 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.

Metast., July, 1788

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### TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël—  
 Leman ! these names are worthy of thy shore,  
 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 seal,  
 Which of the heirs of immortality  
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real !

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### LINES

#### ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.

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 'twas 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 instrument.  
 Mercy is for the merciful !—if thou  
 Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.

Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep !—  
 Yes ! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel  
 A hollow agony which will not heal,  
 For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep ;  
 Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap  
 The bitter harvest in a woe as real !  
 I have had many foes, but none like thee ;  
 For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,  
 And be avenged, or turn them into friend ;  
 But thou in safe implacability  
 Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,  
 And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,  
 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 !



# MANFRED.\*

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

‘ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’

### Dramatis Personæ.

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| MANFRED.              | WITCH OF THE ALPS. |
| CHAMOS HUNTER.        | ARIMANES.          |
| ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE. | NEMESIS.           |
| MANUEL.               | THE DESTINIES.     |
| HERMAN.               | SPIRITS, &c.       |

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly in the  
Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.*

### 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 forms 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,

\* Finished in February, 1817, but not published. Probably published in the spring of that year.

all-nameless hour. I have no dread,  
 he curse to have no natural fear,  
 ring throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,  
 ; love of something on the earth.—  
 y task.—

Mysterious Agency !

of the unbounded Universe !  
 ave sought in darkness and in light—  
 lo compass earth about, and dwell  
 essence—ye, to whom the tops  
 ains inaccessible are haunts,  
 i's and ocean's caves familiar things—  
 n ye by the written charm  
 res me power upon you—Rise ! appear !

is not yet.—Now by the voice of him  
 e first among you—by this sign,  
 akes you tremble—by the claims of him  
 dying,—Rise ! appear !—Appear !

[A pause.

[A pause.

—Spirits of earth and air,  
 ot thus elude me : by a power,  
 an all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
 d its birthplace in a star condemn'd,  
 ng wreck of a demolish'd world,  
 ing hell in the eternal space ;  
 rong curse which is upon my soul,  
 rht which is within me and around me,  
 el 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.

ortal ! to thy bidding bow'd,  
 rom my mansion in the cloud,  
 Which the breath of twilight builds,  
 and the summer's sunlight gilds  
 With the azure and vermilion,  
 Which is mix'd for my pavilion ;  
 hough thy quest may be forbidden,  
 n a star-beam I have ridden ;  
 o thine adjuration bow'd,  
 ortal ! be thy wish avow'd !

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

nt Blanc is the monarch of mountains :  
 hey crown'd him long ago  
 a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
 With a diadem of snow.  
 ound his waist are forests braced,  
 The Avalanche in his hand ;  
 ere it fall, that thundering ball  
 ust pause for my command.

The Glacier's cold and restless mass  
 Moves onward day by day ;  
 But I am he who bids it pass,  
 Or with its ice delay.  
 I am the spirit of the place,  
 Could make the mountain bow  
 And quiver to his cavern'd base—  
 And what with me wouldst *Thou* ?

*Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.*

In the blue depth of the waters,  
 Where the wave hath no strife,  
 Where the wind is a stranger,  
 And the sea-snake hath life,  
 Where the Mermaid is decking  
 Her green hair with shells ;  
 Like the storm on the surface  
 Came the sound of thy spells ;  
 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  
 'Twill 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 rulod, ere earth began, by me :

as a world as fresh and fair  
 'er revolved round sun in air ;  
 course was free and regular,  
 as bosom'd not a lovelier star.  
 hour arrived—and it became  
 a burning mass of shapeless flame,  
 a fireball, comet, and a curse,  
 a menace of the universe ;  
 rolling on with innate force,  
 without a sphere, without a course,  
 a right deformity on high,  
 a monster of the upper sky !  
 I thou ! beneath its influence born—  
 a worm ! whom I obey and scorn—  
 created by a power (which is not thine,  
 I lent thee but to make thee mine)  
 I lent thee but to make thee mine)  
 this brief moment to descend,  
 ere these weak spirits round thee bend  
 I parley with a thing like thee—  
 at wouldst thou, Child of Clay ! with me !

*The SEVEN SPIRITS.*

ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,  
 at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay !  
 thee at thy quest their spirits are—  
 I wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say !

1. Forgetfulness—  
 2. *Spirit.* Of what—of whom—and why ?  
 3. Of that which is within me ; read it there—  
 4. I know it, and I cannot utter it.  
 5. *It.* We can but give thee that which we possess :  
 6. us subjects, sovereignty, the power  
 7. of the whole, or portion, or a sign  
 8. shall control the elements, whereof  
 9. I the dominators, each and all,  
 10. shall be thine.

11. Oblivion, self-oblivion—  
 12. I cannot wring from out the hidden realms  
 13. or so profusely what I ask !  
 14. *It.* It is not in our essence, in our skill ;  
 15. thou may'st die.

16. Will death bestow it on me ?  
 17. *It.* We are immortal, and do not forget ;  
 18. I eternal ; and to us the past  
 19. is the future, present. Art thou answer'd ?  
 20. 1. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye here  
 21. made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will !  
 22. I, the spirit, the Promethean spark,  
 23. the lightning of my being, is as bright,  
 24. as quick, and far-darting as your own,  
 25. all not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay !  
 26. I ; or I will teach you what I am.  
 27. 2. *We answer as we answer'd ;* our reply  
 28. is *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 elements  
Of which we are the mind and principle :  
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

*Man.* I have no choice ; there is no form on earth  
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him  
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect  
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come !

*Seventh Spirit.* (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful  
female figure.*) Behold !

*Man.* O God ! if it be thus, and thou  
Are 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.*)

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 has strength to kill ;  
 From thine own heart I then did wring  
 The black blood in its blackest spring ;  
 From thine own smile I snatch'd the snake,  
 For there it coil'd as in a brake ;  
 From thine 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.—MARTIN  
 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 o'er 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-cloaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be  
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets ; thou art gone  
 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

of degradation and of pride,  
 ; with low wants and lofty will,  
 reality predominates,  
 re—what they name not to themselves,  
 not to each other. Hark! the note,

[*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*  
 l music of the mountain reed—  
 is patriarchal days are not  
 fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
 the sweet bells of the sauntering herd ;  
 uld drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were  
 ss spirit of a lovely sound,  
 ice, a breathing harmony,  
 enjoyment—born and dying  
 lest tone which made me !

*Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

*Hunter.* Even so  
 he chamois leapt : her nimble feet  
 d me ; my gains to-day will scarce  
 break-neck travail.—What is here ?  
 ; not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd  
 hich none even of our mountaineers,  
 est hunters, may attain : his garb  
 his mien manly, and his air  
 freeborn peasant's, at this distance—  
 each him nearer.

[*not perceiving the other.*] To be thus—  
 I with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
 a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
 trunk upon a cursed root,  
 supplies a feeling to decay—  
 thus, eternally but thus,  
 in otherwise ! Now furrow'd o'er  
 kles, plough'd by moments, not by years  
 —all tortured into ages—hours  
 itlive !—Ye toppling crags of ice !  
 hes, whom a breath draws dawn  
 inous o'erwhelming, come and crush me !  
 nomenly above, beneath,  
 a frequent conflict ; but ye pass  
 all on things that still would live ;  
 ing flourishing forest, or the hut  
 st of the harmless villager.

The mists begin to rise from up the valley ;  
 im to descend, or he may chance  
 once his way and life together.  
 he mists boil up around the glaciers : clouds  
 g fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
 from the roused ocean of deep Hell,  
 ry wave breaks on a living shore,  
 th the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

I must approach him cautiously ; if near,  
 top will startle him, and he  
 ring already.

*Man.* Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren ; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters ;  
Daming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel—Thus,  
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—  
Why stood I not beneath it ?

*C. Hun.* Friend ! have a care,  
Your next step may be fatal !—for the love  
Of Him who made you, stand not on that brink !

*Man.* (*not hearing him.*) Such would have been for me a  
fitting tomb ;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth :  
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks  
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—  
In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens !  
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—  
You were not meant for me—Earth ! take these atoms !

[*As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS  
HUNTER seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.*]

*C. Hun.* Hold, madman !—though aweary of thy life,  
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  
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,  
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  
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—  
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

[*As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closeth.*]

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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 !

sa. It imports not: I do know  
 route full well, and need no further guidance.

Hsa. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—  
 of the many chiefs whose castled crags  
 : o'er the lower valleys—which of these  
 call thee lord? I only know their portals;  
 way of life leads me but rarely down  
 ask by the huge hearths of those old halls,  
 using with the vassals; but the paths,  
 sh step from out our mountains to their doors,  
 w from childhood—which of these is thine?  
 sa. No matter.

Hsa. Well, sir, pardon me the question,  
 be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;  
 if an ancient vintage: many a day

! thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now  
 t do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.  
 sa. Away, away, there's blood upon the brim!  
 it than never—never sink in the earth!

Hsa. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

sa. I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream  
 sh ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours  
 a we were in our youth, and had one heart,  
 loved each other as we should not love,  
 this was shed: but still it rises up,  
 iring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,  
 re thou art not—and I shall never be.

Hsa. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,  
 sh makes thee people vacancy, whate'er  
 dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—  
 aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

sa. Patience and patience! Hence—that word was made  
 rutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;  
 sh it to mortals of a dust like thine,—  
 not of thine order.

Hsa. Thanks to Heaven!  
 id not be of thine for the free fame  
 William Tell: but whatso'er thine ill,  
 ust be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

sa. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.  
 Hsa. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.  
 sa. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,  
 ' long years, but they are nothing now  
 ose which I must number: ages—ages—  
 and eternity—and consciousness,  
 the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

Hsa. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age  
 scarce been set, I am thine elder far.

sa. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?  
 sh; but actions are our epochs: mine  
 made my days and nights imperishable,  
 es, and all alike, as sands on the shore,  
 nerable 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.

*Man.* I would I were—for then the things I see  
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 scorch'd already!

*C. Hun.* And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

*Man.* No friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange  
My lot with living being: I can bear—  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—  
In life what others could not brook to dream,  
But perish in their slumber.

*C. Hun.* And with this—  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.  
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge  
Upon his enemies?

*Man.* Oh! no, no, no!  
My injuries came down on those who loved me—  
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd  
An enemy, save in my just defence—  
But my embrace was fatal!

*C. Hun.* 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—  
'Tis 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.]

#### SONNET 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,

\* This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alps  
It is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you're  
in it: this effect lasts till noon.

And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
 O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
 And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
 And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
 The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
 As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
 But mine now drink this sight of loveliness ;  
 I 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  
 rainbow of the torrent.

Beautiful Spirit ! with thy hair of light,  
 And dazling 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,  
 Lock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
 Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
 Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
 The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven,—  
 Singe thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
 The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.  
 Beautiful Spirit ! in thy calm clear brow,  
 Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
 Which of itself shows immortality,  
 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 !

Know thee, and the powers which give thee power ;  
 Know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
 And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
 Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

Have expected this—what wouldst thou with me ?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further,  
 The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I  
 Seek 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  
 Search no further.

Witch.

What could be the quest  
 Which is not in the power of the most powerful,  
 The rulers of the invisible ?

Man.

A boon ;

But why should I repeat it ? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that ; let thy lips utter it.

*Man.* Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;  
 My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards  
 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 insects 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,—crossed me in my path,  
 I fet myself degraded back to them,  
 And was all clay again. And then I dived,  
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,  
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew  
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heaped-up dust,  
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd  
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
 Save in the old time; and with time and toil,  
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
 As in itself hath power upon the air,  
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
 Space, and the peopled infinite, I made  
 Mine eyes familiar with Eternity;  
 Such as, before me, did the Magi, and  
 He who from out their fountain dwellings raised  
 Eros and Anteros,\* 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 my words,  
 Boasting these idle attributes, because

\* The philosopher Jamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros found in his life by Eusebius. It is well told.



MANFRED.

Each the core of my heart's grief—  
task. I have not named to thee  
mother, mistress, friend, or being,  
nor I wore the chain of human ties ;  
and each, they seem'd not such to me—  
was one—

Spare not thyself—proceed.  
She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,  
her features, all, to the very tone  
of her voice, they said were like to mine ;  
and all, and temper'd into beauty :  
the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
to bend the universe : nor these  
with them gentler powers than mine,  
sweats, and tears—which I had not ;  
and a power—but that I had for her ;  
and that I never had.  
The powers were mine—her virtues were her own—  
and she would destroy'd her !

With thy hand !  
Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart ;—  
and mine, and wither'd. I have shed  
not hers—and yet her blood was shed ;—  
and I could not stanch it.

And for this—  
the race thou dost despise,  
which thine own would rise above,  
with us and ours, thou dost forego  
of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back  
at mortality—Away !  
Daughter of Air ! I tell thee, since that hour—  
thy breath—look on me in my sleep,  
thy watchings—Come and sit by me !  
Solitude is no more,  
and with the Furios ;—I have gnash'd  
in darkness till returning morn,  
and myself till sunset ; I have pray'd  
for us as a blessing—'tis denied me ;  
and I counted death—but in the war  
as the waters shrunk from me,  
things pass'd harmless—the cold hand  
of the lifeless demon held me back,  
single hair, which would not break.  
Imagination, all  
the force of my soul—which one day was  
in creation—I plunged deep,  
and in an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
in the midst of my unfathom'd thought,  
in the midst of mankind—Forgetfulness  
is all, save where 'tis to be found,  
and we have to learn—my sciences.  
I have pursued and superhuman art

Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.

*Witch.* It may be  
That I 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.

*Witch.* That is not in my province ; but if thou  
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 ?  
Hast thou no gentler answer ?—Yet bethink thee,  
And pause ere thou rejectest.

*Man.* I have said it

*Witch.* Enough !—I may retire then—say !

*Man.* Retire !

[*The WITCH disappears*]

*Man. (alone).* We are the fools of time and terror : days  
Steal on us and steal from us ; yet we live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.  
In all the days of this detested yoke—  
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,  
Or joy that ends in agony-or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back  
As from a stream in winter, though the chill  
Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be :  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing. If they answer not—  
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag  
Of Endor ; and the Spartan Monarch drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit  
An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing 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 fixed her term of vengeance—she replied  
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.\*  
If I had never lived, that which I love

\* The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Plataeæ, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedæmonians), Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's Life of Cimon ; and in the *Læcætes* of Pausanias the sophist, in his description of Greece.

I been living : had I never loved,  
 nich I love would still be beautiful—  
 und giving happiness. What is she?  
 she now!—a sufferer for my sins—  
 I dare not think upon—or nothing.  
 few hours I shall not call in vain—  
 his hour I dread the thing I dare :  
 is hour I never shrunk to gaze  
 t, good or evil—now I tremble,  
 l a strange cold thaw upon my heart.  
 n act even what I most abhor,  
 mpion human fears. The night approaches.  
 [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*The summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.*

*Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

m is rising broad, and round, and bright ;  
 e on snows, where never human foot  
 non mortal trod, we nightly tread,  
 ve no traces ; o'er the savage sea,  
 my ocean of the mountain ice,  
 n its rugged breakers, which put on  
 ect of a tumbling tempest's foam,  
 in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image :  
 s most steep fantastic pinnacle,  
 work of some earthquake—where the clouds  
 repose themselves in passing by—  
 i to our revels, or our vigils ;  
 I wait my sisters, on our way  
 Hall of Arimanes, for to-night  
 reat 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 !  
 the blood of a million he'll answer my care,  
 a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

*Second Voice, without.*

hip sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,  
 left not a sail, and I left not a mast ;  
 is not a plank of the hull or the deck,  
 here is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck ;  
 me, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,  
 e 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 doing—  
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

*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 woe  
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

*Third Des.* Behold she cometh.

*Enter NEMESIS.*

*First Des.* Say where hast thou been !  
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

*Nem.* I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,  
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge ;  
Goading the wise to madness ; from the dull  
Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,  
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak  
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away !  
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our clouds !

*(Exit Nemesis.)*

## SCENE IV.

*U of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

*Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

il to our Master !—Prince of Earth and Air !  
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand  
sceptre of the elements, which tear  
Themselves to chaos at his high command !  
breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea ;  
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder ;  
gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee ;  
he moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.  
neath his footsteps the volcanoes rise ;  
His shadow is the Pestilence ; his path  
comets herald through the crackling skies ;  
and planets turn to ashes at his wrath.  
him War offers daily sacrifice ;  
to him Death pays his tribute ; Life is his  
th all its infinite of agonies—  
and his the spirit of whatever is !

*Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.*

*Des.* Glory to Arimanes ! on the earth  
increaseth—both my sisters did  
ng, nor did I neglect my duty !  
*Des.* Glory to Arimanes ! we who bow  
of men, bow down before his throne !  
*Des.* Glory to Arimanes ! we wait

Sovereign of sovereigns ! we are thine,  
nat liveth, more or less, is ours,  
things wholly so ; still to increase  
r, increasing thine, demands our care,  
re vigilant—Thy late commands  
a fulfill'd to the utmost.

*Enter MANFRED.*

*Manfred.* What is here ?  
!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,  
and worship !  
*Spirit.* I do know the man—  
of great power, and fearful skill !  
*Spirit.* Bow down, and worship, slave !—  
What, know'st thou not  
our Sovereign ?—Tremble and obey !  
*Spirits.* Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay  
he Earth ! or dread the worst.

I know it ;

we see I kneel not.  
*Spirit.* 'Twill be taught thee.  
*Manfred.* *Tis taught already ;—many a night on the earth,  
e ground, have I bow'd down my face,*

And strew'd my head with ashes ; I have known  
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 worm !  
Tear him in pieces !—

*First Des.* Hence ! Avaunt ! he's mine,  
Prince of the Powers invisible ! This man  
Is of no common order, as his port  
And presence here denote ; his sufferings  
Have been of an immortal nature, like  
Our own ; his knowledge, and his powers and will,  
As far as is compatible with clay,  
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such  
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 consequence  
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 wouldst 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.*

Yes.

*Nem.*  
Uncharnel !

Whom wouldst thou

*Man.* One without a tomb—call up  
Astarte.

## NEMESIS

ow ! or Spirit !  
 whatever thou art,  
 h still doth inherit  
 e whole or a part  
 e form of thy birth,  
 the mould of thy clay,  
 h return'd to the earth,  
 appear to the day !  
 what thou borest,  
 e heart and the form,  
 the aspect thou worst  
 leem from the worm.  
 ar !—Appear !—Appear !  
 sent thee there requires thee here !  
*e Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands  
 n the midst.*

s be death ? there 's bloom upon her cheek ;  
 is no living hue,  
 ctic, like the unnatural red  
 plants upon the perish'd leaf.  
 Oh, God ! that I should dread  
 e same—Astarte !—No,  
 o her—but bid her speak—  
 ndemn me.

## NEMESIS.

power which hath broken  
 rave which enthrall'd thee,  
 o him who hath spoken,  
 ose who have call'd thee !  
 She is silent,  
 ce I am more than answer'd.  
 er extends no further. Prince of Air !  
 e alone—command her voice.  
 bey this sceptre !

Silent still !  
 order, but belongs  
 ers. Mortal ! thy quest is vain,  
 ed also.

Hear me, hear me—  
 oved ! speak to me :  
 ndured—so much endure—  
 e grave hath not changed thee mor-  
 ed for thee. Thou lovedst me  
 oved thee : we were not made  
 ach other, though it were  
 to love as we have loved.  
 th't me not—that I do bear  
 for both—that thou wilt be  
 d—and that I shall die ;  
*ateful 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,  
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves  
 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 ill.  
 Farewell !

*Man.* Yet one word more—am I forgiven ?

*Phan.* Farewell !

*Man.* Say, shall we meet again ?

*Phan.* Farewell !

*Man.* One word for mercy ! Say, thou lovest me.

*Phan.* Manfred !

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears*

*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 is to be a mortal,  
 And seek the things beyond mortality.

*Another Spirit.* Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and me !  
 His torturo 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.

What is the hour ?

It wants but one till sunset,  
uses a lovely twilight.

Say,  
ings so disposed of in the tower  
ted ?

All, my lord, are ready :  
e key and casket.

It is well :

st retire.

[*Exit* HERMAN.

There is a calm upon me—  
le stillness ! which till now  
long to what I knew of life.  
lid not know philosophy  
ll our vanities the motliest,  
t word that ever fool'd the ear  
the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
n secret, the sought "Kalon," found,  
l in my soul. It will not last,  
ell to have known it, though but once :  
larged my thoughts with a new sense,  
in my tablets would note down  
is such a feeling. Who is there ?

*Re-enter* HERMAN.

My lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves  
our presence.

*Enter the* ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Peace be with Count Manfred !  
hanks, holy father ! welcome to these walls,  
ice honours them, and blesseth those  
within them.

Would it were so, Count !—  
d fain confer with thee alone.  
erman, retire.—What would my reverend guest !  
hus, without prelude :—Age and zeal, my office,  
ntent, must plead my privilege ;  
hough not acquainted neighbourhood,  
e my herald. Rumours strange,  
oly nature, are abroad,  
with thy name ; a noble name  
es : may he who bears it now  
unimpair'd !

*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 : whate'er  
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  
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin  
To higher hope and better thoughts ; the first  
I leave to Heaven,—“ Vengeance is Mine alone ! ”  
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness  
His servant echoes back the awful word.

*Man.* Old man ! there is no power in holy men,  
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form  
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast  
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,  
The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,  
But all in all sufficient to itself  
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise  
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense  
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and reveng<sup>e</sup>  
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—

If church can teach thee shall be taught ;  
 If he can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.  
 When Rome's sixth emperor was near his last,  
 And of a self-inflicted wound,  
 He torments of a public death  
 Decries once his slaves, a certain soldier,  
 For want of loyal pity, would have stanch'd  
 His thro' with his officious robe ;  
 The Roman thrust him back, and said—  
 "Dost thou still in his expiring glance—  
 Behold—late—is this fidelity ?"  
 And what of this ?

I answer with the Roman—  
 "Late !"

It never can be so,  
 To file thyself with thy own soul,  
 To own soul with Heaven. Hast thou no hope ?  
 They go—even those who do despair above,  
 They seek themselves some fantasy on earth,  
 And frail twig they cling, like drowning men.  
 O father ! I have had those earthly visions  
 And aspirations in my youth,  
 My own the mind of other men,  
 The defender of nations ; and to rise  
 I know not whither—it might be to fall ;  
 Even as the mountain-cataract,  
 Having leapt from its more dazzling height,  
 In the foaming strength of its abyss  
 Rises up misty columns that become  
 (In rising from the reascended skies),  
 But stout and mighty still.—But this is past,  
 Which they mistook themselves.

And wherefore so ?  
 I could not tame my nature down ; for he  
 Who would fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—  
 In all time—and pry into all place—  
 Must live a living lie—who would become  
 A thing amongst the mean, and such  
 As I disdain'd to mingle with  
 Though I might be leader—and of wolves.  
 I am alone, and so am I.

And why not live and act with other men ?  
 Because my nature was averse from life ;  
 I was not cruel ; for I would not make,  
 A desolation :—like the wind,  
 To rob the breath of the most lone simoom,  
 Which wells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er,  
 In the sands which bear no shrubs to blast,  
 Or o'er their wild and arid waves,  
 To set the eth not, so that it is not sought,  
 For the eth met is deadly ; such hath been  
 The use of my existence ; but there came  
 To me 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—  
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 thy years ; I deem  
The purpose pious, but it is in vain :  
Think me not churlish ; I would spare thyself,  
Far more than me, in shunning at this time  
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[*Exit MANFRED.*]

*Abbot.* This should have been a noble creature ; 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.* Doth he so ?  
I will look on him.

[*MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall.*]

Glorious Orb! the idol  
 ure, and the vigorous race  
 ed mankind, the giant sons \*  
 ace of angels with a sex  
 ful than they, which did draw down  
 spirits, who can ne'er return.—  
 us orb! that wert a worship, ere  
 y of thy making was reveal'd!  
 st minister of the Almighty,  
 den'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts  
 dean shepherds, till they pour'd  
 in orisons! Thou material God!  
 ntative of the Unknown—  
 thee for His shadow! Thou chief star!  
 any stars! which mak'st our earth  
 and temperest the hues  
 of all who walk within thy rays!  
 seasons! Monarch of the climes,  
 who dwell in them! for near or far,  
 spirits have a tint of thee,  
 outward aspects;—thou dost rise,  
 and set in glory. Fare thee well!  
 I see thee more. As my first glance  
 I wonder was for thee, then take  
 look; thou wilt not beam on one  
 is gifts of life and warmth have been  
 atal nature. He is gone:

[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE III.

*mans—the Castle of Manfred at some distance—A  
 Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.*

MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

strange enough; night after night, for years,  
 rsued long vigils in this tower,  
 itness. I have been within it,—  
 all been oft-times: but from it,  
 nts, it were impossible  
 nclusions absolute, of aught  
 tend to. To be sure, there is  
 r where none enter: I would give  
 what I have to come these three years,  
 n its mysteries.

"Twere dangerous;  
 yself with what thou know'st already.  
 I Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,

to pass, that the Sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they  
 There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when  
 came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them,  
 mighty men which were of old, men of renown."—Genesis, ch. vi.

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.* Besbrew 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 remember  
'Twas 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.* 'Tis 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.

*of.* Herman ! I command thee,  
and apprise the Count of my approach.  
*of.* We dare not.  
*of.* Then it seems I must be herald  
of my own purpose.  
*uscl.* Reverend father, stop—  
you pause.  
*of.* Why so ?  
*uscl.* But stop this way,  
will tell you further. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Interior of the Tower.*MANFRED *alone.*

stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !  
yet with Nature, for the night  
seen to me a more familiar face  
that of man ; and in her starry shade  
and solitary loveliness,  
'd the language of another world.  
remember me, that in my youth,  
I was wandering,—upon such a night  
I within the Coliseum's wall,  
the chief relics of almighty Rome ;  
sees which grew along the broken arches  
I dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
through the rents of ruin ; from afar  
stood bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and  
near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
his long cry, and, interruptedly  
tant sentinels the fitful song  
and died upon the gentle wind.  
expresses beyond the time-worn breach  
'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
well the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
e which springs through level'd battlements,  
vines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
urps the laurel's place of growth ;—  
e gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
e wreck in ruinous perfection !  
Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
on earth in indistinct decay.—  
you didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
e, and cast a wide and tender light,  
soften'd down the hoar austerity  
ged desolation, and fill'd up,  
are anew, the gaps of centuries ;  
g that beautiful which still was so,  
*saying 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.—

'Twas such a night!  
 'Tis 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 'twill 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 steadfastly ;—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—  
 Avaunt !—



announce—what is thy mission ?

Come !

What art thou, unknown being ? answer !—speak !  
 he genius of this mortal.—Come ! 'tis time,  
 m prepared for all things, but deny  
 which summons me. Who sent thee here ?  
 thou'lt know anon—come ! come !

I have commanded

n essence greater far than thine,  
 with thy masters. Get thee hence !  
 mortal ! thine hour is come—Away ! I say.  
 new, and know my hour is come, but not  
 p my soul to such as thee :  
 die as I have lived—alone.

hen I must summon up my brethren—Rise !

[*Other Spirits rise up.*

vaunt ; ye evil ones !—Avaunt ! I say,—  
 power where piety hath power,  
 large thee in the name—

Old man !

rselves, our mission, and thine order ;  
 by holy words on idle uses,  
 ain : this man is forfeited.

[ summon him—Away ! away !  
 o defy ye,—though I feel my soul  
 om me, yet I do defy ye ;  
 ence, while I have earthly breath  
 my scorn upon ye—earthly strength  
 though with spirits ; what ye take  
 n limb by limb.

Reluctant mortal !

magian who would so pervade  
 avisible, and make himself  
 equal ?—Can it be that thou  
 love with life ? the very life  
 e thee wretched !

Thou false fiend, thou liest !

its last hour ;—*that* I know,  
 edeem a moment of that hour ;  
 abat against death, but thee  
 rounding angels ; my past power  
 sed by no compact with thy crew,  
 rior science—penance—daring—  
 of watching—strength of mind—and skill  
 ge of our fathers—when the earth  
 d spirits walking side by side,  
 e no supremacy : I stand  
 rengh—I do defy—deny—  
 and scorn ye !—

But thy many crimes

thee—

What are they to such as thee ?  
*be punish'd but by other crimes,  
 criminals f—Back to the 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  
 Requit 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 to Heaven—  
 Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

*Man.* 'Tis 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 ! 'tis 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,



### 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 green  
 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 !

1908

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**STANZAS FOR MUSIC.**

THEY say that hope is happiness ;  
But genuine love must prize the past,  
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless  
They rose the first—they set the last.

And all that Memory loves the most  
Was once our only Hope to be,  
And all that hope adored and lost  
Hath melted into Memory.

Alas ! it is delusion all ;  
The future cheats us from afar,  
Nor can we be what we recall,  
Nor dare we think on what we are.

## THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

At Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's "Gherusalemme," and of Guarini's "Pastor Fido," with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and 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 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 annal of Gibbon.

#### I.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear  
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—  
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;  
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,  
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
When the impatient thirst of light and air  
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,  
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,  
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,  
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;  
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd  
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,  
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,  
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;  
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,  
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave  
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.  
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear;  
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;  
For I have battled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;  
And revell'd among men and things divine,  
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,  
In honour of the sacred war for Him,  
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,

or He has strengthen'd me in heart and limb,  
 hat through this sufferance I might be forgiven,  
 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 mankind ;  
 But let them go, or torture as they will,  
 My heart can multiply thine image still ;  
 Successful love may sate itself away,  
 The wretched are the faithful ; 'tis their fate  
 To have all feeling save the one decay,  
 And every passion into one dilate,  
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour ;  
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

## III.

Above me, hark ! the long and maniac cry  
 Of minds and bodies in captivity ;  
 And hark ! the lash and the increasing howl,  
 And the half-inarticulate blasphemy !  
 Here 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  
 Wound up to the lust of doing ill :  
 With these and with their victims am I class'd,  
 And did sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd :  
 And did sounds and sights like these my life may close :  
 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 ;—  
 While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—  
 None ! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,  
 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 ;  
 Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

## V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,  
 But all unquenoh'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 ethereal 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 breathed it not, it was  
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward ;  
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas !  
 Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,  
 And yet I did not venture to repine.

Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine  
 Worshipp'd at holy distance and around  
 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 a beauty that dismay'd—  
 Oh ! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above !  
 And in that sweet severity there was  
 A something which all softness did surpass—  
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—  
 My star stood still before thee :—if it were  
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,  
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear ;  
 But thou art dearest still, and I should be  
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.  
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain  
 Hath lighten'd half its weight ; and for the rest,  
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,  
 And look to thee with undivided breast,  
 And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

## VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth  
 My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade  
 And mingle with what'er I saw on earth ;  
 Of objects all inanimate I made  
 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 agèd heads o'er me, and said  
 Of such materials wretched men were made,  
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,  
 And that the only lesson was a blow ;  
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,  
 But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt  
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again  
 The visions which arise without a sleep.  
 And with my years my soul began to pant  
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;  
 And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,  
 But undefined and wandering, till the day  
 I found the thing I sought—and that was *thee* ;  
 And then I lost my being all to be  
 Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—  
*Thou* didst annihilate the earth to me !

## VII.

I loved all Solitude, but little thought  
 To spend I know not what of life, remote  
 From all communion with existence, save  
*The maniac and his tyrant* ;—had I been  
*Their fellow, many years ere this had seen*

My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,  
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave !  
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more  
 Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore :  
 The world is all before him—*mine is here*,  
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.  
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye  
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—  
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,  
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

## VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,  
 But with a sense of its decay :—I see  
 Unwonted lights along my prison shine,  
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me  
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below  
 The feeling of the healthful and the free ;  
 But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,  
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,  
 And all that may be borne, or can debase.  
 I thought mine enemies had been but Man,  
 But spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth  
 Abandons—Heaven forgets me ;—in the dearth  
 Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,  
 It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail  
 Against the outworn creature they assail.  
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved  
 Like steel in tempering fire ?—because I loved !  
 Because I loved what not to love, and see,  
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

## IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er ;—  
 My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd  
 My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd  
 In mockery through them ;—If I bear and bore  
 The much I have recounted, and the more  
 Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not die  
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie  
 Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame  
 Stamp Madness deep into my memory,  
 And woo Compassion to a blighted name,  
 Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.  
 No—it shall be immortal !—and I make  
 A future temple of my present cell,  
 Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.  
 While thou, Ferrara ! when no longer dwell  
 The ducal chiefs within thee, shall fall down,  
 And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless 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 !  
 And thou, Leonora !—thou—who wert ashamed



That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear  
No less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,  
So I 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 mild rots congenial with the abyss,  
Adores thee still ;—and add—that when the towers  
And battlements which guard his joyous hours  
Of banquet, dance, and revel are forgot,  
Or left untended in a dull repose,  
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot !  
But thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throws  
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have  
One half the laurel which o'ershades 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 !

C A I N:  
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.*

TO  
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,  
THIS MYSTERY OF CAIN IS INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

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 delightful; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called *Mahlah*, and Abel's *Thirza*: in the following pages I have called them "*Adam*" 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,

There is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, indeed in the Old Testament. For a reason for this extraordinary omission, he may consult Warburton's "Divine Legation;" whether factory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have, therefore, used it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ. In regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness. He disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to him of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine city.

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 recent strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in the earth, is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but rather confirms it; no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although the remains of many known animals are found near the remains of the world. The assertion of Lucifer, that the pre-Adamite world was also destroyed by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and probably powerful to the mammoth, &c. &c., is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case. I might add, that there is a "tragedy" of Alfieri, called "Abel." I have never read that, nor any other of the posthumous works of the poet except his Life.

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## CAIN: A MYSTERY.

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### Dramatis Personæ.

| MEN.  | SPIRITS.           | WOMEN.  |
|-------|--------------------|---------|
| ADAM. | ANGEL OF THE LORD. | EVE.    |
| CAIN. | LUCIFER.           | ADAH.   |
| ABEL. |                    | ZILLAH. |

### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The Land without Paradise.—Time, Sunrise.*

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH,  
*offering a Sacrifice.*

*Adam.* God, the Eternal! Infinite! Allwise!—  
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 !

*Adam.* God, the Eternal ! Parent of all things !  
Who didst create these best and beauteous 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, blessing all,  
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.* 'Tis better I should be so.

*Adam.* Wherefore so !

*Cain.* I have nought to ask.

*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 fall.

*Adam.* And we must gather it again.

Oh, God ! why didst Thou plant the tree of knowledge !

*Cain.* And wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life !  
Ye might have then defied Him.

*Adam.* Oh ! my son,

Blaspheme not : these are serpents' words.

*Cain.* Why not !

The snake spoke *truth* ; it *was* the tree of knowledge ;

It *was* the tree of life : knowledge is good,

And life is good ; and how can both be evil !

*Eve.* My boy ! thou speakest as I spoke, in sin,

Before thy birth : let me not see renew'd

My 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 hence,

Each to his task of toil—not heavy, though  
\*ful : the earth is young, and yields us kindly  
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 Cain 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, " 'Twas *His* will,  
And *He* is good." How know I that? Because  
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?  
I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—  
Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.  
Whom have we here?—A shape like to the angels,  
Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect  
Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?  
Why should I fear him more than other spirits,  
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords  
Before the gates round which I linger oft,  
In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those  
Gardens which are my just inheritance,  
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls  
And the immortal trees which overtop  
The cherubim-defended battlements?  
If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels,  
Why should I quail from him who now approaches?  
Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less  
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful  
As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems

Half of his immortality. 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. And being so, canst thou

*Cain.* 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 thoughts of all  
Worthy of thought;—'tis 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. I live,

*Cain.* But live to die: and, living, see nothing  
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,  
A loathsome, and yet all invincible  
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I  
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—  
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

*Lucifer.* Thou livest, and must live for ever; think not  
The earth, which is thine outward covering, is  
Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be  
No less than thou art now.

*Cain.* No less! and why  
No more?

*Lucifer.* It may be thou shalt be as we.

*Cain.* And ye?

*Lucifer.* Are everlasting.

*Cain.* Are ye happy?

*Lucifer.* We are mighty.

*Cain.* Are ye happy?

*Lucifer.* No: art thou?

*Cain.* How should I be so? Look on me!

*Lucifer.* Poor clay  
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

*Cain.* I am:—and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

*Lucifer.* One who aspired to be what made thee, and  
Would not have made thee what thou art.

*Cain.* Ah!  
Thou look'st almost a god; and—

*Lucifer.* I am none:  
And having fail'd to be one, would be nought.

Save what I am. He conquer'd; let Him reign!

*Cain.* Who?

*Lucifer.* Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

*Cain.* And heaven's,

And all that in them is. So I have heard  
His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

*Lucifer.* They say—what they must sing and say, on pair  
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 immortality—  
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 let 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!  
Could He but crush Himself, 'twere the best boon  
He ever granted: but, let Him reign on,  
And multiply Himself in misery!  
Spirits and men, at least we sympathize—  
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,  
Innumerable, more endurable,  
By the unbounded sympathy of all—  
With all! But *He!* so wretched in His height,  
So restless in His wretchedness, must still  
Create, and re-create—

*Cain.* Thou speak'st to me of things which long have swum  
In visions through my thought: I never could  
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.  
My father and my mother talk to me  
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see  
The gates of what they call their Paradise  
Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,  
Which shut them out, and me: I feel the weight  
Of daily toil and constant thought: I look  
Around a world where I seem nothing, with  
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they  
Could master all things:—but I thought alone  
This misery was *mine*.—My father is  
Tamed down: my mother has forgot the mind  
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk  
Of an eternal curse: *my brother is*  
*A watching shepherd boy, who offers up*  
*The firstlings of the flock to Him who bids*

The earth yield nothing to us without sweat ;  
 My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn  
 Than the birds' matins ; and my Adah, my  
 Own and beloved, she, too, understands not  
 The mind which overwhelms me : never till  
 Now met I aught to sympathize with me.  
 'Tis 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 fruitful ? Did I bid her pluck them not ?  
 Did I plant things prohibited within  
 The reach of beings innocent, and curious  
 By their own innocence ? I would have made ye  
 Gods ; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye  
 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 laud  
 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.* If  
 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—  
 No more : and yet not less than those he tempted,  
 In nature being earth also—*more* in wisdom,  
 Since he could overcome them, and foreknow  
 The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys.  
 Think'at thou I'd take the shape of things that *is* !



*Cain.* But the thing had a demon !

*Lucifer.* He but woke one  
In those he spake to with his forky tongue.  
I tell thee that the serpent was no more  
Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubim  
Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages  
Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes, and your seed's,  
The seed of the then world may thus array  
Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute  
To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all  
That bows to Him, who made things but to bend  
Before His sullen, sole eternity;  
But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy  
Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing,  
And fell. For what should spirits tempt them ? What  
Was there to envy in the narrow bounds  
Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade  
Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,  
With all thy tree of knowledge.

*Cain.* But thou canst not  
Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,  
And do not thirst to know, and bear a mind  
To know.

*Lucifer.* And heart to look on ?

*Cain.* Be it proved.

*Lucifer.* Darest thou to look on Death ?

*Cain.* He has not yet  
Been seen.

*Lucifer.* But must be undergone.

*Cain.* My father  
Says he is something dreadful, and my mother  
Weeps when he is named ; and Abel lifts his eyes  
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,  
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 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.  
 And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off  
 Our native and forbidden Paradise,  
 Up to the lights above us, in the azure,  
 Which are so beautiful : shall they, too, die ?

*Lucifer.* Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee

*Cain.* I'm glad of that : I would not have them die—  
 They are so lovely. What is death ? I fear,  
 I feel, it is a dreadful thing ; but what,  
 I cannot compass : 'tis denounced against us,  
 Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill—  
 What ill ?

*Lucifer.* To be resolved into the earth.

*Cain.* But shall I know it ?

*Lucifer.* As I know not death,  
 I cannot answer.

*Cain.* Were I quiet earth,  
 That were no evil : would I ne'er had been  
 Aught else but dust !

*Lucifer.* That is a grovelling wish,  
 Less than thy father's ; for he wish'd to know.

*Cain.* But not to live, or wherefore pluck'd he not  
 The life tree ?

*Lucifer.* He was hinder'd.

*Cain.* Deadly error !  
 Not to snatch first that fruit :—but ere he pluck'd  
 The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.  
 Alas ! I scarcely now know what it is,  
 And yet I fear it—fear I know not what !

*Lucifer.* And I, who know all things, fear nothing : see  
 What is true knowledge.

*Cain.* Wilt thou teach me all !

*Lucifer.* Ay, upon one condition.

*Cain.* Name it.

*Lucifer.* That  
 Thou dost fall down and worship me—thy Lord.

*Cain.* Thou art not the Lord my father worships. No.

*Lucifer.*  
*Cain.* His equal ?

*Lucifer.* No :—I have nought in common with Him !  
 Nor would : I would be aught above—beneath—  
 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 ;

The offering is more his than mine—and Adah—

*Lucifer.* Why dost thou hesitate ?

*Cain.* She is my sister,

Born on the same day, of the same womb : 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 ADAH.*

*Adah.* My brother, I have come for thee ;  
It is our hour of rest and joy—and we  
Have less without thee. Thou hast labour'd not  
This morn ; but I have done thy task : the fruits  
Are ripe, and glowing as the light which ripens :  
Come away.

*Cain.* Seest thou not !

*Adah.* I see an angel ;

We have seen many : will he share our hour

Of rest ?—he is welcome.

*Cain.* But he is not like

The angels we have seen.

*Adah.* Are there, then, others ?

But he is welcome, as they were : they deign'd

To be our guests—will he ?

*Cain (to Lucifer).* Wilt thou? I ask  
*Lucifer.* Thee to be mine.  
*Cain.* I must away with him.  
*Adah.* And leave us?  
*Cain.* Ay. And me?  
*Adah.* Beloved Adah!  
*Cain.* Let me go with thee.  
*Lucifer.* No, she must not. Who  
*Adah.* Art thou that steppest between heart and heart?  
*Cain.* He is a god.  
*Adah.* How know'st thou?  
*Cain.* He speaks like  
 A god.  
*Adah.* So did the serpent, and it lied.  
*Lucifer.* Thou erre'st, Adah!—was not the tree that  
 Of knowledge?  
*Adah.* Ay—to our eternal sorrow.  
*Lucifer.* And yet that grief is knowledge—so he lied not:  
 And if he did betray you, 'twas 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 me—I  
 Love thee.  
*Lucifer.* More than thy mother, and thy sire?  
*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 milk  
 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—what'e'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

too!—if it doth, we are the slaves

*Sifer.* Higher things than ye are slaves : and higher  
them or ye would be so, did they not  
: an independency of torture  
e smooth agonies of adulation,  
mns and harpings, and self-seeking prayers,  
at which is omnipotent, because  
nnipotent, and not from love,  
error and self-hope.

*ah.* Omnipotence  
be all goodness.

*Sifer.* Was it so in Eden ?

*ah.* Fiend ! tempt me not with beauty ; thou art fairer  
was the serpent, and as false.

*Sifer.* As true.  
I've, your mother : bears she not the knowledge  
od and evil ?

*ah.* Oh, my mother ! thou  
pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine offspring  
to thyself ; thou at the least hast pass'd  
outh in Paradise, in innocent  
appy intercourse with happy spirits :  
re, thy children, ignorant of Eden,  
irt about by demons, who assume  
ords of God, and tempt us with our own  
lisified and curious thoughts—as thou  
work'd on by the snake, in thy most flush'd  
eedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.  
ot answer this immortal thing  
h stands before me ; I cannot abhor him ;  
: upon him with a pleasing fear,  
yet I fly not from him : in his eye  
is a fastening attraction which  
my fluttering eyes on his ; my heart  
quick ; he awes me, and yet draws me near,  
:r, and nearer :—Cain—Cain—save me from him !  
*in.* What dreads my Adah ? This is no ill spirit.  
*ah.* He is not God—nor God's : I have beheld  
herubs and the seraphs ; he looks not  
them.

*in.* But there are spirits loftier still—  
archangels.

*Sifer.* And still loftier than the archangels.

*ah.* Ay—but not blessed.

*Sifer.* If the blessedness  
sts in slavery—no.

*ah.* I have heard it said,  
eraphs *love most*—cherubim *know most*—  
his should be a cherub—since he loves not.  
*Sifer.* And if the higher knowledge quenches love,  
: must *he be* you cannot love when known ?  
the *all-knowing cherubim* love least,  
*eraphs' 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  
No other choice: your sire hath chosen already;  
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 law  
That which hath driven us all from Paradise!

*Adah.* We were not born then—and if we had been,  
Should we not love them and our children, Cain?

*Cain.* My little Enoch! and his lisping sister!  
Could I but deem them happy, I would half  
Forget—but it can never be forgotten  
Through thrice a thousand generations! never  
Shall men love the remembrance of the man  
Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind  
In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree of science  
And sin—and, not content with their own sorrow,  
Begot *me—thee*—and all the few that are,  
And all the unnumber'd and innumerable  
Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be,  
To inherit agonies accumulated  
By ages!—and I must be sire of such things!  
Thy beauty and thy love—my love and joy,  
The rapturous moment and the placid hour,  
All we love in our children and each other,  
But lead them and ourselves through many years  
Of sin and pain—or few, but still of sorrow,  
Intercheck'd with an instant of brief pleasure,  
To Death—the unknown! Methinks the tree of knowledge  
Hath not fulfill'd its promise:—if they sinn'd,  
At least they ought to have known all things that are  
Of knowledge—and the mystery of death.  
What do they know!—that they are miserable.  
What need of snakes and fruits to teach us that!

*Adah.* I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou  
Wert happy—

*Cain.* Be thou happy, then, alone—  
I will have nought to do with happiness,  
Which humbles me and mine.

*Adah.* Alone I could not,  
Nor *would* be happy: but with those around us,  
I think I could be so, despite of death,  
Which, as I know it not, I dread not, though  
It seems an awful shadow—if I may  
Judge from what I have heard.

*Lucifer.* And thou couldst not  
Alone, thou say'st, be happy!

*Adah.* Alone! Oh, my God!  
Who could be happy and alone, or good!  
To me my solitude seems sin; unless

How soon I shall see my brother,  
 and our children, and our parents.  
 At thy God is alone ; and is He happy ?  
 Good ?

He is not so ; He hath  
 led the mortals to make happy,  
 comes so in diffusing joy !  
 O joy be, but the spreading joy ?  
 Ask of your sire, the exile fresh from

Eden ;  
 -born son : ask your own heart ;  
 I will.

Alas ! no ! and you—  
 heaven ?

If I am not, inquire  
 this all-spreading happiness  
 (reclaim) of the all-great and good  
 and living things ; it is  
 led He keeps it. We must bear,  
 us resist, and both in vain,  
 say ; but it is worth the trial,  
 nay not be without : there is  
 the spirit, which directs  
 the dim blue air the eye  
 of mortals, lights at once upon  
 it watches, welcoming the morn.  
 is a beautiful star ; I love it for

and why not adore ?  
 Our father  
 invisible only.

But the symbols  
 of him are the loveliest  
 visible ; and you bright star  
 the host of heaven.

Our father  
 has beheld the God himself  
 in and our mother.

Hast *thou* seen Him ?  
 —in His works.

But in His being ?  
 No—

Other, who is God's own image ;  
 angels, who are like to thee—  
 , yet less beautiful and powerful  
 as the silent sunny noon,  
 look upon us ; but thou seem'st  
 real night, where long white clouds  
 deep purple, and unnumber'd stars  
 wonderful mysterious vault  
 that look as if they would be suns ;  
 unnumber'd, and endearing,  
 . and yet drawing us to them,  
 yes 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 destroy'd 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 !

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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,  
Worship the word which strikes their ear, and deem  
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 recognize  
The dust which form'd your father ?

*Cain.* Can it be !  
Yon small blue circle, swinging in far ether,  
With an inferior circlet near it still,  
Which looks like that which lit our earthly night !  
Is this our Paradise ? Where are its walls,  
And they who guard them ?

*Lucifer.* Point me out the site  
Of Paradise.

*Cain.* How should I! As we move  
Like sunbeams onward, it grows small and smaller,  
And as it waxes little, and then less,  
Gathers a halo round it, like the light  
Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I  
Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:  
Methinks they both, as we recede from them,  
Appear to join the innumerable stars  
Which are around us; and, as we move on,  
Increase their myriads.

*Lucifer.* And if there should be  
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited  
By greater things, and they themselves far more  
In number than the dust of thy dull earth,  
Though multiplied to animated atoms,  
All living, and all doom'd to death, and wretched,  
What wouldst thou think!

*Cain.* I should be proud of thought  
Which knew such things.

*Lucifer.* But if that high thought were  
Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and,  
Knowing such things, aspiring to such things,  
And science still beyond them, were 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!  
*Cain.* I know not what thou art: I see thy power.

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 know 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 whatsoever ye are!  
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoever  
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!

*Cain.* Where is it! I see nothing save a mass  
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 yon world  
Which bears them.

*Lucifer.* Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,  
Each bright and sparkling—what dost think of them?

*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 dost  
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 far  
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.

*Cain*. Clay, spirit ! what thou wilt, I can survey.

*Lucifer*. Away, then !

*Cain*. But the light<sup>a</sup> fades from me

fast,

And some till now grew larger as we approach'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 not  
 reptiles

Breathe save the erect ones ?

*Cain*. How the lights recede ;

Where fly we ?

*Lucifer*. To the world of phantoms, which  
 Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

*Cain*. But it grows dark and dark—the stars are gone !

*Lucifer*. And yet thou seest.

*Cain*. 'Tis a fearful light !

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.

The very blue of the empurpled night

Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see

Huge dusky masses : but unlike the worlds

We were approaching, which, begirt with light,

Seem'd full of life even when their atmosphere

Of light gave way, and show'd them taking shapes

Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains ;

And some emitting sparks, and some displaying

Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt

With luminous belts, and floating moons, which took,

Like them, the features of fair earth :—instead,

All here seems dark and dreadful.

*Lucifer*.

But distinct.

Thou seekest to behold death, and dead things ?

*Cain*. I seek it not : but as I know there are

Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and me,

And all that we inherit, liable

To such, I would behold at once, what I

Must one day see perforce.

*Lucifer*.

Behold !

*Cain*.

'Tis darkness

*Lucifer*. And so it shall be ever ; but we will

Unfold its gates !

*Cain*.

Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this ?

*Lucifer*.

Enter !

*Cain*.

Can I return ?

*Lucifer.* Return! be sure: how else should death  
 peopled?  
 Its present realm is thin to what it will be,  
 Through thee and thine.  
*Cain.* The clouds still open wide  
 And wider, and make widening circles round us.  
*Lucifer.* Advance!  
*Cain.* And thou!  
*Lucifer.* Fear not—without me!  
 Couldst not have gone beyond thy world. On! on!  
 [*They disappear through the clouds*]

## SCENE II.

*Hades.**Enter LUCIFER and CAIN.*

*Cain.* How silent and how vast are these dim worlds!  
 For they seem more than one, and yet more peopled  
 Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung  
 So thickly in the upper air, that I  
 Had deem'd them rather the bright populace  
 Of some all unimaginable heaven  
 Than things to be inhabited themselves,  
 But that on drawing near them I beheld  
 Their swelling into palpable immensity  
 Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell on,  
 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, 'tis a thing—  
 Oh God! I dare not think on't! Cursed be  
 He who invented life that leads to death!  
 Or the dull mass of life, that, being life,  
 Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—  
 Even for the innocent!

*Lucifer.* Dost thou curse thy father?  
*Cain.* Cursed he not me in giving me my birth!  
 Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring  
 To pluck the fruit forbidden!

*Lucifer.* Thou say'st well:  
 The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and thee—  
 But for thy sons and brother!

*Cain.* Let them share it  
 With me, their sire and brother! What else is  
 Bequeath'd to me! I leave them my inheritance.  
 Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms  
 Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,

Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all  
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye!  
Live ye, or have ye lived!

*Lucifer.* Somewhat of both.

*Cain.* Then what is death!

*Lucifer.* What! Hath not He who made ye  
Said 'tis another life!

*Cain.* Till now He hath  
Said nothing, save that all shall die.

*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!

*Cain.* What are these mighty phantoms which I see  
Floating around me?—They wear not the form  
Of the intelligences I have seen  
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,  
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it  
In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mine,  
Nor in my sister-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? Where

*Lucifer.* 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  
 Thee and thy son ; and how weak they are, judge  
 By thy own flesh.

*Cain.* Ah me ! and did *they* perish !

*Lucifer.* Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt fade from ~~this~~

*Cain.* But was *mine* theirs ?

*Lucifer.* It was.

*Cain.* But not as *now*.

It is too little and too lowly to  
 Sustain such creatures.

*Lucifer.* True, it was more glorious.

*Cain.* And wherefore did it fall ?

*Lucifer.* Ask Him who falls.

*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.* 'Tis awful !

*Lucifer.* And true. Behold these phantoms ! they were <sup>as</sup>  
 Material as thou art.

*Cain.* And must I be  
 Like them ?

*Lucifer.* Let He who made thee answer that.  
 I show the what thy predecessors are,  
 And what they *were* thou feelest, in degree  
 Inferior as thy petty feelings and  
 Thy pettier portion of the immortal part  
 Of high intelligence and earthly strength.  
 What ye in common have with what they had  
 Is life, and what ye *shall* have—death : the ~~rest~~  
 Of your poor attributes is such as suits  
 Reptiles engender'd out of the subsiding  
 Slime of a mighty universe, crush'd into  
 A scarcely-yet shaped planet, peopled with  
 Things whose enjoyment was to be in blindness—  
 A Paradise of Ignorance, from which  
 Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But behold  
 What these superior beings are or were ;  
 Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and till  
 The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in safety.

*Cain.* No : I'll stay here.

*Lucifer.* How long ?

*Cain.* For ever ! Since

I must one day return here from the earth,  
 I rather would remain ; I am sick of all  
 That dust has shown me—let me dwell in shadows.

*Lucifer.* It cannot be : thou now beholdest as  
 A vision that which is reality.

To make thyself fit for this dwelling, thou  
 Must pass through what the things thou ~~see'st~~ have pass'd—  
 The gates of death.



*Cain.* By what gate have we enter'd  
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.

*Cain.* And these, too ; can they ne'er repass  
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—'twas—  
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 untoiling,  
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  
(At least so seeming) to the things we have pass'd,  
Resembling somewhat the wild habitants  
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which  
Roar nightly in the forest, but tenfold  
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 !

*Lucifer.* No : for thy frail race to war  
With them would render the curse on it useless—  
'Twould be destroyed so early.

*Cain.* But why war ?

*Lucifer.* You have forgotten the denunciation  
Which drove your race from Eden—war with all things,  
And death to all things, and disease to most things,  
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,  
As you for Him.—You would not have their doom  
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;  
 Like them, too, without having shared the apple;  
 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!  
*Lucifer.* It may be death leads to the *highest knowledge!*  
 And being of all things the sole thing certain,  
 At least leads to the *surest* science: therefore  
 The tree was true, though deadly.

*Cain.* These dim realms!  
 I see them, but I know them not.

*Lucifer.* Because  
 Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot  
 Comprehend spirit wholly—but 'tis 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—'tis the phantasm of an ocean.

*Cain.* 'Tis 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  
 Serpent, which rears its dripping mane and vast  
 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 doubt the other  
 Had more of beauty.

*Lucifer.* Hast thou ne'er beheld him ?

*Cain.* Many of the same kind (at least so 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 : 'twas my mother  
Who tempted him—she tempted by the serpent.

*Lucifer.* Good man ! when'er thy wife, or thy sons' wives,  
Tempt thee or them to aught that's new or strange,  
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 'tis even  
Given chiefly at my own expense : 'tis true,  
'Twill 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 mayst be ; and that state again  
In its redoubled wretchedness, a Paradise  
To what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating  
In generations like to dust (which they  
In fact but add to), shall endure and do.—  
Now let us back to earth !

*Cain.* And wherefore didst thou  
Lead me here only to inform me this ?

*Lucifer.* Was not thy quest for knowledge ?

*Cain.* Yes ; as being  
The road to happiness.

*Lucifer.* If truth be so,  
Thou hast it.

*Cain.* Then my father's God did well  
When He prohibited the fatal tree.

*Lucifer.* But had done better in not planting it.  
But ignorance of evil doth not save  
From evil ; it must still roll on the same,  
A part of all things.

*Cain.* Not of all things. No :  
I'll not believe it—for I thirst for good.

*Lucifer.* And who and what doth not ? *Who* covets evil  
For its own bitter sake ?—*None*—nothing ! 'tis  
The leaven 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,  
Ill 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 of 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 sink, and feel my heart float softly with him  
Along that western paradise of clouds—  
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—  
The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,  
And mingles with the song of cherubim,  
As the day closes over Eden's walls;  
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,  
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven  
To gaze on it.

*Lucifer.* 'Tis fair as frail mortality,  
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,  
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,  
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

*Cain.* You think so, being not her brother.

*Lucifer.* Mortal!  
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  
To good. Strange good, that must arise from out  
Its deadly opposite. I lately saw  
A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling  
Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the vain

s bleating of its restless dam ;  
 pluck'd some herbs, and laid them to  
 ; and by degrees the helpless wretch  
 s careless life, and rose to drain  
 's milk, who o'er it tremulous  
 g its reviving limbs with joy.  
 son ! said Adam, how from evil  
 d !

What didst thou answer ?

Nothing ; for  
 ther : but I thought, that 'twere  
 rtion for the animal  
 ve been *stung at all*, than to  
 newal of its little life  
 es unutterable, though  
 r antidotes.

But as thou saidst  
 ed things thou lovest her  
 l thy mother's milk, and giveth hers  
 ildren—

Most assuredly :

d I be without her ?

What am I ?

st thou love nothing ?  
 What does thy God love ?  
 l things, my father says ; but I confess  
 in their allotment here.  
 And, therefore, thou canst not see if *I love*  
 pt some vast and general purpose,  
 rticular things must melt like snows.  
 ows ! what are they ?

Be happier in not knowing  
 emoter offspring must encounter ;  
 neath the clime which knows no winter !  
 t dost thou not love something like thyself ?  
 And dost thou love *thyself* ?

Yes, but love more

s my feelings more endurable,  
 e than myself, because I love it.  
 Thou lovest it, because 'tis beautiful,  
 apple in thy mother's eye ;  
 t ceases to be so, thy love  
 like any other appetite.  
 ase to be beautiful ! how can that be ?  
 With time.

But time has pass'd, and hitherto  
 and my mother both are fair :  
 e Adah and the seraphim—  
 ir.

All that must pass away  
 l her.

*I'm sorry for it ; but  
 eive my love for her the less.  
 r beauty disappears, methinks*

'To 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.* 'Tis well and meekly done.

*Cain.* Meekly!

*Lucifer.* He is the second born of flesh,  
And is his mother's favourite.

*Cain.* Let him keep  
His 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. 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. And if

*Cain.* I have thought, why recall a thought that—(As *passion*,  
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  
Ye are both eternal ?

*Lucifer.* Yea !

*Cain.* And what I have seen,  
Yon 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 Principles !  
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.

*Cain.* And to what end have I beheld these things  
Which thou hast shown me ?

*Lucifer.* Didst thou not require  
Knowledge ? And have I not, in what I show'd,  
Taught thee to know thyself ?

*Cain.* Alas ! I seem  
Nothing.

*Lucifer.* And this should be the human sum  
Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's nothingness :  
Boonethat that science to thy children, and  
"Twill 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  
Of worlds and life, which I hold with Him—No !  
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 the endless ages,  
All, all, will I dispute ! And world by world,  
And star by star, and universe by universe,  
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great  
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,  
Which it ne'er shall, till He or I be quenched !  
And what can quench our immortality,  
Or mutual and irrevocable hate ?

He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd  
*Evil* ; but what will be the *good* He gives ?  
Were I the victor, *His* works would be deem'd  
The only evil ones. And you, ye new  
And scarce-born mortals, what have been His gifts  
To you already, in your little world ?

*Cain.* But fow ! and some of those but bitter. R:sk

*Lucifer.*  
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—*



ason :—let it not be over-sway'd  
 nnous threats to force you into faith  
 all external sense and inward feeling.  
 nd endure,—and form an inner world  
 own bosom—where the outward fails ;  
 you nearer be the spiritual  
 and war triumphant with your own.

[*They disappear.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.*

*Enter CAIN and ADAM.*

. Hush! tread softly, Cain.

I will ; but wherefore ?

. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed  
 s, beneath the cypress.

Cypress ! 'tis  
 y tree, which looks as if it mourn'd  
 at it shadows ; wherefore didst thou choose it  
 child's canopy ?

Because its branches  
 t the sun like night, and therefore seem'd  
 to shadow slumber.

Ay, the last—  
 igest ; but no matter—lead me to him.

[*They go up to the child*]

ely he appears ! his little cheeks,  
 pure incarnation, vying with  
 e-leaves strewn beneath them.

And his lips, too,  
 autifully parted ! No ; you shall not  
 n, at least not now : he will awake soon—  
 r of mid-day rest is nearly over ;  
 ere pity to disturb him till  
 sed.

You have said well ; I will contain  
 rt till then. He smiles, and sleeps !—Sleep on  
 ile, thou little, young inheritor  
 rld scarce less young : sleep on, and smile !  
 re the hours and days when both are cheering  
 ocent ! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—  
 ow'st not thou art naked ! Must the time  
 ou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,  
 were not mine nor thine ? But now sleep on.  
 eks are reddening into deeper smiles,  
 ning lids are trembling o'er his long  
 dark as the cypress which waves o'er them ;  
 n, 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! 'Tis but a dream;  
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,  
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

*Adah.* Dear Cain! Nay, do not whisper o'er our ear  
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 not  
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

*Adah.* Cain! that proud spirit, who withdrew thee hence  
Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hoped  
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  
Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank him,  
And can forgive him all, that he so soon  
Hath given thee back to us.

*Cain.* So soon?

*Adah.* 'T is scarcely  
Two hours since ye departed: two long hours  
To me, but only hours upon the sun.

*Cain.* And yet I have approach'd that sun, and seen  
Worlds which he once shone on, and never more  
Shall light; and worlds he never lit: methought  
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

*Adah.* Hardly hours.

*Cain.* The mind then hath capacity of time,  
And measures it by that which it beholds,  
Pleasing or painful; little or almighty.  
I had beheld the immemorial works  
Of endless beings; skirr'd extinguish'd worlds;  
And, gazing on eternity, methought  
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages  
From its immensity; but now I feel  
My littleness again. Well said the spirit,  
That I was nothing!

*Adah.* Wherefore said he so?  
Jehovah said not that.

*Cain.* No: *He* contents Him  
With making us the *nothing* which we are;  
And after flattering dust with glimpses of  
Eden and Immortality, resolves  
It back to dust again—for what?

*Adah.* Thou know'st  
Even for our parents' error.

*Cain.* What is that  
To us! they sinn'd, then *let them die!*  
*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  
Atono 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! Never,  
*Adah.* 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, 'tis 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 sweaten in the sun:  
According to the curse:—must I do more?  
For what should I be gentle? for a war  
With all the elements ere they will yield  
The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful?  
For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,  
Till I return to dust! If I am nothing—  
For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,  
And seem well-pleas'd with pain! For what should I  
Be contrite! for my father's sin, already  
Expiate with what we all have undergone,  
And to be more than expiated by  
The ages prophesied, upon our seed.  
Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there,  
The germs of an eternal misery

To myriads is within him ! better 'twere  
I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd him 'gainst  
The rocks, than let him live to—

*Adah.* Oh, my God !  
Touch not the child—my child ! *thy* child ! Oh Cain !

*Cain.* Fear not ! for all the stars, and all the power  
Which sways them, I would not accost yon infant  
With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

*Adah.* Then, why so awful in thy speech ?  
*Cain.* I said

'Twere 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—

'Twere 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 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.

*Abel.* Why then commune with him ! he may be  
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.

Nor what thou hast seen ?

*Cain.* The dead,

The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,

The overpowering mysteries of space—

The innumerable worlds that were and are—

A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,

Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-voiced spheres

Singing in thunder round me, as have made me

Unfit for mortal converse : leave me, Abel.

*Abel.* Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural light,

Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural hue,

Thy words are fraught with an unnatural sound—

What may this mean ?

*Cain.* It means—I pray thee, leave me.

*Abel.* Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed together.

*Cain.* Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice alone—

Jehovah loves thee well.

*Abel.* Both well, I hope.

*Cain.* But thee the better : I care not for that ;

Thou art fitter for his worship than I am ;

Revere Him, then—but let it be alone--

At least, without me.

*Abel.* Brother, I should ill

Deserve the name of our great father's son,

If, as my elder, I revered thee not,

And in the worship of our God call'd not

On thee to join me, and precede me in

Our priesthood—'tis 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 toll—its fruit :

*[He gathers fruit]*  
Behold them in their various bloom and ripeness.

*[They dress their altars, and kindle a flame upon the]*

*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,

Compared with our great crimes ;—Sole Lord of light !

Of good, and glory, and eternity ;

Without whom all were evil, and with whom

Nothing can err, except to some good end

Of 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 ! what's  
or whose'er Thou art,

Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,

Shown in the exemption of Thy deeds from evil ;

Jehovah upon earth ! and God in heaven !

And it may be with other names, because

Thine attributes seem many, as Thy works :

If Thou must be propitiated with prayers,

Take them ! If Thou must be induced with altars,

And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them !  
 Two beings here erect them unto Thee.  
 If Thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes  
 On my right hand, hath shed it for Thy service  
 In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek  
 In sanguinary incense to Thy skies ;  
 Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,  
 And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf  
 I spread them on now offers in the face  
 Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem  
 Good to Thee, inasmuch as they have not  
 Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form  
 A sample of Thy works, than supplication  
 To look on ours ! If a shrine without victim,  
 And altar without gore, may win Thy favour,  
 Look on it ! And for him who dresseth it,  
 He is—such as Thou mad'st him ; and seeks nothing  
 Which must be won by kneeling ; if he's evil,  
 Strike him ! Thou art omnipotent, and mayst—  
 For what can he oppose ! If he be good,  
 Strike him, or spare him, as Thou wilt ! since all  
 Rests upon Thee ; and good and evil seem  
 To have no power themselves, save in Thy will :  
 And whether that be good or ill I know not,  
 Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge  
 Omnipotence, but merely to endure  
 Its mandate ; which thus far I have endured.

*[The fire upon the altar of ABEL kindles into a column  
 of the brightest flame, and ascends to heaven, while  
 a whirlwind throws down the altar of CAIN, and  
 scatters the fruits abroad upon the earth.]*

*Abel (kneeling).* Oh, brother, pray ! Jehovah's wrath with thee.

*Cain.* Why so ?

*Abel.* Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

*Cain.* From earth they came, to earth let them return ;  
 Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere the summer :  
 Thy burnt flesh-off'ring prospers better ; see  
 How heaven licks up the flames, when thick with blood !

*Abel.* Think not upon my offering's acceptance,  
 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 yon vile flatterer of the clouds,  
 The smoky harbinger of thy dull pray'rs—  
 Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids,  
 Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.

*Abel (opposing him).* Thou shalt not :—add not impious  
 works to impious

Words ! let that altar stand—'tis hallow'd now  
 By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah,  
 In His acceptance of the victims.

*Cain.*

*His !*

*His pleasure!* what was His high pleasure in  
The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking blood,  
To the pain of the bleating mothers, which  
Still yearn for their dead offspring! or the 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 life.

*Cain* (*striking him with a brand, on the temple, which  
snatches from the altar*).

Then take thy life unto thy God,  
Since he loves lives.

*Abel* (*falls*). What hast thou done, my brother!

*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! 'tis  
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!  
'Tis 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:—'twas 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!

*Abel* (*very faintly*). What's he who speaks of God!

*Cain.* T'ly murderer.

*Abel.* Then may God forgive him! Cain,  
Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one brother  
Now.



*Cain.* And I none!—Who makes me brotherless!  
 His eyes are open! then he is not dead!  
 Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids.  
 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?—'tis wot;  
 [*Puts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.*]  
 And yet there are no dews! 'Tis blood—my blood—  
 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 watch by 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 brethren  
 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?  
 'Tis Cain; and watching by my husband. What  
 Dost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep? Oh, heav'n!  
 What means this paleness, and yon stream?—No, no!  
 It is not blood; for who would shed his blood?  
 Abel! what's this?—who hath done this? He moves not;  
 He breathes not: and his hands drop down from mine  
 With stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain!  
 Why cam'st thou not in time to save him from  
 This violence? Whatever hath assailed him,  
 Thou wert the stronger, and shouldst 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.—  
 What do I see?—'Tis true!—My son!—my son!  
 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  
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud ! yon brand,  
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.

*Adam.* 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.

*Adam.* 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—

*Adam.* Hold !  
Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son—  
Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother,  
And my betroth'd.

*Eve.* He hath left thee no brother—  
Zillah no husband—me no son !—for thus  
I curse him from my sight for evermore !  
All bonds I break between us ! as he broke  
That of his nature, in yon—Oh death ! death !  
Why didst thou not take me, who first incur'd thee !  
Why dost thou not so now !

*Adam.* Eve ! let not this,  
Thy natural grief, lead to impiety !  
A heavy doom was long forspoken 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 corpse.

*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!

[*Exeunt ADAM and ZILLAH, weeping.*]

*Adah.* Cain! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I am  
 ready,

So shall our children be. I will bear Enoch,  
 And you his sister. Ere the sun declines,  
 Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness  
 Under the cloud of night. Nay, speak to me.  
 To me—*thine own.*

*Cain.* Leave me!

*Adah.* Why, all have left thee.

*Cain.* And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost thou not fear  
 To dwell with one who hath done this?

*Adah.* I fear

Nothing except to leave thee, much as I  
 Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brotherless.  
 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  
Cursed from the earth, which open'd late her mouth  
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!

*Adam.* 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,  
"Twill come 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?

*Adam.* Angel of Light! be merciful, nor say

That this poor aching breast now nourishes  
A murderer in my boy, and of his father.

*Angel.* Then he would but be what his father is.

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 rivers 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* seest 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 ABEI*  
*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 may our God  
Be thine ! Now let us carry forth our children.

*Cain.* And *he* who lieth there was childless. I  
Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,  
Which might have graced his recent marriage couch,  
And might have temper'd this stern blood of mine,  
Uniting with our children Abel's offspring !  
O Abel !

*Adah.* Peace be with him !

*Cain.*

*But with me !*

*\Exit.*

# THE VISION OF JUDGMENT, BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"WAT TYLER."

---

"A Daniel come to judgment! yes, a Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

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## 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 he 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 anywhere, 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 *Afm*; 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"?
- 2ndly. Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?
- 3rdly. Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full Parliament, "a rancorous renegade"?
- 4thly. Is he not Poet Laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?
- And, 5thly. Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

r nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motives*, which is neither more or less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent editions, as he was of yore in the "Anti-Jacobin" by his present s. Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and h. However, it is worthy of him—" *qualis ab incepto.*" ere is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of bile in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to t. to canonize a monarch, who, whatever were his household, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this Vision," his public career will not be more favourably transmitted tory. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the ) there can be no doubt.

regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better to talk of them, than Robert Southey. I have also treated them tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the ste, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own ment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be some worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

## QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objections, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual personages are in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I refer them to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," the *Visions of myself*, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are added upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully shunned from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who thought proper to make Him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the earth; of heaven; and Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," Pulci's "Morgante Orgagna," Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and the other works above mentioned, 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, 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 judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into lemmas. These apostate Jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him send me a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the Poet Laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his eulogical lyrics upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could have expected, that in this same *Gebir* the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person as the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the

See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. Following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:—

*Gebir* having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

"Arise, 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, not fear'd the gods ?"  
 " Gæhr, 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 excrete a sling,  
 And the same cruelty and cold cynicism—  
 Oh madness of mankind ! address'd, adored !"—  
*Gæhr, p. 22.*

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to h  
 the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet words  
 will suffer it ; but certainly these teachers of " great moral lessons"  
 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,  
 Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,  
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

### III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,  
 Finding their charges past all care below ;  
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
 Save the recording angel's black bureau ;  
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply  
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,  
 And yet was in arrear of human ills.



## IV.

His business so augmented of late years,  
 That he was forced, against his will no doubt  
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),  
 For some resource to turn himself about,  
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,  
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,  
 By the increased demand for his remarks ;  
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

## V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven ;  
 And yet they had even then enough to do,  
 So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,  
 So many kingdoms fitted up anew ;  
 Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,  
 Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,  
 They threw their pens down in divine disgust—  
 The page was so besmeared 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 abhorred,  
 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 insertion—  
 '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 :  
 'Twill one day finish : meantime they increase,  
 "With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,  
 Like Saint John's foretold beast ; but ours are born  
 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 withdrawn  
 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.

For these things may be bought at their true worth ;  
 Of elegy there was the due infusion—  
 Bought also ; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,  
 Herald's, 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 unumm'd clay—  
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

## XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done ;  
 He's buried ; save the undertaker's bill,  
 Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone  
 For him, unless he left a German will ;  
 But where's the proctor who will ask his son ?  
 In whom his qualities are reigning still,  
 Except that household virtue, most uncommon,  
 Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

## XIII.

“God save the king !” It is a large economy  
 In God to save the like ; but if He will  
 Be saving, all the better ; for not one am I  
 Of those who think damnation better still :  
 I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
 In this small hope of bettering future ill  
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
 Tho' 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 everybody born to die.

## XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
 And nodded o'er his keys ; when, lo ! there came  
 A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—  
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame ;  
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,  
 Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim ;  
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,  
 Said, " There's another star gone out, I think ! "

## XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,  
 A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—  
 At 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."  
 " And who is George the Third ? " replied the Apostle :  
 " What George ? what Third ? " " The king of England," said  
 The Angel. " Well ! he won't find kings to jostle  
 Him on his way ; but does he wear his head ?  
 Because the last we saw here had a tussle,  
 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 brand,  
 I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

## XX.

" And then he set up such a headless howl,  
 That all the saints came out and took him in ;  
 And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl ;  
 That fellow Paul—the parvent ! The skin

Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl  
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,  
So as to make a martyr: never sped  
Better than fit his 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-looking in the saints beholders  
Seems to have acted on them like a spell;  
And so this very foolish head heaven solders  
Back in 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 hid as doth the puppet—by its wire,  
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:  
My business and your own is not to inquire  
Into such matters, but to mind our cue—  
Which is to act as we are bid to do.”

## XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,  
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan  
Some 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 St. 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.

cherubs huddled all together,  
 rds when soars the falcon ; and they felt  
 ; to the tip of every feather,  
 m'd a circle like Orion's belt  
 ioir poor old charge ; who scarce knew whither  
 rds had led him, though they gently dealt  
 al manes (for by many stories,  
 , we learn the angels are all Tories).

## XXVII.

were in this posture, the gate flew  
 r, and the flashing of its hinges  
 r space a universal hue  
 y-colour'd flame, until its tinges  
 ven our speck of earth, and made a new  
 borealis spread its fringes  
 forth Pole ; the same seen, when ice-bound  
 in Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."

## XXVIII.

the gate thrown open issued beaming  
 iful and mighty Thing of Light,  
 rith glory, like a banner streaming  
 us from some world-o'-erthrowing fight :  
 omparisons must needs be teeming  
 rthly likenesses, for here the night  
 scures our best conceptions, saving  
 outhcote, or Bob Southey raving.

## XXIX.

archangel Michael : all men know  
 ke of angels and archangels, since  
 arcoe a scribbler has not one to show,  
 ie fiends' leader to the angels' prince.  
 o are some altar-pieces, though  
 can't say that they much evince  
 r notions of immortal spirits ;  
 e connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

## XXX.

ew forth in glory and in good ;  
 ly work of Him from whom all glory  
 arise ; the portal pass'd—he stood ;  
 him the young cherubs and saints hoary—  
 ng, begging to be understood  
 s, not years ; and should be very sorry  
 they were not older than St. Peter,  
 ly that they seem'd a little sweeter).

## XXXI.

ibs and the saints bow'd down before  
 ch-angelic hierarch, the first  
 es angelical, who wore  
 ect 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 viceroy of the sky.

## XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—  
 They knew each other both for good and ill ;  
 Such was their power, that neither could forget  
 His former friend and future foe ; but still  
 There was a high, immortal, proud regret  
 In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will  
 Than destiny to make the eternal years  
 Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the sphere

## 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 'twould 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.  
 'Tis 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 threshold's 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 Brightness  
 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 meet a mushroom rich civilian.

## XXXVII.

e merely bent his diabolic brow  
 An instant ; and then raising it, he stood  
 To act to assert his right or wrong, and show  
 Cause why King George by no means could or should  
 Ake out a case to be exempt from woe  
 Eternal, more than other kings, endued  
 With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,  
 Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."4

## XXXVIII.

Michael began : "What wouldst thou with this man,  
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord ? What ill  
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,  
 That thou canst claim him ? Speak ! and do thy will,  
 't is 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  
 On weak creation of such paltry things :  
 Think few worth damnation save their kings,—

## XIII.

And these but as kind of quit-rent, to  
 Assert my right as lord ; and even had  
 Such an inclination, 'twere (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.

4 A saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy  
 of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson : he said one day, talking to an acquaintance  
 subject, "Sir, hell is paved with good intentions."

## XLII.

“Look to the earth, I said, and say again :  
 When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor war  
 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.

“'Tis 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,

\* Lord Bute.



## 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  
 With those who did not hold the saints in awe."  
 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  
 Tho' azure fields of heaven, of 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 wout 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.  
 Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If you please,  
 I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

\* Roman Catholics.

## 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 loins ; or like to an "entrée"  
 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 beaen'  
 The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,  
 If that the *summer* is not too severe.

## LVI.

I say that I can tell—'twas 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  
 'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime.  
 The sun takes up some years for every ray  
 To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

## LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size  
 Of half-a crown, a little speck appear'd  
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies  
 In the *Ægean*, ere a squall) ; it near'd,

l, growing bigger, took another guise ;  
like an aerial ship, it tack'd and steer'd,  
was steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar  
the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer ;—

## LVIII.

take your choice); and then it grew a cloud ;  
and so it was—a cloud of witnesses.  
such a cloud ! No land e'er saw a crowd  
of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these ;  
they shadow'd with their myriads space ; their loud  
and varied cries were like those of wild geese  
(comparisons may be liken'd to a goose),  
and realized the phrase of " hell broke loose."

## LIX.

as crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,  
who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore :  
the Paddy brogue'd " By Jasus !"—" What's your wull ?"  
the temperate Scot exclaim'd : the French ghost swore  
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.

as des, there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane ;  
in short, a universal school of shades,  
from Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,  
of all climes and professions, years and trades,  
they dy to swear against the good king's reign,  
as bitter as clubs in cards are against spades :  
summon'd by this grand " subpoena," to  
if kings mayn'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,  
turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,  
for sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight  
some old abbey, or a trout not stale,  
for distant lightning on the horizon by night,  
a fresh rainbow, or a grand review  
of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

## LXII.

when he address'd himself to Satan : " Why,  
my good old friend—for such I deem you, though  
for different parties make us fight so shy,  
ne'er mistake you for a personal foe ;  
the difference is political, and I  
trust that, whatever may occur below,  
you know my great respect for you : and this  
does me regret whatever 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;  
 'Tis 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, 'twill 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 grac'd  
 As to speak first? there's choice enough—who shall  
 It be?" Then Satan answer'd, "There are many;  
 But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any."

## 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 of all  
 The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds:  
 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."

presume those gentlemen with wings,"  
 'ilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul below  
 uch like George the Third, but to my mind  
 eal older—Bless me! is he blind?"

## LXIX.

what you behold him, and his doom  
 is upon his deeds," the Angel said.  
 have aught to arraign in him, the tomb  
 icense to the humblest beggar's head  
 self against the loftiest."—"Some,"  
 'ilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead  
 a liberty—and I, for one,  
 i them what I thought beneath the sun."

## LXX.

the sun repeat, then, what thou hast  
 e against him," said the Archangel. "Why,  
 he Spirit, "since old scores are past,  
 turn evidence? In faith, not I.  
 I beat him hollow at the last,  
 ill his Lords and Commons: in the sky  
 ke ripping up old stories, since  
 uct was but natural in a prince.

## LXXI.

i, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress  
 unlucky devil without a shilling;  
 I blame the man himself much less  
 3ute and Grafton,\* and shall be unwilling  
 m punish'd here for their excess,  
 hey were both damn'd long ago, and still in  
 ce below: for me, I have forgiven,  
 his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

## LXXII.

t," said the Devil, "I understand all this;  
 rn'd to half a courtier ere you died,  
 n to think it would not be amiss  
 w a whole one on the other side  
 n's ferry; you forget that *his*  
 is concluded; whatso'er betide,  
 ; be sovereign more: you've lost your labour,  
 e best he will but be your neighbour.

## LXXIII.

er, I knew what to think of it,  
 I beheld you in your jesting way,  
 and whispering round about the spit  
 Belial, upon duty for the day,

\* His ministers.

With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,  
 His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:  
 That fellow even in hell breeds further ills;  
 I'll have him *gagf'd*—'twas one of his own bills.

## LXXIV.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow stalk'd,  
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,  
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
 In comfort, at their own aerial ease;  
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,  
 As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,  
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,  
 Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

## LXXV.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, gray-hair'd figure,  
 That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;  
 Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,  
 But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:  
 Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,  
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;  
 But as you gazed upon its features, they  
 Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say.

## LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less  
 Could they distinguish whose the features were;  
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;  
 They varied like a dream—now here, now there;  
 And several people swore from out the press,  
 They knew him perfectly; and one could swear  
 He was his father: upon which another  
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

## LXXVII.

Another that he was a duke, or knight,  
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,\*  
 A nabob, a man-midwife: 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

\* The various posthumous claimants to the honour of having been Junius, whose name seems as obscure as ever. The Duke of Grafton, Sir F. Francis Burke, H. T. John, Warren Hastings, are designated by the Poet.

that he had a mother) would her son  
 have known, he shifted so from one to t'other ;  
 guessing from a pleasure grew a task,  
 his epistolary "Iron Mask."

## LXXIX.

sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—  
 Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says  
 d Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem  
 hat he was not even *one*; now many rays  
 e flashing round him; and now a thick steam  
 id him from sight—like fogs on London days :  
 ' Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,  
 nd certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

## LXXX.

an hypothesis—'tis quite my own ;  
 never let it out till now, for fear  
 loing people harm about the throne,  
 nd injuring some minister or peer,  
 whom the stigma might perhaps be blown ;  
 is—my gentle public, lend thine ear !  
 that what Junius we are wont to call  
 'as really, truly, nobody at all.

## LXXXI.

n't see wherefore letters should not be  
 'ritten without hands, since we daily view  
 m written without heads; and books, we see,  
 re fill'd as well without the latter too :  
 l really till we fix on somebody  
 or certain sure to claim them as his due,  
 ir author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother  
 world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

## LXXXII.

nd who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.  
 For *that* you may consult my title-page,"  
 lied this mighty shadow of a shade :  
 If I have kept my secret half an age,  
 arce shall tell it now." "Canst thou upbraid,"  
 ontinued Michael, "George Rex, or allege  
 ht further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better  
 t ask him for *his* answer to my letter."

## LXXXIII.

y charges upon record will outlast  
 he brass of both his epitaph and tomb."  
 spent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past  
 aggeration? something which may doom  
 self if false, as him if true? Thou wast  
 o bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom  
 assion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom dirn  
 ved 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;" and while speaking yet,  
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.  
 Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget  
 To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke  
 And Franklin;"—but at this time there was heard  
 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),  
 I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
 And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—  
 No less on history than the Holy Bible.

## LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and  
 The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair  
 Belongs to all of us, you understand.  
 I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,  
 And brought him off for sentence out of hand:  
 I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—  
 At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
 I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

## LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,  
 And have expected him for some time here;  
 A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
 Or more conceited in his petty sphere:  
 But surely it was not worth while to fold  
 Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:  
 We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored  
 With carriage) coming of his own accord.

## LXXXIX.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done."  
 "Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates  
 The very business you are now upon,  
 And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.



Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,  
 When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"  
 Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say;  
 you know we're bound to that in every way."

## XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which  
 By no means often was his case below,  
 began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch  
 His voice into that awful note of woe  
 to all unhappy hearers within reach  
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;  
 but stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
 not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

## XCI.

but ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd  
 Into recitative, in great dismay,  
 both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
 To murmur loudly through their long array;  
 and Michael rose ere he could get a word  
 Of all his founder'd verses under way,  
 and cried, "For God's sake, stop, my friend; 'twere best—  
*non Di, non homines*—you know the rest."

## 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! what!  
 'ye\* come again! No more—no more of that!"

## XCIII.

The tumult grew; a 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, off!"  
 As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,  
 The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
 Himself an author) only for his prose.

## XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;  
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave  
 A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace

says the Third's *Poet Laureate*; certainly the meanest that ever received the  
 marks and the butt of wine.

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,  
 Which now and then will make a slight inroad  
 Upon decorous silence, few will twice  
 Lift up their lungs when fairly overrow'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 ; 'twas his way  
 Upon all topics ; 'twas, besides, his bread,  
 Of which he butter'd both sides ; 'twould delay  
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),  
 And take up rather more time than a day,  
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—  
 "Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—"Waterloo."

## XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide ;  
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;  
 He had written for republics far and wide,  
 And then against them bitterer than ever ;  
 For pantisocracy he once had cried  
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever ;  
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—  
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

## XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again  
 In their high praise and glory ; he had call'd  
 Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then\*  
 Become 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 :  
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,  
 And more of both than anybody 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

\* See "Life of Henry Kirke White."

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 more divine.  
 Mine is a pen-of-all-work : not so now  
 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, hell, and all,  
 Like king Alfonso.\* 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."†

## 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,

\* Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolemaean system, said, that, " had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

† See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared " with a curious perfume of a most melodious twang ;" or see the *Antiquary*, vol. I. p. 225.

Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;  
 A different web being by the Destinies  
 Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er  
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

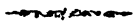
## Cv.

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,  
 By their own rottenness, light as an elf,  
 Or wisp that flits o'er a morass ; he lurks,  
 It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,  
 In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,"  
 As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd precisian."

## CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion  
 Of this true dream, the telescope is gone  
 Which kept my optics free from all delusion,  
 And show'd me what I in my turn have shown ;  
 All I saw further, 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 practising the hundredth psalm.

\* A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten ; it then floats, as most people do !



# HEAVEN AND EARTH:

A Mystery,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS,

CHAP. VI.

"And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

"And woman walling for her demon lover."—*Coleridge*.

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Dramatis Personæ.

ANGELS.

SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, RAPHAEL, the Archangel.

MEN.

NOAH and his SONS—IRAD and JAPHET.

WOMEN.

ANAH. | AHOLIBAMAH.

*Chorus of Spirits of the Earth—Chorus of Mortals.*

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## PART I.—SCENE I.

*A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.*

*Time, Midnight.*

*Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*

*Anah.* Our father sleeps: it is the hour when they  
Who love us are accustom'd to descend  
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat:  
How my heart beats!

*Aho.* Let us proceed upon

Our invocation.

*Anah.* But the stars are hidden.

I tremble.

*Aho.* So do I, but not with fear

Of aught save their delay.

*Anah.* My sister, though

I love Azazel more than—oh, too much!—  
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.

*Aho.* And where is the impiety of loving  
Celestial natures?

*Anah.* But, Aholibamah,

I love our God less since His angel loved me:  
This cannot be of good; and though I know not

That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears  
Which are not ominous of right.

*Aho.* Then wed thee  
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin !  
'There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long ;  
Marry, and bring forth dust !

*Anah.* I should have loved  
Azazel not less were he mortal ; yet  
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.  
And when I think that his immortal wings  
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre  
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,  
As he adores the Highest, death becomes  
Less terrible: but yet I pity him ;  
His grief will be of ages, or at least  
Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph,  
And he the perishable.

*Aho.* Rather say,  
That he will single forth some other daughter  
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

*Anah.* And if it should be so, and she loved him,  
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

*Aho.* If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,  
All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.—  
But to our invocation ! 'Tis the hour.

*Anah.* Seraph !  
From thy sphere !  
Whatever star contain thy glory ;  
In the eternal depths of heaven  
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"\*  
Though through space infinite and hoary  
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,  
Yet hear !  
Oh ! think of her who holds thee dear !  
And though she nothing is to thee,  
Yet think that thou art all to her.  
Thou canst not tell—and never be  
Such pangs decreed to aught save me—  
The bitterness of tears.  
Eternity is in thine years,  
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes ;  
With me thou canst not sympathize,  
Except in love, and there thou must  
Acknowledge that more loving dust  
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.  
Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st  
The face of Him who made thee great,  
As He hath made me of the least  
Of those cast out from Eden's gate :  
Yet, Seraph dear !  
Oh hear !

\* The archangels, said to be seven in number, and to occupy the eighth rank in the celestial hierarchy.

thou hast loved me, and I would not die  
 'ntil I know, what I must die in knowing,  
 t thou forgett'st in thine eternity  
 er whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing  
 or thee, immortal essence as thou art !  
 at is their love who love in sin and fear ;  
 nd such, I feel, are waging in my heart  
 ar unworthy : to an Adamite  
 give, my Seraph ! that such thoughts appear,  
 For sorrow is our element ;

Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,  
 Though sometimes with our visions blent.  
 The hour is near  
 Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite --  
 Appear ! appear !

Seraph !

My own Azazel ! be but here,  
 And leave the stars to their own light.  
 No. Samiasa !

Wheresoc'er

Thou rulest in the upper air—  
 Or warring with the spirits who may dare  
 Dispute with Him  
 Who made all empires, empire ; or recalling  
 some wandering star, which shoots through the abyss,  
 Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,  
 share the dim destiny of clay in this ;  
 Or joining with the inferior cherubim,  
 Thou deignest to partake their hymn—  
 Samiasa !

call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.  
 Many may worship thee, that will I not :  
 f that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,  
 Descend and share my lot !  
 Though I be form'd of clay,  
 And thou of beams  
 More bright than those of day  
 On Eden's streams,

Thine immortality can not repay  
 With love more warm than mine,  
 fy love. There is a ray  
 In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,  
 I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.  
 t may be hidden long : death and decay  
 Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but my heart  
 defies it : though this life must pass away,  
 Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part ?  
 Thou art immortal—so am I : I feel—  
 I feel my immortality o'ersweep  
 All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,  
 Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
 Into my ears this truth—"Thou liv'st for ever"  
 But if it be in joy

BYRON'S POEMS.

I know not, nor would know ;  
 That secret rests with the Almighty Giver,  
 Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss and woe.  
 But thee and me He never can destroy :  
 Change us He may, but not o'erwhelm ; we are  
 Of an eternal essence, and must war  
 With Him if He will war with us ; with *thee*  
 I can share all things, even immortal sorrow ;  
 For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,  
 As I shall I shrink from thine eternity !  
 Not though the serpent's sting should pierce me through,  
 And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil  
 Around me still ! and I will smile,  
 And curse thee not ; but hold  
 Thee in as warm a fold  
 As— But descend, and prove  
 A mortal's love

From an immortal. If the skies contain  
 More joy than thou canst give and take, remain !  
*Asriel.* Sister ! sister ! I view them winging  
 Their bright way through the parted night.  
*Samiasa.* The clouds from off their pinions flinging,  
 As though they bore to-morrow's light.  
*Asriel.* But if our father see the sight !  
*Samiasa.* He would but deem it was the moon  
 Rising into some sorcerer's tune  
 At hour too soon.  
*Asriel.* They come ! As comes !—Azazel !  
*Samiasa.* Haste

To meet them ! Oh, for wings to bear  
 My spirit, while they hover there,  
 To Samiasa's breast !  
*Asriel.* Lo ! they have kindled all the west,  
 Like a returning sunset—lo !  
 In Azazel's late secret crest  
 A flash and many-colour'd bow,  
 The remnant of their dashing path,  
 Now shines, and now, behold ! it hath  
 Turn'd to the night, as riving foam,  
 Which on the levathan hath dash'd  
 From his unwhomable home,  
 When stormy on the face of the calm deep,  
 He rushes soon after he again hath dash'd  
 Down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.  
*Samiasa.* They have touch'd earth !—Samiasa !  
*Asriel.* My Azazel !

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.

*Enter IRAD and JAPHET.*

*Irad.* Despond not : wherefore wilt thou wande thus  
To add thy silence to the silent night,  
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars ?  
They cannot aid thee.

*Japh.* But they soothe me—now  
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.  
Methinks a being that is beautiful  
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,  
The eternal beauty of undying things.  
Oh, Anah !

*Irad.* But she loves thee not.

*Japh.* Alas !

*Irad.* And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

*Japh.* I feel for thee too.

*Irad.* Let her keep her pride,  
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn :  
It may be, time too will avenge it.

*Japh.* Canst thou  
Find joy in such a thought ?

*Irad.* Nor joy, nor sorrow.  
I loved her well ; I would have loved her better,  
Had love been met with love ; as 'tis, I leave her  
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

*Japh.* What destinies ?

*Irad.* I have some cause to think  
She loves another.

*Japh.* Anah ?

*Irad.* No ; her sister.

*Japh.* What other ?

*Irad.* That I know not ; but her air,  
If not her words, tells me she loves another.

*Japh.* Ay, but not Anah ; she but loves her God.

*Irad.* Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,  
What can it profit thee ?

*Japh.* True, nothing ; but  
I love.

*Irad.* And so did I.

*Japh.* And now thou lov'st not,  
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier ?

*Irad.* Yes.

*Japh.* I pity thee.

*Irad.* Me ! Why ?

*Japh.* For being happy,  
Deprived of that which makes my misery.

*Irad.* I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,  
And would not feel as thou dost, for more shekels  
Than all our father's herds would bring if weigh'd  
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—  
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,  
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,

The refuse of the earth, could be received  
 For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all  
 Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,  
 Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon—  
 I must back to my rest.

*Japh.* And so would I,  
 If I could rest.

*Irada.* Thou wilt not to our tents then?  
*Japh.* No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose  
 Mouth, they say, opens from the internal world,  
 To let the inner spirits of the earth  
 Forth when they walk its surface.

*Irada.* Wherefore so?  
 What wouldst thou there?

*Japh.* Soothe further my sad spirit  
 With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,  
 And I am hopeless.

*Irada.* But 'tis dangerous;  
 Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors:  
 I must go with thee.

*Japh.* Irad, no; believe me  
 I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

*Irada.* But evil things will be thy foe the more,  
 As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,  
 Or let mine be with thine.

*Japh.* No: neither, Irad;  
 I must proceed alone.

*Irada.* Then peace be with thee!

*Japh. (solus).* Peace! I have sought it where it should be  
 found,

In love—with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;  
 And in its stead, a heaviness of heart—  
 A weakness of the spirit—listless days,  
 And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—  
 Have come upon me. Peace! what peace! the calm  
 Of desolation, and the stillness of  
 The untrodden forest, only broken by  
 The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs!  
 Such is the sullen or the fitful state  
 Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,  
 And many signs and portents have proclaim'd  
 A change at hand, and an overwhelming doom  
 To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!  
 When the dread hour denounced shall open wide  
 The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou  
 Have lain within this bosom, folded from  
 The elements—this bosom, which in vain  
 Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,  
 While thine—O God! at least remit to her  
 Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing,  
 As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,  
 Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!  
 How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not!

And still would I redeem thee—see thee live  
 When Ocean is Earth's grave, and, unopposed  
 By rock or shallow, the leviathan,  
 Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,  
 Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[*Exit* JAPHET.]

*Enter* NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet ?

*Shem.* He went forth,

According to his wont, to meet with Irad,  
 He said ; but, as I fear, to bend his steps  
 Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly,  
 Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest ;  
 Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern  
 Which opens to the heart of Ararat.

Noah. What doth he there ? It is an evil spot,  
 Upon an earth all evil ; for things worse  
 Than even wicked men resort there : he  
 Still loves this daughter of a fated race,  
 Although he could not wed her if she loved him,  
 And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts  
 Of men ! that one of my blood, knowing well  
 The destiny, and evil of these days,  
 And that the hour approacheth, should indulge  
 In such forbidden yearnings ! Lead the way ;  
 He must be sought for !

*Shem.* Go not forward, father ;  
 I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me :  
 All evil things are powerless on the man  
 Selected by Jehovah.—Let us on.

*Shem.* To the tents of the father of the sisters ?

Noah. No ; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[*Exeunt* NOAH and SHEM.]

### SCENE III.

*The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of  
 Caucasus.*

*Japh. (solus).* Ye wilds, that look eternal ! and thou cave,  
 Which seem'st unfathomable ! and ye mountains,  
 So varied and so terrible in beauty !  
 Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks,  
 And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone  
 In perpendicular places, where the foot  
 Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,  
 Ye look eternal ! Yet, in a few days,  
 Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurl'd  
 Before the mass of waters ; and yon cave,  
 Which seems to lead into a lower world,  
 Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,  
 And dolphins gambol in the lion's den !

And man—Oh, men ! my fellow beings ! Who  
 Shall weep above your universal grave,  
 Save I ? Who shall be left to weep ?—My kinsman,  
 Alas ! what am I better than ye are,  
 That I must live beyond ye ! Where shall be  
 The pleasant places where I thought of Anah  
 While I had hope ; or the more savage haunts,  
 Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her !  
 And can it be !—Shall yon exulting peak,  
 Whose glittering top is like a distant star,  
 Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep,  
 No more to have the morning sun break forth,  
 And scatter back the mists in floating folds  
 From its tremendous brow ! no more to have  
 Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,  
 Leaving it with a crown of many hues !  
 No more to be the beacon of the world,  
 For angels to alight on, as the spot  
 Nearest the stars ! And can those words "*no more*"  
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,  
 And the predestined creeping things reserved  
 By my sire, to Jehovah's bidding ! May  
*He* preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power  
 To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from  
 A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,  
 Shall 'scape, to save his kind to be prolong'd,  
 To hiss and sting through some emerging world,  
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze  
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until  
 The salt morass subside into a sphere  
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,  
 The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,  
 Of yet quick myriads of all life ! How much  
 Breath will be still'd at once ! All-beauteous world !  
 So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I  
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,  
 And night by night, thy number'd days and nights :  
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her  
 Whose love had made me love thee more ; but as  
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think  
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling  
 Such as—Oh God ! and canst Thou—*He pauses.*

*A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and  
 shouts of laughter—afterwards a Spirit passes.*

*Japh.* In the name  
 Of the Most High, what art thou ?  
*Spirit (laughs).* Ha ! ha ! ha !  
*Japh.* By all that earth holds holiest, speak !  
*Spirit (laughs).* Ha ! ha !  
*Japh.* By the approaching deluge ! by the earth  
 Which will be strangled by the ocean ! by  
 The deep which will lay open all her fountains !  
 The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas.

And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes !  
 Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,  
 Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me !  
 Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh ?

*Spirít.* Why weep'st thou !

*Japh.* For earth and all her children.  
*Spirít.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Spirít vanishes.*]

*Japh.* How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,  
 The coming desolation of an orb,  
 On which the sun shall rise and warm no life !  
 How the earth sleeps ! and all that in it is  
 Sleep too upon the very eve of death !  
 Why should they wake to meet it ! What is here,  
 Which looks like death in life, and speak like things  
 Born ere this dying world ? They come like clouds !

[*Various Spirít's pass from the caverns*

*Spirít.* Rejoice !

The abhorrèd race  
 Which could not keep in Eden their high place,  
 But listen'd to the voice  
 Of knowledge without power,  
 Are nigh the hour  
 Of death !

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,  
 Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping motion,  
 Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow !  
 Earth shall be ocean !

And no breath,  
 Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave !  
 Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot :  
 Not even a rock from out the liquid grave  
 Shall lift its point to save,  
 Or show the place where strong Despair hath dièd,  
 After long looking o'er the ocean wide  
 For the expected ebb which cometh not :  
 All shall be void,  
 Destroy'd !

Another element shall be the lord  
 Of life, and the abhorr'd  
 Children of dust be quench'd ; and of each hue  
 Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue ;  
 And of the variegated mountain  
 Shall nought remain  
 Unchanged, or of the level plain ;  
 Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain :  
 All merged within the universal fountain,  
 Man, earth, and fire, shall die,  
 And sea and sky  
 Look vast and lifeless in the Eternal eye,  
 Upon the foam  
 Who shall erect a home ?

*Japh. (coming forward).* My sire !  
 Earth's seed shall not expire ;

Only the evil shall be put away  
 From day.  
 Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!  
 Who howl your hideous joy  
 When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;  
 Hence! haste!  
 Back to your inner caves!  
 Until the waves  
 Shall search you in your secret place,  
 And drive your sullen race  
 Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds  
 In restless wretchedness along all space!  
*Spirit.* Son of the saved!  
 When thou and thine have braved  
 The wide and warring element;  
 When the great barrier of the deep is rent,  
 Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—No;  
 Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—  
 Less goodly in their aspect, in their years  
 Less than the glorious giants, who  
 Yet walk the world in pride,  
 The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.  
 Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears  
 And art thou not ashamed  
 Thus to survive,  
 And eat, drink, and wife!  
 With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,  
 As even to hear this wide destruction named,  
 Without such grief and courage, as should rather  
 Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,  
 Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,  
 And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave!  
 Who would outlive their kind,  
 Except the base and blind!  
 Mine  
 Hateth thine  
 As of a different order in the sphere,  
 But not our own.  
 There is not one who hath not left a throne  
 Vacant in heaven, to dwell in darkness here,  
 Rather than see his mates endure alone.  
 Go, wretch! and give  
 A life like thine to other wretches—live!  
 And when the annihilating waters roar  
 Above what they have done,  
 Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,  
 And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!  
 Thyself for being his son!

*Chorus of Spirits issuing from the caverns*

Rejoice!  
 No more the human voice  
 Shall vex our joys in middle air  
 With prayer;

No more  
 Shall they adore ;  
 And we, who ne'er for ages have adored  
 The prayer-exacting Lord,  
 To whom the omission of a sacrifice  
 Is vice ;—  
 We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd  
 Until one element shall do the work  
 Of all in chaos ; until they,  
 The creatures proud of their poor clay,  
 Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk  
 In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where  
 The deep shall follow to their latest lair ;  
 Where even the brutes, in their despair,  
 Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,  
 And the striped tiger shall lie down to die  
 Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother ;  
 Till all things shall be as they were,  
 Silent and uncreated, save the sky ;  
 While a brief truce  
 Is made with Death, who shall forbear  
 The little remnant of the past creation,  
 To generate new nations for his use ;  
 This remnant, floating o'er the undulation  
 Of the subduing deluge, from its slime,  
 When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil  
 Into a world, shall give again to Time  
 New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—  
 With all companionship of hate and toil,  
 Until ————  
*Japh. (interrupting them).* The Eternal Will  
 Shall deign to expound this dream  
 Of good and evil ; and redeem  
 Unto Himself all times, all things ;  
 And, gather'd under His almighty wings,  
 Abolish hell !  
 And to the expiated Earth  
 Restore the beauty of her birth,  
 Her Eden, in an endless paradise,  
 Where man no more can fall as once he fell,  
 And even the very demons shall do well !  
*Spirits.* And when shall take effect this wondrous spell !—  
*Japh.* When the Redeemer cometh ; first in pain,  
 And then in glory.  
*Spirit.* Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,—  
 Till earth wax hoary ;  
 War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven in vain,—  
 Until the clouds look gory  
 With the blood reeking from each battle-plain ;  
 New times, new climes, new arts, new men : but still  
 The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,  
 Shall be amongst your race in different forms ;  
 But the same moral storms

Shall oversweep the future, as the waves  
In a few hours the glorious Giants' graves.\*

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Brethren, rejoice !  
Mortal, farewell !

Hark ! hark ! already we can hear the voice  
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell ;  
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings !  
The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs ;  
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,  
And heaven set wide her windows ; † while mankind  
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—  
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.  
We hear the sound they cannot hear,  
The mustering thunders of the threatening sphere ;  
Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd ;  
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,  
Yet undisplay'd,  
Save to the Spirits' all-pervading eye.  
Howl, howl, oh Earth !  
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth :  
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below  
The ocean's overflow !  
The wave shall break upon your cliffs ; and shells,  
The little shells of ocean's least things be  
Deposited where now the eagle's offspring dwells—  
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea !  
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,  
Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell ;—  
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,  
The wings which could not save :—  
Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings  
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave !  
Brethren, rejoice !  
And loudly lift each superhuman voice—  
All die,—  
Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—  
The seed of Seth,  
Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.  
But of the sons of Cain  
None shall remain ;  
And all his goodly daughters  
Must lie beneath the desolating waters —  
Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid  
Along the wave, the cruel Heaven upbraid,  
Which would not spare  
Beings even in death so fair.  
It is decreed.  
All die !

\* " And there were giants in the earth in those days, and after; mighty men, of old, men of renown."—Genesis.—B.  
† " The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up ; and the windows of heaven were open."—Genesis.—B.



And to the universal human cry  
 Tho universal silence shall succeed !  
 Fly, brethren, fly !  
 But still rejoice !  
 We fell !  
 They fall !  
 So perish all

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell !

[*The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards*]

*Japh. (solus).* God hath proclaim'd the destiny of earth ;  
 My father's ark of safety hath announced it ;  
 The very demons shriek it from their caves ;  
 The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long\*  
 In silent books, which, in their silence, say  
 More to the mind than thunder to the ear :  
 And yet men listen'd not, nor listen ; but  
 Walk darkling to their doom ; which, though so nigh,  
 Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,  
 Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,  
 Or deaf obedient Ocean, which fulfils it.  
 No sign yet hangs its banner in the air ;  
 The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture ;  
 The sun will rise upon the earth's last day  
 As on the fourth day of creation, when  
 God said unto him, " Shine ! " and he broke forth  
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet  
 Unform'd forefather of mankind—but roused  
 Before the human orison the earlier  
 Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,  
 Which in the open firmament of heaven  
 Have wings like angels, and like them salute  
 Heaven first each day before the Adamites !  
 Their matins now draw nigh—the East is kindling,  
 And they will sing ! and day will break ! both near,  
 So near, the awful close ! For these must drop  
 Their outworn pinions on the deep ; and Day,  
 After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—  
 Ay, day will rise—but upon what ? a chaos,  
 Which was ere day ; and which, renew'd, makes time  
 Nothing ! for without life, what are the hours ?  
 No more to dust than is eternity  
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.  
 Without Him, even Eternity would be  
 A void : without man, Time, as made for man,  
 Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that deep  
 Which has no fountain ; as his race will be  
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world—  
 What have we here ? Shapes of both earth and air !  
 No—all of heaven, they are so beautiful.  
 I cannot trace their features ; but their forms,  
 How lovely they move along the side  
 Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist !

\*The book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the

And after the swart savage spirits, whose  
 Infernal immortality pour'd forth  
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be  
 Welcome as Eden. It may be, they come  
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,  
 For which I have so often pray'd—They come!  
 Anah! oh, God! and with her—

*Enter* SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMA.

*Anah.* Japhet! Lo!

*Sam.* A son of Adam!

*Aza.* What doth the earth-born here,  
 While all his race are slumbering?

*Japh.* Angel! what  
 Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high!

*Aza.* Know'st thou not, or forgett'st thou, that a part  
 Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

*Japh.* But all good angels have forsaken earth,  
 Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly  
 The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my  
 In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!

Why walk'st thou with this Spirit, in those hours  
 When no good spirit longer lights below?

*Anah.* Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet  
 Forgive me—

*Japh.* May the Heaven, which soon no more  
 Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

*Aho.* Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!  
 We know thee not.

*Japh.* The hour may come when thou  
 Mayst know me better; and thy sister know  
 Me still the same which I have ever been.

*Sam.* Son of the Patriarch, who hath ever been  
 Upright before his God, whate'er thy griefs,  
 And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,  
 How have Azazel, or myself, brought on thee  
 Wrong?

*Japh.* Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou  
 Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,  
 Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said  
 That word so often! but now say it, ne'er  
 To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er  
 Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power  
 To save this beautiful—these beautiful—  
 Children of Cain?

*Aza.* From what?

*Japh.* And is it so,  
 That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye  
 Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must  
 Partake his punishment; or, at the least,  
 My sorrow.

*Sam.* Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now  
 To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

*Japh.* And hath not the Most High expounded them!  
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

*Aho.* So be it!  
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink  
More to be mortal, than I would to dare  
At: immortality of agonies

With Samiasa!  
*Anah.* Sister! sister! speak not  
Thus.

*Aza.* Fearest thou, my Anah?  
*Anah.* Yes, for thee:  
I would resign the greater remnant of  
This little life of mine, before one hour  
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

*Japh.* It is for *him*, then! for the Seraph thou  
Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not  
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,  
Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot  
Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent  
Upon the earth to toil and die; and they  
Are made to minister on high unto  
The Highest; but if he can *save* thee, soon  
The hour will come in which celestial aid  
Alone can do so.

*Anah.* Ah! he speaks of death.  
*Sam.* Of death to us! and those who are with us!  
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I  
Could smile.

*Japh.* I grieve not for myself, nor fear;  
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those  
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found  
Righteous enough to save his children. Would  
His power was greater of redemption! or  
That by exchanging my own life for hers,  
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,  
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share  
The ark which shall receive a remnant of  
The seed of Seth!

*Aho.* And dost thou think that we,  
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood  
Warm in our veins—strong Cain! who was begotten  
In Paradise—would mingle with Seth's children?  
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?  
No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!  
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine,  
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

*Japh.* I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!  
Too much of the forefather, whom thou vauntest,  
Has come down in that haughty blood which springs  
From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!  
But thou, my Anah!—let me call thee mine,  
Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot  
Part with, *although I must* from thee: my Anah!  
*Thou who dost rather make me dream that I*

Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race  
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art  
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,  
For all of them are fairest in their favour—

*Aho.* (*interrupting him*). And wouldst thou have  
our father's foe

In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought,  
And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her*!—  
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest strife.

*Japh.* Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

*Aho.*

But

He slew not Seth: and what hast thou to do  
With other deeds between his God and him?

*Japh.* Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and  
I had not named his deed, but that thyself  
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink  
From what he had done.

*Aho.* He was our fathers' father;  
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,  
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him,  
From whom we had our being? Look upon  
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,  
Their courage, strength, and length of days—

*Japh.*

They are number'd.

*Aho.* Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,  
I glory in my brethren and our fathers!

*Japh.* My sire and race but glory in their God,  
*Anah!* and thou?—

*Anah.*

Whate'er our God decrees,

The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,  
And will endeavour patiently to obey.  
But could I dare to pray in this dread hour  
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),  
It would not be to live, alone exempt  
Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!  
What were the world: or other worlds, or all  
The brightest future, without the sweet past—  
Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all  
The things which sprang up with me, like the stars,  
Making my dim existence radiant with  
Soft lights which were not mine! *Aholibamah!*  
Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:  
I abhor death, because that thou must die.

*Aho.* What! hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,

The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,  
Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved  
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we  
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?  
Rather than thus—But the enthusiast dreams  
The worst of dreams, the phantasies engender'd  
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who  
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,  
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape  
Distinct from that which we and all our sire

Have seen them wear on their eternal way?  
Who shall do this?

*Japh.* He whose one word produced them.

*Aho.* Who heard that word?

*Japh.* The Universe, which leap'd  
To life before it. Ah! smil'st thou still in scorn?  
Turn to thy seraphs: if they attest it not,  
They are none.

*Sam.* Aholibamah, own thy God!

*Aho.* I have ever hail'd our Maker, Samiassa,  
As thine, and mine; a God of love, not sorrow.

*Japh.* Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even  
He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve  
Above its first and best inhabitants.

*Aho.* 'Tis said so.

*Japh.* It is even so.

*Enter NOAH and SHEM.*

*Noah.* Japhet! What  
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?  
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

*Japh.* Father, it cannot be a sin to seek  
To save an earth-born being; and behold,  
These are not of the sinful, since they have  
The fellowship of angels.

*Noah.* These are they, then,  
Who leave the thrones of God, to take to them wives  
From out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,  
Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?

*Aza.* Patriarch!  
Thou hast said it.

*Noah.* Woe, woe, woe to such communion!  
Has not God made a barrier between earth  
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

*Sam.* Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?  
Did God not love what He had made? And what  
Do we but imitate and emulate  
His love unto created love?

*Noah.* I am  
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,  
Far less the sons of God: but as our God  
Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal  
His judgments, I reply, that the descent  
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat  
Unto a perishable and perishing,  
Even on the very eve of perishing, world,  
Cannot be good.

*Aza.* What! though it were to save?

*Noah.* Not ye in all your glory can redeem  
What He who made you glorious hath condemn'd.  
Were your immortal mission safety, 'twould  
Be general, not for two, though beautiful;  
And beautiful they are, but not the less  
Condemn'd.

*Japh.* Oh, father ! say it not. Son ! son !

*Noah.* If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget  
That they exist : they soon shall cease to be ;  
While thou shalt be the sire of a now world,  
And better.

*Japh.* Let me die with *this*, and *them* !

*Noah.* Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt not  
Who *can*, redeems thee.

*Sam.* And why him and thee,  
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both !

*Noah.* Ask Him who made thee greater than myself  
And mine, but not less subject to His own  
Almightiness. And lo ! his mildest and  
Least to be tempted messenger appears !

*Enter RAPHAEL the Archangel.*

*Raph.* Spirits !  
Whose seat is near the throne,  
What do ye here !  
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,  
Now that the hour is near  
When earth must be alone ?  
Return !

Adore and burn  
In glorious homage with the elected "seven,"  
Your place is heaven.

*Sam.* Raphael !  
The first and fairest of the sons of God,  
How long hath this been law,  
That earth by angels must be left untrod ?  
Earth ! which oft saw  
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod !  
The world He loved, and made  
For love ; and oft have we obey'd  
His frequent mission with delighted pinions ;  
Adoring Him in His least works display'd ;  
Watching this youngest star of His dominions :  
And as the latest birth of His great word,  
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.  
Why is thy brow severe ?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near ?

*Raph.* Had Samiassa and Azazel been  
In their true place, with the angels choic'd,  
Written in fire  
They would have seen  
Jehovah's late decree,  
And not inquired their Maker's breath of me  
But ignorance must ever be  
A part of sin ;  
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less  
As they wax proud within :  
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.

When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd,  
 Stung with strange passions, and debas'd  
 By mortal feelings for a mortal maid :  
 But ye are pardon'd thus far and replac'd  
 With your pure equals. Hence ! away ! away !  
 Or stay,

And lose eternity by that delay !  
*Aza.* And thou ; if earth be thus forbidden  
 In the decree  
 To us until this moment hidden,  
 Dost thou not err, as we,  
 In being here ?

*Raph.* I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,  
 In the great name and at the word of God !  
 Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear  
 That which I came to do : till now we trod  
 Together the eternal space, together  
 Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die !  
 Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,  
 And much which she inherits : but oh ! why  
 Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,  
 Without involving ever some vast void  
 In the immortal ranks ! immortal still  
 In their immeasurable forfeiture.  
 Our brother Satan fell ; his burning will  
 Rather than longer worship dared endure !  
 But ye who still are pure !  
 Seraphs ! less mighty than that mightiest one,  
 Think how he was undone !  
 And think if tempting man can compensate  
 For heaven desired too late ?  
 Long have I warr'd,  
 Long must I war

With him who deem'd it hard  
 To be created, and to acknowledge Him  
 Who, 'midst the cherubim  
 Made him as suns to a dependent star,  
 Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.  
 I loved him—beautiful he was ; oh, heaven !  
 Save *His* who made, what beauty and what power  
 Was ever like to Satan's ! Would the hour  
 In which he fell could ever be forgiven !  
 The wish is impious : but, oh ye !  
 Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd ! Eternity  
 With him, or with his God, is in your choice !  
 He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt  
 The angels, from his further snares exempt :  
 But man hath listen'd to his voice,  
 And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,  
 The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.  
 The snake but vanquish'd dust : but she will draw  
 A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.  
 Yet, yet, oh fly !  
 Ye cannot die,

But they  
 Shall pass away,  
 While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky  
 For perishable clay,  
 Whose memory in your immortality  
 Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.  
 Think how your essence differeth from theirs  
 In all but suffering ! Why partake  
 The agony to which they must be heirs—  
 Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,  
 And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil ?  
 Even had their days been left to toil their path  
 Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,  
 Still they are Evil's prey, and Sorrow's spoil.  
*Aho.* Let them fly !  
 I hear the voice which says that all must die,  
 Sooner than our white-bearded Patriarchs died ;  
 And that on high  
 An ocean is prepared,  
 While from below  
 The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.  
 Few shall be spared,  
 It seems ; and, of that few, the race of Cain  
 Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.  
 Sisters ! since it is so,  
 And the eternal Lord  
 In vain would be implored  
 For the remission of one hour of woe,  
 Let us resign even what we have adored,  
 And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,  
 If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,  
 And wailing less for us than those who shall  
 Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,  
 And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,  
 Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.  
 Fly, Seraphs ! to your own eternal shore,  
 Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.  
 Our portion is to die,  
 And yours to live for ever ;  
 But which is best, a dead eternity,  
 Or living, is but known to the great Giver.  
 Obey Him, as we shall obey ;  
 I would not keep this life of mine of clay  
 An hour beyond His will ;  
 Nor see ye lose a portion of His grace,  
 For all the mercy which Seth's race  
 Find still.  
 Fly !  
 And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,  
 Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,  
 Samiassa !  
 And if I look up with a tearless eye,  
 'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep—  
 Farewell ! Now rise, inexorable Deep !



*Avah.* And must we die?  
 And must I lose thee too,  
 Azaziel?  
 Oh, my heart! my heart!  
 Thy prophecies were true,  
 And yet thou wert so happy too!  
 The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new:  
 But yet depart!  
 Ah, why?  
 Yet let me not retain thee—fly!  
 My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be  
 Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.  
 Too much already hast thou deign'd  
 To one of Adam's race;  
 Our doom is sorrow; not to us alone,  
 But to the spirits who have not disdain'd  
 To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.  
 The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd  
 From his once archangelic throne  
 Into some unknown world:  
 And thou, Azaziel! No—  
 Thou shalt not suffer woe  
 For me. Away! nor weep!  
 Thou canst not weep! but yet  
 Mayst suffer more, not weeping; then forget  
 Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling Deep  
 Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!  
 Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.  
*Japh.* Oh, say not so!  
 Father! and thou, Archangel, thou!  
 Surely celestial Mercy lurks below  
 That pure severe serenity of brow:  
 Let them not meet this sea without a shore,  
 Save in our ark, or let me be no more!  
*Noah.* Peace, child of passion, peace!  
 If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue  
 Do God no wrong!  
 Live as He wills it—die, when He ordains,  
 A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.  
 Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease  
 To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.  
 Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?  
 Such would it be  
 To alter His intent  
 For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!  
 And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.  
*Japh.* Ay, father! but when they are gone,  
 And we are all alone,  
 Floating upon the azure desert, and  
 The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,  
 And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all  
 Buried in its immeasurable breast,  
 Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?  
 Can we in desolation's peace have rest?

Oh God ! be Thou a God, and spare  
 Yet while 'tis time !  
 Renew not Adam's fall :  
 Mankind were then but twain,  
 But they are numerous now as are the waves  
 And the tremendous rain,  
 Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,  
 Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

*Noah.* Silence, vain boy ! each word of thine's a crime !  
 Angel ! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

*Raph.* Seraphs ! these mortals speak in passion :  
 Ye,

Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,  
 May now return with me.

*Sam.* It may not be :  
 We have chosen, and will endure.

*Raph.* Say'st thou !

*Aza.* He hath said it ; and I say, Amen !

*Raph.* Again !  
 Then from this hour,  
 Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,  
 And aliens from your God,  
 Farowell !

*Japh.* Alas ! where shall they dwell !  
 Hark, hark ! Deep sounds, and deeper still,  
 Are howling from the mountain's bosom :  
 There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,  
 Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom :  
 Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

*Noah.* Hark, hark ! the sea-birds cry !  
 In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,  
 And hover round the mountain, where before  
 Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,  
 Yet dared to soar,  
 Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.  
 Soon it shall be their only shore,  
 And then, no more !

*Japh.* The sun ! the sun !  
 He riseth, but his better light is gone,  
 And a black circle, bound  
 His glaring disk around,  
 Proclaims Earth's last of summer days hath shone !  
 The clouds return into the hues of night,  
 Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak  
 The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

*Noah.* And lo ! yon flash of light,  
 The distant thunder's harbinger, appears !  
 It cometh ! hence, away !  
 Leave to the elements their evil prey !  
 Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears  
 Its safe and wreckless sides.

*Japh.* Oh, father, stay !  
 Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides !  
*Noah.* Must we not leave all life to such ! *Regeen !*

*Japh.* Not I.  
*Noah.* Then die

With them !

How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,  
 And seek to save what all things now condemn,  
 In overwhelming unison

With just Jehovah's wrath !

*Japh.* Can rage and justice join in the same path !

*Noah.* Blasphemer ! dar'st thou murmur even now !

*Raph.* Patriarch, be still a father ! smoothe thy brow :  
 Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink :

He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink  
 With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters ;

But be, when Passion passeth, good as thou,  
 Nor perish like Heaven's children with Man's daughters.

*Aho.* The tempest cometh : Heaven and Earth unite

For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might !

*Sam.* But ours is with thee : we will bear ye far

To some untroubled star,

Where thou and Anah shall partake our lot :

And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,

Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.

*Anah.* Oh ! my dear father's tents, my place of birth !

And mountains, land, and woods, when ye are not,

Who shall dry up my tears !

*Aza.* Thy Spirit-lord.

Fear not ; though we are shut from heaven,

Yet much is ours, whence we cannot be driven.

*Raph.* Rebel ! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds

Shall henceforth be but weak ; the flaming sword,

Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,

Still flashes in the angelic hands.

*Aza.* It cannot slay us : threaten dust with death,

And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds !

What are thy swords in our immortal eyes !

*Raph.* The moment cometh to approve thy strength ;

And learn at length

How vain to war with what thy God commands.

Thy former force was in thy faith.

*Enter MORTALS, flying for refuge.*

*Chorus of MORTALS.*

The heavens and earth are mingling—Gqd ! oh God !

What have we done ! Yet spare !

Hark ! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer !

The dragon crawls from out his den,

To herd, in terror, innocent with men !

And the birds scream their agony through air.

Yet, yet, Jehovah ! yet withdraw Thy rod

Of wrath, and pity Thine own world's despair !

*Hear not man only but all Nature plead !*

*Raph.* Farewell, thou earth ! Ye wretched sons of clay,  
I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed !

[*Exit* RAPHAEL.

*Japh.* Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey,  
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word  
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.  
No azure more shall robe the firmament,  
Nor spangled stars be glorious : Death hath risen :  
In the Sun's place, a pale and ghastly glare  
Hath wound itself around the dying air.

*Aza.* Come, Anah ! quit this chaos-founded prison,  
To which the elements again repair,  
To turn it into what it was : beneath  
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,  
As was the eagle's nestling once within  
Its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe  
With all its elements ! heed not their din !  
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe  
Ethereal life, will we explore :  
These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

[*AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear*  
*with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*

*Japh.* They are gone ! They have disappear'd amidst  
the roar

Of the forsaken world ; and never more,  
Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,  
Now near its last, can aught restore  
Anah unto these eyes.

*Chorus of MORTALS.*

Oh son of Noah ! mercy on thy kind !  
What, wilt thou leave us all—all—*all* behind !  
While safe amidst the elemental strife,  
Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark ?

*A mother (offering her infant to JAPHET).* Oh, let this  
child embark !

I brought him forth in woe,  
But thought it joy  
To see him to my bosom clinging so.  
Why was he born ?  
What hath he done—  
My unwean'd son—


To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn ?  
What is there in this milk of mine, that Death  
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,  
And roll the waters o'er his placid breath !  
Save him, thou seed of Seth !  
Or cursed be—with Him who made  
'T hee and thy race, for which we are betray'd !

*Japh.* Peace ! 'tis no hour for curses, but for prayer.

*Chorus of MORTALS.*

For prayer !!!  
 And where  
 Shall prayer ascend  
 When the swollen clouds unto the mountains bend  
 And burst,  
 And gushing oceans every barrier rend,  
 Until the very deserts know no thirst ?  
 Accurst  
 Be He, who made thee and thy sire !  
 We deem our curses vain ; we must expire ;  
 But as we know the worst,  
 Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent  
 Before the implacable Omnipotent,  
 Since we must fall the same ?  
 If He hath made earth, let it be His shame,  
 To make a world for torture.—Lo ! they come,  
 The loathsome waters, in their rage !  
 And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb !  
 The forest's trees (coeval with the hour  
 When Paradise upsprung,  
 Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,  
 Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),  
 So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,  
 Are overtopt,  
 Their summer blossoms by the surges lopp'd  
 Which rise, and rise, and rise.  
 Vainly we look up to the low'ring skies—  
 They meet the seas,  
 And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.  
 Fly, son of Noah, fly, and take thine ease  
 In thine allotted ocean-tent ;  
 And view, all floating o'er the element,  
 The corpses of the world of thy young days :  
 Then to Jehovah raise  
 Thy song of praise !  
*A Mortal.* Blessed are the dead  
 Who die in the Lord !  
 And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,  
 Yet, as *His* word,  
 Be the decree adored !  
 He gave me life—He taketh but  
 The breath which His is own :  
 And though these eyes should be for ever shut,  
 Nor longer this weak voice before His throne  
 Be heard in supplicating tone,  
 Still blessed be the Lord,  
 For what is past,  
 For that which is :  
 For all are His,  
 From first to last—  
*Time—space—eternity—life—death—*  
*The vast known and immeasurable unknown.*



For now their torrents rush, with double rage  
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still  
Already grasps each drowning hill,  
Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

*Enter a WOMAN.*

*Woman.* Oh, save me, save !  
Our valley is no more :  
My father and my father's tent,  
My brethren and my brethren's herds,  
The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bow  
And sent forth evening songs from sweet  
The little rivulet which freshen'd all  
Our pastures green,  
No more are to be seen.

When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn'  
I turn'd to bless the spot,  
And not a leaf appear'd about to fall ;—  
And now they are not !  
Why was I born !

*Japh.* To die ! in youth to die !  
And happier in that doom,  
Than to behold the universal tomb

Which I  
Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain  
Why, when all perish, why must I remain

*[The Waters rise; Men fly  
many are overtaken by the  
of Mortals disperses in the  
mountains; JAPHET sees]*

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également maussades. Cet examen ne m'a point été instructif. Je haisais ma patrie. Toutes les pertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle, and je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni frais ni les fatigues.—*Le Cosmopolite.*

## 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 allusive to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in these 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 ventures to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Asia 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 and 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 could hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as in "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant to 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 respects 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 vault.

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 witty, 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 of the highest writers 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, dictated by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

## ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I HAVE NOW waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a scititious personage), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour de bon vieux tems, l'amour antique" flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar."\* By the bye, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, "sans peur," though not "sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more, and express less; but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements), are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have descended as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a practical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

\* The Bovers, or the Double Arrangement.



## TO IANTHE.

**NOT** in those climes where I have late been straying,  
**Though** Beauty long hath there been matchless 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!** mayst thou ever be what now thou art,  
**Nor** unbesseem 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 disappears.

**Young** Peri of the West !—'tis 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 loveliest hours decreed

**Oh!** let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,  
**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, Ianthé'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:

A Romaunt.

## 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 lyres on earth,  
Mine dars 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,\*  
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 Albion'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 lozel 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.

\* The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock. "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri he supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above was the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently he to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Caverns, mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalia."

## 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 Eremite'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 seem'd 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 ;  
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,  
 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 them flatt'ers of the festal hour ;  
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.  
 Yea ! none did love him—not his lemans dear—  
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,  
 And where these are, light Eros finds a feere ;  
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

## X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
 Though parting from that mother he did 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

## XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blow,  
 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 tun'd 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,  
 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 ;  
 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 stanch yeoman,  
 Why dost thou look so pale ?  
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
 Or shiver at the gale ?”—

“ Doem'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,

## BYRON'S POEMS.

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 foes 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 fall 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 land !  
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !  
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !  
 But man would mar them with an impious hand :  
 And when the Almighty lifts His fiercest scourge  
 'Gainst those who most transgress His high command,  
 With treble vengeance will His hot shafts urge  
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge

## XVI.

What beauties doth Lisbon first unfold !  
 Her image floating on that noble tide,  
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,  
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride  
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford :  
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,  
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword  
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord,

## XVII.

But whose entereth within this town,  
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;  
 For hut and palace show like filthily :  
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;  
 No personage of high or mean degree  
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,  
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd ; unhurt.

## XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—  
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?  
 Lo ! Cintra's 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 awestruck world unlock'd Elysium's gates !

## XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,  
 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 varied 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 ;"

*The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," Nossa Senhora da Pena, on the summit  
 of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his  
 own which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.*

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's knife,  
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath ;  
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife  
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life !<sup>†</sup>

## XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,  
 Are domes where whilome kings did make repair ;  
 But now the wild flowers round them only breathe ;  
 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 doods hath done,  
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

## XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure 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 convened !<sup>†</sup>  
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !  
 With diadem high foolscap, lo ! a fiend,  
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,

\* It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen ; but that Englishmen were daily butchered : and so far from redress being obtained, we so requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against the allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend : had we not fortunately been armed, I do not the least doubt that we should have " adorned a tale," instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal : in Sicily and Malta we are hewn in the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is unpunished.

† The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marquis Vathek.



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 Folly dash'd to earth the victor's 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 misspent in maddest whim ;  
 But as he gazed 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 soul :  
 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 ;\*

\* Her Junkies Majesty went subsequently mad ; and Dr. Willis, who so dextrously  
 jostled kingly perambulators, could make nothing of her.

And church and court did mingle their array,  
 And mass and revel were alternate seen  
 Lordlings and freres—ill sorted fry I ween !  
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built  
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious 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 joyaunces 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, smother vales extend ;  
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed !  
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
 Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend  
 Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—  
 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 subjection's woes.

## XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,  
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide ?  
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,  
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?  
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?  
 Or fence of art like China's vasty wall ?—  
 No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,  
 No horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,  
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.

## XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,  
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,  
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.  
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,  
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,  
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow ;  
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke :  
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know  
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the lov.\*

\* As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and banished the crimes which were practiced before his predecessors.—1812.

## 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 mail'd splendour dress'd :  
 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 Pelagius bore,  
 When Cava's traitor-are first call'd the band  
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore !\*  
 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,  
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

## XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?  
 Ah ! such, alas : the hero's amplest fate !  
 When granite moulders and when records fail,  
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.  
 Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,  
 See how the mighty shrink into a song !  
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee great ?  
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,  
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong !

## XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !  
 Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries ;  
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,  
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies :  
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,  
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar !  
 In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise !" <sup>1</sup>  
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore !

## XXXVIII.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?  
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?  
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;  
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath  
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,

\* *Clara Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the business of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.*

The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to rock  
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;  
 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 scorcheth all it glares upon ;  
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;  
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet

## XL.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see  
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
 Their rival scars of mix'd embroidery,  
 Their various arms that glitter in the air !  
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,  
 And gnash their fangs loud-yelling for the prey !  
 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 sky ;  
 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,  
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

## XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools !  
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !  
 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.  
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway !  
 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 mood  
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong !  
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead,  
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,  
 And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

## 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,  
 And die, that living might have proved her shame ;  
 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  
 Whose proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued :  
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey !  
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,  
 Blackening her lovely domes, with traces rude.  
 Inevitable hour ! 'Gainst fate to strive  
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood  
 Is vain, or Iliou, Tyre, might yet survive,  
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

## XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ;  
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,  
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds :  
 Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebek sounds ;  
 Here Folly still his votaries enthalls ;  
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds :  
 Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,  
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'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 :  
 Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
 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 is his lay,*

As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way !  
 No ! as he speeds he chants " Viva el Rey !"<sup>\*</sup>  
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day  
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,  
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

## XLIX.

On you long, level plain, at distance crown'd  
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,  
 Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground ;  
 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,  
 Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest ;  
 Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,  
 And points to yonder cliffs which oft were won and lost.

## L.

And whomso'er along the path you meet  
 Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,†  
 Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet :  
 Woe to the man that walks in public view  
 Without of loyalty this token true :  
 Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;  
 And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
 If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,  
 Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

## LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
 Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;  
 And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,  
 The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,  
 The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,  
 The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,  
 The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,  
 The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,  
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,‡

## LII.

Portend the deeds to come :—but he whose nod  
 Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,

\* " Viva el Rey Fernando ! " Long live King Ferdinand ! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them : some of the air are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Príncipe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards, till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alendia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

† The red cockade, with " Fernando VII." in the centre.

‡ All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I pass'd in my way to Seville.

A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;  
 A little moment deigneth to delay :  
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;  
 The West must own the Scurger of the world.  
 Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,  
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,  
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurli'd.

LIII.

And must they fall ? the young, the proud, the brave,  
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign ?  
 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 Manhood'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 owlet's larum chill'd with dread,  
 Now views the column-scatt'ring bay'net jar,  
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead  
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
 Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,  
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,  
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;  
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;  
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :  
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost !  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
 'oil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall ?\*

*It were the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa, who by her valour elevated herself to the rank of heroine. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the scaffold with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.*

## 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 son,  
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate :  
 In softness as in firmness far above  
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate ;  
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance 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 !  
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?  
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak !

## LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;  
 Match me, ye harams of the land ! where now  
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow !  
 Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,  
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,  
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,  
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus ! 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.

Oh 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 ;

\* " *Stigilla in mento impressa America stigmata  
 Vertigo demonstrant mollitudinem.*"—*Am. Gen.*



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 melodious wave.

## LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain  
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here ;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain ;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear ;  
And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.  
Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt  
Let me some remnant—some memorial bear ;  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

## LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount ! when Greece was young,  
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,  
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung  
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,  
Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
The song of love than Andalusia's maids,  
Nursed in the glowing lap of soft desire :  
Ah ! that to these were given such peaceful shades  
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

## LXV.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;  
But Cadix, rising on the distant coast,  
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.  
Ah, Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !  
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
The fascination of thy magic gaze ?  
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

## LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursèd Time !  
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—  
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ;  
And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee ;  
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white :

Though not to one dome circumscribeth she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

## LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn,  
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;  
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu  
He bids to sober joy that here adjourns :  
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu  
Of true devotion monkiah 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 !  
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore  
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;  
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more ;  
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.  
London ! 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,  
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirr ;  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair ;  
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian 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, Boeotian shades ! the reason why ?  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
And consecrate the oath 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 mine,  
Thy saint adores count the rosary :  
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrieve them free  
(Well do I ween the only virgin thee)

From crimes as numerous as her headmen be ;  
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare :  
Young, old, high, low, at one 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,  
No vacant space for later 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 venturesome 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,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :  
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 smite  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd : away,  
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :  
Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;

Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :  
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes :  
 Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his

## LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;  
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;  
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,  
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;  
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;  
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears

## 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 thundering way—  
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng hand,  
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand !

## LXXX.

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  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

## LXXXI.

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  
 flow.

## LXXXII.

But jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,  
 His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sage !  
 And all wherewith the generous soul revolts,  
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could engage,  
 Have pass'd to darkness with the venal's 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 font 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 unresting 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.

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.

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 ?

\* " ————— Medio de fonte leporum,  
 Surgit amarū aliquid quod in ipsa floribus angat."—LUC.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
 Nor low ambition's honours lost,  
 That bids me loathe my present state,  
 And fly from all I prized the most :

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.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore :  
 That will not look beyond the tomb,  
 But cannot hope for rest before.

What Exile from himself can flee ?  
 To zones, though more and more remote,  
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
 The blight of life—the demon Thought.

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 !

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
 With many a retrospection curst ;  
 And all my solace is to know,  
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst ! Nay, do not ask—  
 In pity from the search forbear :  
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

## LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz ! yea, a long adieu !  
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood !  
 When all were changing, thou alone wert true,  
 First to be free and last to be subdued :  
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye ;  
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud : \*  
 Here all were noble, save Nobility ;  
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Gibraltar !

## LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate !  
 They fight for freedom, who were never free ;

\* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the Governor of Cadiz, in 1807.

A kingless people for a nervous king,  
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,  
 True to the vilest slaves of Treachery :  
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,  
 Pride points the path that leads to misery :  
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife :  
 War, war is still the cry, " War even to the knife ! "

## LXXXV.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spain's know,  
 Go, read what'er is writ of hoodlum strife :  
 What'er keen Vengeance urged on furrow'd face  
 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 cruel oppressor bleed.  
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed :

## LXXXVI.

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 man,  
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain :  
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-herd's maw,  
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unhealing stain,  
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe :  
 Thus only may our sins convince the senses we are :

## LXXXVII.

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 .  
 Fallen nations gaze on Spain ; *if France, six years*  
 More than her fell Pizarro's cruel executioner .  
 Strange retribution ! now *Columba's seat*  
 Repairs the wrongs that *Quixot's* sons sustain'd,  
 While o'er the parent clime grows Murder unrelent'g :

## 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 ?  
 When shall she breathe her from the *looming* evil ?  
 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 ?

*War to the knife,"* Pizarro's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragossa

## XCL

And thou, my friend!—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 unlaurell'd to descend in vain,  
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest!

## XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!  
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!  
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,  
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!  
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

## XCIII.

Here is one fyfte 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 scribe me.  
 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!

## 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,\*  
 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 best

\* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during Venetian siege.



## II.

Ancient of days ! august Athens ! where,\*  
 Where are thy men of might ! thy grand in soul ?  
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were :  
 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,  
 n with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

## III.

Ion 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  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds  
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn  
 Fainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds ;  
 Or child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on  
 reeds.

## IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—  
 's't not enough, unhappy thing ! to know  
 Thou art ! Is this a boon so kindly given,  
 That being, thou wouldst 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 :  
 At little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

an all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the  
 'empires, are beheld ; the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to  
 capitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very  
 es—of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country—appear more con-  
 than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is.  
 re of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the ex-  
 and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now  
 scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents  
 British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the  
 abydon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have  
 conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of  
 zental to the bravest ; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest  
 sge of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenour  
 succeeding firmans ! Spils could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn  
 but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render  
 mptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction in  
 re during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In  
 of view it is an object of regard : it changed its worshippers ; but still it was  
 worship thrice sacred to devotion : its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

"Man, proud man,  
 Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
 As make the angels weep."

## V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;  
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :<sup>\*</sup>  
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;  
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,  
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.  
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :  
 Is 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, Athens'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 welcome 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 ?

<sup>\*</sup> It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater part particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their death and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festival in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Menelaus, &c., and of his Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

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 :\*  
 Mightiest of many such ! Here 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 loath 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.

## 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 prepared,  
 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 wrung,  
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;  
 The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears  
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :  
 Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,  
 Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,  
 Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

*The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet  
 we originally there was one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are not  
 supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.*

## XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas ! that appall'd  
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ?\*  
 Where Peleus' son ! whom Hell in vain enthral'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 removed  
 By British hands, which it had best behoved  
 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 abhor'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,  
 The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,  
 So 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 !

\* According to Zoëmus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis ; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the British poet.—  
 See CHANDLER.  
 † To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

While through the seaman's hand the music glides :  
 Or schoolboy Midshipman that scurrying by,  
 Strains his shrill pipe as good as ill becomes,  
 And well the docile crew that silent tribute gives.

XXX

White is the glossy deck, without a stain,  
 Where on the watch the stout Lieutenant walks  
 Look on that part which sacred souls remain  
 For the lone Christian, who majestic stands,  
 Silent and fear'd by all—yet oft he talks  
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
 That strict restraint, which tramples over talk  
 Conquest and Fame : but Deities rarely serve  
 From law, however stern, which limits their strength to serve

XXXI

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keen-compelling gale  
 Till the broad sun withdraws his evening ray,  
 Then must the pennant-bearer stagger sail,  
 That lagging berks may make their way.  
 Ah ! grievance sore, and anguish full and long,  
 To waste on sluggish hulks the precious store,  
 What legends are lost, before the fact is told,  
 Thus loitering passive on the willing sea,  
 The flapping sail haul'd down to wait for days like these.

XXXII

The moon is up ; by Heaven a steady eye  
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves extend ;  
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids be woe ;  
 Such be our fate when we return to land ;  
 Meantime some rude Arias's restless band  
 Wakes the brisk harmony that soothes love ;  
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
 Or to some well-known measure feebly move,  
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXXIII

Through Calpe's straits survey the sleepy shores ;  
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze :  
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
 Alike beheld beneath pale Heecce's gaze :  
 How softly on the Spanish shore she glazes,  
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
 Distinct, though darkening with her winking phase ;  
 But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending scathe down.

XXXIV

'Tis 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,  
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend.

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 fall,  
 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 ; 'tis 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 hermits,  
 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  
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;  
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the task,  
 And each well-known caprice of wave and wind,  
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,

Coop'd in their wing'd 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.

## XXX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,\*  
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 smay'd the dreadful leap  
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;  
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd.

## XXXI.

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 mayst find a new Calypso there.  
Sweet Florence ! could another ever share  
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be tame .  
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.

## XXXII.

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 urg'd him to adore,  
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

## XXXIII.

Fair Florence, found, in sooth with some amaze,  
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,  
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,  
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,  
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law ;  
All that gay Beauty from her boundless charms :  
And much she marvel'd that a youth so true  
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told charms,  
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely are given.

## XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,  
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,

\* *Osse is said to have been the island of Calypso.*

Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,  
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide ;  
 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 wanton thing is won by sighs ;  
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd !  
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes !  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes ;  
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise ;  
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes ;  
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy

## XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson ; Time approves it true,  
 And those who know it best, deplore it most ;  
 When all is won that all desire to woo,  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost :  
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,  
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion ! these !  
 If, kindly cruel, early Hope is cross'd,  
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,  
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.

## XXXVI.

Away ! nor let me loiter in my song,  
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,  
 And many a varied shore to sail along,  
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—  
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head  
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought ;  
 Or e'er in new Utopias were aed,  
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought ;  
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

## XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
 Though 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,  
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in

## XXXVIII.

Land of Albania ! where Iskander rose !  
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,



| he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
 unk from his deeds of chivalrous emprizo :  
 d of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes  
 thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men !  
 cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
 | the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,  
 gh many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

## XXXIX.

de Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot,  
 ere sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave ;\*  
 | onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,  
 lover's refuge, and the Lesbians' grave.  
 k Sappho ! could not verse immortal save  
 t breast imbued with such immortal fire ?  
 ld she not live who life eternal gave ?  
 fe eternal may await the lyre,  
 nly Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

## XL.

us on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
 de Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar ;†  
 ot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave :  
 lid he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,  
 um, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar :‡  
 r them unmoved, for he would not delight  
 n beneath some remote inglorious star)  
 emes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,  
 ithed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial wight.

## XLI.

when he saw the evening star above  
 ndia's far-projecting rock of woe,  
 hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,  
 elt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :  
 as the stately vessel glided slow  
 ath the shadow of that ancient mount,  
 atch'd the billows' melancholy flow,  
 sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,  
 lacid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

## XLII.

| dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,  
 Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,  
 d half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,  
 y'd in many a dun and purple streak,  
 ; and, as the clouds along them break,  
 ose the dwelling of the mountaineer :

\* Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said  
 herself.

† Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody  
 , but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of  
 his left hand.



His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, hi  
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrink  
The scene was savage, but the scene  
This made the ceaseless toil of travel  
Beat back keen winter's blast, and wel

**XLIV.**

Here the red cross—for still the cro  
Though sadly scoff'd at by the cir  
Forgets that pride to pamper'd prie  
Churchman and votary alike despise  
Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disgu  
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent  
For whatsoever symbol thou art priz  
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general lo  
Who from true worahip's gold can sep

**XLV.**

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once  
A world for woman, lovely, harmless  
In yonder rippling bay, their naval l  
Did many a Roman chief and Asian  
To doubtful conflict, certain slaught  
Look where the second Caesar's tro  
Now, like the hands that rear'd the  
Imperial anarchs, doubling human w  
God ! was Thy globe ordain'd for such

**XLVI.**

From the dark barriers of that rugg  
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a m  
Through lands scarce noticed in hist

## XLVII.

pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,\*  
 I left the primal city of the land,  
 I onwards did his further journey take  
 I greet Albania's chief, whose dread command †  
 I witness law; for with a bloody hand  
 I sweeps away a nation turbulent and bold:  
 I here and there some daring mountain-band  
 I claim his power, and from their rocky hold  
 I their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. ‡

## XLVIII.

I rustic Zitsa! from thy shady brow, §  
 I a small but favour'd spot of holy ground!  
 I ere'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
 I at rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!  
 I In the lake, the river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
 I In the bluest skies that harmonize the whole:  
 I I hear the distant torrent's rushing sound  
 I I see where the volumed cataract doth roll  
 I on those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

## XLIX.

I In the forest the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
 I Oh, were it not for many a mountain high  
 I rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
 I might well itself be deem'd of dignity,  
 I the convent's white walls glisten fair on high:  
 I I he dwells the aboyer, nor rude is he, ||  
 I I niggard of his cheer: the passer by  
 I I welcome still; nor heedless will he flee  
 I hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

## L.

I In the sultriest season let him rest,  
 I in the green beneath those aged trees;  
 I I winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,  
 I in heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:  
 I I plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize  
 I I pleasure while he can; the scorching ray  
 I I pierceth not, impregnate with disease:  
 I I let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,  
 I I size, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

I to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out.  
 I ted Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man, there is an incorrect account  
 I 's Travels.

I and Bulliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Sull, withstood thirty  
 I nians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In  
 I ere were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of

I it and village of Zitsa are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina,  
 I he Pachalik. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows,  
 I in Zitsa, forms a fine cataract. The situation is, perhaps, the finest in  
 I the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest  
 I this, Pharnassus, and, in Ætolia, even Cape Colonna and Fort Epaphi, are  
 I is also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the  
 I istantianople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison  
 I made.  
 I monks are so called.

## LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,\*  
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right ;  
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;  
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain †  
 Nodding above ; behold black Acheron ! †  
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.  
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,  
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for †

## LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;  
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,  
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;  
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat  
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,  
 The little shepherd in his white capote ‡  
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,  
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

## LIII.

Oh ! 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 !  
 Whou nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath  
 stroke !

## LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;  
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye  
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale  
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy die :  
 E'en on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,  
 And woods along the banks are waving high,  
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,  
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance

## LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit, §  
 The Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ; ¶

\* The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

† Now called Kalamas.

‡ Albanese cloak.

§ Anciently Mount Tomarus.

¶ The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it ; and, immediately to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster ; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow traveller. In the summer it must be much less certainly is the finest river in the Levant ; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Achaïander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

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 arm'd horse, and many a warlike store,  
 Circl'd the wide-extending court below ;  
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore ;  
 And oft-times through the area's echoing door,  
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away :  
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,  
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,  
 While the deep war-drum's sound announced 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 crookèd glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;  
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son !  
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,  
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

## LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous : some recline in groups,  
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;  
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,  
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;  
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;  
 Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate :  
 Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,  
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,  
 " There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great !"

## LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast  
 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,  
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !  
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,  
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion 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,  
 Ali reclined, a man of war and woes ;  
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
 Along that aged venerable face,  
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace

## LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard  
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth :  
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,  
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth ;  
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,  
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man  
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth :  
 Blood follows blood, and through their mortal span,  
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

## 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 apacious seat,  
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat  
 Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise :  
 And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet ;  
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,  
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroy

## LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack  
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.

Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
 Who can so well the toil of war endure?  
 Their native fastnesses not more secure  
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:  
 Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,  
 When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,  
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower,  
 Thronging to war in splendour and success;  
 And after view'd them, when, within their power,  
 Himself awhile the victim of distress;  
 That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:  
 But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
 When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,  
 And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof\*—  
 In aught that tries the heart how few withstand 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  
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk  
 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,  
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,  
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,  
 And spread their fare: though homely, all they had:  
 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.

\* Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

## LXX.

Where lone Utrakey 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,\*  
 And he that unawares had there ygazed  
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;  
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,  
 The native revels of the troop began ;  
 Each Palikar his sabre from him cast, †  
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,  
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

## 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 :

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! 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 ! §

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 wild flock,  
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

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 ?

\* The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of others.

† Palikar, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanians who speak Romanic : it means, properly, a "lad."

‡ Drummer.

§ These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanian songs, which we have made them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romanic and Italian.





## LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow\*  
 Thou sat'st with Thrasylbulus and his train,  
 Couldst thou forebode 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,  
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unman'd

## LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who  
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
 Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew  
 With thy unquenched beam, lest 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!  
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought!  
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!  
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,  
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!  
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;  
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

## LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,  
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;  
 And the Seraf's impenetrable tower  
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;†  
 Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest  
 The Prophet's 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:

\* Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains  
 † It was seized by Thrasylbulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

‡ When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.  
 § Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect very  
 increasing.

But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,  
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,  
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,  
In motley robe to dance at masking hall,  
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

## LXXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,  
Oh Stamboul ! once the empress of thair reign ?  
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,  
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :  
(Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)  
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,  
All felt the common joy they now must feign,  
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,  
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

## LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,  
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,  
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,  
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan :  
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,  
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,  
'Twas, 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 caique along the foam,  
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,  
No 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 press'd, return'd the pressure still :  
Oh Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,  
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !

## LXXXII.

But, 'midst the throng in merry masquerade,  
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,  
Even through the closest scarment half betray'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 disdain :  
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 record  
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate 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 mayst thou be restored ; but not till then.  
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a stato ;  
 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,  
 Proclaim thee nature's varied favourite now ; \*  
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy suriace 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 ; †  
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ; ‡  
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,

\* On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer ; but I never saw it lie on the plain even in winter.

† Of Mount Pentelion, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the pediment of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendali. An immense cave, some of the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

‡ In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design ; to the philosopher, the supposed use of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome ; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "Isles that crown the Aegean deep." But, if Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Pale Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer Campbell :—

" Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,  
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Minnotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told, by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians : conjecturing very sagaciously, that we had a complete guard of these Arnauts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates ; there

" The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,  
 And makes degraded nature picturesque."

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate to engage a very superior German artist, and hope to renew my acquaintance, and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

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 Mendel's marbles glare ;  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

## LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis 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  
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :  
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

## LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;  
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—  
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame ;  
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde  
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
When Marathon became a magic word ; \*  
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

## XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;  
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;  
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !  
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?  
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?  
The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

*to, victor, heroem calces !*" was the epitaph on the famous German general Count —what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two d (Greeks) who fell on Marathon ? The principal barrow has recently been opened and : few or no relics, as *vases, &c.*, were found by the excavator. The plain of *on was covered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine li pounds ! Alas !—“ Expende—quod libens in duce summo—invenies !”—was the Miltades worth no more ? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.*

## XCJ.

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 battle and of song ;  
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore :  
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !  
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,  
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

## 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 defaced !  
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed.  
 Revere the remnants nations once revered :  
 So may our country's name be undiagraced,  
 So mayst 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 idleness 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 stay'd 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 wail

## 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 :  
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend ;  
 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 yet to lend.

## XCVII.

Then 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 ;  
 Smiles 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,  
 O'er 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 alloy'd.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

« En que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose ; Il n'y a en vérité de  
 de que celui-là et le temps. »—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Altemberg, Sept. 7, 1776.*

## 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 smil'd,  
 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 or 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 strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
 And the rent canvas 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 gushing 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 agèd 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 rif'd  
 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. 'Tis 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 'tis past,  
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
 Long absent Harold re-appears at last ;  
 He of the breast which fain no more would feel,  
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal ;  
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
 In soul and aspect as in age : years steal  
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;  
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

## IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found  
 The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,  
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
 And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !  
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
 And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,  
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,  
 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 sheathed 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  
 In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompell'd,  
 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 mankind.

## XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;  
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;  
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends  
 He had the passion and the power to roam ;  
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
 Were unto him companionship ; they spake  
 A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake  
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

## XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
 Till 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 woos 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 clipped wing,  
 To whom the boundless air alone were home :  
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,  
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome  
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat  
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

## XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
 With nought 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 'twere wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck  
 When mariners would madly meet their doom  
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—  
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?  
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory !

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo !  
 How in an hour the power which gave annuls  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too ;  
 In "pride of place" 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 *One* submit ;  
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty ?  
 What ! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days ?  
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
 Pay the Wolf homage ? proffering lowly gaze  
 And servile knees to thrones ? No ; *prove* before ye praise !

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more !  
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears  
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
 The trampler of her vineyards ; in vain years  
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
 Of roused-up millions : all that most endears  
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword  
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant 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

\*"In pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See both, &c.

† "An eagle towering in his pride of place," &c.

See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is Bland's *Anthology*, by Mr. (now Lord Chief Justice) Denman. —

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c.

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;\*  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

## XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas 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 opening 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 near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

## 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  
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

## XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 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!"

\* On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at breakfast.

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !\*

XXVII.

And Ardennes 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 blend me with his line,  
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
 And partly that bright names will hallow song !  
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd  
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,  
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,  
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant  
 Howard !

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,  
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;

\* Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-  
 The wood of Solignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous  
 Orlando's "Orlando," and immortal in Shakespeare's "As you like it." It is also  
 named in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the  
 war, encroachment. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler asso-  
 ciate than those of mere slaughter.

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.\*

## 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  
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame  
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honour'd, but assumes a stronger, ~~but~~ <sup>however</sup> 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.

\* My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third, cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay; I was near him when wounded." I told him my relations, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention the Plains, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Cheronæa, and Marathon; and the field around St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that would give it an impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to the interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,  
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root  
 Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were  
 As nothing did we die ; but Life will suit  
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,\*  
 All ashes to the taste : Did man compute  
 Existence by enjoyment, and count e'er  
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, 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 repeat 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 mix'd  
 One moment of the mightiest, and again  
 On little objects with like firmness fix'd,  
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been betwixt,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st  
 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,  
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene !

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !  
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name  
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now  
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became  
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
 A god unto thyself : nor less the same  
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh ! more or less than man—in high or low,  
 Battling with nations, flying from the field ;  
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now  
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield :  
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,  
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor  
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,

\* (spiced) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltas were said to be fair without  
 skin, unless. *Philosophy, History, &c.* v. 7.

Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

## XXXIX.

Yet 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 contemn  
Men and their thoughts ; 'twas 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 ;  
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;  
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot 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 ;  
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy thr  
*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.

\* The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a *total* obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them ; *not* more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and *more* tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals ; *not* single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the *long* winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasant Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the *destructive* reverse which led to the remark.



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 *art 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 ended, 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 surmounts 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 roar  
 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 *mine,*  
 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 dells,  
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
 And chiefless castles breathing stern *forewells*  
 From gray but leafy walls, where *Elm* greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as *scathed* a *lively wind,*  
 Worn, but unstooping to the *lowest wind,*  
 All tenantless, save to the *crackling wind,*  
 Or holding dark communion with the *wind.*  
 There was a day when they were young and proud,  
 Banners on high, and battles *pass'd in view;*  
 But they who fought are in a *bleakly view,*  
 And those which waved are *shrouded from the view,*  
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no *more the view.*

## 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 !\*  
 But History's purchased page to call them great !  
 A wider space, an ornamented grave ?  
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave

## XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !  
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,  
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,  
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;  
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on  
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won,  
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

## L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river !  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see  
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
 Earth paved like Heaven ; and to seem such to me  
 Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should let the

## 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 waltering 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,

\* "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James VI  
 on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the

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,  
Even 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 !

The castled crag of Drachenfels\*  
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.

The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains" of the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions: it is first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this nearly *nothing* it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large *anniversary* of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles *lies* along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations *very* beautiful.

BYRON'S POEMS.

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 !

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 !

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.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—  
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes,  
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'erstep'd  
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.\*

## LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall †  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height  
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength did light :  
A tower of victory, from whence the flight  
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :  
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,  
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—  
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

## LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted  
The stranger fain would linger on his way !  
Thine is a scene alike were 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,  
Wild 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 !  
'Tis 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 of old days.

The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Kircheln, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as it was. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His death was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same manner General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but his death was distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die in the field; his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over 10 feet high) which is buried by Marceau's is raised for him near Andernach, (opposite to the spot where one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing.—"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief, Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed as the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolized her triumphs, and he the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

Ehrenbreitstein, &c. "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by the latter. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not merit notice by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in 1794, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is supposed to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck him below it.

## LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
 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 Empires near them fall

## LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
 And throned Eternity in icy halls  
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !  
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
 Gather around these summits, as to show  
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, 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.\*

## 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 Draconic clause.

\* The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small heap by the Burgundian legion in the service of France ; who anxiously stored the result of ancestor's less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the injury by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their country), and the less justifiable licence of the Swiss postillions, who carried them off for knife-handles ; a purpose for which the whiteness looked, by the many years had rendered them in great request.

Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next season by night, were them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonely dwelling place  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of the days  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of youth  
And looks as with the wild raviner's gaze  
Of one to stone converted by remorse  
Yet still with consciousness, and there it stands  
Making a marvel that it not decays  
When the colossal pride of human nature  
Levell'd Aventicum, hath across it low sunk down.

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name—  
Julia—the daughter, the beloved—  
Her youth to Heaven; her tears, her pain  
Nearest to Heaven's, broke; or a father's grave  
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and here would save  
The life she lived in; but the judge was just  
And then she died, and here she lies  
Their tomb was simple, and without a name  
And held within their rest one mind, one heart.

LXVII.

But these are deeds, which should not pass away  
And names that must not wither through the earth  
Forgets her empires with a just decree  
The enlavors and the unenlaved their tomb and rest  
The high, the mountain-spectator of wars  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its wars  
And from its immortality look down  
In the sun's face, like purer light than snow  
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Lemna was no vain its crystal face,  
The mirror where the sun and mountains gaze

Aventicum, near Meud, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Alexander the Great, in 330 B.C., defeated the Helvetians, a young Avestian nation, and sent other a wife-captivity to him, another, condemned to death as a traitor by Augustus. Her strength was destroyed 7 years ago; it is there.—Julia Alpina, the poetess, had three sons, Julius, Augustus, and Lucius. Augustus was the emperor who gave the name of Augustus to the city. He was born in the year of the Roman Empire, and died in the year of the Roman Empire. I know of no human competition in offering to him, for a century or so, interest. There are the names and actions which ought to be known, and to which we are with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wonderful and glittering detail of a sea mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is moved for a time to a mad feverish sympathy, from whence it rises at length with all the intense-ness of such intoxication. [This is written in the eye of Meud Meud (1866), which was at the distance of 10 miles. (July 20th).—I this day observed for some time the distant reflection of the Rhine and Mount Argentera in the calm water of the lake which I was visiting at the distance of three miles from their source a easy miles. The following touching stanza forms part of the beautiful lines which about the poet addressed to his sister:—

"I did remember thee of our own dear lake,  
By the old hall which may be seen in Meud.  
Lemna's is fair; but think not I forgot  
The sweet remembrance of a brother's love.  
But hence Time went with my memory's music  
Ere that or thou can fade from eyes before;  
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are  
Design'd for ever, or at least for."

The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
 Its 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 one hot throng, where we become the spoil  
 Of our infection, till too late and long  
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong  
 \*Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

## LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years  
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,  
 And colour things to come with hues of Night ;  
 The race of life becomes a hopeless fight  
 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,\*  
 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.

\* The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of that which I have never  
 equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.



## 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,  
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
 When elements to elements conform,  
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?  
 The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?  
**Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?**

## LXXV.


Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part  
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?  
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
 With a pure passion ? should I not 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 awhile—a passing guest,  
 Where he became a being,—whose desire  
 Was to be glorious ; 'twas 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 pass'd  
**The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.**



ALLVSDGOL LKGE WILKE GEL GLESD O WELG TARKL SWI  
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss \*  
Which every morn his fever'd lip would  
From hers, who but with friendship his  
But to that gentle touch, through brain  
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devotem  
In that absorbing sigh perchance more  
Than vulgar minds may be with all they s

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sougl  
Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his  
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and c  
For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,  
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strang  
But he was phrensi'd,—wherefore, who  
Since cause might be which skill could n  
But he was phrensi'd by disease or woe  
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a r

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him  
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yo  
Those oracles which set the world in fla  
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were n  
Did he not this for France? which lay b  
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years ;  
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bc  
Till by the voice of him and his compes  
Roused up to too much wrath, which follow

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 refill'd,  
 As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

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 eaved 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 vanquish'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 dwellt in is a thing  
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved  
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprov'd,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so mov'd.

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 ;



That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal stat  
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye  
A beauty, and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have nan

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts to  
All heaven and earth are still :—From  
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain  
All is concentr'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defen

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;  
A truth, which through our being then  
And purifies from self : it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which m  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty ;—two  
The spectre death, had he substantial po

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make

The Spirit, in whose honour ~~prayer~~ are weak  
 Uprear'd of human hands. ~~prayer~~ ~~and~~ ~~columns~~  
 Columns and ideal-swallows, ~~prayer~~ or ~~columns~~.  
 With Nature's realms of worship, ~~prayer~~ and ~~art~~.  
 Nor fix on fond abodes ~~in~~ ~~circumstances~~ ~~my~~ ~~prayer~~

XIII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! In night,  
 And storm, and darkness, we are wandering strong;  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in winter. Far along  
 From peak to peak, the swelling mists among  
 Leaps the live thunder: Not from one lone cloud  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue.  
 And Jura answers through her misty throat  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who hail it her own.

XIV.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for summer, art not in  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight:  
 A portion of the temper and of time  
 How the lit lake strikes a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes crashing in the night!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now 'tis grey  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth.  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's mirth.

XV.

Now, where the swift Elvne follows his way between  
 Heights which appear as towers who have perished,  
 In hate, whose meeting depths in noise were  
 That they can meet no more, though voices heard:  
 Though in their souls, which thus each other towered,  
 Love was the very root of the final rage  
 Which blighted their life's season, and their departed  
 Itself expired, but leaving them at age  
 Of years all winters,—was without remorse or wage.

XVI.

Now, where the quick Elvne turns back that his way,  
 The mightiest of the storms back to his sound:  
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,  
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,

cribed orisons and prayer, whenever they may be, at the usual hours—of course, first  
 tly in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a  
 or cushion as required); the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are  
 ily absorbed, and only living in their supplications: nothing can disturb them. We  
 be simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the quiet watch appeared to be  
 in and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general: the want, one  
 performed in places of worship, of which I have seen none of almost every persuasion  
 or the sun—including most of our own nations, and the Greek, the Catholic, the  
 sultan, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mohammedan. Many of the negroes of Africa  
 a few numbers in the Turkish empire, one Malabar, and some few countries of their  
 of and its rites: some of these I had a nearer view of at Rome; and, from what I  
 I did make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Egiptian description, and not very  
 eable to a spectator.

The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 22d of June, 1835, at  
 night. I have seen, among the Astronomical observations of Chamonix, several more  
 ble, but none more beautiful.

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!  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
 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,  
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;  
 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!  
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;  
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above  
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught,  
 And sunset 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

he still cave and forest ; o'er the flower  
eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown  
soft and summer breath, whose tender power  
the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

GI.

thine are here of him ; from the black pines,  
which shade his 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,  
circling his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,  
covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,  
which light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood ;  
which give to him, and his, a populous solitude.

GII.

populous solitude of bees and birds,  
of fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,  
which worship him with notes more sweet than words,  
which innocently open their glad wings  
which are less and full of life ; the gush of springs,  
the fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
of hissing branches, and the bud which rings,  
the swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
which give, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

GIII.

who hath loved not, here would learn that fire,  
which make his heart a spirit ; he who knows  
not tender mystery, will love the more ;  
this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,  
the world's waste, have driven him far from those,  
'tis his nature to advance or die :  
which stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
a boundless blessing, which may vie  
with the immortal lights, in its eternity !

GIV.

was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
which bring it with affections ; but he found  
as the scene which passion must allot  
to the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the ground  
where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
which hallow'd it with loveliness ; 'tis lone,  
wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone  
which spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

GV.

Geneva ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes  
of names which unto you bequeath'd a name ;\*

\* Voltaire and Gibbon.

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 fias  
 Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while  
 On man and man's research could deign do more than see

## CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,  
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
 A wit as various,—gay—grave—sage—or wild—  
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;  
 He multiplied himself among mankind,  
 The Proteus of their talents : But his own  
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind  
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—  
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

## CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;  
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,  
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,  
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently 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,  
 'Twill 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 feed,  
 Until it seems prolonging without end.  
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,  
 And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er  
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
 To their most great and growing region, where  
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.



CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee  
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,  
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages;  
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,  
 The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
 Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,  
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
 Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel  
 We are not what we have been, and to deem  
 We are not what we should be,—and to steel  
 The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—  
 Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—  
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
 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,  
 And I not filed my mind, which thus itself 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  
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,

\*—"If it be thus,  
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind."—Macbeth.

And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
 Snares for the falling : I would also deem  
 O'er other's 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 wrapp'd 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,—'twere 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 wouldst 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 mightst have been to me !

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S., &amp;c.

Venice, January 2, 1813.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the completion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In passing upon such a trial, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the author, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, or any public favour reflected through the poem, on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found safe over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel, and truly sincere,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting,—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you, in its complete or at least concluded state, a poetical work which has been the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of ancestry have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or ately, been so much accustomed to the emanations of gratitude, as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,\* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for you, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree collects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slighty, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject are now a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the

\* His marriage.

writer; and the author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no just-entive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least deter our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to have run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language:—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci debiti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more feocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality,"—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

Non movero mai corda  
Ove la turba di sue ciance amorda.

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they will have their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever,

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

## I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand :  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles !

## II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
 And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowrs  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

## III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the ear :  
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

## IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,  
 And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—  
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,  
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

## V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray

And more beloved existence : that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,  
First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

## VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;  
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,  
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye :  
Yet there are things whose strong reality  
Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues  
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,  
And the strange constellations which the Muse  
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

## VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go,—  
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams ;  
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so :  
I could replace them if I would ; still seems  
My mind with many a form which aptly seems  
Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;  
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems  
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,  
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

## VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes  
Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find  
A country with—ay, or without mankind ;  
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—  
Not without cause ; and should I leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

## IX.

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remember'd in my line  
With my land's language : if too fond and far  
These aspirations in their scope incline,—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

## X.

My name from out the temple where the dead  
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—

And light the laurels on a loftier head !  
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
 "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."\*  
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;  
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree  
 I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed :  
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;  
 And, annual marriage new no more renew'd,  
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
 Neglected garment of her widowhood !  
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood  
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,  
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,  
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
 When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd dower.

XII.

The Suanian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—  
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt ;  
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains  
 Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt  
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt  
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
 Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt ;  
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo !  
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,  
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;  
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?  
 Are they not *bridled* ?—Venice, lost and won,  
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose !  
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,  
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,  
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre ;  
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
 The "Planter of the Lion," † which through fire  
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;  
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite ;  
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye  
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !  
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

\* The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers  
 † praised the memory of her son.  
 ‡ That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the  
 § *Pantaleon*—*Pantaleone*, *Pantaleon*, *Pantaleon*.

## XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file  
 Of her dead doges are declined to dust ;  
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile  
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;  
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,  
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,  
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must  
 Too oft remind her who and what intrals,  
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walks

## XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,  
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,\*  
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :  
 See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car  
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins  
 Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar  
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,  
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains

## XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,  
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot  
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot  
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
 Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should not  
 Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall  
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

## XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood ; she to me  
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;  
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,†  
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,  
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

## XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of  
 The present there is still for eye and thought,  
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough ;  
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought ;  
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought  
 Within the web of my existence, some

\* The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicetas.

† Venice Preserved ; Mysteries of Udolpho ; the Ghost-Seer, or Armetian ; the Band of Venice ; Othello.



From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:  
 There are some feelings Time cannot benumb,  
 Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

## XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow\*  
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,  
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below  
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks  
 Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks  
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame  
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks  
 Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,  
 And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

## XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
 In bare and desolated bosoms: mute  
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,  
 And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd  
 In vain should such example be; if they,  
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

## XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,  
 Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,  
 Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,  
 Return to whence they came— with like intent,  
 And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,  
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,  
 And perish with the reed on which they leant;  
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,  
 According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

## XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;  
 And slight withal may be the things which bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—  
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—  
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

## XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,

\* *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives  
 very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On  
 no spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,  
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,  
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
 The spectres whom no exorcisms can bind,  
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—*anew*,  
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

## XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back  
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track  
 Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land  
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,  
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be  
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,  
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

## XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!  
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;  
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other climes' fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced

## XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—  
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountain; Heaven is free  
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;  
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

## XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,  
 As Day and Night contending were, until  
 Nature reclaim'd her order;—gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
 Thé odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and glaz'd within it flows

## XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse :  
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

## XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,  
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
 The bones of Laura's lover : here repair  
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :  
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name  
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

## XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;  
 The mountain village where his latter days  
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—  
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,  
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain  
 And venerably simple, such as raise  
 A feeling more accordant with his strain  
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

## XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
 Is one of that complexion which seems made  
 For those who their mortality have felt,  
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd  
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,  
 Which shows a distant prospect far away  
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,  
 For they can lure no further ; and the ray  
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

## XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,  
 And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,  
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours  
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye  
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.  
 If from society we learn to live,  
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;  
 It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give  
 No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must strive t

## XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair  
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey  
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were  
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,  
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,  
 Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;  
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,  
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

## XXXV.

Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats  
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
 Of Este, which for many an age made good  
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore  
 Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood  
 Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore  
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before

## XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
 Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell !  
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,  
 And where Alfonso bade the poet dwell :  
 The miserable despot could not quell  
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend  
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
 Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

## XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time ; while thine  
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink  
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line  
 Is shaken into nothing ; but the link  
 Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—  
 Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink  
 From thee ! if in another station born,  
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn :

## XXXVIII.

*Thou !* form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,  
 Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou  
 Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty :  
*He !* with a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
 Which emanated then, and dazzles now,  
 In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
 And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
 No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,  
 That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire !

## XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade ! 'twas his  
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows ; but to miss.  
 Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !  
 Each year brings forth its millions ; but how long  
 The tide of generations shall roll on,  
 And not the whole combined and countless throng  
 Compose a mind like thine ? though all in one  
 Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

## XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,  
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,  
 The Bards of Hell and Chivary : first rose  
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine ;  
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,  
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth  
 A new creation with his magic line,  
 And, like the Ariosto of the North,  
 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

## XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust  
 The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves ;  
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
 For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves  
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,  
 And the false semblance but disgraced his brow ;  
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
 Know, that the lightning sanctifies below  
 Whate'er it strikes ;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

## XLII.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast  
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
 A funeral dower of present woes and past  
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,  
 And annals graved in characters of flame.  
 Oh, God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

## XLIII.

Then mightst thou more appal ; or, less desired,  
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
 For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,  
 Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd  
 Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde  
 Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
 Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword  
 Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
 Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

## XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,  
 The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,  
 The friend of Tully : as my bark did skim  
 The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,  
 Came Megara before me, and behind  
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,  
 And Corinth on the left ; I lay reclined  
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite  
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight ;

## XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd  
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,  
 Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd  
 The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light  
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.  
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,  
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite  
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

## XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine  
 His country's ruin added to the mass  
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,  
 And I in desolation : all that *was*  
 Of then destruction *is* ; and now, alas !  
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,  
 In the same dust and blackness, and we pass  
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,\*  
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

## XLVII.

Yet, Italy ! through every other land  
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side ;  
 Mother of Arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand  
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide ;  
 Parent of our Religion ! whom the wide  
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !  
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward drives,  
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

## XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
 Her oorn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps

\* It is Foglio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breathes  
 the exclamation, " Ut nunc omni decore vacante, prostratae sunt, sedes quædam et  
 corrupti atque undique excol."

To laughing life, with her redundant horn.  
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps  
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,  
 And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

## XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills  
 The air around with beauty ; we inhale  
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
 Part of its immortality ; the veil  
 Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale  
 We stand, and in that form and face behold  
 What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail ;  
 And to the fond idolaters of old  
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould :

## L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—  
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.  
 Away !—there need no words, nor terms precise,  
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes :  
 Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan shepherd's prize.

## LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise ?  
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,  
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies  
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War ?  
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,  
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy lips are  
 With lava kisses melting while they burn,  
 Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn ?

## LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,  
 Their full divinity inadequate  
 That feeling to express, or to improve,  
 The gods become as mortals, and man's fate  
 Has moments like their brightest ; but the weight  
 Of earth recoils upon us ;—let it go !  
 We can recall such visions, and create,  
 From what has been, or might be, things which grow  
 Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

## LIII.

I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,  
 The artist and his ape, to teach and tell  
 How well his *connoisseurship* understands  
*The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell :*

Let these describe the undescribable :  
 I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream  
 Wherein that image shall for ever dwell ;  
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

## LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
 Even in itself an immortality,  
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,  
 The particle of those sublimities  
 Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose  
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,  
 The starry Galileo, with his woes ;  
 Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

## LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,  
 Might furnish forth creation :—Italy !  
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents  
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
 And hath denied, to every other sky,  
 Spirits which soar from ruin : thy decay  
 Is still impregnate with divinity,  
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;  
 Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

## LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—  
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,  
 The Bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he  
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay  
 Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay  
 In death as life ? Are they resolved to dust,  
 And have their country's marbles nought to say !  
 Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust !  
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust !

## LVII.

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,  
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore :  
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,  
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore  
 Their children's children would in vain adore  
 With the remorse of ages ; and the crown  
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,  
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

## LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd  
 His dust,—and lies it not her great among,  
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breath'd,



him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue ?  
 t music in itself, whose sounds are song,  
 poetry of speech ? No ;—even his tomb  
 orn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,  
 more amidst the meaner dead find room,  
 aim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom* !

## LIX.

Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;  
 for this want more noted, as of yore  
 Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,  
 but of Rome's best Son remind her more.  
 pier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,  
 dress of falling empire ! honour'd sleeps  
 immortal exile ;—Arqua, too, her store  
 uneful relics proudly claims and keeps,  
 Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

## LX.

it is her pyramid of precious stones ?  
 orphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues  
 em and marble, to encrust the bones  
 merchant-dukes ? the momentary dews  
 ich, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse  
 shness in the green turf that wraps the dead,  
 ose names are mausoleums of the Muse,  
 gently prest with far more reverent tread  
 ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

## LXI.

re be more things to greet the heart and eyes  
 rno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,  
 re Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;  
 re be more marvels yet—but not for mine ;  
 I have been accustom'd to entwine  
 thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,  
 n Art in galleries : though a work divine  
 s for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
 han it feels, because the weapon which it wields

## LXII.

f another temper, and I roam  
 lhrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
 l to Roman rashness, more at home ;  
 there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
 e back before me, as his skill beguiles  
 host between the mountains and the shore,  
 are Courage falls in her despairing files,  
 . torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,  
 hrough the sultry plains, with legions scatter'd o'er,

## LXIII.

o to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;  
 such the storm of battle on this day,

And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !  
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

## LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw  
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds  
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw  
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds  
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words

## LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;  
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;  
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the plain  
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—  
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;  
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red

## LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave  
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave  
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear  
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer  
 Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !  
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;  
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—  
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

## LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,  
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
 Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps  
 Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps  
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,  
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;  
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails  
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bobbing tale

## LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !  
 If through the air a zephyr more serene  
 Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace  
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,  
 If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust  
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
 With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must  
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

## LXIX.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;  
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;  
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

## LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
 Is an eternal April to the ground,  
 Making it all one emerald :—how profound  
 The gulf ! and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

## LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea  
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
 Of a new world, than only thus to be  
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
 With many windings, through the vale :—Look back !  
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,  
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

## LXXII.

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,  
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
 By the distracted waters, bears serene  
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :  
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
*Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.*

## LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,  
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before  
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine  
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar  
 The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more;  
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar  
 Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near,  
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

## LXXIV.

Th' Acroceranian mountains of old name;  
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly  
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,  
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:  
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;  
 Athos, Olympus, *Ætna*, Atlas, made  
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,  
 All, save the lone Soracte's height, display'd  
 Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

## LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain  
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,  
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain  
 May he, who will, his recollections rake,  
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhor'd  
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,  
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word  
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

## LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd  
 My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught  
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,  
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
 By the impatience of my early thought,  
 That, with the freshness wearing out before  
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,  
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

## LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,  
 Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse  
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse:  
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,  
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,  
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,  
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

## LXXVIII.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

## LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,  
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;  
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;  
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,  
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?  
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

## LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,  
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;  
 She saw her glories star by star expire,  
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
 Where the car climb'd the Capitol ; far and wide  
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :  
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,  
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
 And say, " here was, or is," where all is doubly night !

## LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,  
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap  
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :  
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,  
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;  
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
 Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap  
 Our hands, and cry " Eureka ! " it is clear—  
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

## LXXXII.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !  
 The trebly hundred triumphs !\* and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !  
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
 And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be

\*Dionis gives 290 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinus, and  
 also by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.  
 Alas for Earth, for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

## LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,  
 Triumphant Sylla ! Thou, who didst subdue  
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel  
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due  
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew  
 O'er prostrate Asia ;—thou, who with thy frown  
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,  
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down  
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

## LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine  
 To what would one day dwindle that which made  
 Thee more than mortal ! and that so supine  
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid ?  
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd  
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd  
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,  
 Her rushing wings—Oh ! she who was Almighty hail'd !

## LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors ; but our own  
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell ; he  
 Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne  
 Down to a block—immortal rebel ! See  
 What crimes it costs to be a moment free  
 And famous through all ages ! but beneath  
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny ;  
 His day of double victory and death  
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

## LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course  
 Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day  
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,  
 And laid him with the earth's preceding clay,  
 And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,  
 And all we deem delightful, and consume  
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way,  
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb ?  
 Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom !

## LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue ! yet existent in  
 The austerest form of naked majesty,  
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,  
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,  
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,

An offering to thine altar from the queen  
Of gods and men, great Nemesis ! did he die,  
And thou, too, perish, Pompey ! have ye been  
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene !

## LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !  
She-wolf ! whose brazen-imag'd dugs impart  
The milk of conquest yet within the dome  
Where, as a monument of antique art,  
Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,  
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,  
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,  
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet  
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget !

## LXXXIX.

Thou dost ;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—  
The men of iron : and the world hath rear'd  
Cities from out their sepulchres ; men bled  
In imitation of the things they fear'd,  
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,  
At apish distance ; but as yet none have,  
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,  
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,  
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

## XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind  
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind  
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,  
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,  
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd  
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,  
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd  
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

## XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd ! But the man  
Who would have tamed his eagles down to fice,  
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,  
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,  
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be  
A listener to itself, was strangely framed ;  
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,  
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—  
At what ? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd !

## XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait  
For the sure grave to level him ; few years  
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,  
On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror rears

The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears  
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,  
 An universal deluge, which appears  
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,  
 And ebbs but to reflow !—Renew thy rainbow, God !

## XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?  
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,  
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,  
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale ;  
 Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil  
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale  
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,  
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much  
 light.

## XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,  
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage  
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,  
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
 Within the same arena where they see  
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

## XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between  
 Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,  
 Avert'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen—  
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,  
 And the intent of tyranny avow'd,  
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown  
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,  
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne :  
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

## XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
 And Freedom find no champion and no child  
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefil'd ?  
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,  
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar  
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled  
 On infant Washington ? Has Earth no more  
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore !

## XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,  
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been



To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;  
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,  
 And vile Ambition, that built up between  
 Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,  
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,  
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall  
 Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst--his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind ;  
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,  
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;  
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,  
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find  
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North ;  
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,  
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,  
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
 Standing with half its battlements alone,  
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,  
 The garland of eternity, where wave  
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown ;—  
 What was this tower of strength ? within its cave  
 What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid ?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,  
 Tomb'd in a palace ? Was she chaste and fair ?  
 Worthy a king's, or more—a Roman's bed ?  
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear ?  
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir ?  
 How lived—how loved—how died she ? Was she not  
 So honour'd—and conspicuously there,  
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,  
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot ?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they  
 Who love the lords of others ? such have been  
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.  
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,  
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,  
 Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war  
 Invererate in virtue ? Did she lean  
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar  
 Love from amongst her griefs ?—for such the affections are.

## CII.

Perchance she died in youth : it may be, bow'd  
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb  
 That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
 Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed  
 A sunset charm around her, and illumine  
 With hectic light the Hesperus of the dead,  
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

## CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,  
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver grey  
 On her long tresses, which might yet recall,  
 It may be, still a something of the day  
 When they were braided, and her proud array  
 And level, form were envied, praised, and eyed  
 By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray!  
 Thus much alone we know—Metella died,  
 The wealthiest Roman's wife : Behold his love or pride!

## CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee  
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,  
 Thou Tomb ! and other days come back on me  
 With recollected music, though the tone  
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan  
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;  
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind  
 Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind ;

## CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,  
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks  
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar  
 Which rushes on the solitary shore  
 Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :  
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store  
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer !  
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

## CVI.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony  
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night  
 The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,  
 As I now hear them, in the fading light  
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,  
 Answering each other on the Palatine,  
 With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,  
 And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine  
 What are our petty griefs !—let us not number mine.

## OVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown  
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown  
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd  
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
 Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls ?  
 Pronounce who can ; for all that Learning reap'd  
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount ! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

## OVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales ;  
 'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,  
 Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.  
 And History, with all her volumes vast,  
 Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here  
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd  
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,  
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words ! draw  
 near,

## CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here  
 There is such matter for all feeling :—Man !  
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,  
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan  
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,  
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd !  
 Where are its golden roofs ? where those who dared to build !

## CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
 Thou nameless column with the buried base !  
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow ?  
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.  
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,  
 Titus or Trajan's ! No—'tis that of Time :  
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace  
 Scoffing ; and apostolic statues climb  
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,\*

## CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,  
 And looking to the stars : they had contain'd  
 A spirit which with these would find a home,  
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,  
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,  
 But yielded back his conquests :—he was more

\* The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter ; that of Aurelius by St. Paul.

Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd  
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore  
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.

## CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place  
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep  
 Tarpeian! fittest goal of Treason's race,  
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap  
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap  
 Their spoils here! Yes; and in yon field below,  
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—  
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,  
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

## CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:  
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,  
 From the first hour of empire in the bud  
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;  
 But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,  
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes;  
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd  
 Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,  
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

## CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,  
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,  
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—  
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—  
 Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree  
 Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,  
 Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—  
 The forum's champion, and the people's chief—  
 Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

## CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
 As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art  
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair;  
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
 Who found a more than common votary there  
 Too much adoring; whatsoever thy birth,  
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

## CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled  
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face  
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un wrinkled,  
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,  
 Whose green, wild margin now no more expanse

Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,  
 Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base  
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
 The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled : the green hills  
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass  
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills  
 Of sunnier-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;  
 Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,  
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes  
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;  
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,  
 Kiss'd by the breath of heaven; seems colour'd by its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,  
 Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;  
 The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting  
 With her most starry canopy, and seating  
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befel !  
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting  
 Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell  
 Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,  
 Blend a celestial with a human heart ;  
 And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,  
 Share with immortal transports ? could thine art  
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,  
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—  
 The dull satiety which all destroys—  
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's !

CXX.

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,  
 Or water but the desert ; whence arise  
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,  
 Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,  
 Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,  
 And trees whose gums are poisons ; such the plants  
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion files  
 O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants  
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art—  
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—  
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see

The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;  
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,  
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
 And to a thought such shape and image given,  
 As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—wrong-  
 and riven.

## CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
 And fevers into false creation :—where,  
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?  
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?  
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare  
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,  
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again !

## CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure  
 Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds  
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure  
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's  
 Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds  
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;  
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
 Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone.

## CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—  
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,  
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—  
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.  
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,  
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—  
 For all are meteors with a different name,  
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

## CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,  
 Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
 Necessity of loving, have removed  
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
 Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;  
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
 And miscreator, makes and helps along  
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod

## CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in  
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,

This unradicable taint of sin,  
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,  
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be  
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—  
 Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,  
 And worse, the woes we see not—which thro' through  
 The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

## CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
 Abandonment of reason to resign  
 Our right of thought—our last and only place  
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :  
 Though from our birth the faculty divine  
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,  
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine  
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

## CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,  
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
 Her Coliseum stands : the moonbeams shine  
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine  
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

## CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,  
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,  
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
 His hand, but broke his scythes, there is a power  
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
 For which the palace of the present hour  
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

## CXXX.

Oh Time ! the beautifier of the dead,  
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—  
 Time ! the corrector where our judgments err,  
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,  
 For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,  
 Which never loses though it doth defer—  
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift  
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

## CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine  
 And temple more divinely desolate,  
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,  
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—  
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
 Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne  
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate  
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn  
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

## CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong  
 Loft the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!  
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—  
 Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss,  
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss,  
 For that unnatural retribution—just,  
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this  
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!  
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must

## CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incur'd  
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound  
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd  
 With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;  
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;  
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take  
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,  
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——  
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

## CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
 I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak  
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;  
 But in this page a record will I seek.  
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak  
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

## CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—  
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?  
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,  
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away!  
 And only not to desperation driven,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.



## CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
 Have I not seen what human things could do ?  
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
 To the small whisper of the aspaltry few,  
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,  
 Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,  
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

## CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain ;  
 But there is that within me which shall tire  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire ;  
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,  
 Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,  
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move  
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

## CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !  
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear  
 That we become a part of what has been,  
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,  
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.  
 And wherefore slaughter'd ? wherefore, but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not ?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot ?  
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

## CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch with a roar.

## CXLII.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
 He rock'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But wheré his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play,  
*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday !—  
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire  
 And unavenged !—Arise ! ye Goths and glut your ire !

## CXLIII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam ;  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,  
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream  
 Dashing or winding as the torrent strays ;  
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays  
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—  
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

## CXLIV.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reat'd  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.  
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd ?  
 Alas ! developed, opens the decay,  
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd :  
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

## CXLV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;  
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,  
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air  
 The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,  
 Like laurels on the bald first *Cæsar's* head ;  
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,  
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

## CXLVI.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;  
 “ When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;  
 “ And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own land  
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall  
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still  
 On their foundations, and unalter'd all ;  
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

## CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;  
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods  
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!  
 Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods  
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
 Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

## CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!  
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
 To art a model, and to him who treads  
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
 Her light through thy sole aperture; to those  
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads;  
 And they who feel for genius may repose  
 Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.

## CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon in whose dim drear light  
 What do I gaze on? Nothing: look again!  
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—  
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain:  
 It is not so; I see them full and plain—  
 An old man and a female young and fair,  
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
 The blood is nectar: but what doth she there,  
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

## CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took  
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,  
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook  
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—  
 What may the fruit be yet? I know not—Cain was Eve's.

## CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
 The milk of his own gift: it is her sire  
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
 Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire  
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can provide  
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher  
 Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side  
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such  
*tide.*

## CLL.

The starry fable of the milky way  
 Has not thy story's purity ; it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds :—Oh, holiest nurse!  
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

## CLLII.

Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,\*  
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles, —  
 Colossal copyist of deformity  
 Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's  
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils  
 To build for giants, and for his vain earth,  
 His shrunken ashes, raise this dome : How smiles  
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,  
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a bird!

## CLLIII.

But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb !  
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—  
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade ;  
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd  
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd ;

## CLLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook his former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

## CLV.

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;  
 And why ? it is not lessen'd ; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou

\* The Castle of St. Angelo.

Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
See thy God face to face as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

## CLVI.

Thou movest ; but increasing with the advance,  
Like climbing some great Alp which still doth rise,  
Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;  
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonise—  
All musical in its immensities ;  
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim

## CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,  
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;  
And as the ocean many bays will make  
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

## CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward sense  
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is  
That what we have of feeling most intense  
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,  
'Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

## CLIX.

Then pause and be enlighten'd ; there is more  
In such a survey than the sating gaze  
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore  
The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
Of art and its great masters, who could raise  
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;  
The fountain of sublimity displays  
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man  
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

## CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
Laocœn's torture dignifying pain—  
A father's love and mortal's agony  
With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain

The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
 The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain  
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

## CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
 The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;  
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright  
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye  
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

## CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,  
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
 And madden'd in that vision—are express'd  
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd  
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,  
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—  
 A ray of immortality—and stood  
 Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god !

## CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven  
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid  
 By him to whom the energy was given  
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd  
 With an eternal glory—which, if made  
 By human hands, is not of human thought ;  
 And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid  
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it sought  
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 't  
 wrought.

## CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
 The being who upheld it through the past ?  
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.  
 He is no more—these breathings are his last ;  
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,  
 And he himself as nothing :—if he was  
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd  
 With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—  
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

## CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all  
 That we inherit in its mortal shroud,

And spreads the dim and universal pall  
 Through which all things grow phantoms : and the cloud  
 Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,  
 Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
 A melancholy halo scarce allow'd  
 To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays  
 Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,  
 To gather what we shall be when the frame  
 Shall be resolved to something less than this  
 Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,  
 And wipe the dust from off the idle name  
 We never more shall hear,—but never more,  
 Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the same :  
 It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore  
 These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,  
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
 With some deep and immedicable wound ;  
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,  
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,  
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
 She clasps a babe to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,  
 'The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
 Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled  
 The present happiness and promised joy  
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,  
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !  
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,  
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to heave  
 Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd  
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,  
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !  
~~The~~ husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

## CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;  
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust  
 The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
 The love of millions ! How he did entrust  
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
 Darken above her bones, yet fondly deem'd  
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd  
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd  
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes :—'twas but a meteor beam'd

## CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung  
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung  
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate\*  
 Which tumbles mighty sovereigns, and hath flung  
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

## CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,  
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
 Good without effort, great without a foe ;  
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*—  
 How many ties did that stern moment tear !  
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast  
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,  
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest  
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best

## CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ! navell'd in the woody hills  
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears  
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills  
 The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares  
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;  
 And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears  
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,  
 All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

## CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves  
 Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar  
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves  
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,  
 "Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star

\* Mary died on the scaffold ; Elizabeth of a broken heart ; Charles V. a hermit : *Le XIV.* a bankrupt in means and glory ; Cromwell of anxiety ; and "the giant behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns & long but unprosperous reigns be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.



Rose o'er an empire :—but beneath thy right  
Tully reposed from Rome ;—and where yon bar  
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight  
The Sabino farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

## CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
And he and I must part,—so, let it be,—  
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;  
Yet once more let us look upon the sea :  
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,  
And from the Alban Mount we now behold  
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we  
Beheld it last by Calpe's rocks unfold  
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

## CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years—  
Long, though not very many,—since have done  
Their work on both ; some suffering and some tears  
Have left us nearly where we had begun :  
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run ;  
We have had our reward—and it is here,—  
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,  
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear  
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

## CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her !  
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being ? Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

## CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

## CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling green,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, and unknown.

## OLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

## OLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

## OLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

## OLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made : each zone  
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

## OLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast, to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—thy to me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

## CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme  
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit  
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.  
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit  
 My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—  
 Would it were worthier ! but I am not now  
 That which I have been—and my visions fiit  
 Less palpably before me—and the glow  
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

## CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—  
 A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell !  
 Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene  
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
 A single recollection, not in vain  
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell ;  
 Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,  
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain !

# B E P P O.



## I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout  
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,  
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,  
The people take their fill of recreation,  
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,  
However high their rank, or low their station.  
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking,  
And other things which may be had for asking.

## II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers  
The skies (and the more duskily the better),  
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers  
Begins, and Prudery flings aside her fetter ;  
And Gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,  
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her :  
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,  
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

## III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,  
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,  
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,  
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos ;  
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,  
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,  
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,—  
Therefore take heed, ye Froethinkers ! I charge ye.

## IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,  
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on  
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,  
Although you swore it only was in fun ;  
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires  
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,  
Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble  
That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

## V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er  
 You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,  
 Such as in Monmouth Street, or in Rag Fair,  
 Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;  
 And even in Italy such places are,  
 With prettier name in softer accents spoke,  
 For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on  
 No place that's call'd "Piazza" in Great Britain.

## VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being  
 Interpreted, implies "farewell to flesh :"  
 So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,  
 Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.  
 But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,  
 Is more than I can tell, although I guess  
 'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,  
 In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

## VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,  
 And solid meats, and highly-spiced ragouts,  
 To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,  
 Because they have no sauces to their stews,  
 A thing which causes many "poohs" and "pishes,"  
 And several oaths (which would not suit the Muso),  
 From travellers accustom'd from a boy  
 To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy ;

## VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend  
 "The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross  
 The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,  
 Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross  
 (Or if set out beforehand, these may send  
 By any means least liable to loss)  
 Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,  
 Or, by the Lord ! a Lent will well nigh starve ye

## IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,  
 And you at Rome would do as Romans do,  
 According to the proverb,—although no man,  
 If foreign, is obliged to fast ; and you,  
 If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,  
 Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—  
 Dine and be d—d ! I don't mean to be coarse,  
 But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

## X.

Of all the places where the Carnival  
 Was most facetious in the days of yore,  
 2 S

For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,  
 And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more  
 Than I have time to tell now, or at all,  
 Venice the bell from every city bore,—  
 And at the moment when I fix my story,  
 That sea-born city was in all her glory.

## X.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,  
 Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still,  
 Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,  
 In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;  
 And like so many Venuses of Titian's  
 (The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will,)  
 They look when leaning over the balcony,  
 Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione;

## XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best;  
 And when you to Manfrini's palace go,  
 That picture (howsoever fine the rest)  
 Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;  
 It may perhaps be also *your* seat,  
 And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so:  
 'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,  
 And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!

## XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,  
 No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,  
 But something better still, so very real,  
 That the sweet model must have been the same;  
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,  
 Were't not impossible, besides a shame:  
 The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,  
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again.

## XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we  
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;  
 And, oh! the loveliness at times we see  
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,  
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,  
 In many a nameless being we retrace,  
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,  
 Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.

## XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione  
 Venetian women were, and so they are,  
 Particularly seen from a balcony  
 (For beauty's sometimes best set off afar);  
 And there, just like a heroine of Golden,

They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;  
 And truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,  
 And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

## XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,  
 Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,  
 Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mercuries,  
 Who do such things because they know no better  
 And then, God knows what mischief may arise,  
 When love links two young people in one fetter,—  
 Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,  
 Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

## XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in *Désdemona*  
 As very fair, but yet suspect in *fâmie*,  
 And to this day from Venice to Verona  
 Such matters may be probably the same;  
 Except that since those times was never known a  
 Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame  
 To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,  
 Because she had a "cavalier servente."

## XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)  
 Is of a fair complexion altogether,  
 Not like that sooty devil of Othello's  
 Which smothers women in a bed of feather,  
 But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,  
 When weary of the matrimonial tether  
 His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,  
 But takes at once another, or another's.

## XIX.

Didst ever see a Gondola! For fear  
 You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:  
 'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,  
 Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly;  
 Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "Gondolier,"  
 It glides along the water looking blackly,  
 Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,  
 Where none can make out what you say or do.

## XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,  
 And under the Rialto shoot along,  
 By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,  
 And round the theatres, a sable throng,  
 They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—  
 But not to them do woeful things belong,  
 For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,  
 Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

## XXI.

But to my story.—'Twas some years ago,  
 It may be thirty, forty, more or less,  
 The Carnival was at its height, and so  
 Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress ;  
 A certain lady went to see the show,  
 Her real name I know not, nor can guess,  
 And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,  
 Because it slips into my verse with ease,

## XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years  
 Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"  
 Which yet the most uncertain age appears—  
 Because I never heard, nor could engage  
 A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,  
 To name, define by speech, or write on page,  
 The period meant precisely by that word,—  
 Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

## XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best  
 Of time, and time return'd the compliment,  
 And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,  
 She look'd extremely well where'er she went ;  
 A pretty woman is a welcome guest,  
 And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent ;  
 Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter  
 Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

## XXIV.

She was a married woman ; 'tis convenient,  
 Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule  
 To view their little slips with eyes more lenient ;  
 Whereas, if single ladies play the fool  
 (Unless within the period intervenient  
 A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool),  
 I don't know how they can get over it,  
 Except they manage never to discover it.

## XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,  
 And made some voyages, too, in other seas,  
 And when he lay in quarantine for pratique  
 (A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),  
 His wife would mount at times her highest attic,  
 For thence she could discern the ship with ease :  
 He was a merchant, trading to Aleppo,  
 His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly, Beppo.

## XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,  
 Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure ;  
 Though colour'd, as it were, within a tanyard,



He was a person both of sense and vigour—  
 A better scaman never yet did man yard ;  
 And she, although her manners show'd no rigour,  
 Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,  
 So much as to be thought almost invincible.

## XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met ;  
 Some people thought the ship was lost, and some  
 That he had somehow blundered into debt,  
 And did not like the thoughts of steering home ;  
 And there were several offer'd any bet,  
 Or that he would, or that he would not come ;  
 For most men (till by losing render'd sager)  
 Will back their own opinions with a wager.

## XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,  
 As partings often are, or ought to be,  
 And their presentiment was quite prophetic  
 That they should never more each other see  
 (A sort of morbid feeling half poetic  
 Which I have known occur in two or three),  
 When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,  
 He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

## XXIX.

And Laura waited long and wept a little,  
 And thought of wearing weeds as well she might ;  
 She almost lost all appetite for victual,  
 And could not sleep with ease alone at night ;  
 She deem'd the window-frames and shutters brittle  
 Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,  
 And so she thought it prudent to connect her  
 With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

## XXX.

She chose (and what is there they will not choose,  
 If only you will but oppose their choice ?)  
 Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,  
 And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,  
 A man some women like, and yet abuse—  
 A coxcomb was he by the public voice ;  
 A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,  
 And in his pleasures of great liberality.

## XXXI.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew  
 Music and dancing, fiddling, French, and Tuscan ;  
 The last not easy, be it known to you,  
 For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.  
*He was a critic upon operas, too,  
 And know all niceties of the sock and buskin.*

And no Venetian audience could endure a  
Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura!"

## XXXII.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound  
Hush'd "Academie" sigh'd in silent awe;  
The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,  
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.  
The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,  
Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah!"  
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,  
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

## XXXIII.

He patronized the Improvisatori,  
Nay, could himself extemporise some stanzas,  
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,  
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as  
Italians can be, though in this their glory  
Must surely yield the palm to that which France has;  
In short he was a perfect cavaliero,  
And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

## XXXIV.

Then he was faithful too, as well as amorous;  
So that no sort of female could complain,  
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,  
He never put the pretty souls in pain;  
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,  
Wax to receive, and marble to retain:  
He was a lover of the good old school,  
Who still becomes more constant as they cool.

## XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn  
A female head, however sage and steady—  
With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,  
In law he was almost as good as dead, he  
Nor sent nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,  
And she had waited several years already;  
And really if a man won't let us know  
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

## XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman  
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin),  
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;  
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,  
But "Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,  
And no one notices, nor cares a pin;  
And we may call this (not to say the worst,  
A *second* marriage which corrupts the first.

## XXXVII.

The word was formerly a "Cicisbeo,"  
 But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;  
 The Spaniards call the person a "*Cortejo*,"\*  
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;  
 In short, it reaches from the Po to Teio,  
 And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent:  
 But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!  
 Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

## XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference  
 To the fair *single* part of the creation,  
 That married ladies should preserve the preference  
 In *title-to-title* or general conversation—  
 And this I say without peculiar reference  
 To England, France, or any other nation—  
 Because they know the world, and are at ease,  
 And being natural, naturally please.

## XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,  
 But shy and awkward at first coming out,  
 So much alarm'd, that she is quite alarming,  
 All Giggle, Blush; half Pertness, and half Pout;  
 And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in  
 What you, she, it, or they may be about,  
 The nursery still lisps out in all they utter—  
 Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

## XL.

But "Cavalier Servente" is the phrase  
 Used in politest circles to express  
 This supernumerary slave, who stays  
 Close to the lady as a part of dress,  
 Her word the only law which he obeys.  
 His is no sinecure, as you may guess;  
 Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,  
 And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

## XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,  
 That Italy's a pleasant place to me,  
 Who love to see the Sun shine every day,  
 And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree  
 Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,  
 Or melodrama, which people flock to see,  
 When the first act is ended by a dance  
 In vineyards copied from the south of France.

*Cortejo* is pronounced *Cortisêo*, with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural.  
 None what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as  
 now as in any tramontane country whatever.

## XLII.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,  
 Without being forced to bid my groom be sure  
 My cloak is round his middle strapped about,  
 Because the skies are not the most secure ;  
 I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,  
 Where the green alleys windingly allure,  
 Reeling with grapes red waggons choke the way,—  
 In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

## XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,  
 To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,  
 Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as  
 A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,  
 But with all Heaven t' himself ; that day will break at  
 Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow  
 That sork of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
 Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

## XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,  
 Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
 And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,  
 With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,  
 And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,  
 That not a single accent seems uncouth,  
 Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,  
 Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all

## XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),  
 From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,  
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley  
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,  
 To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,  
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,  
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
 Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

## XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise !  
 Italian beauty ! didst thou not inspire  
 Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies  
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,  
 In what he hath bequeath'd us ?—in what guise,  
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,  
 Would words describe thy past and present glow,  
 While yet Canova can create below ?

## XLVII.

“ England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,”  
 I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;  
 I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;  
 I like the government (but that is not it) ;

I like the freedom of the press and quill ;  
 I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;  
 I like a parliamentary debate,  
 Particularly when 'tis not too late ;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;  
 I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear ;  
 I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any ;  
 Have no objection to a pot of beer ;  
 I like the weather, when it is not rainy,  
 That is, I like two months of every year.  
 And so God save the Regent, Church, and King !  
 Which means that I like all and everything.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,  
 Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,  
 Our little riots just to show we are free men,  
 Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,  
 Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,  
 All these I can forgive, and those forget,  
 And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
 And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find  
 Digression is a sin, that by degrees  
 Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,  
 And, therefore, may the reader too dispense—  
 The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,  
 And caring little for the author's ease,  
 Insist on knowing what he means, a hard  
 And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing  
 What should be easy reading ! could I scale  
 Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing  
 Those pretty poems never known to fail,  
 How quickly would I print (the world delighting)  
 A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale ;  
 And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,  
 Some samples of the finest Orientalism !

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,  
 (A broken Dandy lately on my travels)  
 And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,  
 The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,  
 And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,  
 Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils ;  
 I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,  
 But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

## LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,  
 Which lasted as arrangements sometimes do,  
 For half a dozen years without estrangement ;  
 They had their little differences, too ;  
 Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant ;  
 In such affairs there probably are few  
 Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,  
 From sinners of high station to the rabble.

## LIV.

But, on the whole, they were a happy pair,  
 As happy as unlawful love could make them ;  
 The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,  
 Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to br  
 them :  
 The world beheld them with indulgent air ;  
 The pious only wished " the devil take them !"  
 He took them not ; he very often waits,  
 And leaves old sinners to be young oncs' baits.

## LV.

But they were young : Oh ! what without our youth  
 Would love be ! What would youth be without love !  
 Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,  
 Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above :  
 But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—  
 One of few things experience don't improve,  
 Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows  
 Are always so preposterously jealous.

## LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said  
 Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so  
 Laura the usual preparations made,  
 Which you do when your mind's made up to go  
 To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,  
 Spectator, or partaker in the show ;  
 The only difference known between the cases  
 Is—*here*, we have six weeks of " varnish'd faces."

## LVII.

Laura, when dress'd, was (as I sang before)  
 A pretty woman as was ever seen,  
 Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,  
 Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,  
 With all the fashions which the last month wore,  
 Colour'd, and silver paper leaved between  
 That and the title-page, for fear the press  
 Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

## LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto ;—'tis a hall  
 Where people dance, and sup, and dance again ;

Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball ;  
 But that's of no importance to my strain ;  
 'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,  
 Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain :  
 The company is "mix'd" (the phrase I quote is  
 As much as saying, they're below your notice) ;

## LIX.

For a "mixed company" implies that, save  
 Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,  
 Whom you may bow to without looking grave,  
 The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore  
 Of public places, where they basely brave  
 The fashionable stare of twanty score  
 Of well-bred persons, call'd "*The World*;" but I,  
 Although I know them, really don't know why.

## LX.

This is the case in England ; at least was  
 During the dynasty of Dandies, now  
 Perchance succeeded by some other class  
 Of imitated imitators :—how  
 Irreparably soon decline, alas !  
 The demagogues of fashion : all below  
 Is frail ; how easily the world is lost  
 By love, or war, and now and then by frost !

## LXI.

Crushed was Napoleon by the northern Thor,  
 Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,  
 Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or  
 A blundering novice in his new French grammar ;  
 Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,  
 And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,  
 Because, were I to ponder to infinity,  
 The more I should believe in her divinity.

## LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,  
 She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage ;  
 I cannot say that she's done much for me yet ;  
 Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,  
 We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet  
 How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage  
 Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,  
 Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

## LXIII.

To turn,—and to return ;—the devil take it !  
 This story slips for ever through my fingers,  
 Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,  
 It needs must be—and so it rather lingers ;  
 This form of verse begun, I can't well break it,  
 But must keep time and tune like public singers ;

But if I once get through my present measure,  
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

## LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place  
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,  
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,  
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow  
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face  
May lurk beneath each mask; and as my sorrow  
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,  
Something shall leave it half an hour behind).

## LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;  
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;  
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,  
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,  
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;  
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still  
Her dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

## LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,  
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban!  
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,  
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,  
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,  
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,  
And lo! an eighth appears,—I'll see no more!"  
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

## LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,  
Others were levelling their looks at her;  
She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,  
And, till 'twas done, determined not to stir;  
The women only thought it quite amazing  
That, at her time of life, so many were  
Admirers still,—but men are so debased,  
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

## LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand  
Why naughty women—but I won't discuss  
A thing which is a scandal to the land,  
I only don't see why it should be thus;  
And if I were but in a gown and band,  
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,  
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly  
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

## LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen, and seeing, smiling,  
Talking, she knew not why, and cared not what,



So that her female friends, with envy broiling,  
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that ;  
And well-dress'd males still kept before her filing,  
And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat ;  
More than the rest one person seem'd to stare  
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

## LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany ;  
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,  
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,  
Although their usage of their wives is sad ;  
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any  
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad ;  
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,  
Four wives by law, and concubines " ad libitum."

## LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,  
They scarcely can behold their male relations,  
So that their moments do not pass so gaily  
As is supposed the case with northern nations ;  
Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely ;  
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,  
Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing,  
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

## LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism ;  
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse ;  
Were never caught 'n epigram or witticism,  
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—  
In harems learning soon would make a pretty schism !  
But luckily these beauties are no " Blues,"  
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em  
" That charming passage in the last new poem :"

## LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,  
Who having angled all his life for fame,  
And getting but a nibble at a time,  
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same  
Small " Triton of the minnows," the sublime  
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,  
The echo's echo, usher of the school  
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool !

## LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,  
The approving " Good !" (by no means GOOD in law),  
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,  
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,  
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,  
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,  
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,  
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

## LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, follows  
 In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,  
 So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,  
 One don't know what to say to them, or think,  
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows ;  
 Of coxcombr'y's worst coxcombs e'en the pink  
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,  
 These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

## LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,  
 Men of the world, who know the world like men;  
 Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,  
 Who think of something else besides the pen ;  
 But for the children of the "mighty mother's,"  
 The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,  
 I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"  
 Smug coterie, and literary lady.

## LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention  
 Have none of these instructive pleasant people,  
 And *one* would seem to them a new invention,  
 Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple ;  
 I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension  
 (Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)  
 A missionary author, just to preach  
 Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

## LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gases,  
 No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,  
 No circulating library amasses  
 Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures  
 Upon the living manners, as they pass us ;  
 No exhibition glares with annual pictures ;  
 They stare not on the stars from out their attics,  
 Nor deal (thank God for that !) in mathematics.

## LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,  
 I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,  
 And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,  
 I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose ;  
 I fear I have a little turn for satire,  
 And yet methinks the older that one grows  
 Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter  
 Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

## LXXX.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence ! Oh, Milk and Water !  
 Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !

In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,  
 Abominable Man no more allays  
 His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,  
 I love you both, and both shall have my praise:  
 Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!—  
 Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

## LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,  
 Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,  
 Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,  
 And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay."  
 Could staring win a woman, this had won her,  
 But Laura could not thus be led astray;  
 She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle  
 Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

## LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,  
 A turn of time at which I would advise  
 Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking  
 In any other kind of exercise,  
 To make their preparations for forsaking  
 The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,  
 Because when once the lamps and candles fail,  
 His blushes make them look a little pale.

## LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,  
 And stay'd them over for some silly reason,  
 And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)  
 To see what lady best stood out the season;  
 And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,  
 Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,  
 I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)  
 Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

## LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,  
 Although I might, for she was nought to me  
 More than that patent work of God's invention,  
 A charming woman, whom we like to see;  
 But writing names would merit reprehension,  
 Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,  
 At the next London or Parisian ball,  
 You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

## LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all  
 To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting  
 Among three thousand people at a ball,  
 To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting:  
 The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,

And they the room were on the point of quitting,  
When lo ! those cursed gondoliers had got  
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

## LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause  
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,  
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,  
They make a never intermitted bawling.  
At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,  
And here a sentry stands within your calling ;  
But for all that, there is a deal of swearing,  
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

## LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,  
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,  
Discussing all the dances gone and past ;  
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside ;  
Some little scandals eke : but all aghast  
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)  
Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,  
When lo ! the Mussulman was there before her.

## LXXXVIII.

" Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,  
" Your unexpected presence here will make  
It necessary for myself to crave  
Its import ? But perhaps 'tis a mistake ;  
I hope it is so ; and at once to waive  
All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake :  
You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."  
" Sir," (quoth the Turk) "'tis no mistake at all :

## LXXXIX.

" That lady is *my wife* !" Much wonder paints  
The lady's changing cheek, as well as it might ;  
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,  
Italian females don't do so outright ;  
They only call a little on their saints,  
And then come to themselves, almost or quite ;  
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,  
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

## XC.

She said—what could she say ? Why, not a word :  
But the Count courteously invited in  
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard :  
" Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss *with*,"  
Said he ; " don't let us make ourselves absurd  
In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,  
For then the chief and only satisfaction  
Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

## XCL

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd—it came,  
 A beverage for Turks and Christians both,  
 Although the way they make it's not the same.  
 Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth  
 To speak, cries "Beppo! what's your pagan name?  
 Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!  
 And how came you to keep away so long?  
 Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?"

## XCII.

"And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?  
 With any other women did you wive?  
 Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?  
 Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!  
 You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.  
 And how so many years did you contrive  
 To—Bless me! Did I ever? No, I never  
 Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?"

## XCIII.

"Beppo, that beard of yours becomes you not;  
 It shall be shaved before you're a day older:  
 Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—  
 Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?  
 How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot  
 In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder  
 Should find you out, and make the story known.  
 How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's grown!"

## XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands  
 Is more than I know. He was cast away  
 About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;  
 Became a slave of course, and for his pay  
 Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands  
 Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,  
 He joined the rogues and prosper'd, and became  
 A renegade of indifferent fame.

## XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so  
 Keen the desire to see his home again,  
 He thought himself in duty bound to do so,  
 And not be always thieving on the main;  
 Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,  
 And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,  
 Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacca,  
 Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

## XCVI.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten!) cash,  
 He then embark'd, with risk of life and limb,

And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;  
*He* said that *Providence* protected him—  
 For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash  
 In our opinions:—well, the ship was trim,  
 Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,  
 Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

## XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading,  
 And self and live stock, to another bottom,  
 And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading  
 With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.  
 However, he got off by this evading,  
 Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;  
 And thus at Venice landed to reclaim  
 His wife, religion, house and Christian name.

## XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him  
 (He made the church a present, by the way);  
 He then threw off the garments which disguised him,  
 And borrow'd the Count's smallclothes for a day:  
 His friends the more for his long absence prised him,  
 Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,  
 With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,  
 For stories—but *I* don't believe the half of them.

## XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age  
 With wealth and talking make him some amends;  
 Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,  
 I've heard the Count and he were always friends.  
 My pen is at the bottom of a page,  
 Which being finish'd, here the story ends;  
 'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,  
 But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

# MAZEPPA.

## ADVERTISSEMENT.

Qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme Polonois. Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat de Podolie : il avait été élevé jeune Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. On ignore qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec sa femme et un grand nombre d'enfants, ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lire tout au sur un cheval, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de Pologne, et y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa. On dit que de quelques paysans le secoururent : il resta long-temps parmi eux, et vint à se faire plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La courtoisie des amis lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosaques : son action s'augmentant de jour en jour changea le Czar à le faire le l'Ukraine."—VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles XII.* p. 196.

Qui fuyant, et possédé, est son cheval tout sous lui; le Colonel lassé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Aussi on remonta à cheval, dans sa fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter la bataille."—*Id.*, p. 216.

Il alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse se rompit dans la marche; on le remonta à cheval. Pour comble de malheur, il s'égara pendant la nuit dans un bois; et, sans secours ne plus suppléer à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure plus insupportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de sa selle, il se coucha quelques heures au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs, qui le cherchaient de près."—*Id.*, p. 218.

### L

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,  
When fortune left the royal Swede,  
Around a slaughter'd army lay,  
No more to combat and to bleed.  
The power and glory of the war,  
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,  
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,  
And Moscow's walls were safe again,  
Until a day more dark and drear,  
And a more memorable year,  
Should give to slaughter and to shame  
A mightier host and haughtier name;  
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,  
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

## II.

Such was the hazard of the die ;  
 The wounded Charles was taught to fly  
 By day and night through field and flood,  
 Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood ;  
 For thousands fell that flight to aid :  
 And not a voice was heard t' upbraid  
 Ambition in his humbled hour,  
 When truth had nought to dread from power.  
 His horse was slain, and Gieta gave  
 His own—and died the Russians' slave.  
 This too sinks after many a league  
 Of well sustain'd but vain fatigue ;  
 And in the depth of forests, darkling  
 The watch-fires in the distance sparking—  
 The beacons of surrounding foes—  
 A king must lay his limbs at length.  
 Are these the laurels and repose  
 For which the nations strain their strength ?  
 They laid him by a savage tree,  
 In outworn nature's agony ;  
 His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—  
 The heavy hour was chill and dark ;  
 The fever in his blood forbade  
 A transient slumber's fitful aid :  
 And thus it was ; but yet through all,  
 Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,  
 And made, in this extreme of ill,  
 His pangs the vassals of his will :  
 All silent and subdued were they,  
 As once the nations round him lay.

## III.

A band of chiefs !—alas ! how few,  
 Since but the fleeting of a day  
 Had thinn'd it ; but this wreck was true  
 And chivalrous : upon the clay  
 Each sat him down, all sad and mute,  
 Beside his monarch and his steed,  
 For danger levels man and brute,  
 And all are fellows in their need.  
 Among the rest, Mazeppa made  
 His pillow in an old oak's shade—  
 Himself as rough, and scarce less old,  
 The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold ;  
 But first, outspent with this long course,  
 The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,  
 And made for him a leafy bed,  
 And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,  
 And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,  
 And joy'd to see how well he fed ;  
 For until now he had the dread  
 His wearied courser might refuse  
 To browse beneath the midnight dew.



But he was hardy as his lord,  
 And little cared for bed and board ;  
 But spirited and docile too,  
 Whate'er was to be done, would do.  
 Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,  
 All Tartar-like he carried him ;  
 Obey'd his voice, and came to call,  
 And knew him in the midst of all :  
 Though thousands were around,—and Night,  
 Without a star, pursued her flight,—  
 That steed from sunset until dawn  
 His chief would follow like a fawn.

## IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,  
 And laid his lance beneath his oak,  
 Felt if his arms in order good  
 The long day's march had well withstood—  
 If still the powder fill'd the pan,  
 And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—  
 His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,  
 And whether they had chafed his belt—  
 And next the venerable man,  
 From out his havresack and can,  
 Prepared and spread his slender stock ;  
 And to the monarch and his men  
 The whole or portion offer'd then  
 With far less of inquietude  
 Than courtiers at a banquet would.  
 And Charles of this his slender share  
 With smiles partook a moment there,  
 To force of cheer a greater show,  
 And seem above both wounds and woe ;  
 And then he said—"Of all our band,  
 Though firm of heart and strong of hand,  
 In skirmish, march, or forage, none  
 Can less have said or more have done  
 Than thee, Mazeppa ! On the earth  
 So fit a pair had never birth,  
 Since Alexander's days till now,  
 As thy Bucephalus and thou :  
 All Scythia's fame to thine should yield  
 For pricking on o'er flood and field."  
 Mazeppa answer'd—"Ill betide  
 The school wherein I learn'd to ride !"  
 Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman, wherefore sc  
 Since thou hast learn'd the art so well ?"  
 Mazeppa said—"Twere long to tell ;  
 And we have many a league to go,  
 With every now and then a blow,  
 And ten to one at least the foe,  
 Before our steeds may graze at ease,  
 Beyond the swift Borysthenes :  
 And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,

And I will be the sentinel  
 Of this your troop."—"But I request,"  
 Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell  
 This tale of thine, and I may reap,  
 Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;  
 For at this moment from my eyes  
 The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track  
 My seventy years of memory back:  
 I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—  
 Ay, 'twas,—when Casimir was king—  
 John Casimir,—I was his page  
 Six summers, in my earlier age:  
 A learned monarch, faith! was he,  
 And most unlike your majesty:  
 He made no wars, and did not gain  
 New realms to lose them back again;  
 And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)  
 He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;  
 Not that he had no cares to vex;  
 He loved the muses and the sex;  
 And sometimes these so froward are,  
 They made him wish himself at war;  
 But soon his wrath being o'er, he took  
 Another mistress, or new book;  
 And then he gave prodigious fêtes—  
 All Warsaw gather'd round his gates  
 To gaze upon his splendid court,  
 And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:  
 He was the Polish Solomon,  
 So sung his poets, all but one,  
 Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,  
 And boasted that he could not flatter.  
 It was a court of jousts and mimes,  
 Where every courtier tried at rhymes;  
 Even I for once produced some verses,  
 And sign'd my odes 'Despairing Thyrsis.'  
 There was a certain Palatine,  
 A count of far and high descent,  
 Rich as a salt or silver mine;  
 And he was proud, ye may divine,  
 As if from heaven he had been sent:  
 He had such wealth in blood and ore  
 As few could match beneath the throne;  
 And he would gaze upon his store,  
 And o'er his pedigree would pore,  
 Until by some confusion led,  
 Which almost look'd like want of head,  
 He thought their merits were his own.  
 His wife was not of his opinion;  
 His junior she by thirty years,  
 Grew daily tired of his dominion;  
 And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,

To virtue a few farewell tears,  
 A restless dream or two, some glances  
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,  
 Awaited but the usual chances,  
 Those happy accidents which render  
 The coldest dames so very tender,  
 To deck her Count with titles given,  
 'Tis said, as passports into heaven ;  
 But, strange to say, they rarely boast  
 Of these, who have deserved them most.

## V.

"I was a goodly stripling then ;  
 At seventy years I so may say,  
 That there were few, or boys or men,  
 Who, in my dawning time of day,  
 Of vassal or of knight's degree,  
 Could vie in vanities with me ;  
 For I had strength, youth, gaiety,  
 A port, not like to this ye see,  
 But smooth, as all is rugged now ;  
 For time, and care, and war, have plough'd  
 My very soul from out my brow ;  
 And thus I should be disavow'd  
 By all my kind and kin, could they  
 Compare my day and yesterday ;  
 This change was wrought, too, long ere age  
 Had ta'en my features for his page :  
 With years, ye know, have not declined  
 My strength, my courage, or my mind,  
 Or at this hour I should not be  
 Telling old tales beneath a tree,  
 With starless skies my canopy.  
 But let me on : Theresa's form—  
 Methinks it glides before me now,  
 Between me and yon chestnut's bough,  
 The memory is so quick and warm ;  
 And yet I find no words to tell  
 The shape of her I loved so well :  
 She had the Asiatic eye,  
 Such as our Turkish neighbourhood  
 Hath mingled with our Polish blood,  
 Dark as above us is the sky ;  
 But through it stole a tender light,  
 Like the first moonrise of midnight ;  
 Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,  
 Which seem'd to melt to its own beam ;  
 All love, half languor, and half fire,  
 Like saints that at the stake expire,  
 And lift their raptured looks on high,  
 As though it were a joy to die.  
 A brow like a midsummer lake,  
 Transparent with the sun therein,  
 When waves no murmur dare to make,

And heaven beholds her face within.  
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed?  
 I loved her then—I love her still;  
 And such as I am, love indeed  
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.  
 But still we love even in our rage,  
 And haunted to our very age  
 With the vain shadow of the past,  
 As is Mazeppa to the last.

## VI.

“We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh’d,  
 She did not speak, and yet replied;  
 There are ten thousand tones and signs  
 We hear and see, but none defines—  
 Involuntary sparks of thought,  
 Which strike from out the heart o’erwrought,  
 And form a strange intelligence,  
 Alike mysterious and intense,  
 Which link the burning chain that binds,  
 Without their will, young hearts and minds:  
 Conveying, as the electric wire,  
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.  
 I saw, and sigh’d—in silence wept,  
 And still reluctant distance kept,  
 Until I was made known to her,  
 And we might then and there confer  
 Without suspicion—then, even then,  
 I long’d, and was resolved to speak;  
 But on my lips they died again,  
 The accents tremulous and weak,  
 Until one hour.—There is a game,  
 A frivolous and foolish play,  
 Wherewith we while away the day;  
 It is—I have forgot the name—  
 And we to this, it seems, were set,  
 By some strange chance, which I forgot:  
 I reck’d not if I won or lost,  
 It was enough for me to be  
 So near to hear, and oh! to see  
 The being whom I loved the most.  
 I watch’d her as a sentinel,  
 (May ours this dark night watch as well!)  
 Until I saw, and thus it was,  
 That she was pensive, nor perceived  
 Her occupation, nor was grieved  
 Nor glad to lose or gain; but still  
 Play’d on for hours, as if her will  
 Yet bound her to the place, though not  
 That hers might be the winning lot.  
 Then through my brain the thought did pass  
 Even as a flash of lightning there,  
 That there was something in her air  
 Which would not doom me to despair;

And on the thought my words brok' for'h,  
 All incoherent as they were ;  
 Their eloquence was little worth,  
 But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—  
 Who listens once will listen twice ;  
 Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,  
 And one refusal no rebuff.

## VII.

“ I loved, and was beloved again—  
 They tell me, sire, you never knew  
 Those gentle frailties ; if 'tis true,  
 I shorten all my joy or pain ;  
 To you 'twould seem absurd as vain ;  
 But all men are not born to reign,  
 Or o'er their passions, or as you  
 Thus o'er themselves and nations too.  
 I am—or rather *was*— a prince,  
 A chief of thousands, and could lead  
 Them on where each would foremost lince ;  
 But could not o'er myself evince  
 The like control.—But to resume :  
 I loved, and was beloved again ;  
 In sooth, it is a happy doom,  
 But yet where happiest ends in pain.  
 We met in secret, and the hour  
 Which led me to that lady's bower  
 Was fiery Expectation's dower.  
 My days and nights were nothing—all  
 Except that hour which doth recall  
 In the long lapse from youth to ago  
 No other like itself : I'd give  
 The Ukraine back again to live  
 It o'er once more, and be a page,  
 The happy page, who was the lord  
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,  
 And had no other gem nor wealth  
 Save nature's gift of youth and health.  
 We met in secret—doubly sweet,  
 Some say, they find it so to meet ;  
 I know not that—I would have given  
 My life but to have call'd her mine  
 In the full view of earth and heaven ;  
 For I did oft and long repine  
 That we could only meet by stealth.

## VIII.

“ For lovers there are many eyes,  
 And such there were on us ;—the devil  
 On such occasions should be civil—  
 The devil !—I'm loth to do him wrong,  
 It might be some untoward saint,  
 Who would not be at rest too long,



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for robust data management systems and the importance of regular data audits to ensure the integrity and accuracy of the information.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the role of technology in enhancing data collection and analysis. It discusses the use of advanced software solutions and the integration of artificial intelligence to streamline data processing and generate valuable insights.

4. The fourth part of the document addresses the challenges associated with data collection and analysis, such as data quality issues, privacy concerns, and the need for skilled personnel to manage and interpret the data effectively.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and recommendations. It stresses the importance of a data-driven approach in decision-making and the need for continuous improvement in data management practices.

## X.

" Away !—away !—My breath was gone—  
 I saw not where he hurried on :  
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
 And on he foam'd—away !—away !—  
 The last of human sounds which rose,  
 As I was darted from my foes,  
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
 Which on the wind came roaring after  
 A moment from that rabble rout :  
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,  
     And snapp'd the cord which to the mane  
     Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,  
 And, writhing half my form about,  
 How'd back my curse ; but 'midst the tread,  
 The thunder of my courser's speed,  
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed :  
 It vexes me—for I would fain  
 Have paid their insult back again.  
 I paid it well in after days :  
 There is not of that castle-gate,  
 Its drawbridge and portecullis weight,  
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;  
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,  
     Save what grows on a ridge of wall,  
     Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall ;  
 And many a time ye there might pass,  
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.  
 I saw its turrets in a blaze,  
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,  
     And the hot lead pour down like rain  
     From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,  
     Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.  
     They little thought that day of pain,  
 When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,  
 They bade me to destruction dash,  
     That one day I should come again,  
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank  
     The Count for his uncourteous ride.  
 They play'd me then a bitter prank,  
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,  
 They bound me to his foaming flank :  
 At length I play'd them one as frank—  
 For time at last sets all things even—  
     And if we do but watch the hour,  
     There never yet was human power  
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
 The patient search and vigil long  
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

## XI.

" Away, away, my steed and I,  
     Upon the pinions of the wind,

All human dwellings left behind ;  
 We sped like meteors through the sky,  
 When with its crackling sound the night  
 Is chequer'd with the northern light :  
 Town—village—none were on our track,  
 But a wild plain of far extent,  
 And bounded by a forest black ;

And, save the scarce seen battlement  
 On distant heights of some strong hold,  
 Against the Tartars built of old,  
 No trace of man. The year before  
 A Turkish army had marched o'er ;  
 And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,  
 The verdure flies the bloody sod :  
 The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,

And a low breeze crept moaning by—  
 I could have answered with a sigh—  
 But fast we fled, away, away,  
 And I could neither sigh nor pray ;  
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
 Upon the courser's bristling mane ;  
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,  
 He flew upon his far career :

At times I almost thought, indeed,  
 He must have slacken'd in his speed ;  
 But no—my bound and slender frame

Was nothing to his angry might,  
 And merely like a spur became :  
 Each motion which I made to free  
 My swoln limbs from their agony

Increas'd his fury and affright :  
 I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,  
 But yet he swerv'd as from a blow ;  
 And, starting to each accent, sprang  
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang :  
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,  
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;  
 And in my tongue the thirst became  
 A something fierier far than flame.

## XII.

"We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,  
 I saw no bounds on either side ;  
 'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,  
 That bent not to the roughest breeze  
 Which howls down from Siberia's waste,  
 And strips the forest in its haste,—  
 But these were few and far between,  
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,  
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,  
 Ere strawn by those autumnal eves  
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,  
 Discolour'd with a lifeless red,  
 Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore,



Upon the slain when battle's o'er,  
 And some long winter's night hath shed  
 Its frosts o'er every tombless head,  
 So cold and stark the raven's beak  
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :  
 'Twas a wild waste of underwood,  
 And here and there a chestnut stood,  
 The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;  
 But far apart—and well it were,  
 Or else a different lot were mine—  
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
 My limbs ; and I found strength to bear  
 My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—  
 My bonds forbade to loose my hold.  
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;  
 By night I heard them on the track,  
 Their troop came hard upon our back,  
 With their long gallop, which can tire  
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :  
 Where'er we flew they follow'd on,  
 Nor left us with the morning sun ;  
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
 At daybreak winding through the wood,  
 And through the night had heard their feet  
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
 Oh ! how I wish'd for spear or sword,  
 At least to die amidst the horde,  
 And perish—if it must be so—  
 At bay, destroying many a foe !  
 When first my courser's race begun,  
 I wish'd the goal already won ;  
 But now I doubted strength and speed.  
 Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed  
 Had nerved him like the mountain-roe ;  
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow  
 Which whelms the peasant near the door  
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,  
 Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,  
 Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—  
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild ;  
 All furious as a favour'd child  
 Balk'd of its wish ; or fiercer still—  
 A woman piqued—who has her will.

## XIII.

" The wood was pass'd ; 'twas more than noon,  
 But chill the air, although in June ;  
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—  
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold ;  
 And I was then not what I seem,  
 But headlong as a wintry stream,  
 And wore my feelings out before  
*I well could count their causes o'er :*

And what with fury, fear and wrath,  
 The tortures which beset my path,  
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,  
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness ;  
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood  
 When stirred beyond its calmer mood,  
 And trodden hard upon, is like  
 The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,  
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?  
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,  
 I seem'd to sink upon the ground ;  
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.  
 My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,  
 And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more :  
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;  
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
 Which saw no farther : he who dies  
 Can die no more than then I died.  
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,  
 I felt the blackness come and go ;  
 And strove to wake ; but could not make  
 My senses climb up from below :  
 I felt as on a plank at sea,  
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,  
 At the same time upheave and whelm,  
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.  
 My undulating life was as  
 The fancied lights that fitting pass  
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when  
 Fever begins upon the brain ;  
 But soon it pass'd, with little pain,  
 But a confusion worse than such :  
 I own that I should deem it much,  
 Dying, to feel the same again ;  
 And yet I do suppose we must  
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust :  
 No matter ; I have bared my brow  
 Full in Death's face—before—and now.

## XIV.

" My thoughts came back ; where was I ! Cold,  
 And numb and giddy : pulse by pulse  
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,  
 And throb by throb,—till grown a pang  
 Which for a moment would convulse,  
 My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill ;  
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,  
 My heart began once more to thrill  
 My sight return'd, though dim ; alas !  
 And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.  
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh,  
 There was a gleam too of the sky,

Studded with stars ;—it is no dream ;  
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream !  
 The bright, broad river's gushing tide  
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,  
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
 To yon unknown and silent shore.  
 The waters broke my hollow trance,  
 And with a temporary strength

My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.  
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves,  
 And dashes off the ascending waves,  
 And onward we advance !  
 We reach the slippery shore at length,  
 A haven I but little prized,  
 For all behind was dark and drear,  
 And all before was night and fear,  
 How many hours of night or day  
 In those suspended pangs I lay,  
 I could not tell ; I scarcely knew  
 If this were human breath I drew.

## XV.

“ With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
 Up the repelling bank.  
 We gain the top ; a boundless plain  
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,  
 And onward, onward, onward, seems,  
 Like precipices in our dreams,  
 To stretch beyond the sight ;  
 And here and there a speck of white,  
 Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,  
 In masses broke into the light,  
 As rose the moon upon my right :  
 But nought distinctly seen  
 In the dim waste would indicate  
 The omen of a cottage gate ;  
 No twinkling taper from afar  
 Stood like a hospitable star ;  
 Not even an ignis-fatuus rose  
 To make him merry with my woes :  
 That very cheat had cheer'd me then !  
 Although detected, welcome still,  
 Reminding me, through every ill,  
 Of the abodes of men.

## XVI.

“ Onward we went—but slack and slow ;  
 His savage force at length o'erspent,  
 The drooping courser, faint and low,  
 All feebly foaming went.  
 A sickly infant had had power  
 To guide him forward in that hour ;

But useless all to me :  
 His new-born tameness nought avail'd—  
 My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd,  
 Perchance, had they been free.  
 With feeble effort still I tried  
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied,  
 But still it was in vain ;  
 My limbs were only wrung the more,  
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,  
 Which but prolong'd their pain :  
 The dizzy race seem'd almost done,  
 Although no goal was nearly won :  
 Some streaks announced the coming sun--  
 How slow, alas ! he came !  
 Methought that mist of dawning grey  
 Would never dapple into day ;  
 How heavily it roll'd away—  
 Before the eastern flame  
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,  
 And call'd the radiance from their cars,  
 And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,  
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

## XVII.

" Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl'd  
 Back from the solitary world  
 Which lay around—behind—before.  
 What boot'd it to traverse o'er  
 Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,  
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;  
 No sign of travel—none of toil ;  
 The very air was mute ;  
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,  
 Nor matin bird's new voice was borne  
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,  
 Panting as if his heart would burst,  
 The weary brute still stagger'd on ;  
 And still we were—or seem'd—alone.  
 At length, while reeling on our way,  
 Methought I heard a courser neigh,  
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
 Is it the wind those branches stirs ?  
 No, no ! from out the forest prance  
 A trampling troop ; I see them come !  
 In one vast squadron they advance !  
 I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.  
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;  
 But where are they the reins to guide ?  
 A thousand horse—and none to ride !  
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
 Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,  
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
 And feet that iron never shod,

And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,  
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
     Came thickly thundering on,  
 As if our faint approach to meet ;  
 The sight re-nerv'd my courser's feet,  
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
 A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
     He answer'd and then fell ;  
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
     And reeking limbs immoveable,  
     His first and last career is done !  
 On came the troop—they saw him stoop,  
     They saw me strangely bound along  
     His back with many a bloody thong :  
 They stop—they start—they snuff the air,  
 Gallop a moment here and there,  
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
 Headed by one black mighty steed,  
 Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,  
     Without a single speck or hair  
 Of white upon his shaggy hide ;  
 They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside  
 And backward to the forest fly,  
 By instinct, from a human eye.  
     They left me there to my despair,  
 Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,  
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,  
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,  
 From whence I could not extricate  
 Nor him nor me—and there we lay,  
     The dying on the dead !  
 I little deem'd another day  
     Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“ And there from morn till twilight bound,  
 I felt the heavy hours toil round,  
 With just enough of life to see  
 My last of suns go down on me,  
 In hopeless certainty of mind,  
 That makes us feel at length resign'd  
 To that which our foreboding years  
 Present the worst and last of fears :  
 Inevitable—even a boon,  
 Nor more unkind for coming soon,  
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,  
 As if it only were a snare  
     That prudence might escape :  
 At times both wish'd for and implored,  
 At times sought with self-pointed sword  
 Yet still a dark and hideous close  
 To even intolerable woes,  
 And welcome in no shape.

And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,  
 They who have revell'd beyond measure  
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,  
 Die calm, or calmer, oft than he  
 Whose heritage was misery :  
 For he who hath in turn run through  
 All that was beautiful and new,  
 Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave ;  
 And, save the future (which is view'd  
 Not quite as men are base or good,  
 But as their nerves may be endued,)  
 With nought perhaps to grieve :  
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,  
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,  
 Appears, to his distemper'd eyes,  
 Arriv'd to rob him of his prize,  
 The tree of his new Paradise.  
 To-morrow would have given him all,  
 Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall ;  
 To-morrow would have been the first  
 Of days no more deplored or curst,  
 But bright, and long, and beckoning years,  
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,  
 Guerdon of many a painful hour ;  
 To-morrow would have given him power  
 To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—  
 And must it dawn upon his grave ?

## XVIII.

“The sun was sinking—still I lay  
 Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed ;  
 I thought to mingle there our clay ;  
 And my dim eyes of death had need,  
 No hope arose of being freed :  
 I cast my last looks up the sky,  
 And there between me and the sun  
 I saw the expecting raven fly,  
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,  
 Ere his repast begun ;  
 He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,  
 And each time nearer than before ;  
 I saw his wing through twilight flit,  
 And once so near me he alit,  
 I could have smote, but lack'd the strength ;  
 But the slight motion of my hand,  
 And feeble scratching of the sand,  
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,  
 Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,  
 Together scared him off at length.  
 I know no more—my latest dream  
 Is something of a lovely star  
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,  
 And went and came with wandering beam,  
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense

Sensation of recurring sense,  
 And then subsiding back to death,  
 And then again a little breath,  
 A little thrill, a short suspense,  
 An icy sickness curdling o'er  
 My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain  
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
 A sigh, and nothing more.

## XIX.

"I woke—Where was I?—Do I see  
 A human face look down on me?  
 And dōth a roof above me close?  
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
 Is this a chamber where I lie?  
 And is it mortal yon bright eye,  
 That watches me with gentle glance?  
 I closed my own again once more,  
 As doubtful that my former trance  
 Could not as yet be o'er.  
 A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,  
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;  
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,  
 Even with my first return of thought;  
 For ever and anon she threw  
 A prying, pitying glance on me  
 With her black eyes so wild and free:  
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew  
 No vision it could be,—  
 But that I lived and was released  
 From adding to the vulture's feast:  
 And when the Cossack maid beheld  
 My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,  
 She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,  
 But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made  
 With lip and finger signs that said,  
 I must not strive as yet to break  
 The silence, till my strength should be  
 Enough to leave my accents free;  
 And then her hand on mine she laid,  
 And smooth'd the pillow for my head,  
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,  
 And gently oped the door, and spake  
 In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!  
 Even music follow'd her light feet;  
 But those she call'd were not awake,  
 And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,  
 Another look on me she cast,  
 Another sign she made, to say,  
 That I had nought to fear, that all  
 Were near, at my command or call,  
 And she would not delay  
 Her due return:—while she was gone,  
 Methought I felt too much alone.

## XX.

"She came with mother and with sire—  
 What need of more?—I will not tire  
 With long recital of the rest,  
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.  
 They found me senseless on the plain—  
     They bore me to the nearest hut—  
 They brought me into life again—  
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!  
     Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
 His rage, refining on my pain,  
     Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
 To pass the desert to a throne,—  
     What mortal his own doom may guess?  
 Let none despond, let none despair!  
 To-morrow the Borysthene  
 May see our coursers graze at ease  
 Upon his Turkish bank,—and never  
 Had I such welcome for a river  
     As I shall yield when safely there.  
 Comrades, good night!"—The Hetman throw  
     His length beneath the oak-tree shade,  
     With leafy couch already made,  
 A bed nor comfortless nor new  
 To him, who took his rest whene'er  
 The hour arrived, no matter where:  
     His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.  
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot  
 To thank his tale, he wondered not,—  
     The king had been an hour asleep.



## MISCELLANEOUS

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### EPIGRAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL.

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,  
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well ;  
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,  
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last ;  
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,  
He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carri-on*.

---

### FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal swail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh ;  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor dares nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel :  
I only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

---

### WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years.

## BYRON'S POEMS.

Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss ;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sank 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.

If 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 cherished 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, anything, but—mean.

---

WELL ! THOU ART HAPPY.

WELL ! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too ;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, at it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill 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 kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it—and repressed 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 couldst thou trace ;  
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream  
 Remembrance never must awake :  
 Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?  
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

---

 INSCRIPTION

## THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.\*

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 rest 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.

*This monument is still a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead. The  
 dog is the inscription by which the verses are preceded :—*

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, Mny, 1803.  
 And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

## TO A LADY,

OR 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.

## REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

REMIND me not, remind me not,  
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,  
When all my soul was given to thee;  
Hours that may never be forgot,  
Till time unnerves our vital powers,  
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,  
When playing with thy golden hair,  
How quick thy fluttering heart did move!  
Oh ! by my soul, I see thee yet,  
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,  
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,  
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
As half reproached yet raised desire,  
And still we near and nearer prest,  
And still our glowing lips would meet,  
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,  
And bid their lids each other seek,  
Veiling the azure orbs below;  
While their long lashes darken'd gloss  
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,  
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,  
 And, sooth to say, that very dream  
 Was sweeter in its phantasy,  
 Than if for other hearts I burn'd,  
 For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam  
 In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,  
 Of hours which, though for ever gone,  
 Can still a pleasing dream restore,  
 Till thou and I shall be forgot,  
 And senseless as the mouldering stone  
 Which tells that we shall be no more.

## THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,  
 Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
 When all our feelings were the same  
 As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue  
 Confess'd a love which equal'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 know,  
 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 shall 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;  
 But 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.

#### 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 overwhelm 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 cross'd,  
 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.

'Twould 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.

---

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.

## A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,

*which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.*

THE Moorish King rides up and down  
Through Granada's royal town ;  
From Elvira's gates to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Letters to the monarch tell  
How Alhama's city fell :  
In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama !

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,  
And through the street directs his course ;  
Through the street of Zacatin  
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama !

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,  
On the moment he ordain'd  
That the trumpet straight should sound  
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama !

And when the hollow drums of war  
Beat the loud alarm afar,  
That the Moors of town and plain  
Might answer to the martial strain.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Then the Moors, by this aware  
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,  
One by one, and two by two,  
To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama !

Out then spake an aged Moor  
In these words the king before,  
" Wherefore call on us, oh King ?  
What may mean this gathering ? "

Woe is me, Alhama !

" Friends ! ye have, alas ! to know  
Of a most disastrous blow,  
That the Christians, stern and bold,  
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold. "

Woe is me, Alhama !

Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see,

## BYRON'S POEMS.

“ Good King ! thou art justly served,  
 Good King ! this thou hast deserved.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

“ By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
 The Abencerrage, Granada's flower ;  
 And strangers were received by thee  
 Of Cordova the Chivalry.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

“ And for this, oh King ! is sent  
 On thee a double chastisement :  
 Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
 One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

“ He who holds no laws in awe,  
 He must perish by the law ;  
 And Granada must be won,  
 And thyself with her undone.”  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,  
 The Monarch's wrath began to rise,  
 Because he answered, and because  
 He spake exceeding well of laws.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

“ There is no law to say such things  
 As may disgust the ear of kings : ” —  
 Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
 The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !  
 Though thy beard so hoary be,  
 The King hath sent to have thee seized,  
 For Alhama's loss displeased.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

And to fix thy head upon  
 High Alhambra's loftiest stone ;  
 That this for thee should be the law,  
 And others tremble when they saw.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Cavalier, and man of worth !  
 Let these words of mine go forth ;  
 Let the Moorish Monarch know,  
 That to him I nothing owe.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

“ But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
 And on my inmost spirit preys ;  
 And if the King his land hath lost,  
 Yet others may have lost the most.  
 Woe is me, Alhama !

"Sires have lost their children, wives  
 Their lords, and valiant men their lives ;  
 One what best his love might claim  
 Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.  
     Woe is me, Alhama !

" I lost a damsel in that hour,  
 Of all the land the loveliest flower ;  
 Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
 And think her ransom cheap that day."  
     Woe is me, Alhama !

And as these things the old Moor said,  
 They severed from the trunk his head ;  
 And to the Alhambra's wall with speed  
 'Twas carried, as the King decreed.  
     Woe is me, Alhama !

And men and infants therein weep  
 Their loss, so heavy and so deep :  
 Granada's ladies, all she rears  
 Within her walls, burst into tears.  
     Woe is me, Alhama !

And from the windows o'er the walls  
 The sable web of mourning falls ;  
 The King weeps as a woman o'er  
 His loss, for it is much and sore.  
     Woe is me, Alhama !

---

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,  
 And my bark is on the sea ;  
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
     Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate ;  
 And, whatever sky's above me,  
     Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,  
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;  
 Though a desert should surround me,  
     It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasped upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
     'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour  
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

## 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 beauteous mate !  
 And art thou changed, and canst thou hate !

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow :  
 What wretch with me would barter woe !  
 My bird ! relent : one note could give  
 A charm to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,  
 In silent anguish I sustain ;  
 And still thy heart, without partaking  
 One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison ; fear not thou !  
 Thou canst not murder more than now :  
 I've lived to curse my natal day,  
 And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,  
 Can patience preach thee into rest !  
 Alas ! too late, I dearly know  
 That joy is harbinger of woe.

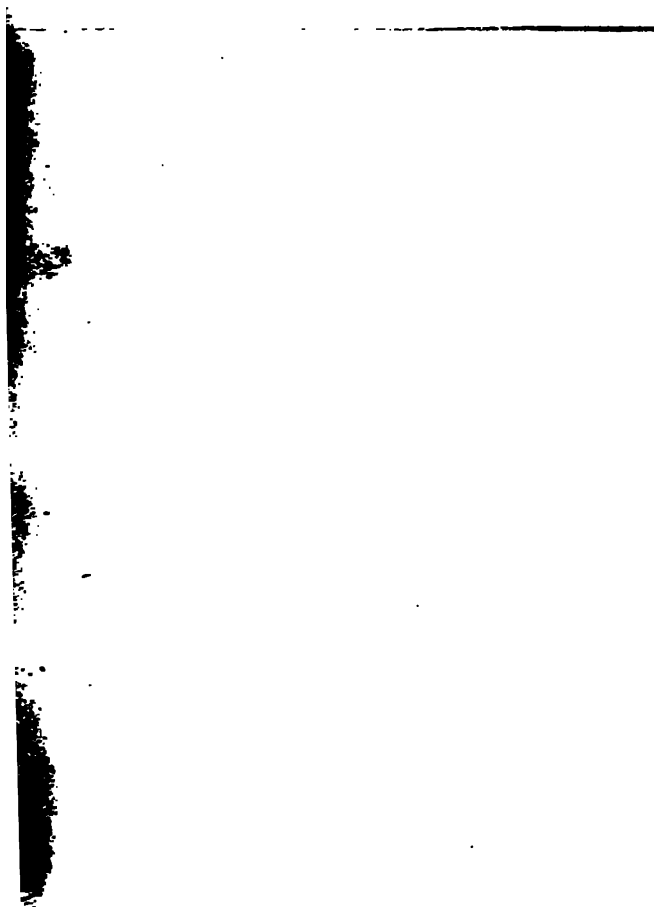






A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamina."

"Don Juan" act 2, sc. 1







A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis."

"Descent" Act II, Sc. 1.

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## EXTRACTS FROM DON JUAN.

### THE ISLES OF GREECE.\*

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.

The Scian and the Teian 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." †

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 free ;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat 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 ‡

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 ?

the Pieces following, to the end, are, from their great beauty and unobjectionable character, extracted from Don Juan.

the " Islands of the Blest," of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape Islands or the Canaries.

† " Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw  
This havoc ; for his seat, a lofty mound  
Commanding the wide sea, o'ersaw'd the hosts.  
With rueful cries he roared, " O' my robes,  
And through his troops as they fled on the shore  
Gave signal of retreat ; they started wild  
And fled disorder'd."—ÆSCHYLUS.

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
 For what is left the poet here ?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers' blood  
 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 !

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 ! "  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

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 !

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 ?

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.

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.

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,

**F**rust not for freedom to the Franks—  
**T**hey have a king who buys and sells :  
**I**n native swords, and native ranks,  
**T**he only hope of courage dwells ;  
**B**ut Turkish force and Latin fraud  
**W**ould break your shield, however broad.

**F**ill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
**O**ur virgins dance beneath the shade—  
**I** see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
**B**ut gazing on each glowing maid,  
**M**y own the burning tear-drop laves,  
**T**o think such breasts must suckle slaves.

**P**lace me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
**W**here nothing save the waves and I,  
**M**ay hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
**T**here, swan-like, let me sing and die :  
**A** land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
**D**ash down yon cup of Samian wine !

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#### FAME.

**W**HAT is the end of Fame ! 'Tis but to fill  
**A** certain portion of uncertain paper :  
**S**ome liken it to climbing up a hill,  
**W**hose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour ;  
**F**or this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,  
**A**nd bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"  
**T**o have, when the original is dust,  
**A** name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

**W**hat are the hopes of man ? Old Egypt's King  
**C**heops erected the first pyramid  
**A**nd largest, thinking it was just the thing  
**T**o keep his memory whole, and mummy hid ;  
**B**ut somebody or other rummaging  
**B**urglariously broke his coffin's lid ;  
**L**et not a monument give you or me hopes,  
**S**ince not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

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#### THE SHIPWRECK.

**T**HE wind  
**I**ncreased at night, until it blew a gale ;  
**A**nd though 'twas not much to a naval mind,  
**S**ome landmen would have look'd a little pale,  
**F**or sailors are, in fact, a different kind :  
**A**t sunset they began to take in sail,  
**F**or the sky show'd it would come on to blow,  
**A**nd carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift  
 Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,  
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,  
 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.

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,  
 While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

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  
 To all the brother tars who may have need hence ;  
 For fifty tons of water were upthrown  
 By them per hour, and they had all been undone,  
 But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

As day advanced, the weather seem'd to abate,  
 And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,  
 And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet  
 Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.  
 The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late  
 A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,  
 A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—  
 Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

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 :  
 Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,  
 And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

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.

It may be easily supposed, while this  
 Was going on, some people were unquiet,

That passengers would find it much amiss  
 To lose their lives as well as spoil their diet ;  
 That even the able seaman, deeming his  
 Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,  
 As upon such occasions tars will ask  
 For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

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 th  
 qualms  
 Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws :  
 Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,  
 Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

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.

" Give us more grog," they cried, " for it will be  
 All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, " No !  
 'Tis 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.

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 peril past)  
 To quit his academic occupation,  
 In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,  
 To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

But now there came a flash of hope once more ;  
 Day broke, and the wind lull'd : the masts were gone,  
 The leak increased ; shoals round her, but no shore,  
 The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.  
 They tried the pumps again, and though before  
 Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,  
 A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—  
 The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was pass'd,  
 And for the moment it had some effect ;  
 But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,  
 Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect ?



But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,  
 'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd :  
 And though 'tis true that man can only die once,  
 'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

These 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.

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.

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.

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.

The ship was evidently settling now  
 Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,  
 Some went to prayers again, and made a vow  
 Of candles to their saints—but there were none  
 To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;  
 Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one  
 That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,  
 Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks ; some put on  
 Their best clothes, as if going to a fair ;  
 Some cursed 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.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,  
 Having been several days in great distress,  
 'Twas difficult to get out such provision  
 As now might render their long suffering loss :  
 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.

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 luncheon—  
 Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

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.

'Twas 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.

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.

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'ercrowded with their crews ;  
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
 And, going down headforemost—sunk, in short.

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 yawn'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.

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.

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 there were too many, though so few—  
 Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,  
 Were counted in them when they got afloat.

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.

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.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jose's,  
 His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,  
 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, and after him he leap'd.

He also stuff'd his money where he could  
 About his person, and Pedrillo's too,  
 Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,  
 Not knowing what himself to say or do,  
 As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;  
 But Juan, trusting they might still get through,  
 And deeming there were remedies for any ill,  
 Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,  
 That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,  
 Though on the wave's high top too much to set,  
 They dared not take it in for all the breeze :  
 Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,  
 And made them bale without a moment's ease,  
 So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,  
 And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still  
 Kept above water, with an ear for mast,  
 Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill  
 Instead of sail, were to the ear 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.

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 clothes but rags.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space  
 Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;  
 They did their best to modify their case,  
 One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,  
 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.

'Tis 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.

'Tis 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.

But man is a carnivorous production,  
 And must have meals, at least one meal a day ;  
 He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,  
 But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey ;

Although his anatomical construction  
 Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,  
 Your labouring people think beyond all question,  
 Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.

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.

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 !  
 And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,  
 But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,  
 It would have been more wise to save their victual.

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.

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 denied)  
 As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
 Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
 Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day and no wind—the burning sun  
 Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,  
 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.

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,  
 'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found :  
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

EXTRACTS FROM DON JUAN.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,  
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth  
When dried to summer dust ; till taught by pain,  
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,  
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

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 rung 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.

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.

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.

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 gazed,  
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,  
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.

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  
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast,  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

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  
 Wav'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.

It changed, of course; a heavenly chameleon.

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 box without the muffle).

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—

It is well to think so, now and then;  
 'Twas 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.

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.

But in this case I also must remark,  
 'Twas 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.

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;

Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"  
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—  
 Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,  
 And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,  
 When he who had the watch sung out and swore,  
 If 'twas 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.

And then of these some part burst into tears,  
 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.

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.

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 toss'd,  
 So changeable had been the winds that blew ;  
 Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the highland  
 Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other islands.

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 not 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.

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 smoothed 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.

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 ashore,—and overset her.

But in his native stream, the *Guadalquiver*,  
*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. Ekenhvæd, and I did.

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.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,  
 Which providentially for him, was wash'd  
 Just as his feeble arms could strike go more,  
 And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas 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 :  
 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.

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.

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.

How long in his 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 spite.

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.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth  
 Seem'd almost prying into his for breath ;  
 And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth  
 Recall'd his answering spirits back from death ;  
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe  
 Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
 To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung  
 Around his scarce-clad limbs ; and the fair arm  
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ;  
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,  
 Pillow'd his death-like forehead ; then she wrung  
 His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm ;  
 And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew  
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

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 whatso'er  
 She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

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  
 In braids behind ; and though her stature were  
 Even of the highest for a female mould,  
 They nearly reach'd her heel ; and in her air  
 There was a something which bespoke command,  
 As one who was a lady in the land.

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,  
 'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,  
 And hurls at once his venom and his strength.  
 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—  
 I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
 Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

And such was she, the lady of the cave :  
 Her dress was very different from the Spanish,  
 Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;  
 For, as you know, the Spanish women banish  
 Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wate  
 Around them (what I hope will never vanish)  
 The basquina and the mantilla, they  
 Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case  
 Her dress was many-colour'd, 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  
 Flash'd on her little hand ; but, what was shocking,  
 Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

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.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both  
 With food and raiment, and those soft attentions  
 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.\*

### FIRST LOVE.

'Tis 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 ;

\* " Patricians o'er the blazing fire  
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire ;  
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains,  
 Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains." *Part's Feast.*

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;  
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high  
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;  
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
 'Tis 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.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
 Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
 From city 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.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
 The unexpected death of some old lady,  
 Or gentleman 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.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
 By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end  
 To strife ; 'tis 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.

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.

## EVENING.

**Ave Maria!** blessed be the hour,  
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
 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 crept through the rosy air,  
 And yet the forest leaves seem stirr'd with prayer.

**Ave Maria!** 'tis the hour of prayer!  
**Ave Maria!** 'tis the hour of love!  
**Ave Maria!** may our spirits dare  
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!  
**Ave Maria!** oh that face so fair!  
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—  
 What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike—  
 That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

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.

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!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
 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.

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;

\* See Fragment of Sappho.

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.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish 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 !\*

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.

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 HAIDEE.

THEY 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,  
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,  
 Had done their work of splendour ; Indian mats  
 And Porsian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,  
 Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and cats,  
 And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gur.  
 Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's  
 To say, by degradation)—mingled there  
 As plentiful as in a court, or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and  
 The tables, most of ebony inlaid

\* " Era già l' ora che volge 'l desio,  
 A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore ;  
 Lo di ch' han detto a' dolci amici a dio ;  
 E che lo nuovo peregrin' d' amore  
 Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,  
 Che pais ' giorno pianger che al muore."

DAVID'S Purgatory, canto viii.  
 This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment.  
 † See Suetonius for this fact

With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,  
Or 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.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:

She wore two jellicks—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 jellick's fellow,  
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,  
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

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 inclosed the whitest skin  
That e'er by precious metal was held in.\*

Around, as princess of her father's land,  
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd,†  
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;  
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold  
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.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel  
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun  
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal  
Her person if allow'd at large to run,‡  
And still they seem resentfully to feel  
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun  
Their bonds whene'er some zephyr caught began  
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

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,

\* This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive, hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

† The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

‡ This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the hair.

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.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged  
 (It is the country's custom), 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.

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 refinèd gold, or paint the lily."

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#### VAIN REGRETS.

BUT now at thirty years my hair is gray—  
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty ?  
 I 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 invincible.

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.

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.



"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,\*  
 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.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
 The least glance better understood than words,  
 Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much ;  
 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  
 To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard

All these were theirs, for they were children still,  
 And children still they should have ever been ;  
 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.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found  
 Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys  
 As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;  
 And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,  
 For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound  
 By the mere senses ; and that which destroys  
 Most love—possession, unto them appear'd  
 A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

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#### THE ASSASSINATION.

THE other evening ('twas 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—'twas eight o'clock scarce past—  
 And, running out as fast as I was able,†  
 I found the military commandant  
 Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.

\* See Herodotus.

† The assassination alluded to took place on the 6th of December, 1820, in the street of Ravenna, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

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,

As is a slave by his intended bidder.  
 'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures ;  
 And all are to be sold, if you consider  
 Their passions, and are dext'rous ; some by features  
 Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,  
 Some by a place—as tend their years or natures ;  
 The most by ready cash—but all have prices,  
 From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care,  
 Turn'd to the merchant, and began 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.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,  
 And pulling out reluctant purses, and  
 Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling  
 Some down, and weighing others in their hand,  
 And by mistake sequins with paras jumbling,  
 Until the sum was accurately scann'd,  
 And then the merchant, giving change, and signing  
 Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

I wonder if his appetite was good ?  
 Or, if it were, if also his digestion !  
 Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,  
 And conscience ask a curious sort of question  
 About the right divine, how far we should  
 Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppress'd one,  
 I think it is, perhaps, the gloomiest hour  
 Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

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### THE LOVERS.

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.*

And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne!"  
 'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity  
 For me, for I would rather take my wine  
 With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city.  
 But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,  
 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,—

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,  
 Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear  
 streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black wall*,\*  
 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—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

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;  
 I "*scotch'd*, not kill'd," the Scotchman in my blood,  
 And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

### THE DREAM.

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, threatening her;  
 And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,  
 Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were  
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—  
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

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,

\* The brig of Don, near the "auld town" of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and pass over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side, saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was years of age:—

"Brig of Balgounie, black's your seat,  
 Wit a wife's an son, and a man's an foe,  
 Down ye shall fa'!"

Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid :  
 'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet  
 Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,  
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

The dream changed :—in a cave she stood, its walls  
 Were 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  
 The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,  
 Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,  
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,  
 Which she essay'd in vain to clear (how sweet  
 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.

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#### F A M E .

OF poets who come down to us through distance  
 Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,  
 Life seems the smallest portion of existence ;  
 Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,  
 'Tis 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, 'tis nothing but cold snow.

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 'twere identify their dust  
 From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,  
 Leaves nothing till "the coming of the just"—  
 Save change : I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,  
 And heard Troy doubted ; time will doubt of Rome.

The very generations of the dead  
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,  
 Until the memory of an age is fled,  
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom :  
 Where are the epitaphs our fathers read ?  
 Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom  
 Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,  
 And lose their own in universal death.

I canter by the spot each afternoon  
 Where periah'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.\*

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 columbar :  
 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.

Yet there will still be bards : though fame is smoke,  
 Its fumes are frankincense to human thought ;  
 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 but a passion,—  
 Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

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.

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## LOVE AND GLORY.

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.

\* The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city, the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forlì. Gaston de Foix, who gave the battle, was killed in it: there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. The precise state of the pillar and its site is described in the text.

## THE MANIAC.

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 handmaids bore  
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;  
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,  
 But she defied all means they could employ,  
 Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

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.

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.—

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  
 Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,  
 For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

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  
 Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat  
 Were tried in vain by those who served; she gavo  
 No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

\* is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. see Francis Focari, on his deposition in 1437, hearing the bells of St. Mark on the election of his successor, "mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une qui s'éleva dans sa poitrine" (see Elmendorf and Daru, vols. I. and II.) at of eighty years, when "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood." "Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in the space, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;  
 Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away ;  
 She recognized no being, and no spot,  
 However dear or cherish'd in their day ;  
 They changed from room to room, but all forget,  
 Gentle, but without memory she lay ;  
 At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning ;  
 Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning ;

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 heart re-sent :  
 And he began a long low island song  
 Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall  
 In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,  
 And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through all  
 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,  
 Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short 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.

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.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at last,  
 Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
 A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd :  
 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 !

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 sca's,  
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

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THE BLACK FRIAR.

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.

Though he came in his might, with 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.

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.

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 :  
*But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,*  
*And they seem of a parted soul.*



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.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,  
 And he'll say nought to you ;  
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,  
 As o'er the grass the dew.  
 Then grammarcy ! for the Black Friar ;  
 How canst thou win him ! fair or foul,  
 And whatsoever may be his prayer,  
 Let ours be for his soul.

#### NORMAN OR NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

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  
 Witnail : it lies perhaps a little low,  
 Because the monks prefer'd a hill behind  
 To shelter their devotion from the wind.

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 thunderstroke ;  
 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.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed  
 By a rivor, 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 fix'd upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,  
 Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,  
 Its shriller 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  
 Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,  
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile  
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart  
 In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.  
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:  
 The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,  
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,  
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;  
 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.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,  
 With her Son in her bless'd arms, look'd round,  
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;  
 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.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,  
 Streaming from off the sun like seraphs' wings,  
 Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,  
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings  
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when  
 The wind is wing'd from one point of heaven,  
 There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then  
 Is musical—a dying accent driven  
 Through the huge arch, which soars and sings again.  
 Some deem it but the distant echo given  
 Back to the night wind by the waterfall,  
 And harmonized by the old choral wall:

Others, that some original shape, or form  
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power  
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm  
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)  
 To this grey ruin with a voice to charm,  
 Sad, but serene, it aways o'er tree or tower;  
 The cause, I know not, nor can solve; but such  
 The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,  
 Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—  
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
 And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:  
 The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,  
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
 Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

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.

Hugo halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd  
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,  
 Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined,  
 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.

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#### JULIA'S PORTRAIT.

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 soul  
 Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole

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.

## JUAN IN LOVE.

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 material 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.

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.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,  
 Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,  
 And how the deuce they ever could have birth ;  
 And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,  
 How many miles the moon might have in girth,  
 Of air-balloons, and of the many bars  
 To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies ;—  
 And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern  
 Longings sublime, and aspirations high,  
 Which some are born with, but the most part learn  
 To plague themselves withal, they know not why :  
 'Twas strange that one so young should thus concern  
 His brain about the action of the sky ;  
 If *you* think 'twas philosophy that this did,  
 I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

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 missed 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.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,  
 Boscan, or Garcilasso ;—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 'twere one whereon magicians bind  
 Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,  
 According to some good old woman's tale.

## A SCENE IN GREECE.

And further on a troop of Grecian girls,  
 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  
 Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—  
 (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.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,  
 Small social parties just begun to dine;  
 Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,  
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,  
 And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
 Above them their dessert grew on its vine;  
 The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er  
 Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

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.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,  
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,  
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,  
 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.

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).

## TWILIGHT.

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 Casarean 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 !

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,  
 And vesper bells 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.

O 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 hearth-stone 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.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish 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 !

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.

---

#### A GROUP OF BEAUTIES.

Of those who had most genius for this sort  
 Of sentimental friendship, there were three,  
 Lolah, Katinka, and Dudu ; 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 connexion.

Lolah was dusk as India, and as warm ;  
 Katinka was a Georgian, 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 Dudu'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.

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudu,  
 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, 'twould puzzle to say where  
 It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

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.

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,  
 Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame !"  
 Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,  
 To poor Katinka : "Spain's an island near  
 Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

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#### A PICTURE.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
 Stands on her tripod, agonised, and full  
 Of inspiration gather'd from distress,  
 When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull  
 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.

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 further course, but must receive its wreck.

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.

---

### WAR.

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.

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, were conquest to advance.  
 The drying up a single tear has more  
 Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

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.

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 undone  
 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 watchword till the future shall be free.



## CONTEMPORARY POETS.

Sir Walter reign'd before me ; Moore and Campbell  
 Before and after ; but now grown more holy,  
 The Muses upon Siop'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 !

Still he excels that artificial hard  
 Labourer in the same vineyard, though the vine  
 Yields him but vinegar for his reward.—  
 That neutralized dull Dorus of the Nine ;  
 That swarthy Sporus, neither man or bard :  
 That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every line :—  
 Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least  
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.

Then there's my gentle Euphues ; who, they say,  
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;  
 He'll find it rather difficult some day  
 To turn out both, or either, it may be.  
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway ;  
 And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three ;  
 And that deep-mouth'd Bœotian "Savage Landor"  
 Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

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 ;  
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,\*  
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

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  
 Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but dirty.

\* "Divine particulum aura."

## WORLDLY WEALTH.

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  
 Canonisation for the selfsame cause,—  
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?  
 Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;  
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

He is your only poet;—passion, pure,  
 And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays  
*Possesses't*, 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;  
 While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dyes  
 Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

The lands on either side are his: the ship  
 From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads  
 For him the fragrant produce of each trip;  
 Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,  
 And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;  
 His very cellars might be kings' abodes;  
 While he, despising every sensual call,  
 Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,  
 To build a college, or to found a race,  
 An hospital, a church,—and leave behind  
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face.  
 Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind  
 Even with the very ore which makes them base;  
 Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,  
 Or revel in the joys of calculation.

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 transaction,  
 Wars, revels, love—do these bring men more ease  
 Than the mere plodding through each “vulgar  
 fraction?”

Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!  
 Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser?

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.

“ Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,—for love  
 Is heaven, and heaven is love : ”—so sings the bard;  
 Which it were rather difficult to prove,  
 (A thing with poetry in general hard).  
 Perhaps there may be something in “ the grove,”  
 At least it rhymes to “ love : ” but I'm prepared  
 To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)  
 If “ courts ” and “ camps ” be quite so sentimental.

---

#### MATCH-MAKING.

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  
 At making matches, where “ 'tis gold that glisters,”  
 Than their *he* relatives,) like flies o'er candy  
 Buzz round “ *the Fortune* ” with their busy battery,  
 To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

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.  
 “ Tantæne ! ” Such the virtues of high station,  
 Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's “ Dover ! ”  
 While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,  
 Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

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 choosen  
 Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals  
 To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why, I pray,  
 Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?

“ Why?—Why? Besides, Fred really was *attach'd*;  
 'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without:  
 The time will come she'll wish that she had smatch'd  
 So good an opportunity, no doubt :—  
 But the old Marchioness some plan had hatch'd,  
 As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout :  
 And after all poor Frederick may do better—  
 Pray, did you see her answer to his letter ? ”

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.

---

### QUIXOTISM.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,  
 Right honestly, " he liked an honest hater ! "  
 The only truth that yet has been confess'd  
 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 Mephistopheles :

But neither love nor hate in much excess ;  
 Though 'twas not once so. If I sncer sometimes,  
 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.

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.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,  
 To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff ;  
 Opposing singly the united strong,  
 From foreign yoke to free the helpless native :—  
 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 ?

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 his land's perdition.

---

## HUMAN MOTIVES.

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle  
 Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,  
 Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,  
 Especially with politics on hand ;  
 I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,  
 Who whirl the dust as simooms whirl the sand ;  
 I hate it as I hate an argument,  
 A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "content."

'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.

---

## TRUTH.

'Tis strange, but true ; for truth is always strange ;  
 Stranger than fiction : if it could be told,  
 How much would novels gain by the exchange !  
 How differently the world would men behold !  
 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.

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 names,  
 Caesar himself would be ashamed of fame.

## DEPARTED PLEASURES.

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 billow left by storms behind,  
 Without the animation of the wind ;

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,  
 Or none ; or like—like nothing that I know  
 Except itself ;—such is the human breast ;  
 A thing, of which similitudes can show  
 No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest  
 Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,  
 If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.  
 So perish every tyrant's robe piecemeal !

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 remember,  
 ( I have had of both, some not to be disdain'd, )  
 I wish they'd state how many they have gain'd.







47-8

152

162

173

675-7

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