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THE  
ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY  
AND OTHER  
POETICAL SKETCHES.



THE  
ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY

AND OTHER  
POETICAL SKETCHES.

BY  
A LADY.

EDINBURGH :  
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS ;  
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TO

LADY PEEL,

**This little Volume**

IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

865348



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THE

ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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“The Althorp Picture Gallery” was suggested by a perusal of “Althorpe,”\* by Mrs. Jameson.

Those parts of Mrs. Jameson’s descriptions which relate to persons or scenes alluded to in this Poem are inserted as an Appendix at the end of the Volume. This is done in justice to that Lady and the Author.

The few remarks made by the Author are placed as Notes at the end of the Appendix.

ABERDEEN, *Jan.* 1836.

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\* In this volume, the more modern spelling without the *e* is preferred.





THE  
ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY.

“ 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.”

CHILDE HAROLD.



THE  
ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY.

---

I.

WHAT thronging eyes are glancing from these walls !  
What beauteous lips seem breathing all around !  
What clustering hair the raptur'd sight inthrals !  
What voices speak, although there is no sound !  
What mind, triumphant, sits on high-born brows !  
How proud the air of fiery spirits here !  
What mantling checks !—as if fond lovers' vows  
Stole in soft whispers o'er each lady's ear.  
What tones, as from the dead, are gently murmuring  
near !

## II.

What forms of Manhood's pride, of Beauty's grace !  
 What Sidneys, Russells, Spencers, Digbys, blaze !  
 How proudly conscious looks each pictured face  
 Of the rapt homage in our silent gaze !  
 What splendid relics from Oblivion caught !  
 These eyes around have language all their own—  
 Sweet lips seem answering our inmost thought—  
 Proud ones are curved without one jarring tone :  
 Stay with these monitors awhile—we are alone !

## III.

See ! here is one of Beauty's fairest flowers !  
 Whom slumbers bind amid the brilliant throng.  
 Awake ! awake ! appalling stillness lowers—  
 A cold, an unseen hand hath passed along  
 These lifeless lids from whence Love's rays once flew ;  
 Hath turned from these pure cheeks the stream of red ;  
 Enchained the wan lips with mute grace : Death's hue  
 Shrouds the pale brow !—We pause—admire—yet  
     dread—  
 Mysterious Loveliness, arouse thee from the Dead !

## IV.

Thy Kenelm's here who loved with passion wild ;  
Venitia ! dost not rise and turn to him ?  
Beneath those downcast lids once glances smiled,  
That filled his soul with love no time could dim—  
Love, fraught with fervour, 'wilderer heart and brain !  
Doth he forget ? Thus coldly can he note  
Thy moveless brow, nor rush to break the chain  
That fetters all on which he loved to dote ?  
How fair ! though Death's cold mists o'er thee so dimly  
float !

## V.

Come here, ye slaves in the world's flood of strife !  
Come here, Ambition's own, with burning heart !  
Come here, young beauties springing forth to life !  
Come here, ye insect-tribe from Folly's mart !  
Gaze on this lifeless form ; gaze there, and there ;  
Gaze on the stars of bygone golden days ;  
Gaze on these forms of chivalry—declare,  
Are they not glorious ones ? Can sounding praise  
Shout forth for them too fervid, too enraptured lays ?

## VI.

Think!—They have passed—as all of earth must pass—  
 The mist-clad steeps that lead to Death's abyss!  
 Time's portals wide have closed on them! Alas!  
 Renown; and Beauty, Power, have waned to *this*!—  
 A *Shade*!—an *Echo*! Transient as the foam  
 On ocean's wave!—Are these the pets of Fame?  
 Of myriads born beneath Heaven's starry dome,  
 Or great, or mean, how few e'er leave a name  
 Which history's teeming page shall love or blush to  
 claim!

## VII.

And mark that shape of sparkling queenlike grace;<sup>2</sup>  
 Drink the bright glances of her full dark eye;  
 Feed on the spirit breathing from her face;  
 Then look upon this sweet one, blooming nigh—  
 How like the mother was that daughter fair,  
 In wit and beauty, petulance and pride!  
 Ah! sure Love sleeps amid her clustering hair,  
 Yet could not save her from Misfortune's tide;  
 In Poverty's cold hut perforce both did abide.

## VIII.

Yet they were born in palaced chambers proud ;  
 The regal of the land had bowed to them ;  
 They shone the worshipped stars in courtly crowd ;  
 High nobles were their slaves—proud was their stem—  
 And minstrel-harps their charms had loudly sung ;  
 Enrobed and diademed in halls they stood ;  
 The son of kings, Romance's gauntlet flung,  
 For *one* ; and warrior-swords drank rebel blood  
 For *both*, when their throne sank in Reformation's flood !

## IX.

Now turn to Sacharissa in her youth,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sweet blooming emblem of life-giving May :  
 Her brow is glad with Hope's own glow. In sooth,  
 Bright was the promise of her early day !  
 See—there she stands, the happy, graceful bride  
 Of her own Sunderland ! How softened now  
 Youth's buoyant glee—the young heart's bounding  
 pride !  
 A chastened calm is slumbering on her brow,  
 And her pure thoughts love's fairest wedded joys avow !

## X.

Oh woe ! how changed, how faded, and how cold !  
 Yet lovely still, again she meets the eye !—  
 The lover of her youth beneath the mould !—  
 The husband of her heart—oh, could he die ?  
 Doth he not gaze on her, as nobly bright,  
 What time her sorrowing heart felt woman's pride ;  
 And her own warrior-love sprang from her sight,  
 Arrayed for the great cause in which he died ?  
 'Tis but his shade ;—Glory and he sleep side by side !

## XI.

Turn here !—could not the bearing of this brow,<sup>d</sup>  
 Could not its power, that sits enthroned on thought,  
 Awe the stern tyrant Death ? his keen scythe bow,  
 When in his toils, young Sydney, thou wert caught ?  
 Oh, no ! alike the coward and the brave  
 To the chill stony glare of reckless Fate,  
 So that he hourly fill a yawning grave ;  
 And bold adventure led thee to his gate :  
 Perchance thou would'st have turned when it was all  
 too late.



## XII.

But who are these that crowd on every side ?  
What soft bewitching forms of fair and brown ?  
Ah ! better some had in the cradle died,  
Than earn the glory of their base renown !  
Louise ! young Innocence seems smiling there,  
Pillowed 'mid blushes raised by its own sweets,  
On thy soft rounded cheek so brightly fair !  
Alas ! to think how soon each beauty fleets,  
When Vice inflames the brow, and Pride the fancy heats !

## XIII.

Woman ! did not Dame nature make thee mild,  
A twining flower around the forest tree !  
When thou wert born, thy nurse, pure Virtue, smiled,  
And her full breasts poured nourishment for thee ;  
Gently she fed thee at those founts of love ;  
While nature shaped thy form so fragile fair,  
That the bright rays she stole from fires above  
Might ne'er be quenched beneath its earthly lair ;  
But, sparkling through the dross, their origin declare !

## XIV.

And thus pure thoughts and hopes rise to thy cheek,  
In varying eddies of the rose's dye,  
With tones, how eloquent ! to hearts that speak  
Conjointly with the tearful downcast eye :  
Say, who would crush the beings that thus cling  
With sweet, bold helplessness (as infants must)  
To man's stern breast ? and, satiated, fling  
Fond ones away ? and trample in the dust  
The pallid brow that beamed erewhile with love's own  
trust ?

## XV.

Yet some survive the wrenching of the soul,  
Some few retrace the path where Virtue shines ;  
With wan, worn cheek, clad in repentant stole,  
They weep in silence o'er the heart's rent shrines !  
Yet more, alas ! when flung to earth, despoiled  
Of virtue's store, their innocence aye fled,  
Ne'er rise from the pollution which hath soiled  
The pride and glory of the drooping head,  
And, all unsexed, grow fiends—by evil passions led !

## XVI.

Art *thou* a woman?—Ay! the glorious face,  
 O'erwhelming in its beauty, proves thy sex; <sup>6</sup>  
 But vainly here we seek one softened grace—  
 This Circe-glance the startled thoughts perplex;  
 It fascinates, but with demoniac power—  
 We shuddering turn from the half-angel fiend;  
 Yet she, in youth, shone peerless in her bower;  
 Was pure as the bright orb she proudly seemed,  
 And smiled a Cynthia chaste 'mid stars that fairest  
 beamed.

## XVII.

Imperious Castlemaine doth queen it well—<sup>7</sup>  
 She quells in loveliness, as lightning's flash;  
 But from those sleepy lids there drops a spell,  
 Alluring Middleton! would bid us dash  
 Into the quicksands of the heart's decoy,  
 Heedless and blind; e'en though the urchin, Love,  
 Should deem the heart when gained a worthless toy,  
 And, laughing, flee to his fair home above,  
 In his light mother's car, drawn by each soft-eyed dove.

## XVIII.

Surely the spirit, speaking from this eye,<sup>8</sup>  
 The fair, rich waves of billowy silken hair  
 Which woo the snows of maiden purity,  
 That proudly swell with conscious virtue's air ;  
 Say thou wert pure as beauteous ; and a fire  
 Plays o'er thy brow, quenched in the gracefulness  
 Of high-souled dignity ! Oh ! who could tire  
 And turn from thee, fair Hamilton ? We press  
 The lyre in homage to thy blaze of loveliness !

## XIX.

Frail Gwynn ! say, where hath fled each joyous  
 glance,<sup>9</sup>  
 And where have flown thy mirthful, dimpled smiles ?  
 And where wit's sparkle, that should gaily dance  
 O'er brow and lip ? Where all the prankful wiles  
 Erst gained the heart of England's merry king ?  
 The eyes and locks are here, of which we've heard ;  
 But, sure, these lips around could never fling  
 The light glad jest, the free and humorous word—  
 Or wert thou, like thy sex, in each extreme absurd ?

## XX.

Here Denham shines in native loveliness ;<sup>10</sup>  
It did not save her from the poisoned bowl !  
To view such sweetness, ah ! who e'er could guess  
Convulsed should be this brow, maddened the soul  
That speaks so gently through these heavenly orbs ?  
Yet thou fled'st timely from this scene of strife !  
What though thy grace our yearning thought absorbs,  
We cannot wail the briefness of thy life ;  
Thy pangs were short ;—more years had seen fresh sor-  
rows rife.

## XXI.

Amidst these paler flowers, forth to the sight,  
Magnificent in her dark beauty rare,  
The lovely Falmouth shines !<sup>11</sup> 'Neath brows of night  
Dart meteor-rays, that seem to cleave the air !  
Yet fall with deep intensity our eyes—  
Startled and sad, we turn a lingering look  
To the stern emblem, shadowed forth, that lies  
Upon her lap ;—a voice none e'er mistook  
Thrills to the musing mind a truth we scarcely brook !

## XXII.

Wouldst thou have boundless wealth ? look there—  
     'twas her's ;<sup>12</sup>  
 Fame—power ? gaze on—ay, they too were her own !  
 And beauty ? Wit, such as the heart's pulse stirs,  
 A costly gem of purest water shone  
 In thee proud form that queens it bravely there—  
 'Tis Marlborough's dame !—now mark the lip of scorn ;  
 The head flung back with pride's repulsive air ;  
 What fierce defiance in that glance is borne !  
 How much of woman's grace the haughty one is shorn !

## XXIII.

Yet she had friends ;—a Queen once called her “ dear ” ;  
 And we must feel for the proud fiery one,  
 When first the knowledge smote upon her ear—  
 Struck to her heart—that bright Romance's sun  
 Was quenched by cunning of a menial's mind,  
 And dimmed the light of youth's enchanted morn !—  
 How strong the bond that could her fierce soul bind !  
 How keen the pang within her bosom born !  
 We guess :—strong minds most deeply feel their sor-  
     row's scorn.

## XXIV.

High souls more fully feel convulsion's throe  
When fervid love is backward on them flung ;  
Though seeming calm around their brows they throw,  
Within, the germ writhes forth from anguish sprung :  
Ah ! coldly creeps the slowly-gnawing worm  
Its blighting progress to the full heart's core ;  
'Midst slumbering flames, that there all hidden burn,  
It laps the torrent of the life-fed gore,  
Which in its warm, rich flow of love may gush no more !

## XXV.

Her Queen !—Thou oft art praised—we heed it not ;  
Thou fled'st thy Parent in his hour of woe ;  
How soon thy firmest friends were all forgot !  
How hard the heart that stayed not the sharp blow  
Which sent an old man sorrowing to the grave,  
Whose sword for thee had reddened many a shore !  
That thy still heart ne'er boomed to passion's wave  
Wins not our love ; thy soul was iced all o'er,  
Cold and benumbed, nor could soft fervencies outpour !

## XXVI.

Hark ! the mob shout ! the thunder cities hear  
 Comes rolling with the force of rushing water ;  
 A Warrior-form in triumph draweth near,  
 His sword still reeking from its sanguine slaughter.  
 Nobles await him, and a Queen stands there,  
 The circle's sun, on whom each eye doth bend ;  
 What proud submission mingles in his air !  
 His stern lips touch the hand would claim him friend ;  
 Low greetings and swift praise around in murmurs blend.

## XXVII.

And wealth is showered on him, and titles too ;  
 The idol of the day awhile he shines ;  
 Its star, so long as Fashion's whim shall woo  
 Him 'neath her halo—and with her combine  
 Both fear and wonder and self-interest mean ;  
 But soon men tire of souls their own above ;  
 The cloud on Marlbro's page *have we not seen ?*  
 Not seen the " Conqueror of the Conqueror" <sup>13</sup> prove  
 The fickle breath of an ungrateful nation's love ?



## XXVIII.

Huzzaed, the boast of millions, he had passed,  
Upborne by Britain's stoutest hearts, along  
A proud metropolis! and thick and fast  
Came cheers and shouts from the exulting throng:  
The saviour of far nations—of the land  
Whose myriads, thus outpouring, send a voice  
In one deep swell; and with an eager hand  
Hold forth the laurel-crown to Victory's Choice—  
The Soldier-Duke, whose tread bids England's shores  
rejoice!

## XXIX.

But *now* we need no lyre to tell the tale,  
The ebbing quick of popular applause!  
How grateful echoes from the saved soon fail;  
How this our land would gladly strain the laws  
To wrong and thwart him! *Thou*, who oft hast led  
Its conquering hosts—who anxious nights had pass'd,  
And weary days, exiled for them—thy head  
Throbbing with thought intense;—and *this*, at last,  
Is *thy* reward—scoffs from each craven at thee cast!

## XXX.

They who still lounged in Sloth's gross haunts at  
 home,  
 Encouched by comfort—or pale luxury's slaves ;  
 A jaunt of pleasure, where Thames' waters roam,  
 Their greatest effort—floating o'er its waves ;  
 Or in rich coach ! whilst *thy* short troubled sleep  
 Beneath Heaven's arch, encircled by thy foes,  
 Was oft disturbed by signal sounds—low—deep—  
 From watchful sentinel, and each hour rose  
 Heavy with doubt how such next measured time might  
 close !

## XXXI.

But minds like thine are far above the fang  
 With which pale Envy wounds the breast ; though deep  
 And strong, perchance the short-enduring pang  
 That sprang with thy cool blood's unwonted leap,  
 When rose the whisper that Truth's mirror stains,  
 And soiled thy hard-earned wreath by vulgar hands ;  
 And thy stunned heart confessed that Pain of Pains,  
*Wrong from the Served !*--yet nought thy soul de-  
 mands ;  
 In its own pure intent and strength and power it stands !

## XXXII.

To Present we are wandering from the Past ;  
We turn again to years, long gone—the dead—  
The glorious Dead ! whence brilliant shades are cast  
Unto the soul's still depths ; and oft have fed  
Its musings lone, and caused the pulse to throb  
Quick, quick and full—the deepening brow to flush ;—  
Or paled our cheek, as rose the swoln heart's sob,  
With flashing fervours—such as, rising, rush,  
When tones from the soul's lyre with wakened Memory  
gush.

## XXXIII.

What eyes, fair Jennings ! seem enchained to thee !<sup>14</sup>  
What hearts as leaping from each fervid glance !—  
Ah ! they are here portrayed, who bent the knee,  
And sunned their souls in Love's delirious trance,  
'Neath the warm radiance of thy glowing brow !—  
Those love-embedded lips could'st thou but ope,  
Would not the forms, but pictured shadows now,  
Spring from their frames with life-engendering hope,  
Whilst laughingly with thine their mirth once more  
would cope ?

## XXXIV.

Woman ! why thus coquet with living hearts,  
Which feed on glances from deceiving eyes ?—  
With their full throbs each pulse of passion starts,  
And raptured bounds in wildering fantasies ;  
But when the goal of vanity is won,  
How changed her air !—she coyly turns to chide ;  
Nor heeds from bosoms pierced what torrents run  
In frenzied sorrow's dark and boiling tide ;  
But for fresh lovers spreads new meshes far and wide.

## XXXV.

Oh ! give me one, whose glance comes from the soul,  
Who never feigns a passion still unknown ;—  
Whose soft full orbs ne'er take a measured roll—  
Whose voice assumes not affectation's tone ;—  
Modest, yet warm, and frank, though dignified—  
Who hath a smile for all—but *one* for me,  
Whence the whole heart to sunny eyes shall glide,  
With the rapt light of love's own purity  
That brightens the sweet blush of her truth's constancy !

## XXXVI.

I want no images with heartless stare,  
 Affected modesty, lips primly set;—  
 Whose studied actions do, in truth, declare  
 One ruling thought their memories ne'er forget;—  
 The cloven foot they thus with craft would hide!—  
 Once off their guard, oh! what a stream is flung  
 Of scandal, falsehood, envy, hate, and pride,  
 From the late lisp'ing, gently mincing tongue!—  
 Furies to earth enraged, alarmed we deem have sprung.

## XXXVII.

This Empress form—how splendid! Whilst we stand  
 Admiring, in bewilderment of thought; <sup>15</sup>  
 O'er dazzled eyes we pass slow-moving hand—  
 Is it a glorious dream by Fancy wrought?  
 Still, still it glows! Hortense!—Oh, lovely one!  
 This full-wrung homage comes not from the heart.  
 Thy beauty shone o'er Europe, as the sun  
 In climes of which its essence forms a part;  
 But, ah! at sight of thee mark young Love's backward  
 start!

## XXXVIII.

Here—note the satire, jewelled one! on thee;—  
 It lurks, Diana,<sup>16</sup> in this name of thine:  
 Yet well to such might proud France bow the knee,  
 Thy native beauties far these gems outshine,  
 Graceful as frail! What were a Monarch's throne?  
 What were his might, and all his boasted power,  
 Had he e'er sighed, in vain, to call his own  
 The lovely fragrance of this master-flower?—  
 Alas! its sweets how crushed, when placed within his  
     bower!

## XXXIX.

We turn, o'erpowered with beauty—gladly turn  
 From the luxuriance of the rounded form;  
 From that resplendence which pure mindse'er spurn—  
 And feel refreshed, as when cool breath of morn  
 Plays o'er the cheek flushed from the heated room,  
 Where midnight glories and bright follies shine,  
 In rich confusion and unnatural bloom;—  
 While Art, and all her witcheries combine  
 To draw Youth, Beauty, Grace, within her fummy line!

## XL.

We turn, as from the tulip's gaudy swell,  
Whose flaunting colours catch the wandering eye,  
To the sweet gracefulness of the harebell,  
Whose modest head waves, gently drooping, nigh.  
Yes! thus we turn to thee, most beauteous Jane!<sup>17</sup>  
Whose placid gaze calms troubled thoughts to rest.  
On thy meek innocence there dwells no stain—  
Thou'rt pure as when thy baby form was pressed  
In new-born loveliness to the maternal breast.

## XLI.

Say, had'st thou lived, would'st thou have ever been  
The star of brightness mildly shining now?  
Would hallowed sweetness thus be ever seen,  
Tempering the wisdom on thy thoughtful brow?  
Oh, yes!—for thou wert *woman*—and thy heart  
Clung to thy Dudley!—He was all thine own!  
Then what could tempt thee ever to depart  
From the smooth path where virtue's planet shone?—  
Thy husband and thy God swayed thy young heart alone!

## XLII.

O! ye, who doom the youthful maiden's hand  
 To the harsh bond where love can never be,  
 Pause ere ye act! *Pause*—tremble as ye stand—  
 Reflect—dare ye thus wed to certain misery  
 The helpless being ye would make a wife?—  
 (Still pure and innocent as nestling young)—  
 No guiding star shall glad her weary life—  
 No master-chord within her soul be strung—  
 Bethink ye, where her young affections may be flung!

## XLIII.

“Duty! Religion!”—ye will proudly say—  
 “Shall save her from the cloud of foul disgrace:”—  
 “*O tempt us not!*”—*thus* we are taught to pray—  
 Warm hearts, when loved, on love their trust will  
     place;  
 And the poor tremblers vainly seek to fly  
 From the soft orbs, whose fervid looks inthral  
 With fascination of the serpent's eye:—  
 Virtue and pride—how faint is then their call!  
 Lo! in the outspread arms, they, weeping, shuddering,  
     fall!



## XLIV.

But have they firmness to withstand the test—  
The fiery ordeal, burning to the soul?—  
How pass their days?—Enduring life, at best;—  
Listless they muse upon the death-like toll  
That chimes within, where sweet thoughts wont to  
    dwell;  
Moaning of griefs—life's hinging-spring e'er crushed;  
Of troubled waters in the bosom's well—  
Of mental energies o'ergrown with rust—  
And thus long days they pine, and envy them who're  
    dust!

## XLV.

Woman! thou art the same in every land—  
A flower that blooms to gladden weary life:  
Thy height of mental worth who may demand,  
In varying name of Mother, Daughter, Wife?  
And who may know how soon Corruption's stain  
Shall gather o'er the pureness of the mind,  
And send foul vapours to the heated brain,  
To mar each virtue in the soul inshrined—  
The wreck thus left the sport of every changeful wind?

## XLVI.

Some crush the buds that cluster round their feet,  
With looks of iron and contemptuous air ;  
Some gently pluck them, in their fragrance sweet,  
And place them near their hearts with proudest care ;  
And shelter them, with vigilance of love,  
From nipping frosts, or sun's too ardent light ;  
Which guards them well from threatening clouds  
above—

And thus they 'scape earth's snares—its woe, its blight,  
Honoured by Love they live—receive and give delight !

## XLVII.

But some there are—out on them, and foul shame !—  
Who spread their wiles, alas ! but to pollute ;  
Whose breasts ne'er burned with pure affection's  
flame—

Who live intertwined by self-love's choking root :  
Such bear a lovely flower, with boastful air,  
So long as novelty can bring a charm :  
When droopingly it fades, they rudely tear  
It from its rest, with scorn's repulsive arm,  
Nor can its weeping dew their ruffian souls disarm.

## XLVIII.

Alas ! what grief, then, loads its gentle head !  
False smiles, false words, the frail bright one had  
gained ;  
Whose soul, absorbed on youth's fond dreams, had fed  
Till nought beside, in life, of worth remained ;—  
Thus thrown in madness on the heart's deep wells,  
What hope is there ? What better destiny ?  
Then in some lonely spot, where quiet dwells :  
From shame, from sorrow, from reproach to flee—  
Some hovel home—and weep—and die repentingly.

## XLIX.

Far in the Sun's own eastern golden land,  
What glowing forms, beneath its fervid skies,  
Start—ripening to the touch of Beauty's hand !  
What radiance in the down-cast floating eyes !  
What polished shades play o'er the coal-black hair,  
Braided with pride above the sun-wooded brow !  
How gracefully the veil, with modest care,  
Defines the hidden charms that swell below—  
The wealth of loveliness to which their stern lords bow !

## L.

And can Love's truth ne'er in such bosoms rest ?  
Oh, doubt it not !—the pensive air, oft seen,  
Proves the blind god no stranger to the breast  
Of India's maid—though thus subdued her mien ;—  
How indolently soft ! Each winning art,  
Amidst her perfumed bowers and cushioned state,  
Would seek to hide the void within the heart,  
From searching glance of the proud turbaned mate ;—  
Her mind too gently meek for fierce or sullen hate !

## LI.

Unlike the full flash of Italia's maid,  
Would blast with scorn the man she cannot love ;  
Although her tongue shall ne'er the wretch upbraid,  
The scathing glances deadlier poison prove.  
But, ah ! the soul centred in her eye,  
Softens the lustre of its brilliant light ;—  
When at her feet is poured the loved one's sigh,  
How quick her bosom's swell of proud delight,  
And high—in the deep calmness of a southern night !

## LII.

Romantic Spain !—thy daughters e'er sublime  
 With holy fervour's passion, which they feed  
 'Mid the luxuriance of their lovely clime,  
 With thoughts heroic : Could we crush the weed  
 On superstition's waste ! O ! who can see  
 Spain's dark-haired maid, her soul within her eye,  
 High daring in her brow's rapt revery,  
 The sweet small mouth, where the heart's swell doth  
     lie  
 On the twin-buds, where pillowed Love rests smilingly.

## LIII.

Ay, who can see, nor have the wish to burst  
 The cankering chains cowed Bigotry doth bind ?—  
 Alas ! by Ignorance how oft are nursed  
 The energies of many a noble mind !  
 O ! lovely ones ! how oft the vesper hymn  
 We've heard from lips that angels e'en might love ;  
 Seen heavenly eyes, with holy mist-dews dim—  
 Th' impassioned breast heave for its home above—  
 Pinc for its saving ark—like Noah's wandering dove !

## LIV.

France ! can thy gay brunettes' light sparkling grace  
The practised glances and the studied air—  
The witchery fluttering round the tutored face—  
Say, can wild Passion find fit fuel there ?  
In all the climes, where woman's power is known,  
None rule creation's lords with firmer sway ;  
Whilst the glad laugh of Gallia's mirthful tone  
Dispels the gloom of dreary life's sad day :—  
The Boy-god, cunningly, 'midst trifles wins his way !

## L.V.

Britain ! thy gentle dames we love in sooth—  
What chiselled forms of perfect grace we see !  
What blooming innocence !—what trusting youth,  
From which bronzed vice abashed might blushing flee !  
What winning mildness and retiring grace !  
Attractive modesty so gently hung  
With magic softness o'er the downcast face !  
What meek persuasion dropping from the tongue  
Of each fair Albion maid for whom our lyre is strung !

## LVI.

And on the brow what depth of fervid thought !  
What intellect reclines—what sweetness there,  
Amid the fragileness by Nature wrought,  
That shades the dark blue eye and fair long hair !  
We mark the outward frame, and deem too weak  
Its gentle bearing for the soul's deep glow ;  
But note the varying hue mount to the cheek !——  
(It stains the forehead with a richer glow  
Of the life's spring)—the lights the mild orbs throw !

## LVII.

Ah ! *they* can love most deeply, fondly, true,  
Who keep the fire e'er smothered in the breast ;  
Tho' it, perforce, may fling its radiance through  
The soul's reflectors, from its hidden rest :—  
By the half sigh, the rising bosom's swell,  
Th' averted eye, uncalled flush to the cheek,  
The soft-eyed Boy doth mark his triumph well,  
In characters more sure than tongue can speak ;—  
Ye lovers ! then's the hour the heart and hand to seek !

## LVIII.

Ay! Britain boasts the Mother and the Wife—  
 The homefelt happiness of wedded hearts—  
 The altar, whence, amid the storms of life,  
 The soul can claim the beam that ne'er departs.  
 How brightly burns the mellowed light around!  
 It flickers not, when comes the storm and shower,  
 Its upward flame is steadier, brighter found—  
 In the drear coldness of misfortune's hour,  
 Domestic love is proved in beauty and in power.

## LIX.

Who's this? We start and turn a lingering gaze;—  
 What doth *he* here? He is not one of these;<sup>18</sup>  
 To each hard lineament how slowly strays  
 Our glance—that wondering the intruder sees  
 Among the peerless of the land! We spy  
 No high-toned feeling in this homely front;  
 'Tis daring—coarse—yet bold and bright the eye,  
 Oft acted o'er the tongue's deceit, feigned blunt  
 And free! and thus he scaled the Throne in danger's  
     brunt!



## LX.

Now! here with dogged power *his* shadow glooms  
On all the splendid fearless forms around ;  
Not of their line—but spirit oft illumines  
A meaner clay than is 'mong nobles found.  
How low the origin! How low the means!  
Cromwell! by which thou winged thy reckless flight  
To Grandeur's blaze—how wildering the beams,  
That dazzling urged thy spirit's traitorous might,  
And drugged thy reeling senses to Rebellion's height!

## LXI.

Vanished in air, they left thy stern soul low,  
And faint, and vapourish from its fevered dream ;  
Yet was thy heart, which planned its treachery slow,  
Determined still—unchecked by Toil's swollen stream!  
Though there the weed of dark suspicion grew,  
And doubts and fears—a spectral train—arose,  
Wearing thy very life! Ye, who'd imbrue  
Bold hands in monarch-blood, and think to pose  
The haunted breast's remorse—think of *his* evening's  
close!

## LXII.

Think of the end of him, whose deeds profane  
 The High Anointed braved, then thrust aside !  
 And all beneath the mask of care and pain  
 For his laud's wrongs !—Breasting opinion's tide,  
 For *self* he wrought :—Ye mob of cheering fools !  
 'Tis self that urgeth on, and madly blends  
 Disturbed and master-spirits in new schools—  
 Weak minds, though scorned, their instrument—their  
 ends,

If lost, a *name is won*, and that doth make amends !

## LXIII.

What more they gain 'tis not for us to say,  
 But we would sigh "*Beware*"—ye ruffian-band  
 Would wrench the ivy twigs (that greenly stray)  
 From off old Fanes, which still so proudly stand  
 On our loved shores ! Such wreaths ye useless deem  
 Mere ornaments upon Time's gray-worn wall ;  
 But, stripping it, ye quench the glorious sheen  
 Of ages gone :—think !—can ye hold in thrall  
 Each stone ?—When shaken thus, may not the structure  
 fall ?

## LXIV.

Fall—and bring with it all of great or good,  
 Revered or loved ; upon the verdant shore  
 The ruins strew ! Men's passions are a flood,  
 Which, once set free, such raging torrents pour  
 As bear all things afar, in one full sweep :—  
 When Custom's chain is burst, and vulgar minds  
 Broke loose from it, what shall just boundary keep  
 'Twixt *Right* and *Crime* ? for Wisdom ever finds  
 Long usage bends to rule what Power though armed  
 ne'er binds !

## LXV.

And now, proud Tudor ! now we turn to thee.<sup>19</sup>  
 Doth not thy boist'rous spirit roughly pine  
 To add fresh victims to the mockery  
 (Thou lover-murderer !) laid at Wedlock's shrine ?  
 Doth it not long in courtly guise to woo  
 The galaxy of sparkling eyes around ;—  
 To quench their light in colder, ghastlier hue,  
 When holy rites the sacred chains had bound ;  
 And thy sad Brides ! had stood the worshipped and the  
 crowned !

## LXVI.

Thou Judas to the sex!—Thy kiss betrayed!  
 Thou epicure, 'mong Beauty's loveliest ranks!  
 Destroying all to whom thy thoughts e'er strayed,  
 Who thus became thy chosen-doomed! Small thanks  
 Hast thou from those exalted to thy name!—  
 Engrossing selfishness was thine—which saith,  
 “ Be all mine whom my soul's caprice would claim,  
 “ And what my fancy seeks, let no faint breath,  
 “ Nor smile of others please!”—And so thy love was—  
 Death!

## LXVII.

Thy love!—No, no!—we do recall the word!  
 Love! Thou knew'st not the meaning of such term;  
 Love's faintest echo thy cold heart ne'er stirred!  
 'Twas not Love's flame which made thy bosom burn,  
 But *Self*!—'Twas self, intense and harrowing—  
 (A feeling that subdues man unto brute,  
 And foulest vapours o'er the mind can fling,  
 To quell each finer impulse)—and, thus mute,  
 Thy conscience slept—nor held with passion fierce dis-  
 pute.

## LXVIII.

Man!—could'st thou but the loathsome hydra crush  
That twines in scaly folds around the heart!—  
But nobly firm erase the fevered blush  
Of the foul slimy trail's corroding part  
Round sensual pleasure's deep polluted spot!  
Proudly erect, how would each glance proclaim  
Thy origin divine was not forgot;  
Nor thus all quenched the pure, celestial flame,  
That glorified the soul, when from its source it came.

## LXIX.

Think!—the ne'er-sleeping and full open Eye  
Ever looks on from Majesty above;  
And notes each deed for dark Futurity,  
With calm unwinking gaze of sternest love;  
Think of the solemn train of thought within—  
Shadowed revealings of the Spirit's birth,  
Ere soiled, o'erwhelmed by the dust-cloud of sin,  
Her free, glad pinions fluttering fell to earth,  
To mourn the fearful fall 'mid ruined Virtue's dearth!

## LXX.

Think!—the brain whirls with the full strife of  
 thought—

The sickening bosom heaves, quick—gaspingly—  
 And clammy stupors, by dread visions wrought,  
 Steal o'er the shuddering frame, cold—freezingly :—  
 O how can we avoid the coming woe ?

How flee the thunderbolt—our Maker's ban ?—

Stay! trembler, stay! thy soul on Mercy throw—

Weep forth thy prayer—*He'll* save, who only can!

Nor doubt—for *all* the life-blood of our Saviour ran!

## LXXI.

But rouse we from our so deep revery

Upon the glorious ones that once have been,

Whose life-like portraitures around we see ;

Cast now our gaze on Nature's loveliest scene—

There she reclines, encouched 'mid vernal dyes,

On the wide fostering lap of russet earth ;

Sweet flowerets shade her glad life-giving eyes,

Whose glances feed young bud-drops from their birth,

Whence dewy rills are poured for them of bubbling  
 mirth.

## LXXII.

Ye Woods! Ye Glades!—Ay, ye are stilly now!  
Nought moveth there, save drowsy Nature's breath,  
Which sends mysterious whispers thro' each bough,  
Mournful—as from the shadowy land of death.  
'Tis sighing o'er the slow, sun-pillowing stream;  
Doth gently raise the leaves fallen in their blight;  
It stirs the fairy cups that softly gleam  
Through the tall grass, whose undulations light,  
Of emerald waves, swell o'er the flowering tufts so  
bright!

## LXXIII.

Thou high, all-glorious, and wide-searching Orb!  
Say, was thy beaming eye thus ever fixed  
On the still scenes that now our thoughts absorb?  
Wood, glen, and streams, impurpled o'er are mixed  
As one soft charm, thus spreading to the blaze  
Of thy hot glance—through golden mists as dim  
And breathless, there on noiseless pinion strays  
A dreaminess.—Afar, pale vapours skim,  
Which floating shade o'er all like mists from Lethe's  
brim.

## LXXIV.

Have ye no tongues, each proudly-spreading Oak ! <sup>20</sup>  
 Can ye not tell of revelries of old ?  
 Of the gay Masque the silence deep that broke,  
 Of gentle Wood-Nymphs and of Hunters bold ;  
 Of the light-falling steps of Fairy feet ;—  
 Of high-born Youths and Maids that trod the ground ;  
 Of laugh and gibe shrill echo would repeat ;—  
 Of the blue violet's upsprung rebound  
 From the slight pressure of fleet-moving steps around ?

## LXXV.

Of the sweet music caught by each glad ear ;  
 Of courtly ones, held in the dance's thralls  
 By piping notes—receding, drawing near,  
 While the winged step like noiseless snow-wreath  
     falls !  
 Of the full budding forms that girlhood owns—  
 The air-flung tresses, streaming far and fair ;—  
 Of panting breasts, unpresed by jewelled zones ;—  
 Of Laughter's lips—or Love's absorbing air ;—  
 What glances from coy Truth, or frolic Fun were there ?



## LXXVI.

Can ye not tell how looked the Royal Dame,<sup>21</sup>  
 Proud Denmark's Anne?—Whether in joyous mood,  
 With all the pageantry of courts she came,  
 And turned a willing ear to air-frothed food  
 Which Flattery's lips, with honeyed tones, let fall?  
 Her clear blue eyes—say, did their brightness spring  
 From sparkling wells, at Adulation's call?  
 Did no obnoxious weed 'mid ruins cling  
 To her vain woman's heart, nor pierce with thorny  
 sting?

## LXXVII.

Did not that heart miss from the masqued gay throng  
 One princely form, with whose grace none could vie?  
 In absent mood, did she ne'er glide along,  
 Nor muse on one proud brow, one soft dark eye?  
 Did she ne'er start, nor seek to hide the tear,  
 When tutored homage to her charms was paid?  
 And did not low, sweet tones steal to her ear,  
 As from the lips of *Him*,<sup>22</sup> whose head was laid  
 In a dishonoured tomb, by force and treachery made?

## LXXVIII.

Did she—though proudly conscious of her truth  
To England's Lord, her learned yet despised mate—  
Conceal all outward mourning for the youth ;  
Nor clasp within, a sterner, lasting hate,  
'Gainst him who laid the gallant Gowrie low—  
The sun of chivalry, in manhood's pride?—  
Disdaining thus to let her heart's full woe  
Gush with outflowings of its swollen tide,  
To the joy-gaze of those whose hands his blood had  
dyed.

## LXXIX.

Fair Queen ! 'tis said that thou wert heartless, vain—  
But O ! thy woman's heart was sorely crushed !—  
Could he (thy drivelling lord) affection gain ?  
Were not the yearnings of thy spirit hushed ?  
Didst thou not ride in Pleasre's reeling car,  
And seek to hide from all the blight within ?  
With slackened reins the steeds bore thee afar,  
Yet, ere they reached the dark abyss of sin,  
Maddening thou curbed'st their race, nor headlong  
plunged within !

## LXXX.

Light, scornful words are cast at thee—dead One!  
 By such as may not dream thy secret grief:—  
 They, upon whom hath shone life's fairest sun,  
 With souls ne'er twined by sorrow's withering leaf!  
 Thy Lord—say, was he of thy choice? Still more,  
 Thy children, were they of thy love? Ah, no!  
 What blacker stream from Trouble's vase can pour—  
 What sharper pain can blighting anguish throw,  
 Than those thy heart shrieked forth with each strong  
 birth-pang throe?

## LXXXI.

Didst thou not gaze upon each rosebud face,  
 With feelings which to self thou scarce would'st own?  
 If thou no semblance of the Sire could'st trace,  
 Did not joy's sigh escape, with murmuring tone,  
 From grateful lips? whilst the wan, languid cheek  
 Would, shuddering, shrink from thy Lord's welcome  
 pressed,  
 As wife and babe with anxious haste he'd seek,  
 And strive to hide the sickness of thy breast:—  
 When woman's joy's most full, what woe *thy* heart  
 oppressed!

## LXXXII.

When Woman's curse convulsed thy tender frame,  
 It was not borne for one, for whom thy heart  
 Glowed with the faintest beam of Love's pure flame ;  
 Poor Victim-slave, from a far regal mart !  
 And oh ! in that sad, fearful, ordeal hour,  
 When Nature's agony stamps *Mother* on  
 The pale damp brow, with sign of anguished power,  
 How longs the Sufferer to lean upon  
*One* loved and loving breast, sacred to her alone !

## LXXXIII.

But *this* was not for thee !—a Mother—Wife—  
 Without the magic that inshrines each name !—  
 The deep, sweet fountains of thy sex's life—  
 Domestic hope ! were dashed by darker claim—  
 Were clogged by bruised Affection's twining root ;—  
 Crushed and uptorn—and wildly there it grew ;  
 Turned to a weed, whose dank leaves did pollute  
 The soul's rich springs, and exhalations threw  
 Which oft thy struggling mind in grief, perchance,  
 might rue !

## LXXXIV.

What clouds of doom are gathering in the west,  
Of fiery tint, and dark portentous shade !  
What torturing sobs arise from earth's low breast !  
What sceptred horror stalks through glen and glade !  
A captive King sweeps o'er the shuddering land ;<sup>23</sup>  
A rebel crew bear him to death and wrong :—  
How different this fierce and ruffian band  
From that which long-back years woke Echo's song !  
How different the rustic crowd so rudely move along !

## LXXXV.

Now the wild Dirae lash their plunging steeds,  
And pour Phlegethon's hottest stream on all  
Around. The fume of maddening vapour leads  
Intoxicated brains to the dread fall  
Wherein are crushed the nobler signs of mind !—  
Brute violence takes their place, and Pity dies ;  
Justice and Mercy are left far behind,  
And soft-eyed Innocence, pale, trembling, flies  
On hasty wing, to her bright nook beyond the skies !

## LXXXVI.

Ill-fated Charles ! thy first young breath was drawn <sup>24</sup>  
 From grief's low sigh, o'er the slain Gowrie's doom ;  
 Thy new-born eyes ope'd on the lowering dawn  
 A nation wailed its loved, in silent gloom !—  
*Thou* spring'st to life—*his* limbs are cast to air—  
 Thy Mother-queen's large tears are not of joy,  
 As she bends o'er, with bloodless cheek, so fair,  
 The pure soft beauty of her infant boy ;—  
 And dreams of death—not life—her shuddering thoughts  
 employ.

## LXXXVII.

And, doomed thou wert ! fate sealed thy baby brow  
 With the impress that is not of this earth ;<sup>25</sup>  
 The visioned sorrows, which young spirits bow,  
 And check each joyous strain of gladsome mirth ;—  
 Forebodings, which repose 'mid shadowy light,  
 In the deep calm of the soft thoughtful eye,  
 Would speak of premature—of early blight—  
 Of thoughts, 'mong mistlike griefs that hidden lie,  
 Long ere the circling years had marked thy destiny.

## LXXXVIII.

Who'll mourn their paltry woes, when thus is fixed  
 On *thee* and on *thy* sorrow, the full flood  
 Of yearning sympathy?—Thy cup was mixed  
 With blood drawn from the heart.—How proudly  
     stood  
 Thy regal form sedate! The wreck within  
 Was total!—but thy hope was set on high.  
 Thy holy calm quelled even those men of sin—  
 It beamed a lustre from thy steadfast eye,      [*die!*  
 When thou wert tried and brought the felon-death to

## LXXXIX.

Thou wert a King!—Thy realm, where had it passed?  
 A husband, too!—and in thine hour of woe,  
 One lovely image lingered to the last  
 (In fancy's eye), with the enchanting glow  
 That shone around, when through the dance was led  
 Thy *Fate!*<sup>26</sup>--from whose fringed orbs flashed forth  
     young love;—  
 (Beneath that glance how colder prudence fled!)—  
 It thrilled thy frame, like lightning from above,  
 Nor passing as such flash did thy fond truth e'er prove.

## XC.

'Thou wert a Father, too ! but where are they—  
 The twining arms that round thee fondly clung ?—  
 Where are the cherub lips for thee that pray ?—  
 Torn from thy side, thou lone and princely one !  
 Too much of grace it would have been for them  
 To let young fond words breathe upon thine ear ;  
 To let the tendrils cling unto the stem,  
 Droop in its shade, and shed hot tear for tear ;  
 Too much, for *thee*--for *them*, of all to nature dear !

## XCI.

Thy Friends !—for *one* thou stemmed the mob's fierce  
 hate,<sup>27</sup>  
 Until his heart was pierced by murder's knife ;--  
 But for the one most true thy darker fate  
 Ordained thy star should lower.<sup>28</sup> Thus Strafford's life  
 Bled forth to the wolf-hounds that bayed around ;  
 Deep penitence eat to thy soul—a spot  
 Of cankerous growth--thy breast a funeral mound,  
 Laved by the heart's wrung drops, large, burning, hot ;  
 Such grief to mercy's eye *that moment's* fall might blot !



## XCII.

And from such stains wert thou not purified ?  
How nobly did thy lips the truth avow  
Thy willingness to die as *he* had died,  
And to his fate thy regal forehead bow !  
And thou didst bow and felt thy pardon sealed  
By his pure spirit, glorying on high !  
There shone a ray to thy lorn soul—revealed  
Through the thick fog, far spread o'er sorrow's sky,  
And told thee, with thy life, thy all of pain should die.

## XCIII.

What varied changes in these glades have been !  
What storms or calms have held a holiday !  
What gentle zephyrs, with soft breath serene  
Have kissed the gladsome steps of smiling May !—  
Eros hath flown around, whose joyous wing  
A glory beams, of rays from lovers' eyes ;  
By stealth the laughing god his snares would fling,  
Bedewed with tears, and wafted by sweet sighs,  
Whose echoes form a spell, where madness hidden lies !

## XCIV.

And, nestled here, the wily Boy oft caught  
A roving breast, by some gay roguish wile ;  
A proud and fickle heart hath often brought  
To feel each throb wait on a maiden's smile ;—  
Hath lightly sprung from a blue merry eye,  
Or softly crept from one of darker hue ;—  
Hath lurked within a braid of raven dye,  
Or with sunbeams hath danced, and lightly flew  
From golden locks, that bid the gazer dearly rue ;—

## XCV.

Hath pendant hung upon a long dark lash,  
Or smiled within a dimple's radiant round ;—  
Hath leapt out archly, with a transient flash,  
From orbs soon quickly veil'd towards the ground ;—  
Hath thrilled along a soft and silvery tone,  
Or breathed a music from some airy grace ;—  
O'er the smooth roundness of an arm hath shone ;—  
On a small foot hath found a resting place,  
Or glowingly hath danced o'er a soul-beaming face !

## XCVI.

And here the Huntsman's cry hath shrilly sped,<sup>29</sup>  
And flying Echo's shrieks have rung around ;  
The crowding deer have stood, in listening dread,  
Then onward sprung, with lighter—wilder bound ;  
And writhing boughs have closed, with meeting crash,  
As yelping hounds pressed headlong through the dell ;  
And hurrying steeds, with reckless leap and dash—  
Afar the horn's sharp notes would loudly swell  
With the gay shout that proved the trembling victim's  
knell.

## XCVII.

And, as the living whirlwind rushed along,  
Affrighted wood-doves fled, with startled spring ;—  
The lonely thrush abruptly stayed her song ;  
The wondering eagle gazed, on poising wing ;  
The trampled flowers shed all their sweets around ;  
The country boors, who trudged the thicket's side,  
With vacant stare (whom whirl and sweep astonnd,  
And their high worships' clothes in scarlet dyed),  
Looked on the boisterous rout, and plodding—home-  
ward hied.

## XCVIII.

These boughs have rustled to the marriage song—  
 Waved o'er the wife in her young hour of pride;—  
 Have seen the war-barb proudly bound along,  
 That bore the husband from the mourning bride;—  
 Have bent beneath the death-pang scream that rose  
 As the plumed bier moved on, slow—lingering;<sup>30</sup>  
 Whose sable trappings, dark and still, enclose  
 The Warrior dead; to which *one form would cling*  
 As if from Earth's last change, Love could the Lifeless  
 bring!

## XCIX.

And here the echoing shout oft rose around,  
 Of joyous Childhood's clear and buoyant tone;  
 Small wandering feet with swift steps trod the  
 ground,  
 Or, circling, danced around you hoary stone—  
 Memento of times fled!-- or curiously,  
 Perchance some young Philosopher would stroll  
 From the gay group, and there, with musing eye,  
 Spell o'er each graven line—whilst, to his soul,  
 Glimmerings of knowledge—truth, so prematurely stole.

## C.

And he hath leant him long in silence there,  
 With eye turned inward to his unformed mind ;—  
 Where shadowy images have risen fair—  
 Visions, round slumbering Genius—which he'll find  
 In after years clear to his strengthened thought ;—  
 And dreamlike voices, now but faintly heard,  
 From his mind's lyre, shall then, with lightning  
     fraught,

Thrill up, with power of Jove's own royal bird,  
 To the soul's sun, engendering beams in glory stirred !

## CI.

Which then shall picture forth, in one broad blaze,  
 The group of baby fancies, sleeping now ;  
 And, with hot fervour from its quickening rays,  
 Warm tones to life shall make the rapt throng, bow  
 To flowing numbers of sweet Poesy,  
 Or the weird semblance of her sister Art,  
 Or the stern thought in Wisdom's page we see ;  
 Or cause each beating pulse with rapture start,  
 As Music's hallowed voice winds o'er the thrilling  
     heart.

## CII.

Behold ! that young one's face is upward turned,  
With full-oped orbs fixed wide upon the sky ;—  
And on the clear high brow may be discerned  
The flush and workings strong of revery ;  
The wistful gaze slow follows that light cloud,  
And now turns quickly tow'rds the soaring lark,  
That panteth forth its soul in chorals loud :  
The air is filled with melody—but hark !  
It dies away ; again the downcast eye we mark.

## CIII.

With careless hand he plucks the simple flower,  
Half crushed, that droops beside his listless arm ;  
The knowledge of its origin—a dower,  
Can Sophistry's dull Atheist-force disarm ;—  
Ha ! now his blithe companions to his ear  
Shout forth their wonder at his lonely mood ;  
And pattering footsteps, swiftly drawing near,  
Come rustling through the leaves in that old wood,  
Whose waving arms the whirlwinds' force have long  
withstood.

## CIV.

Upstarting now, in haste he darts to meet  
The racing group before his rest, so lone,  
Their glances fix; or their small busy feet  
Disturb the stillness he would make his own:  
Half joy, half shame, combine to keep his gift  
Of treasured thought concealed from others' ken;—  
Ah! they who can the soul's dense cloud uplift  
Have griefs, have pleasures, which the stony men  
Of earth ne'er know, nor meet in their world's sordid  
den!

## CV.

Mark! now that young one joins the gladsome troop,  
Laughs to their laugh;—they gaily wend their way  
Through hazle branches; there, that clustering stoop  
Beneath their load of nuts; and now they stay  
To pluck them, as they droop beneath the leaves,  
With merry strivings and with jocund "hush."  
Alas! beneath such mimic wrath there breathes  
The life of passions, which in time may crush  
The purity of those young hearts' o'erflowing gush—

## CVI.

Of Joy—of Love—of Innocence—of all  
That make their life one long sweet holiday !  
And there ! they fleet below the branches tall  
Of shady oaks ;—in such a Monarch lay,  
Concealed from ruthless foes ! The acorn cup  
Is heedless crushed—yet deemed the legend true  
That saith, “ there comes, when the broad moon is up,  
“ A fairy train to fill each vase with dew,  
“ And sip the crystal clear, ’mid revel of their crew.”

## CVII.

And now they reach the valley’s brawling stream,  
And fling aside their shoon to stem its tide ;  
Their small white feet beneath the water gleam,  
With splash and glee they gain the farther side ;—  
They rush to crop the drooping bells of blue,  
Bedded in moss, upon the shore’s green brow :—  
“ Ha ! what is that ?” (the mother-bird that flew,  
Startled from off her young)—and shrilly now  
The shout is heard, “ Here—here’s the nest, beneath  
“ this bough !”



## CVIII.

And pitying looks are there, with joy combined,  
 And admiration of the unfledged young ;  
 And loud acclaim, and eyes wherein we find  
 The stir of wonder, whilst each eager tongue  
 Fresh counsel deals around. At length 'tis made  
 The resolution proud of each glad mind,  
 To leave unharmed the pretty tremblers, laid  
 In their soft home ! That none the brood may find,  
 With care each bough is drawn as erst it bent reclined.

## CIX.

“ Hurrah ! ”—there starts the gorgeous Insect-queen,  
 And the blue dragon-fly, with gauzy wing ;  
 And o'er the mead, away ! away ! I ween,  
 With eager bound, how joyfully they spring !  
 Quick, quicker grows the chase ! Each straining  
     hand  
 Is raised to grasp ; as with eluding flight  
 The flutterers oft their captive-doom withstand—  
 Still floating onward in their beauty bright—  
 Yet oft, with weary wing, on flower or shrub alight.

## CX.

Again, far off! just as the wild young throng  
Come up, with glowing brows and panting hearts;  
“ Ah, there!”—“ They’re gone!” by Zephyr borne  
    along,  
Above the ancient wood. The teardrop starts  
To disappointed eyes of those sad ones;  
And breathlessly they pause, and listlessly  
With lagging feet how each tired straggler comes  
With heavy tread, while slow vexation’s cry  
Is heard around, and swells in plainings murmuringly.

## CXI.

And who more eager in the chase just past  
Than the lone-minded—the late musing boy!  
With each exciting deed, ah! thick and fast  
Emotions gush, and thought, heart, soul, employ;  
Concentred in the moment’s stirring life  
The energy of will:—and his mind’s pulse  
(And heart’s) shall prove their strength ’midst wrong  
    and strife,  
And dauntless daring grow from cold repulse—  
In power he’ll brave the storm would weaker souls con-  
    vulse.

## CXII.

We see in him the Lover—firm—impassioned,  
Who lives but in the light of Lady's eye!—  
There, Nature's touch, unseen, hath deftly fashioned  
The seed shall grow heroic chivalry;—  
Or poet rapt, men's hearts who lives among,  
Passions the tools e'er fitted to his hand;  
Whose soul up-bubbling boileth to the song  
Of birds and streams, or, when the darkened land  
Is swept by the loud blast, shall still exulting stand!

## CXIII.

Or Statesman sage—or one whose searching lore  
Opes the full hives of ages long gone by;—  
O'er mouldering tomes, at midnight's hour, shall pore  
With care-worn cheek, but soul unshrinkingly  
On knowledge bent!—Or, there, Rebellion's son,  
Or Sophist-fool, whose passioned soul shall brave  
All ills save apathy—whose breast shall shun  
Calm's chill, and sue whate'er the mind can save,  
And Thought, from their own rust—*His* rest but in the  
grave!

## CXIV.

But, *rest!*—Doth rest come there?—would we could  
know

(Whate'er that change may be) how soon the goal  
Of Glory's gained—when the clay-coil we throw  
Down to its mother earth—if *then* the soul  
Starts in far lands to life, all joyous-glad—  
Eternity's full life!—How soon we'll see  
The shrouded earth in its cold vapours clad,  
Of clouds and mists, and the wide-rolling sea,  
As one small circling spot 'midst vast Immensity?

## CXV.

And Depth, and Void, and wheeling Planets, led  
In their own certain paths by laws divine,  
Have all proved clear on which conjecture fed—  
See halo'd splendid Truth—unveiled—sublime:—  
And Ignorance shall die, and Wonder fade,  
And Doubt and Fear shall join the sinking train;  
And Bigotry in a dark gulph be laid,  
And Woes and Wrongs, and this earth's moral stain,  
In large blood-gouts be poured from our freed hearts  
like rain!

## CXVI.

Nought *liveth* there, save Happiness, aye young,  
 And gay, and buoyant, with her heart's pure store ;—  
 Nought *breatheth* there, save Joy's sweet anthems  
     sung

To gladdening ears upon that lovely shore :—

Nought *sleepeth* there, save Pain, with burning tear ;  
 And sighs are stifled ere they rise from earth,

Save the *one* sigh, breathed to the Almighty ear,

When young Repentance struggles forth, and Mirth,  
 Faint—bowed—still weeps a Spartan welcome o'er its  
     birth !

## CXVII.

What lovely phantom glides with noiseless tread

And flowing locks—a misty veil around

Her shadowy form ?—and wreathed about her head

With careless grace are wan, frail flowerets bound.—

Her face—what chilling power is mantling there !—

With rayless eye she comes—her fingers, white

And small, are laid upon the loved and fair ;—

The Young—the Aged—sink withering, as the might  
 Of that slight icy touch chills more than damps of  
     night !—

## CXVIII.

Of Night, and Death—Death can no glance deceive—  
 And on she comes, with gaze fixed and intent,—  
 Yet lifeless—cold!—and no faint breathings heave  
 Her bosom's glistening snow;—no hues are blent  
 Of tender blue and red on her pure cheek;—  
 Pale, pale it is!—Determination's power  
 Rests on her brow and mien—and oh! how meek  
 And gently still withal!—How soon the hour  
 May come to some, when those wan lips shall speak,  
 With soundless tone, a joy they oft would pining seek!

## CXIX.

Of Matter's mould cast off—of the soul's birth  
 From its earth-womb—of cares e'er flung aside—  
 The Spirit's flight, encompassing the girth,  
 Compressing Knowledge, in its circle wide—  
 Of glowing suns, that ever shine, nor fade—  
 Of fragrant flowers, that changeless bloom for aye—  
 Of Wisdom's fathomed waves, where mind shall wade  
 Ev'n to its very depths—of the bright day  
 That yields no place to night—of perfect forms that  
 stray—

## CXX.

Developed in the Beauty and the Youth  
Of Worlds, and Man—when in the garden's shade  
The Voice pronounced (whose every tone is truth)  
That “ *All was good* ;” the moving Spirit made  
The One, erect in His own image formed,  
Shall then regain the long-lost ray divine—  
If battling on, by stirring conscience warmed,  
He 'scape the snare that Sense and Will combine,  
To draw him from the path that leads to Virtue's  
shrine !

## CXXI.

Each birth sends forth a germ for ripening Death,  
Which shoots and blooms ; but soon decays the  
flower ;—  
He who inhales the infant's balmy breath,  
While warmly pillowed in its cradle-bower,  
When smiles of other worlds soft dimpling play  
Around the budding lips, and slumber lies  
On the closed lids, and the pure soul doth stray  
To its forsaken home within the skies—  
Upon Man's first, last Hour, may stand and moralize !

## CXXII.

Young One! oh, we could kneel and worship thee!  
So freshly pure thus from thy Maker's hand!  
Ere the chill breath of this world's destiny  
The flame of suffering in thy breast hath fanned;  
Ere the smooth cheek, that glows with joy's young  
    life,  
Be paled by cares, which coming years must bring;  
Ere the calm brow receive the stamp that strife,  
Or love, or grief, on lengthened days shall fling;  
Ere these sweet lips have curled with scorn at wrong's  
    sharp sting.

## CXXIII.

Can such a cherub form e'er grow to Man?  
Can passion e'er convulse this infant-brain?  
Go! view the Ocean--well its bosom scan--  
Far, far and wide thy searching glances strain:  
The soul of calm is sleeping on the wave,  
The deep blue sky reflects its still repose;  
Small playful eddies now so gently lave  
The floating sea-weed, which the ripple throws,  
In fickle sport, from rocks where the red sea-flower  
    grows.



## CXXIV.

Lo! note the sudden darkness lower around—  
 The heavy gathering of the clouds on high;—  
 Hark! the unearthly moan—the sighing sound  
 From swollen waves, that answer pipings high  
 Of whistling winds—until, in its own hour,  
 The Tempest bursts!—Wild Ruin, on the wing,  
 Throws thunderbolts, and tips the lightning's power—  
 Billows 'gainst billows foaming anger fling—  
 And thus, alas! too oft sweet babes to manhood spring!

## CXXV.

Turn to our theme;—ay, here the wise, the good,  
 The Evelyn once mused on hidden things;<sup>31</sup>  
 And straying here in lone and absent mood,  
 The calm around fresh plumed his fancy's wings,  
 As slowly oft he'd turn to yon carved stone  
 Beneath those ancient trees, whose boughs the air  
 Waves to and fro, and wakes a low sweet moan  
 'Mong rustling leaves, as seeming to declare,  
 With wordless voice, the truth in olden scroll traced  
 there.

## CXXVI.

“ *Up, and bee doing, and God will prosper !*” <sup>32</sup>  
 Read—ponder—note the words oft o’er again ;  
 The wells of deep exhaustless thought they stir,  
 And mete the hoarded treasures of the brain !  
 And He—the Learned—*he* traced them as we do—  
 The gentle Evelyn !—and paused thereon ;  
 Nor to his saintly mind the precept new—  
 For, in his breast the clear bright lustre shone,  
 That on death’s couch the soul’s fixed eye would dwell  
 upon.

## CXXVII.

And slumbering Silence startled fled with fear,  
 As the swift stag, hid in the silvan scene,  
 Struck from the distant glade, or thicket near,  
 Where scented woodbines climb, and, festooned, lean  
 O’er stem and bough, and formed a fragrant bower  
 With their rich wreaths, to quench each sultry ray ;—  
 While on *his* brow was throned mind’s pensive power,  
 And, self-abandoned, through the groves he’d stray,  
 To trace, with subtle care, Thought’s devious tangled  
 way.

## CXXVIII.

Oh! how the mind can wear the outward frame!—  
 Yet still a friend when all beside have failed—  
 How rising Fancies its high darings claim,  
 And point to Truth, amid dim shadows veiled,  
 Through which her star's quenched beams so faintly  
 glow!—

It seems that we could clutch each form that there  
 Swims, ghostlike—rend the screen—the secrets know  
 Of other worlds!—Alas! they fade in air,  
 Nor leave or word or sign of all their splendours rare!

## CXXIX.

How fierce the struggle of th' aspiring soul!  
 'Twould dart its essence through the grosser clay,  
 As, held in bondage by fate's strong control,  
 Its pinions vainly spread to flee away  
 To spheres unknown; where th' immortal spark  
 Was formed—breathed on by High Omnipotence;  
 But the pure fire descends into the dark  
 Material mould of tainted earthly sense,  
 And flickering sinks obscured in fogs so foully dense.

## CXXX.

Poor Mortals! Here we can but raise our eyes  
With dimmed, yet longing gaze, to scenes above ;  
And from the myriad star-rays in the skies  
Drink wonder—musing on a holy love :—  
Doth not a voice speak from the brilliant throng,  
Which makes us feel we are not of the earth ?  
Still more—within ; doth not that voice prolong  
The circling flame round Meditation's birth,  
Which makes us weep of true, pure joy, the void—the  
dearth ?

## CXXXI.

Doth not a voice speak in the thunder's roll,  
In the still silence of the lonely hour ?  
Is not the echo heard deep in the soul—  
An answer stern, with low-spelled tones of power ?  
That voice doth say our lives are given here  
For some great good, now hidden from our view ;—  
And wordless harmonies seem ever near ;  
And shadowy forms, with plumes of radiant hue ;  
And loving eyes look down as from the skies' rich blue :—

## CXXXII.

As if fair Spirits always hovered round,  
Close vigil on our faltering steps to keep ;  
As if their silvery wings were ever found  
Waved o'er our brows when softly swayed by sleep,  
To guard, whilst Darkness boldly stalks the night ;  
As if the thrilling down a fragrance shed,  
Wafted unseen in clouds of incense light  
Above the brows on which calm's hush is spread,  
To cause bright visions flit around each pillowed head !

## CXXXIII.

O Sleep ! Twin-sister of mysterious Death !  
What sweetness round the lip that red lip meets !  
What peacefulness in thy low-measured breath !  
What beautiful repose in silence fleets  
O'er brow and bosom and thy warm flushed cheek--  
Pressing so gently each white drooping lid ;  
Whose pure fringed-beauty curtains lights that speak  
From the Life's source, now revelling amid  
The labyrinth where Slumbers have stray meteors hid.

## CXXXIV.

Oh ! doth the Soul, indeed, meet brother-soul  
In spectral scenes as fashioned by Repose ;  
When unseen hands the sable veil uproll,  
Drawn by Futurity o'er joys and woes—  
And round the blaze beneath are shadows flung  
Of strange events for our on-coming years ?  
Upcaught in Chaos, thus, we plunge among  
The floating mass of future smiles and tears,  
And seek to spell the Cenotaph Presentiment uprears !

## CXXXV.

Or oft, as with loved spirits far away,  
We skim o'er earth and sea on clouds of light,  
The vital stir within, darts on some ray,  
Giddy, and whirling in confused delight :  
If it be true, as still some Sages deem,  
That souls are freed, when Sleep each eye doth bind—  
That breathing clay then lies without its beam,  
Its essence, and its life—and dormant mind  
Waits, senseless, for the voiceless breathings it shall  
find—

## CXXXVI.

When the swift wanderer turns from journeyings  
Distant and far to other lands than this :  
If it be true, that the imaginings  
Of heavenly climes—of pure and lasting bliss—  
That the glad greetings from the forms we love,  
The fond tones, that within have sunk so deep,  
Do not mere mockeries of the senses prove,  
Then would we rest for aye in some swcet sleep,  
And converse hold with those whom here we may not  
keep !

## CXXXVII.

But of this feeble lay somewhat too much  
It faintly swells—nor glide its strains along  
Tutored and formed by Erato's glowing touch—  
Nor with rich gushings of ideal song  
That came in music of the spheres to me  
In childhood, as through Nature's haunts I'd stray—  
And filled my soul with the rapt ecstasy  
Unknown to this my colder—darker day—  
The spirit too much bowed for Inspiration's Lay.

## CXXXVIII.

Ah, no ! we've plucked a flower but here and there,  
 How withered, too, ere placed within the breast !—  
 And thus have paled the train that rose so fair  
 To contemplation in unquiet rest ;  
 For health—how long ! hath fled our drooping frame,  
 Fled with the first dawn of our saddened youth !—  
 And low and faint is now the trem'ulous flame  
 Imagination, with unchanging truth,  
 Still sheds o'er mourning hours—and cheers our wo in  
 sooth !

## CXXXIX.

And now pale Languor throws enfeebling pall  
 O'er wearied limbs, and damp and pallid brow ;  
 And we obey the stern resistless call—  
 The flash has veiled !—to her caprice we bow :  
 Wan Spirit ! though the pen be cast aside,  
 Still, still shall dreamy joys our soul infuse,  
 Warm our worn heart—and its o'erflowings guide.  
 The throbbing breast calms as we gently muse—  
 Oh ! let us not the bliss, the sentient glory lose !



## CXL.

Farewell, to one and all, whose kindness made  
Them follow boldly our so rugged way ;  
If for one hour their griefs to rest be laid,  
Or Pain's deep-cutting knife kept from its play,  
The time hath not all uselessly been spent,  
That urged our flight from mute corroding wo,  
To trace the thoughts Imagination blent,  
As Althorp's Halls, and sloping glades below,  
Stood forth, in pictured charms, amid the brightening  
glow.

## CXLI.

Ay, now, "Farewell" !—We linger on the word,  
Even as the Bard of the all-powerful Song,<sup>33</sup>  
Whose voice of might in blast and storm is heard  
By distant Cataracts, and far wilds among :  
Which speaks of all bright things—of Light and Love ;  
And paints Enchantment—sings the soul's wrung tear !  
Perchance the Flame, now purified above,  
Receives this homage with no scornful ear,  
Tho' from a lyre whence Fame can no proud trophy rear !

## CXLII.

Alas ! for Envy, whose hypocrisy  
 Would stain *his* genius, whose pure diamond-light  
 Streamed forth such halos of rich brilliancy,  
 As chased from Poesy the gathering night—  
 'Twas caught from rays by Inspiration shed  
 O'er his rapt brow—thence darting its pure soul  
 Into *his* soul, and its high musings led  
 The dazzling course that gain'd the laurel-goal,  
 And startled minds and hearts—as doth the thunder's  
 roll !

## CXLIII

Weak is the hand, would strike one chord for *Thee*,  
 Would twine one leaf round thy unfading crown,  
 Thou "*First and Last*" in Feeling's sanctuary,  
 Nor can it swell the stream of thy renown :  
 How thy deep tones were drank by our young ears !—  
 They sighed in breezes round our country's shore—  
 Alas !—how Wisdom in maturer years  
 Shatters the shrine of youth's romantic lore !—  
 But now *Farewell* to thee—to one and all once more.





THE OCEAN'S OWN.



# THE OCEAN'S OWN.

## Canto First.

“ 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.”

CHILDE HAROLD.





## P R E F A C E .

---

A poor Sailor Boy, who was dying of Consumption on board the vessel in which the Author came home from India, gave rise to the title of the following unfinished Poem—"The Ocean's Own."

He was the only son of respectable parents, and had a decided partiality for the sea; but his friends objected to his becoming a sailor, and he fled from his home to follow the bent of his own inclination. This was his first voyage; a fall from the mast brought on the complaint, and, when it was all too late, most bitterly did he lament his disobedience.



# THE OCEAN'S OWN.

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## TO MY COUNTRY.

### I.

MY Country! say, have I not sighed for thee,  
Land of my Fathers—of my Infancy?  
Yea! though I left thy glens and mountains wild  
A careless, blooming, unsuspecting child;  
Though far, in search of health, o'er many a sod  
Of loveliest hues, my wearied steps have trod—  
Though suns, all bright, and burnished, glowing skies  
Have shed their radiance on my dazzled eyes—  
Though Eastern pomp and splendour shone for me,  
Land of my childhood, still I pined for thee!

## II.

How oft in sickness, 'midst my fevered dreams,  
I've strayed in fancy near thy cooling streams ;  
How oft, when struggling in the arms of death,  
When scorching winds supplied my panting breath,  
I've longed for one cool rush of mountain air,  
From the green breast of my own glen so fair—  
For one voice, fraught with Scotia's native tone,  
Whose whisper soft might answer to mine own ;  
Yet, then ! I've joyed no tear was wildly shed,  
Wrung from the heart, o'er my lone anguished bed !

## III.

I've joyed to think, in peace I thus should die,  
In foreign lands, beneath the exile's sky ;  
No friends around to stay my willing soul  
From its long sought, and, oh ! long hoped-for goal ;  
No burning drops, wrung from affection's heart,  
To wake the smothered pang that *we must part* !  
Though agonized, my sinking spirit proved  
'Twas happiness afar from all I loved,  
With grief unroused, to meet the call of death,  
And in calm loneliness resign my breath ?

## IV.

But still I breathe ! Scotland, I come to thee,  
From sun-nursed climes across the raging sea ;  
Oh, yes ! my own—my loved ! these eyes once more  
Swim in joy-drops, and hail thy rugged shore ;—  
My heart, my pulse leap high—I ne'er again  
Thus hoped to feel of joy the *almost* pain ;  
A wanderer thus returned as from the dead,  
With blighted hopes, and sick, once more I tread  
Thy thymy braes, where the long yellow broom  
Drops its rich wreaths of beauty and of bloom !

## V.

My Country ! Ay—thou art most surely mine !  
How thoughts of thee with all my feelings twine ;  
And still, where'er in loneliness I move,  
Warm springs for thee and thine a yearning love !  
And yet 'tis strange—for long from thee I've strayed,  
And friendships dear, in other climes have made :  
My childhood's friends—they do not know me now.  
I'm changed in form, and grief is on my brow ;  
*They've* passed away ! a pilgrim thus I come—  
My mind to all unknown—my feelings dumb.

## VI.

Each mist-veiled mountain towering to the sky  
In purple hues and native majesty—  
Each stream that rushes o'er its gravelly bed—  
Each springy heathbell bent beneath my tread—  
Each trilling note from mavis loud and clear—  
Scotia's wild songs which swell upon my ear  
From snooded lassies toiling blithly nigh—  
The low whins e'en that greet my wandering eye ;—  
All—all as friends, speak to my yearning heart,  
And cause each throb of recollection start !

## VII.

And *She* ! Oh ! say, did not her infant eyes  
First widely ope on Scotia's shadowy skies ?—  
Her fervid heart—*here* it was formed and nursed,  
*Here*, in her soul, the flame of genius burst ;  
Here, 'midst wild scenes of this her country, *she*  
In fancied brightness oft appears to me ;  
And thus, where'er my saddened steps I bend,  
I meet the shade of some long absent friend ;  
And, in these highland haunts, there shines for me  
The ray that faintly gilds my destiny.

## VIII.

Albyn ! 'Tis yours this page—though feebly fraught  
With the deep fervours on thy mountains caught,  
When thine own Muse to my rapt ear oft sung,  
From the fierce blast that swooped thy hills among,  
O'er the glad wonder of my infant brow ;  
And made life's source, within, enraptured bow  
To viewless moving sympathies that there,  
With low unearthly tones, sighed high in air :  
Yes !—now to thee the simple scroll I cast,  
That faintly pictures scenes much loved—though past.

## IX.

Whate'er of Nature these dimmed pages show  
From Memory's store, to thee, dear Land ! I owe ;  
Whate'er of fancy glads my weary way,  
Was it not nourished by each thrilling lay  
Of thine own Bards ?—Upon their tomes I'd pore,  
And drink enchantment from the stirring lore ;—  
My soul would spring in fond bewilderment,  
Amid the visioned dyes their magic blent—  
And still the voices sweet, that speak to me,  
In lonely mood—oh ! they belong to thee !





## THE OCEAN'S OWN.

### I.

OCEAN ! once more we hail thee as our own ;  
Once more the land a lessening speck we find ;  
Once more our bark, like sea-bird wild and lone,  
Spreads her white sails towards the freshening wind,  
And leaves our rock-home earth far—far behind !  
Once more, our homage thus to thee is sent—  
Th' electric throb, which still we ever find  
Roused by thy voice, and with a rapture blent,  
That thrills with curbless force of thine own element !

## II.

The restless waves beneath—the sky above !  
The cares and stains of life seem now as fled ;  
And, on the wide expanse, some hand of love  
A holy calm around appears to shed—  
A spell, which sways the soul that knows no dread,  
Though viewing thee even in thy reckless hour,  
When from thy depths the flash of scorn is sped—  
When o'er thy swell the frowns of Tempest lower,  
And thou dost rouse thee in the fury of thy power !

## III.

Yet here we lose not the deep sympathy  
Kind Nature planted in the human breast—  
'Mid the grand loneliness how dim the eye !  
How Feeling's stream wells forth, all unrepressed  
In the wild heart, through silence round it pressed !  
For there is one with us, upon the wave—  
A Stranger !—to his eyes there comes small rest—  
Consumption's own !—Oh ! that this tear could save  
The Boy for his own land, or close his opening grave !

## IV.

Poor sufferer ! It grieves us thus to see  
Thy drooping form, tossed on the raging main,  
In the lone cot that roughly swings with thee  
Thus to and fro, yet easeth not thy pain ;—  
And long sad months so pallid thou hast lain  
With thine own thoughts corroding thy heart's core,  
And thin cheeks, wet with tears, that hotly rain  
From their full gushing founts, whilst musing o'er  
Past times, and Memory paints thine own far rugged  
shore !

## V.

In thought, thy Father's cot thou oft dost see  
Amid the heathery braes ;—the flowerets fair,  
Wreathed by the Maid, whose young eyes turned on  
thee,  
When, cowering from the storm, she sought to share  
Thy party-coloured plaid of gaudy glare ;—  
And often beams thy Mother's loving eye,  
As with maternal hand she doth prepare  
The oaten cake, and curds of snowy dye,  
While thy young sister-band throng round her eagerly !

## VI.

In fevered dreams dost thou ne'er tread the moor,  
And pluck the blaeberry and haw so red ?  
Or, lightly springing, with a step secure,  
Bound o'er the startled heathcock's purple bed ?  
And where the roebuck's fragrant couch is spread,  
Dost thou ne'er hear the short and chiming note  
Of thine own Kirk, that rears its humble head  
In those far hills, whose echoes sweetly float  
To the glad ear of gathering throngs from glens remote ?

## VII.

And viewest thou not the Matron's air of pride,  
Her clear white mutch and neatly-folded plaid ?—  
Her kilted bairns are walking by her side,  
With chastened glances, sober mien and staid ;  
In each young eye a quiet joy displayed.—  
And see the comely Sire !—with decent care  
Are smoothed and combed the locks, erewhile that  
    strayed  
Free as the pinions of his mountain air,  
And on them doucely rests the bonnet—doffed in prayer !

## VIII.

There, too, thou seest the springy-footed lass,  
In Sabbath garb—braids smoothed above her eyes—  
She nears the Kirk ; and lowly on the grass  
Quick she reclines—her kerchief fair unties,  
And draweth forth the treasure there that lies—  
The polished slipper and the snowy sock  
She putteth on ; and then sedately hies  
To hear God's word.—Let not the worldling mock  
Whilst we this trait of Nature to his ken unlock !

## IX.

Dost thou not feel, soft stealing o'er thy soul,  
The holy calm that reigns in each lone glen,  
As if all Nature sunk to the control  
That bids the day be one of rest to men—  
As such marked out above, by Seraph's pen ?  
The pale-eyed daisies on the sward that spring  
Turn mildly to our gaze, and peer again ;  
And balmier breezes a low welcome sing—  
A holiness of joy floats o'er each lifeless thing !

## X.

The wild bee's pipe more drowsily doth hum—  
 More murmuringly the voice of gliding river ;  
 And through the tall ferns undulations come,  
 Slight graceful bendings and a gentle shiver,  
 As if they bowed in praise to Nature's Giver ;—  
 And the frail rose its dewy breast doth ope,  
 Amid the vernal leaves that, rustling, quiver ;—  
 The lagging zephyrs with its sweets elope, [slope !  
 And, lingering, waft the fragrance round each sunny

## XI.

The mellow warblings of the sprig-swayed bird  
 Do harmonize with the blessed tranquil day ;  
 The life of joy, throughout the wildness stirred,  
 Thrills through the flowers, which their bright eyes  
     display  
 With modest glance beneath each bending spray ;—  
 And glad young groups, with light and bounding  
     tread,  
 Their homeward path wend o'er the blooming way ;  
 In each small hand is grasped the fresh-culled head  
 Of nosegay sweet, o'er which the rainbow's tints are shed.

## XII.

Or, as the snow-storm beat the rustic cot,  
And the fierce tempest shook the casement low,  
Then, round the blazing peat, ah ! was there not  
Of smiling faces a most goodly show ?  
O'er which content and health shed a rich glow ;  
And there were laugh and gibe when gathering by  
The smoking meal, whilst upward oft would throw  
The kindly-hearted " Wife " her eyes, and sigh  
For the poor seaman's bark, that braved such night and  
sky !

## XIII.

Oh ! do not these scenes cling around the heart  
With an intensesness *they* may never learn  
Who never from their mother-land depart—  
Nor know the eating pain, the vivid turn  
The thoughts take inward—how they anguished burn  
In loneliness !—When strangers are around,  
Allurements gay the sickening heart shall spurn—  
And deep its plunge, within Regret's low mound,  
As past scenes rise again, and tones beloved resound !

## XIV.

Poor Boy ! the dews of pain are resting where  
Sported erewhile the winged and freshening blast,  
Which played around thy brow and streaming hair,  
As thou didst scale the tall and bending mast,  
And o'er the deep thy glance of wonder cast ;  
And drank exulting joy from the swift flow,  
As the blue waters in their fierceness passed,  
Foaming and boiling ;—and a silvery glow  
Of diamond-flashes gleamed around the keel below.

## XV.

How pure and still, in loveliness, the sky !  
Like a chaste Matron, decked in jewels bright !  
Its cold and lifeless breast gleams tranquilly,  
Beneath the crescent wan of funeral-night,  
Which steeps its arch with a clear paly light !—  
We gaze on it, but with a calm emotion—  
A stirless sense of musing rapt delight,  
That scans the vast profound of its far ocean,  
Wherebeauteous Mystery sleeps without or life or motion.



## XVI.

Different, oh, Sea! far different art thou!  
Proud Empress of all waters. In thee's blent  
(As was in the dark-eyed Egyptian's brow)  
The magic of quick change—soft blandishment—  
With passion's frown, in which love's rage is spent:  
Then flasheth forth thy smile!—Most glorious Sea!  
Bright Cleopatra of thy element!

Thus from our theme we turn to worship thee,  
In all the varying moods of thy wild witchery!

## XVII.

Ever—ay, ever! thou dost rush and wheel,  
And know no sleep amid the ceaseless play  
Of thy glad waves—where rosy blushes steal  
In joy, at the approach of mirthful day;  
How gently do the tints of beauty stray  
Over the restless breadth of waters blue!—  
When Eve shall through the welkin take her way,  
With rich gold showers she shall thy sapphires strew—  
Storm—Twilight—Sunshine—Night—each hour thy  
charms renew!

## XVIII.

Hast thou not felt all this, lone-mourning Boy ?  
Oh, yes ! and thy heart sprung with ecstasy—  
The yearning pantings of a speechless joy—  
When Ocean's might at first was viewed by thee ;  
And thou didst long its unknown wilds to see,  
And fled thy father's cot to grasp " its mane"—  
Within thy soul hast felt the majesty  
That stills the craven fear, and nerves the brain  
To ponder in deep thought each link in Nature's chain.

## XIX.

How comes its voice, young Sufferer, to thee now ?  
Doth it ne'er wail a dirge unto thy thought,  
That makes thy lone heart tremble ?—Tell us how  
The fiends of sickness are with terror fraught ?—  
Are there no fears, where late sole rapture wrought,  
When the Storm-king sweeps in his power on high ?  
Are there no shapeless beings, darkly brought  
Forth from the cloud, to thy distempered eye,  
'Mid what—astonished—thou once viewed exultingly ?

## XX.

And when the greedy Monster of the deep  
 Darts up beneath within the briny wave,  
 Doth thy faint pulse ne'er bound with sudden leap—  
 Gush not recoiled, the startled streams that lave  
 The shrine of feeling in its hidden cave?—  
 There! 'tis the cry when marked the silvery sheen  
 That e'er appals the seaman's heart—tho' brave—  
 See! the pale lustre through the billowy screen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where the scared swimmer's track had but this moment  
 been!

## XXI.

But, lo! the Cannibal of Ocean's borne  
 Aloft by twining ropes the sailors throw!—  
 The faithful pilot-tribe its absence mourn  
 From the deep range of wilderness below,  
 And all amazed unto its mate they go;<sup>2</sup>  
 The conquered on the deck falls helplessly—  
 Mark! furiously it lasheth to and fro  
 Its writhing tail, and struggles to get free—  
 'Tis past!—How still—outstretched the breathless bulk  
 we see!

## XXII.

How wearisome, poor boy, unto thy soul,  
The glassy calmness of the Indian sea!—  
The heaving vessel's dizzy--drowsy roll,  
From side to side, through the immensity  
Of glowing waters, where, so feverishly,  
Beneath the ardent sky the hours are passed--  
Mourned by impatient breasts, whilst, flapping free,  
The breeze-deserted sails flag round the mast,  
And oft on high the helmsman's listless gaze is cast!

## XXIII.

And, then--amidst the deep-felt hush around,  
What trifles win the wandering thought and eye!--  
The low, faint splash, with its dull, sullen sound,  
As rolls the lazy bark so sluggishly  
From side to side.--The sea-weed floating by--  
Or exile-insect, whose exhausted wings  
Fall fluttering through the shrouds--the timid eye  
Of the small bird that wearied, trembling clings  
To the top-yard--how each a joyous feeling brings!

## XXIV.

The insect and the bird were borne upon  
 Some vagrant breeze, from their own sunny lands ;—  
 A warning thus to Him, whose heart dotes on  
 The changeful flower which the world's breath expands ;  
 Its odour blinds. In Custom's swaddling bands  
 He walks a slave, until that treacherous world  
 Hath wronged and fled him !—chilled and stunned he  
 stands,  
 His rudder gone—by Passion's eddies whirled  
 Among Despair's rude rocks his foundering boat is hurled !

## XXV.

But, hark ! “ A ship's in sight ! ”—the loud, clear cry  
 Thrills through each bosom an excitement strong,  
 Where late had yearned the thirst of novelty ;—  
 All, to the side, or to the high poop throng—  
 A swarm of heads and eyes cluster along  
 Our home's ribbed walls, each straining anxiously ;  
 Not one unfixed or careless glance among  
 The galaxy of orbs can we descry—  
 In silence lips are pressed, brows knit inquiringly !

## XXVI.

“It is—it is a Sail!” Increasingly  
Tower up her masts of grouped and taper spires :  
See! how her gallant hull swells gracefully  
And slowly (with a strength that never tires)  
From the wave’s breast!—Light the horizon fires,  
An atmosphere so pure—the mighty shade  
That broods on ocean’s verge, outlined aspires  
To bulk beyond her burden<sup>3</sup>—and displayed  
On her broad rising front the seal of Power is laid!

## XXVII.

And on she comes, with rushing sweep, on—on!  
We near—we pass!—loud swells the shout on high,  
The Seamen’s greeting cheer!—its answer long  
Floats o’er the waves, in a shrill ecstasy—  
Forward she glides, to where the glowing sky  
O’erhangs rich loveliness—to India’s land,  
The land from whence we come!—Oh, many an eye,  
All dimmed by tears marks her, and many a hand  
Is waved aloft, with prayers for that lone gallant band!

## XXVIII.

What mighty change!—Stiff is the breeze that veers  
Round the far Cape, to gallant Cook that shone  
A star of Hope!—Here, Ocean's Winter rears  
On the wide surface of the Deep his throne,  
Swept by the heaving surge's emerald zone;<sup>4</sup>  
His brow is wreathed by mists and lightning-rays—  
His sceptre, the strong blast—loud thunder's tone  
His voice, which each wild element obeys,  
As frowning from the cloud his raging realms he sways.

## XXIX.

The slumbering main is roused!—and in its might  
Doth spurn our staggering bark, the strife that breasts  
With fluttering sail—like eagle in its flight  
Battling the Alpine blast!—A moment rests  
The foaming surge on high, that whitening crests  
The precipice of waves!—with backward bound  
Our groaning ship stands still—trembling—repressed.  
Lo! bursts the o'erhanging mass! With hollow sound  
The lawine of the Ocean-Alps breaks—sweeps around!

## XXX.

In grey-mist stole the Morning now glides on—  
 Her beaming glance and rosy smiles have fled ;  
 Behold ! far in the hazy distance, yon  
 Lone bark, that skims the sea's green briny bed—  
 She seems to melt within the vapours spread  
 Around ;—so clearly, yet so shadowy,  
 So like a dream-formed shade she floats ahead !—  
 Well may the startled Watcher think his eye  
 Beholds the Spectre Ship,<sup>5</sup> in silence flitting by !

## XXXI.

There dart as through a veil ! gold-rays of splendour—  
 There !—partial smiles over the lee-wave gleam—  
 And, there, the graceful, ghostlike skiff doth wend her  
 Through the rich glory of the mellowed beam !  
 A halo and a light around her stream—  
 She walks the sea, a thing of life and gladness !—  
 So the dark thoughts in solitude that seem  
 Of giant strength, wrought up by sorrow's madness,  
 Beneath love's gentle eye throw off their weight of sadness.



## XXXII.

See! 'midst the chastened flash from Day's young  
 sun,  
 With glistening sails, in pride of power, she goes,  
 A pictured loveliness!—Most beautiful One!—  
 She comes a vision to this heart, and throws  
 Over its chords a joy it seldom knows!—  
 Our ship still struggles through the cold grey gloom,  
 Whilst round her prow the morning smile still glows—  
 An emblem of weak mortal's varied doom—  
 Bliss weddeth few—the throng are bound where tempests  
 boom.

## XXXIII.

Speak, Sailor Boy! when the dark Cape of Storms,  
 On crested waves, we swiftly scudded round,  
 Were there no phantom-ships—no dim air-forms  
 That, with the shroud of dread, thy senses bound?  
 No fearful shapes among our sea-paths wound,  
 To scare thy shrinking thoughts?—Poor one forlorn,  
 Time was, thy merry laugh would oft resound,  
 As shivering awe, of Superstition born,  
 In whispers crept, from lips to eyes, of courage shorn.

## XXXIV.

But sickness and such loneliness as thine,  
 Work fearful change within the soul's strong hold,  
 And Reason's fort how oft they undermine !—  
 Yet lacked thou nought save Wisdom's practice cold,  
 Ev'n did such fears thy sinking heart infold,  
 When forced to listen to the dreary tale  
 (Rocked in thy air-hung cot) so often told—  
 That blanched the brow and caused the cheek turn pale  
 Of messmates rude, whilst their most inward souls would  
 quail.

## XXXV.

What see we there ?—'Tis St. Helena's Isle,  
 Rising 'mid waves from out old Ocean's womb !  
 Nature's self-formed lone monumental pile—  
 As if foreknowledge of the Despot's doom  
 Had swayed her master-hand !—Where waters boom ;  
 In desolation frowns the mound on high,  
 Girded by surges fierce and mists of gloom—  
 Swept o'er its base the sea's wild moaning sigh  
 Ceaseless, still wails around its island-prodigy.

## XXXVI.

How dark, stupendous, is the vasty pile!—  
 The rock-tomb of the great and slumbering Dead!  
 Yet there the sun shoots forth its sweetest smile,  
 Which gently falls, where lies in lowly bed  
 The heart that feared no daring!—on *his* head<sup>6</sup>  
 Once laurels twined, but now the long-tressed willow  
 Drops dew, whose cold and mourning tears are shed,  
 Where rests the brow, that woos the giant pillow,  
 Which swells—shall swell for aye, o'er the Atlantic's  
 billow!

## XXXVII.

Meet cenotaph for him, whose restless soul  
 Had proudly grasped at Universal sway;  
 And Kings and Kingdoms from the shrine did roll,  
 Hallowed by ages to the monarch-ray  
 Whose dazzling lustre turns weak eyes away!  
 But *he*, who could not his own passions rule,  
 Quenched it—and then as scoffingly did play  
 With Sovereignty's bright gem, yet *aped* the fool  
 When 'twas within his grasp:—Nought could his frenzy  
 cool.

## XXXVIII.

His spirit dwells amid congenial storms,  
 The realms of sky and waters to it ope ;  
 A vista, thronged with airy shapes and forms,  
 Such as did beckon to the unquenched hope  
 That maddened him, who swelleth the green slope  
 Below that tree !—Such is Ambition !—Rife  
 With daring is the blast, with blast would cope,  
 Yet calms to sullenness !—*His* eve of life  
 A still, yet lowering sky, left by the whirlwind's strife.

## XXXIX.

'Tis Morn !—Last eve we viewed the Beacon-shrine—  
 The Island-sepulchre !—a darkening cloud  
 Then cloaked its towering and abrupt outline  
 In sable pall ; but now the murky shroud  
 Is all withdrawn :—There, castled, are avowed  
 Projecting cliffs—one summit fresh and green,<sup>7</sup>  
 As if the Youth of Nature, from the loud  
 Hoarse voice of waves, had fled the lower scene,  
 To that lone topping-crag, for slumbers more serene !

## XL.

How brightly peers Day's eye on Ocean's verge,  
Through scintillating veil of rich ray-lashes,  
That stream around!—How slowly doth emerge  
Its brilliancy!—Lo! now the fulness flashes—  
The strength of its broad lightning glance—and dashes  
Frowns, and all dusky things, from the isle's brow;  
And, o'er each rock and beetling cliff, gold-plashes,  
In masses rich, are dancing blithly now—  
Mute, yet how eloquent, the charm to which we bow!

## XLI.

There! mark the battlement—the cannon's mouth—  
The embrasure, and red War's fierce display—  
A harmless show! Wan Carnage faints from drouth!  
At the grave's foot her emblems idly stay,<sup>8</sup>  
As if in very scorn *he* hurled away  
And trampled in his death, the tools that wrought  
Destruction to the meteor of his sway—  
Had, in his fall, at length the wisdom caught,  
Which, crowned and worshipped, he nor dreamed nor  
sought!

## XLII.

But we must wend from Afric's now famed isle,  
Which ever shall the seal of wonder bear—  
A by-word in the mouth of Justice, while  
She bids Ambition's ardent gaze turn, where  
Neglected, in his barren storm-beat lair,  
The Conqueror of Kingdoms pined and died—  
The Corsican, who staked his all ! Few, there,  
Of all who trembled, fawned and stooped their pride  
At his footstool. They left him, with his fortune's tide !

## XLIII.

And on, and on, with waves we swiftly bound,  
And wooing sails before the freshening breeze ;  
Rising there floats on high gay Music's sound—  
The soothing voice, which the bowed spirit frees  
To revel in roused Memory's fervencies,  
And bends both heart and mind to the lone spell  
That sways so oft our wayward reveries :—  
The mourner—the impassioned— *they* can tell  
How Song with breath of power stirs the soul's deepest  
well !

## XLIV.

And there is one, who listens musingly  
To the sweet strains, with fixed look and serene ;  
Mute are her lips, and thoughtful is her eye,  
As rise the shadows of what once had been—  
Dear friends afar—and many a brilliant scene,  
Unto her mind, with semblance strange and strong ;  
And o'er the curling surge she still doth lean  
With looks on sky and wave that linger long ;—  
Hark ! slowly gusheth forth the sad one's heartfed  
Song :—

“ Play on ! play on !—oh ! though 'tis pain  
To listen to that martial strain ;  
It breathes a spell whose strong control  
Steals o'er, and deepens in my soul.  
Yet, wherefore thus ? Above, the sky—  
Around, the waves swell sullenly—  
And where was it, that last I heard  
The notes, which now my spirit stirred ?

A thousand lamps shone in that hall—  
A thousand bright eyes held in thrall  
Young hearts, scarce conscious of the pain  
Imparted by Love's secret chain ;  
And gentle breezes sent aloft  
The breath of flowerets, sweet and soft ;  
And tones and words and looks were there,  
Meant the gay crowd should never share ;  
To be forgotten ?—never !—never !—  
Till spirit from its earth shall sever !

Where am I now ? my floating home  
Bears me where tempests fiercely roam ;  
Where are the brilliant eyes that, there,  
The heart's pure thought would oft declare ?  
And what the lights, and what the forms,  
That weigh the wings of coming storms ?—  
The lightning, in its vivid brightness—  
The raging winds, in unseen lightness—  
And scowling clouds—and dashing waves,  
Swollen to the shape of seamen's graves—



And Cynthia, veiled amidst her tears—  
And maiden stars, pale with their fears—  
And the red flash of anger, springing  
From boiling depths ; where sea-nymphs, clinging  
To rocks, throw many a timid glance  
As the storm-steeds in triumph prance—  
They bear their monarch's ruin-car  
Through foamy spray !—Like fiery star  
It darts across the staggering world  
With Fear's wan banner wide unfurled,  
And heralds in its lurid flight  
That awful power—the Tempest's Might.

Amid such scenes I am alone,  
A stranger—and to all unknown ;  
And changed the clime, and changed the air,  
From those in which my visions were !  
Then, wherefore rose those notes to me,  
With such a saddening sympathy ?  
Yet oh ! go on—breathe o'er again  
For me, that loved—that martial strain !”

## XLV.

A long good night to Land!—the Heavens above—  
 Beneath—the zone of Earth-enriching Sea ;  
 The vesper star, that shines like Hope's fair dove—  
 A pilot-gem, that beameth cheerfully,  
 And guides our yearning wishes fast and free  
 To distant friends—(Oh ! it is Love's hot dew  
 That droops the heavy eye as weepingly  
 We gaze)—and these are all for weeks we view,  
 Till Albion's cliffs arise high in the distance blue !

## XLVI.

Wouldst thou e'er view the Moon in loveliness ?—<sup>9</sup>  
 'Tis Night—launch forth thy shallop fearlessly—  
 Mark how the cloud's eyelid doth gently press  
 The lustre of the orb !—how tenderly  
 Is thrown its brilliance o'er the joyous sea !—  
 And note the silvery halo ere it fade—  
 Its roseate fringe before the bright hues flee—  
 There a deep beauty sleeps !—So India's maid  
 Surrounds her gazelle-eye with a dark — softening  
 shade !

## XLVII.

With gentle gladness the waves' lips are moving ;  
 And see ! upon the clear and far outline  
 Rests a bright beam-smile, sent unto the loving  
 Mild eye, whose faith and truth do ne'er decline,  
 Although dark clouds and mists so oft combine  
 To make it fickle seem, and dim its light  
 Of beauty !—Oh, could Cynthia ever shine  
 Amidst a voiceless hush of still delight,  
 We'd shun the garish day to worship only night !

## XLVIII.

But where is he—the Voyager ?—for whom  
 Both pity and deep sorrow have been living—  
 O'er him still hangs the pall of silent gloom :  
 His frame is still by throes of anguish riven,  
 And through his soul regret's sharp pangs are driven !  
 We can but mourn—the line between us now  
 Harshly defined, and by long usage given,  
 And furrowed deep by Custom's iron plough,  
 May but scant sympathy for *him* or *his* allow.

## XLIX.

Poor Mariner! What thoughts amuse thy woe?  
 Aloft is thrown thy restless, wandering gaze—  
 And now!—thou dost thy saddened glances throw  
 To racing billows leaping in the maze  
 Of rushing foam the watery field displays!—  
 What is thy dream?—Our fancy thus would fain  
 Opine; to Ocean's ear his spirit strays  
 With question strange!—Nor mute with cold disdain  
 Unto his musing's ken is our own treasured main!

## MARINER.

Thou proudly-crested and dark-rushing Sea,  
 Send forth—O! send an answering voice to me,  
 Uprising through thy ever ceaseless flow—  
 And say, hast thou e'er known regret or woe?

## OCEAN.

No!—for my billows still sport along,  
 As the Blast's loud trump blows shrill and strong—

When the grey-mist veil of storms is spread  
Down from the skies through a sullen red,  
And broods on my breast an awful frown,  
And the blackening clouds in wrath look down—  
The reeling bark is hurled from its pride,  
Like struggling bird through my churning tide—  
Recoiling oft, with trem'ulous motion,  
From the rage of the fierce commotion—  
When checked—stunned she hangs each moment  
In dread,  
'Midst whirling surf on my crested head;  
And my mermaids laugh and fling the spray  
Aloft from their bowers of twilight-day;  
And their joyous glances sparkle through  
My crystalline flood of darkest blue;  
And their thousand lamps as brightly gleam  
Up from their halls through my lucid stream;  
And the staggering bark doth onward dash—  
Then—*then*, around mark the golden flash,  
Glow on my bosom and gild my brow—  
I murmur aloud in joy as now!

## MARINER.

But, ah ! when the ship, like a thing of life,  
Shivers, groans, and sinks, 'neath the whirlwind's  
    strife ?—

## OCEAN.

Then on I rush, and my waves rebound,  
And, leaping, dash where the bark was found ;  
And through the eddying current strong  
The dying seamen are borne along,  
To the deep lull, where is heard no more  
The lengthened sweep of the turmoil's roar—  
Where the pale maidens' long locks are twined  
With lustrous pearls and sea-flowers combined ;  
Who, bending around the sea-graves low,  
Chant requiems sweet to the water's flow,  
Whilst *I* above—the loud-booming Sea—  
Roll on in my careless majesty !

## MARINER.

Then, Ocean ! bright Ocean ! by Night or Day,  
Thou never hast knowledge of Sorrow's sway ?—

## OCEAN.

My billows each night to winds rejoice;—  
The winds whistle shrill with answering voice—  
The moon, as she slowly walks on high,  
Doth gaze with her full and gentle eye  
On my ceaseless rush.—How brightly strays  
The broad rich stream of her silvery rays!  
You'd think Day's portals opened by Night  
Whence blazed the flood of glorious light,  
To scare bad spirits and joy impart  
To lonely watchers—the sick at heart!—  
And the crowding stars steal forth and peer  
To rival orbs in my ripples clear:  
And glad am I—for I know my power  
When shades are loosed around Midnight's bower—  
Yet, when Morn appears, I still rejoice  
At the gay tones of her jocund voice.  
And ray-woven wreaths, of roseate glow,  
Athwart my breast she doth gaily throw.  
Young Zephyrs sport on each bubbling wave—  
Their pinions blue in the cool spray lave;

And on their light plumes they bear along  
The sailors' skiff to their wild surf-song,  
Which swells aloud, and so plaintive sighs  
To a softer fall, and wailing dies—  
Then swells again, till the musing ear  
Seems voices sad from my depths to hear ;  
And many a tear from loveliest eyes  
Sinks through my wave where the Sea-boy lies,  
Which trembling shines on his surge-lashed bed,  
And decks the brow of my own brave dead ;  
And the breeze that curls my foam-crest proud  
To Beauty's sighs, awakes echoes loud.  
But on *I* rush through my pathless wild—  
I'm never by mortal's wo beguiled.  
*I* know the doom that's allotted man—  
A failing world and a fleeting span !  
Think'st thou my Spirit-essence can turn  
To mourn the woes even Time shall spurn ?—  
Say ! dost thou weep the low fragile flower  
That buds and blooms and fades in an hour ?  
So I, who possess the lore and ken  
Never yet given to Earth-blind men,



View thy passing grief as thou the breeze,  
Scattering the pride of the blooming trees—  
The petals fly, but the fruit shall grow—  
The germ of Bliss ever springs from Wo!  
But here?—Not *here!* O! 'tis far on high  
Man's Hope shall reach its maturity.  
I have answered thee, frail one of earth,  
And on I leap in my buoyant mirth;  
But as I sweep in my power along,  
Stay—listen thou to my Maidens' song:—

## I.

Listen! listen!—we're gaily singing,  
And white foam-buds our nymphs are bringing—  
Fair wreaths are they for the swelling wave,  
And chaplets meet for the dying brave;  
Like snow-drops pure they spring on the waters,  
Around the feet of our smiling daughters.

Thus! and thus! we our garlands throw  
From the sea-washed paths of our grotts below!

## II.

Listen ! listen !—turn hither your eyes ;  
Come—view our gems bright as starry skies !  
But brighter far is the Sea-maid's glance,  
Whose witching rays through the waters dance,  
As rise and fall the cooling billows,  
That murmuring swell o'er our crystal pillows.

Those glances soothe the Sea-boy's rest,  
As down he sinks on the Ocean's breast.

## III.

Listen ! listen !—for our Virgins sing,  
As the frail skiffs, with a deer-bound spring,  
From wave to wave through the current strong—  
'Tis then bursts forth our exulting song !  
We skim around their adventurous route  
With our sea-lamps ere the stars come out,  
And light and guide each bark away  
To notes of our own wild Ocean-lay.

## IV.

Listen ! listen !—as we now must go  
To our coral bowers and caves below.  
Our wreaths are twined and our chaplets cast  
On the wave's brow—so our task is past !  
But come at eve--thou shalt see arise  
The thousand rays of our meteor-eyes--  
    Our plaintive strain shall woo thine ear  
Up through the deep with a cadence clear.

END OF CANTO FIRST OF THE OCEAN'S OWN.



P O E M S.



## P O E M S .

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### YOU DEEM MY SORROW FLED OR FEIGNED.

I.

You deem my sorrow fled or feigned—

    You deem my soul can be

Forgetful of those withering hours

    Of more than agony.

You deem thy form hath fled my sight—

    Thy voice passed from mine ear—

That Mirth's light laugh usurps the place

    Of the late falling tear.

When Moons ne'er rise—when Suns ne'er set—

Then—*then*, perchance, I may forget.

## II.

'Tis true, a smile is on my lip,  
A light is in mine eye—  
And flashes play around my brow  
As of joy's ecstasy.  
Go—fling a jewel in the wave,  
Will it not sink below ?  
Sink, never more to rise.—Yet see !  
Through the pure ripples glow  
Bright dancing rays with varying beam,  
As on the surface of the stream.

## III.

Is it the brilliant gem you mark  
In beauty sparkling there ?  
Ah, no !—the semblance but appears  
In shadowy lustre fair !  
So hopes and feelings, rudely crushed,  
Sink deep within the breast,  
Never to glad the heart again  
Where they so coldly rest !—  
Where the taught brow appears most bright,  
Their ghosts arise to mock the sight !



WHEN TWILIGHT BINDS HER DUSKY  
BRAIDS.

## I.

When Twilight binds her dusky braids  
O'er brows where rests a musing sadness,  
And watching Day's deep lengthening shades,  
She wanders forth in silent gladness,  
My Brother ! then I think of thee—  
Of all thou hast been—art to me.

## II.

One lust'rous trembling star on high  
Appears to joy in its own brightness—  
Large tear-drops gathering cloud my eye  
As fades each thought of happy lightness—  
Oh !—lingering oft beneath this tree,  
Have *we* not marked the gem I see ?

## III.

When Cynthia's lovely crescent walks  
In all its mild and queenlike splendour,  
Then!—*then* a mourning spirit talks  
Of days Time ne'er again can render ;  
And thy dark eyes with mine oft were  
Fixed on that orb's chaste beauty rare.

## IV.

As Music's voice so sweetly swells  
And lovely forms around are floating,  
What sinking thrill of anguish tells  
My soul is still on one dream doting?—  
The strain the breezes gently waft  
*Once bound us* to the dancers oft.

## V.

The Poet's glowing page I trace—  
Chilled Memory sickens o'er the reading,  
And Fancy paints thy form—thy face—  
As of thyself so all unheeding ;  
O'er tomes thy gaze of rapture glanced,  
Whose witching themes the thoughts entranced !

## VI.

Thy tones melodious fervent came,  
Showing the spring which set them flowing—  
A heart of feeling—soul of flame !  
Nature erred not in thus bestowing.  
Brother ! I hear—I see thee now,  
Thy matchless voice—thine eye—thy brow !

## VII.

I view thee in Night's solitude,  
When all around are calmly sleeping—  
My heart then joys in its lone mood,  
My eyes then dim in their own weeping,  
And sighs the thought—" the lonely tree"—  
Thou art 'mid Life's wide waste to me !

## VIII.

And scenes and names bring to my mind,  
In their first strength of sorrow rushing,  
Those thoughts and feelings which I find  
With the swoln throb of anguish gushing ;—  
In festive hall, or midnight hour,  
My spirit owns thy spirit's power.

## IX.

When years ago thy last "Farewell"—  
 Spoke with the depth of despair's sadness—  
     Pierced to my heart—*thou* canst not tell  
 That moment's lengthened life of madness ;  
     And painfully my shrinking ear  
 Still seems the low-breathed word to hear.

## X.

When sickness late had seized thy form,  
 Oh ! who can tell my heart's wild beating ?  
     I knew thou wert beneath the storm,  
 Without one friendly voice of greeting—  
     In mercy may I ne'er again  
 Live o'er the pangs I suffered then !

## XI.

And would I not have soothed thy woe—  
 My tears have cooled thy fever's burning ?  
     Have watched thee with affection's glow—  
 A Brother's lasting truth returning ?  
     Yes, loved One ! thou should'st then have seen  
 All this I could, and should have been !

## XII.

When Sorrow's shaft hath done its worst,  
 And low in earth I'm calmly sleeping,  
 My wearied soul shall proudly burst  
 The chains that long have caused my weeping ;  
 But, still ! Oh, still ! 'twill hover near  
 The spot where lingers one so dear !

## XIII.

Ha ! now a whispering voice replies,  
 Deep—deep within my spirit's dwelling  
 The tones prophetic softly rise—  
 And to my mind are rapture telling,  
 “ *The loved, the happy* ”—thou shalt be,  
 And coming years bring joy to thee !

## XIV.

Then, pine I not at my own fate,  
 Nor dread the shroud pale Care is weaving ;—  
 My heart expands with joy elate,  
 And Hope for once is not deceiving !—  
 My Brother ! thus I bend the knee,  
 And breathe the prayer of faith for thee !

## IN THAT HALL OF MIRTH.

## I.

In that Hall of Mirth were high hearts and brave,  
And war's show and pomp and the pennon's wave ;  
And the voice of Song was borne on the air,  
And all was brilliant, and lovely, and fair—  
A scene of joy such as seldom we see,  
But coldly I gazed—my thoughts were with *thee* !

## II.

I thought of thy smile—of its radiance rare—  
Of thy clustering curls of shadowy hair—  
Of thy brow's clear breadth, which no care could  
cloud—  
Of thy glance of power so calm and so proud.  
I thought of thy lip of beautiful pride—  
Of thy mind's rich gifts, at which envy died.

## III.

And thy manly form appeared to mine eye  
In its martial grace, and its bearing high ;  
A sound of thy voice o'er my ear stole soft,  
And the dulcet tone I have felt so oft,  
And thy features' play, flashed forth to my thought  
With the glow of genius so brightly fraught.

## IV.

And I looked around, but thou wert not there,  
'Midst those warrior forms and faces fair ;  
And, oh ! none to mine eye, that I could see,  
Were equal in grace or seeming to thee ;  
And then came the knowledge—*thou wert not near*,  
With the anguished thought and the burning tear.

## V.

I looked on that crowd—but there was not one  
Who had suffered for me as thou hast done ;  
And I gazed on that festive scene so fair—  
But my spirit and heart—*they* were not there !  
And Memory's " deepest and saddest " tone  
Made me feel I stood in that crowd alone.

## VI.

And the shades of gone years came crowding fast,  
And a voice from the tomb of griefs long past,  
And they lowly moaned, "The thoughts thou hast now,  
That burn in thy breast and shadow thy brow,  
Still unchanged by Time, are the withering train  
That seared thy young heart and maddened thy brain."

## VII.

But a mask I placed on my features' play,  
And, joining the gayest, appeared as gay;  
In that mirth and noise these lips bore a part,  
But a serpent twined round my sickening heart!  
Still with anguish I felt *thou wert not near*—  
Undying that thought—and lasting the tear!

## VIII.

Oh! how my soul longed from that scene to fly,  
To fairer worlds and a far brighter sky!  
Whence my spirit unshackled, pure, and free,  
Might watch o'er its kindred spirit in thee,  
And calmly wait till thy hour should draw near,  
For the blissful Day of that happier sphere!



## I WOULD MEET' THEE AGAIN.

## I.

I would meet thee again—but not here below,  
For here we must meet but to part;  
I shrinkingly turn from the fulness of woe,  
Such farewell would press round my heart.

## II.

I would meet thee again!—No, not in the grave!  
I'd have life and its joys showered on thee,  
And Hope's brightest banner long over thee wave,  
Whilst Death's garment is wound over me.

## III.

I would meet thee again—beyond the bright sky;  
It is there I my Brother would greet,  
With peace in each bosom and bliss in each eye,  
Whilst we kneel at our Saviour's feet.

## IV.

Till we do meet again--Oh ! gladly I'd turn  
To the welcome that giveth long rest,  
To the hush of that calm, when deep thoughts that  
burn  
Flee for ever the cold lifeless breast !

## THERE IS A GRIEF THAT MAY NOT WEEP.

## I.

There is a grief that may not weep,  
    For which no tears arise ;  
There is a grief that calms the brow  
    And slumbers in the eyes ;  
But, oh ! the woe—the searing pain,  
That burns the tearless mourner's brain !

## II.

There is a grief that bids the lips  
    Be closed and coldly mute ;  
There is a grief that all unseen  
    Snaps the heart's joyous lute ;  
And, oh ! the woe—the searing pain,  
That burns the silent mourner's brain !

## III.

There is a grief from which hope flees,  
But flees to starlit skies ;  
There is a grief—from out *whose depths*  
Our lasting joys arise ;  
Then, oh ! not cureless is the pain  
That burns the dying mourner's brain !

## TO A FRIEND.

(Written in a copy of "The Beauties of Shelley.")

Imaginings and dreamy thoughts, how splendid!  
Are through these witching pages wildly blended.  
Read—let thy spirit deeply revel in  
The sorcery of their charm—but shun the sin  
Of sophistry, 'mid truth that mingled lies—  
Traced by a hand so daring! Sorrow's eyes  
Turn shrinkingly aside!—their pensive beams  
All dimmed by dews from their own gushing streams,  
Mourning the spirit whence such spells had birth  
Should quench its ray divine for lights of Earth.  
Alas! too often thus a wildering Power  
Doth o'er the Sun of Genius darkly lower!



THE APPENDIX

TO

THE ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY.





## THE APPENDIX

TO

### THE ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY.

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<sup>1</sup> “ Venitia Digby, painted after her death, by Vandyke. She was found one morning sitting up in her bed, her head in her hand, and lifeless, and thus she’s painted. Notwithstanding the ease and grace of her attitude, and the delicacy of the features, there is no mistaking this for slumber—a heavier hand has pressed upon those eyelids, which will never more open to the light, there is a leaden lifelessness about them too shockingly true and real.

‘ It thrills us with mortality,  
And curdles to the gazer’s heart,  
As if to him it would impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.’

Her picture at Windsor is the most perfectly beautiful I ever saw. How I have longed, when gazing at it, to conjure her out of her frame, and bid her reveal the secrets of her mysterious life and death! Nearly opposite the dead Venitia, in strange contrast, hangs her husband, who loved her to madness, or was mad before he married her, in the very prime of life and youth. This picture by Cornelius Jansen is as fine as any thing of Vandyke’s—the cha-

rafter expresses more of intellectual power, and physical strength, than the elegance of face and form we should have looked for in such a fanciful being as Sir Kenelm Digby. He looks more like one of the Athletæ than a poet, a metaphysician than ‘a Squire of dames.’”

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<sup>2</sup> Henrietta Maria, queen and wife to Charles I. “A well known and celebrated picture. She is dressed in white satin, and stands near a table, on which is a vase of white roses, and more in the shade her regal crown. Nothing can be in finer taste than between the rich, varied, but subdued colour of the carpet and background, and the delicate, and harmonious, and brilliant tints, which throw out the figure. None of the pictures I had hitherto seen of Henrietta, either in the King’s private collection, or at Windsor, do justice to the sparkling grace of Henrietta’s figure, or the vivacity and beauty of her eyes, so celebrated by all the contemporary poets. Waller says—

‘ Could nature then no private woman grace,  
Whom we might dare to love with such a face—  
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,  
Such lovely motions, and such sharp replies.’

Davenant styles her very beautifully ‘The rich-eyed darling of a Monarch’s breast.’ Lord Holland, in the description he sent from Paris of her, dwells on the charm of her eyes, her smile, and her graceful figure; he admits her to be rather *petite*; and, if the poet and the courtier be distrusted, we have the authority of the puritanic Sir Symond d’Ewes, who allows the influence of her ‘excellent and sparkling black eyes.’ Henrietta could be

very seductive, and had all the French grace of manner, but, as it is well known, could play the virago, ‘and cast such a scowl as frightened all the lords and ladies in waiting.’ Too much importance is attached to her character, and influence over her husband, in the histories of her time. She was a fascinating, but a volatile Frenchwoman. With all her feminine love of sway, she had not sufficient energy to govern, and with all her disposition to intrigue, she never had discretion to keep her own or the king’s secrets. When she rushed through a storm of bullets, to save a favourite lap-dog, or when, amid the shrieks and entreaties of her terrified attendants, she commanded the captain of the vessel to ‘blow up the ship rather than strike to the Parliamentarian,’ it was more of the spirit and wilfulness of a woman, who, with all her faults, had the blood of Henri Quatre in her veins, than the mental energy and fortitude of a heroine. Near her hangs her daughter, who inherited her grace, her beauty, her petulance—the unhappy Henrietta d’Orleans, fair, radiant, lovely, with a profusion of beautiful hair. It is impossible to look from the mother to the daughter, without remembering the scene in Retz’s Memoirs, where the queen said to him, in excuse for her daughter’s absence, ‘My poor Henrietta is *obliged to lie in bed, for I have no wood to make a fire for her, et la pauvre enfant étoit transie de froid.*’<sup>3</sup>

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3 “Waller’s famed Sacharissa, the first Lady Sunderland; three pictures of her—one in a hat, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, gay and blooming; the second, far more interesting, was painted about the time of her marriage with the young Earl of Sunderland, or shortly after, very sweet and lady-like. I should say that the high breeding of the face and air was more conspicuous than the beauty.

Both these are Vandyke's. A third picture represents her about the time of her second marriage. The expression wholly changed—cold—sad—faded, but pretty still; one might fancy her contemplating with a sick heart the portrait of Lord Sunderland, the lover and husband of her early youth, who hangs on the opposite side of the Gallery in complete armour. He fell in the same battle with Lord Falkland, at the age of three and twenty.”

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4 “Algernon Sidney, brother to Sacharissa, a fine head, full of contemplation and power.”

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5 “Louisa de Querouaille, Duchess of Portland, who so long ruled the councils and the heart of Charles II., in Lely's finest style—the face has a look of blooming innocence, soon exchanged for coarseness and arrogance.”

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6 “Lady Shrewsbury, whose exquisite beauty fascinates at once, and shocks the eye, like the gorgeous colours of an adder. I believe the story of her holding the Duke of Buckingham's horse while he shot her husband in a duel has been disputed, but her attempt to assassinate Killigrew, while she sat by in her carriage, is too true. So far had her depravity unsexed her! She was even less famous for the number of her lovers than the catastrophe of which she was the cause.—

‘Had ever nymph such reason to be glad,  
Two in a duel fell, and one ran mad?’

But Lady Shrewsbury is past jesting or satire, and, after a first involuntary pause of admiration before her matchless beauty, we turn away with horror."

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7 "Here is that beautiful audacious termagant Castlemaine, very like her picture at Windsor, with the same characteristic bit of storm in the background."

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8 "*La belle* Hamilton—the lovely prize of the volatile De Grammont, very like her portrait engraved in the 'Beauties,' with the same finely-formed bust, and compressed ruby lips, but with an expression more vivacious and saucy, and less elevated than that at Windsor."

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9 "Nell Gwyn, with the fair brown hair, and small light eyes she ought to have; *au reste* with such a prim sanctified mouth, and dressed with such elaborate decency, that, instead of her, it is more like Beck Marshall, the puritan's daughter, on her good behaviour."\*

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\* May not this picture have been painted about the time James II. commenced his reign? We read in the Memoirs of Evelyn—"Dryden, the famous play-writer, and his two sons and Mrs. Nelly (Miss to y<sup>e</sup> late ——) are said to go to mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the church."

AUTHOR.

<sup>10</sup> “Elizabeth Brooks, poisoned at the age of twenty. See her portrait and memoirs in the ‘Beauties.’ She was the wife of the poet Sir John Denham, and niece to the Lord Bristol—a lovely creature, and a sweet picture.”

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<sup>11</sup> “Miss Bagot. She married Berkeley, Lord Falmouth, a man who, though unprincipled, seems to have loved her, at least was not long enough her husband to forget to be the lover. He was killed shortly after her marriage in the battle of Southwold-bay. This is assuredly one of the most splendid pictures Lely ever painted, and it is, besides, full of character and interest. She holds a cannon ball in her lap (only an airy emblematical cannon ball, for she poises it like a feather), and the countenance is touched by a sweet expression of melancholy, hence it is plain she sat for it after the death of her first husband, and before her marriage with the witty Earl of Dorset.”

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<sup>12</sup> Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. “Queen Anne and Sarah are placed amicably side by side, as in the days of their romantic friendship, when they conversed and corresponded as Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman. The beauty, the intellect, the spirit, are all on the side of the imperious Duchess. The poor Queen looks like what she was, a good-natured fool—on the left is the cunning abigail who supplanted the Duchess in the favour of Queen Anne, Mrs. Masham.——

Another picture of the Duchess of Marlborough, by Keller, hangs near that of her sister, *La belle Jennings*. One would

think that Keller, in spite, had watched the moment to take a characteristic likeness, and catch, not the Cynthia but the fury of the minute, as when, for instance, she cut off her luxuriant tresses, so worshipped by her husband, and flung them in his face, for so she tosses back her disdainful head, and curls her lip like an insolent, pouting, grown-up baby. The life of this woman is a fine lesson on the emptiness of all worldly advantage—boundless wealth, power, fame, beauty, wit, as ever was set off by moralist or divine.

‘By spirit robbed of power—by warmth of friends—  
By wealth of followers!—without one distress,  
Sick of herself through very selfishness.’

One hates Pope for taking a thousand pounds to suppress this character of Atossa, and publishing it after all; yet who for a thousand pounds would have lost it?”

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13 See Note 1.

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14 “*La belle Jennings*, who in her day played with hearts as if they had been billiard-balls, and no wonder, considering what things she had to deal with, there was a great difference between her vivacity and that of her vivacious sister, the Duchess of Marlborough.”

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15 “Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, the fame of whose beauty and gallantry filled all Europe, and once the intended wife

of Charles II. although she afterwards intrigued in vain for the less (or more) eligible post of *maitresse en titre*. This is a head only, as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, the most spirited but least beautiful portrait I have seen of her."

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16 "Diana of Poitiers, once in the Crawford collection; it is a small half-length; the features fair and regular. She is elaborately dressed, with a profusion of jewels, but there is no drapery whatever, except a curtain behind; round the head is the legend from the 42d Psalm, '*Comme le cerf braie après le décours des eaues, ainsi brait mon ame après toi, O Dieu,*' which is certainly an extraordinary application. I have read that, in the days of Diana of Poitiers, it was the court fashion to sing the Psalms of David to dance and song, and the courtiers and beauties had each their favourite psalm, which served as a kind of *devise*. This may explain the very singular inscription on this very singular picture."

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17 "Lady Jane Grey. After seeing so many hideous, hard, prim-looking pictures and prints of this gentle-spirited heroine, it is consoling to trust in the genuineness of a face which has all the sweetness and dignity we look for and ought to find."

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18 "Oliver Cromwell. There is a vulgar power and boldness about his head in fine contrast with the splendid, fearless, chivalrous-looking Guise, hanging near him."



<sup>19</sup> Henry VIII. of England.

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<sup>20</sup> " It was in the reign of Henry VIII. that Althorpe became the principal seat of the Spencers, and no place of the same date can boast so many delightful, romantic, and historical associations. There is Spencer the poet, ' high priest of all the Muses' mysteries,' who modestly claims as an honor his relationship to those Spencers who now, with a just pride, boast of him, and his ' Faery Queen,' the brightest jewel in their coronet, and the beautiful Alice Spencer, Countess of Derby, who was celebrated in early youth by her poet-cousin, and for whom Milton, in her old age, wrote his ' Arcades.' "

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<sup>21</sup> " At Althorpe, 1603, the Queen and son of James I. were, on their arrival in England, nobly entertained, in which the young ladies and nobles of the county enacted nymphs and fairies, satyrs and hunters, and danced to the sound of ' excellent soft music'—their scenery the natural woods, their stage the green lawn, their canopy the summer sky. What poetical picturesque hospitality! In these days it would have been a dinner, with French cooks and confectioners express from London to dress it."

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<sup>22</sup> See Note 2.

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<sup>23</sup> " Charles I. was playing at bowls on the green at Althorpe, when Colonel Joyce's detachment surprised him, and carried him off to imprisonment and death."

14 See Note 3.

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23 See Note 4.

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26 See Note 5.

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27 See Note 6.

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28 See Note 7.

29 "We entered by a central door the large and lofty hall or vestibule; hung round with pictures of fox-chases, and those who figured in them; famous hunters, quadruped and biped, all as large as life, spread over as much canvas as would make a mainsail for a man-of-war. These huge perpetrations are of the time of Jack Spencer, a noted Nimrod in his day, and are very fine, as we were told, but they did not interest my feelings."

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30 "Here, Sacharissa parted from her young husband, Henry, first Earl of Sunderland, who left her to join the King in the field; and here, in a few months after, she received the account of his death in the battle of Newbury, and saw her happiness wrecked at the age of three and twenty."

<sup>31</sup> Evelyn used to meditate in the 'noble gallerie,' and in the 'ample gardens' of which he has left us an admiring and admirable description, that would be as suitable at this as it was a hundred and fifty years ago, with the single exception of the present proprietor, deservedly far more honoured in his generation than was his apostate time-serving ancestor, the Lord Sunderland of Evelyn's day.

<sup>32</sup> "I was much struck with the inscription on a stone table near the house—'This wood was planted by Sir William Spencer, Knighte of the Bathe, in the year of our Lord 1624'—on the other side, 'Up, and bee doing, and God will prosper.' It is mentioned by Evelyn's 'Sylva.'"

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<sup>33</sup> See Note 8.

# NOTES

TO

## THE ALTHORP PICTURE GALLERY.

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### 1.

The parallel between the “great Captain” of the day, our Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Marlborough, has been often made. When perusing the history of the Lord of Blenheim, we cannot fail to be struck by the similarity of his fate, in many particulars, to that of our own soldier-duke, whom we believe to be far above the praise or blame of a mob—to which may be but too often applied, in either case, “they know not what they do.”

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### 2.

The death of the young, handsome, and gallant Earl Gowrie has been so often discussed by various writers, and conjectures have been so often formed as to the truth of his murder by James, that it would be impertinent to enlarge upon a subject which has been so ably treated by other writers.

## 3.

Charles I. was born on the same day on which the limbs of the ill-fated Gowrie were exposed as those of a traitor.

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## 4.

It has been remarked by old writers, that the unfortunate Charles, even in his young and happiest days, had an expression of melancholy on his brow, which expression is supposed peculiar to those who are not fated to be happy or successful in this life. We have remarked a similar expression upon the brow of one otherwise gay and lively; we have seen it come as a cloud, even in the wildest and happiest moments, when no apparent cause occurred for such nameless sadness, either to this young one's own mind or that of others. And so it was—the after-life of this person was such, that if ever “sorrow cast its shade before,” it most assuredly did in this case.

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## 5.

Charles is said to have first beheld the lovely Henrietta Maria of France, whilst she was engaged dancing.

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## 6.

The tie that bound Charles to the celebrated Duke of Buckingham gains our admiration, despite the fashion of the day (with

the exception of D'Israeli) to set little store by it. It is seldom that princes can lay claim to the pure sentiment of friendship, yet that of Charles for Buckingham surely was pure, and as disinterested as it was unchangeable. He suffered many things for his friend, and was firm to the last. Whether he should, or should not, have sacrificed the Duke to the public opinion, is quite another question, with which we have nothing to do; but we would have those who are so severe upon his failings, recollect (in this particular instance, at least) his heart was human, though his head was crowned. Who—in private life worthy of the name of Friend—but would have acted as he did? The unworthiness of Buckingham diminishes not the merit of Charles, in performing the sacred duties of an attachment formed in youth with such unflinching stedfastness.

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## 7.

We pity, condemn, and forgive Charles for his conduct regarding Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, whom he so soon followed to the scaffold; but nobly did he atone for his weakness, when he declared his willingness to follow that true and trusty friend to the same block—an expiation which was, alas! too soon made.

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## 8.

It may appear presumptuous in us to allude to that great master-spirit, Byron, in the way we have done. Such a feeling is, indeed, far from our heart.

NOTES TO THE OCEAN'S OWN.





NOTES TO THE OCEAN'S OWN.

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1.

“ See ! the pale lustre through the billowy screen.”

St. xx. line 3.

The silvery lustre of the shark is seen from a great depth, and is generally the first signal of its dreaded approach to the alarmed swimmer. This stanza also alludes to one of the many superstitions of a true sailor, who believes that, when a shark follows the vessel, it is a sign of death to some one on board.

2.

“ And all amazed unto its mate they go.”

St. xxi. line 5.

The number of pilot-fish with a shark are two. Many more have been seen attending one, as they directly join another, when that which they have piloted has been caught.

## 3.

“ To bulk beyond her burden.”

St. xxvi. line 8.

It is well known to those who have been much at sea, that, on a clear day, a vessel at a distance appears of greater bulk than she is in reality.

## 4.

“ Swept by the heaving surge's emerald zone.”

St. xxviii. line 5.

Passing the Cape, the sea, which had hitherto been of the most beautiful deep blue, and which indeed entitled it to the appellation given it by Byron—the “ deep and dark blue ocean,” was changed to a lifeless green. So soon as we approached warmer latitudes, it again resumed its blue appearance.

## 5.

“ Well may the startled Watcher think his eye  
Beholds the Spectre ship.”

St. xxx. line 8, 9.

The Spectre Ship, or Flying Dutchman, has been so often mentioned, that any allusion to it would be superfluous; but this and the two following stanzas attempt to describe (and, oh! how faint and poor the description to the reality!) a most beautiful appearance of the sea and sky to which we were witness, early one morn-

ing, when turning the Cape. The morning arose cold, dull, and dreary, in gray mists—the sky was cheerless and overcast—a vessel appeared in the distance, on the utmost confines of the ocean, clearly but faintly defined; flitting along like an unearthly thing, or a wreath of vapour, delicately but perfectly shaped into the resemblance of a bark, with its taper masts—the wind being so high that most of the sails both in the stranger and our own vessel were reefed. The strange sail floated on, partaking of, and blending, as it were, with the gray mist of the surrounding atmosphere. To the eye of fancy, or to the superstitious gaze of a thorough-bred seaman, she might well have appeared the dreaded phantom-ship of the Cape, which is supposed to be the harbinger of distress and shipwreck.

Suddenly, the sun sent forth a stream of rich but subdued light to the leeward, as through a veil, which spread from the verge of the sea where it was most vivid—in a partial manner around, for a short distance; growing fainter towards us, but entirely subsiding long ere it could have reached our vessel. We were still in the cold haze, with the dull green waves encompassing us, but there scudded the beautiful ship, with her almost bare, tall, slender masts, towards the smile which was so vividly thrown by the sun on the ocean. She entered the golden field, and brightened on till she appeared to the imagination a shadowy but lustrous fairy bark of Hope.

6.

“O'er his head

Once laurels twined, but now the long-tressed willow.”

St. xxxvi. line 5, 6.

It is scarcely requisite to mention that a willow droops over the tomb of Napoleon.

## 7.

“ One summit fresh and green.”

St. xxxix. line 6.

St. Helena is certainly a most dreary looking place, with its dark abrupt and rocky cliffs towering up from the sea; which, with the fort and embrasures upon the heights above the town, give it a strange, wild, and imposing effect. From the ship, as it lay at anchor in front of the island, only *one* small patch of verdure could be seen; and that was on the summit of a high rocky cliff, just under the fort, to the right of Jamestown, as seen from the vessel. At the base of the cliff, the waters boiling ceaselessly threw white spray aloft.

## 8.

“ At the grave's foot her emblems idly stay.”

St. xli. line 4.

Napoleon's Tomb is high up in the island, on the inner summit of the mountains, so that it lies above the town and fort, and thus the emblems of war may be said to stay idly at the foot of his grave.

## 9.

“ Wouldst thou e'er view the Moon in loveliness.”

St. xlii. line 1.

Here, again, in this and the following stanza, we have attempted to describe one of those beautiful phenomena with which the sea

and sky abound, particularly at a distance from all land; when the sky above, and the sea beneath, are all that greet the eye for weeks. The appearance here alluded to occurred shortly before we passed the Cape, homeward bound. The moon, lovely at all times, but more particularly so at sea, looked forth from the sky in most dazzling brilliancy; half her orb only being visible, gave it the similitude of an eye when seen in profile. This eye was as if it were embedded in a small fleecy cloud, that might be called the eyelid; around it was a most beautiful circle, a silvery halo, with its edges tinged of a rose colour. Yet, brilliant as it appeared, thus surrounded by a dark yet clear sky, and with a sea, as dark, below it, the light which was shed from it over the almost black looking and swelling waves was faint, in its long stream; excepting at the extreme verge, where the sea seemed to meet the sky:—*there* it shone for a short distance in a line of extreme vividness and beauty.







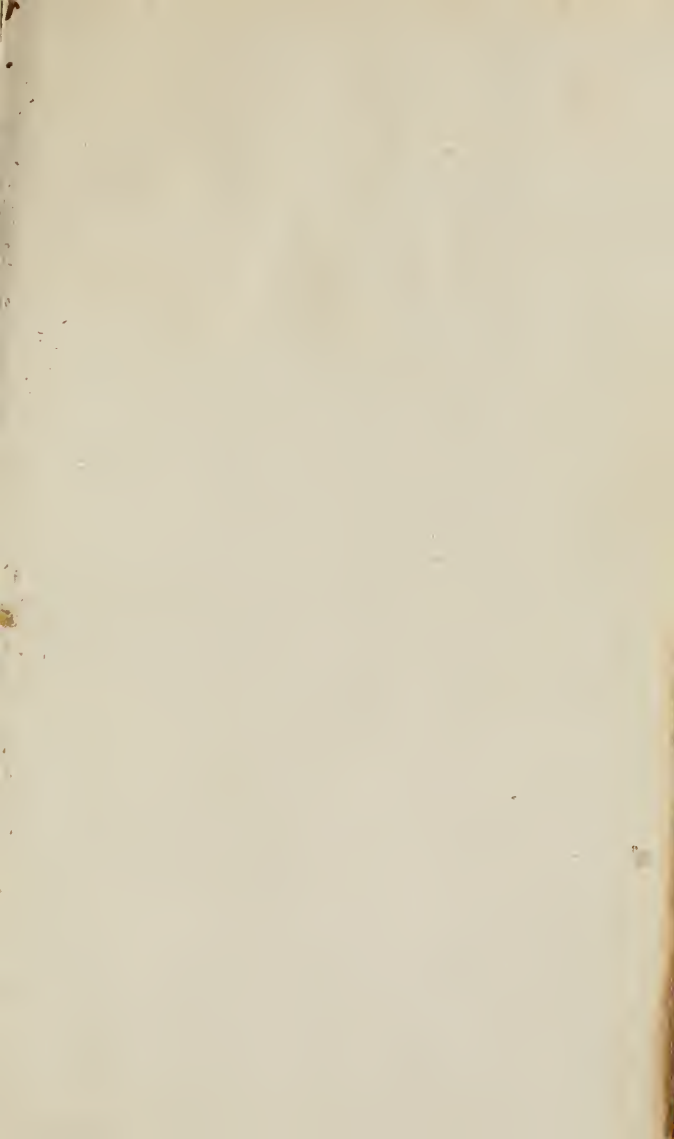












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